

OVERCOMING MONARCH MIND CONTROL
FEEDBACK FROM THERAPISTS & SURVIVORS
REVISED EDITION

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KERTH BARKER

KERTH BARKER BOOKS

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ANGELIC DEFENDERS & DEMONIC ABUSERS
MEMOIRS OF A SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE SURVIVOR

CANNIBALISM, BLOOD DRINKING
& HIGH-ADEPT SATANISM

MENTAL LIBERATION
IN THE AGE OF THOUGHT CONTROL
DEPROGRAMMING SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE, MKULTRA,
MONARCH & ILLUMINATI MIND CONTROL

PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT
FOR PROSPERITY, SELF DEFENSE & POLITICAL INFLUENCE

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Overcoming Monarch Mind Control:
Feedback from Therapists and Survivors
Revised Edition

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It is advised that persons below the age of eighteen should avoid reading this book because of explicit descriptions of sex abuse and torture. If you have children in your home, please make sure that they do not have access to it.

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*Healing is a matter of time,
but it is sometimes also a matter of opportunity.*

Hippocrates

DISCLAIMER

In this book I am only sharing information. I am not giving advice on how to conduct therapy or who to receive therapy from. The reader is solely responsible for his or her actions and decisions as regards therapy for mental health issues or medical treatment.

INTRODUCTION

I've made a number of free videos that anyone interested in Monarch mind control would find useful. These videos and information about my books and articles can be found at KERTHBARKER.COM

A typical dictionary will define the word "devil" as the personification of evil; "Satan" is a name for the devil: another name for Satan is "Lucifer".

When I was young, a Luciferian aristocrat told me that he considered Lucifer to be the secret monarch of the world. So the word "Monarch" may refer to Lucifer. Project Monarch, when understood in its broadest application, is a worldwide movement to control our minds and bodies with chemtrails in the air that we breathe, fluoride in the water we drink, toxic chemicals in the processed foods we eat, subliminal messages in the movies we watch, disinformation in the news programs we listen to, as well as dozens of other environmental factors such as electromagnetic fields designed to make us more suggestible and passive. The final goal of Project Monarch is to give aristocratic Luciferian secret societies complete control over humanity.

Virtually all of society's institutions are involved. Prison systems are more concerned with social control than with healing, reform or justice. Educational institutions use misinformation and continual stressors to manipulate the minds of students. Toxic vaccines, medical abuse, psychiatric

abuse and obstetrical abuse all play roles in this.

You have been exposed to Monarch mind control techniques. *Everyone you know* has been exposed to Monarch mind control techniques. *Most of the people on this planet* have been exposed to Monarch mind control techniques of one kind or another.

Usually, when people hear the term “Monarch mind control” they think of it only as a system of mind control used to brainwash individuals, but if you think of *Project Monarch* in its most expansive way, it’s an attempt to brainwash all of society. And usually when I talk about Project Monarch, that’s what I am referring to.

Monarch mind control itself is a trauma-based system of brainwashing that alters the personality and behavior of its victim. It arose out of an experimental CIA mind control program called MK Ultra. Project Monarch became the new secret mind control program when MK Ultra was officially disbanded by Congress in the 1970s.

However, you should know that Project Monarch wasn’t instituted just for the purpose of brainwashing individuals. Its intention was the mind control of an entire global society. MK Ultra was managed by the CIA. Project Monarch is run by the political system known as the *New World Order*, which is made up of globalist organizations that work with the United Nations and various other powerful institutions.

So Project Monarch is happening on two levels. On the level of individuals, Monarch mind control consists of techniques used to brainwash one victim at a time. On the level of society, virtually everyone is continually being attacked by it.

So, without a doubt, you have been subjected to some of the techniques of Project Monarch. This doesn't necessarily mean that you've given in to its influence, but it does mean that you've certainly been exposed to it in some way. The fact that you're reading a book like this one suggests that you're rejecting Monarch mind control, which is to your credit.

For the most part, this book deals with Monarch mind control on the level of how it's used to brainwash individuals.

This book is a revised edition of the original. Everything that was in the original book is still here in this edition, but I've added more information. For one thing, I've gotten feedback from some readers who have pointed out that Project Monarch is more than merely a technique used to brainwash individuals. Project Monarch is really a spiritual attack against the souls of all human beings. So in response, I've added nearly a hundred new pages that speak of the spiritual implications of Project Monarch, as well as the political solutions that will put an end to it.

The way that this book originally came about was this:

I published a book in 2014 titled *Mental Liberation in the Age of Thought Control*. It described the theories and techniques used by a couple of psychotherapists who were involved in helping the victims of MK Ultra abuse.

Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA), MK Ultra and Monarch mind control are all forms of trauma-based mind control. After I published *Mental Liberation*, some survivors of trauma-based mind control, as well as their therapists, contacted me and gave me feedback.

The original edition of this book, *Overcoming Monarch*

Mind Control, was put together from a series of articles and letters written by me in response to that feedback. It was hastily compiled into book form and published in 2015.

I want to make it clear that I am not giving advice on how to conduct therapy.

I am only sharing information. This information comes from a variety of sources as well as my own experiences. Much of this information is fairly unique. Through this book I became a conduit for information from persons who needed to remain anonymous. You are solely responsible for what you choose to do with this information.

Some therapists have taken ideas from my writings and integrated them into their own systems of therapy. Some survivors have taken ideas from my writings and used them to better inform their own systems of self healing.

For example, a woman who had been subjected to Monarch mind control had read *Mental Liberation*. She was a married woman and had gone into couples counseling with her husband. The psychologist conducting this counseling started out with his standard approach. But it wasn't working. So she shared with this open-minded psychologist her belief that she'd been subjected to Monarch mind control. And she also gave him a copy of *Mental Liberation*.

One thing that he got out of reading *Mental Liberation* was the idea of approaching the client's trauma in a strategic way.

In *Mental Liberation*, I described the strategy of the therapists who helped me. They believed that it was a mistake to force their clients to confront their trauma too early in the therapy process. They would actually have their clients focus first on happy memories of experiences that contained no trauma.

They would also work on their clients' basic communication skills. Furthermore, in the early phases of therapy, they would do a certain amount of life-coaching. As one of their patients, this strategic approach made my therapy with them enjoyable and gave me immediate help. This approach built up my morale so that later on in the therapy process, when we did confront my traumatic experiences, I was able to do that without being re-traumatized by the therapy process itself.

After reading *Mental Liberation*, the psychologist who was conducting this woman's marriage counseling decided to have the couple concentrate first on those things that made their marriage work and happy memories of their romance. This changed the entire emotional tone of their counseling sessions and immediately helped with their marital situation. Then he did things that helped with their communication skills. And he also shared practical suggestions that would improve their lives and their relationship. Finally, when the couple's marital situation became stable, only then did he begin to address the subject of her Monarch mind control abuse and what she could remember of it. With her husband there at her side in the counseling sessions, he was able to provide emotional support for her. Eventually, she was able to deal with the effects of her trauma to the extent that she needed to.

I had some direct communication with both this woman and her therapist. They encouraged me to tell their story on the condition that I respect their anonymity.

The psychologist explained that now when he meets new clients for marriage counseling, the first thing he says to them is, "Before you tell me what's wrong with your marriage, tell me what's right about it."

Another person I heard from was a woman who was using a variety of techniques to help her overcome the upset and depression that had resulted from having been subjected to *Satanic Ritual Abuse* (SRA).

She and a friend had escaped a Satanic cult and had started a new life. She told me that at first they had occasionally smoked marijuana to help with their overwhelming anxiety — and that it had actually helped them some. But ultimately it created problems for them and wasn't really effective. So they turned to yoga, learned to meditate and began to practice mindfulness techniques. This helped much more, but they still had periods of overwhelming anxiety. They still had difficulty sleeping, and they still had frequent nightmares.

When they came across my writings, they found that just by reading about the subject of SRA, they came to feel less isolated. They realized that their situation was not altogether unique to them. Knowing that others had gone through similar abuse made them feel more connected to their own humanity.

I've written about how some survivors of abuse use the practice of regular journal writing to help them process the negative emotions that were caused by the abuse. This woman and her friend had also heard about journal writing from other sources, so they began to intensively write journals that consisted of *personal, emotion-focused writing*.

They wrote about their own personal experiences and their feelings about them. They wrote down what they could remember of their abuse. They wrote down their memories of happy experiences. They wrote down the events of each day. They wrote about both their pleasant dreams and their nightmares. They drew pictures of the things that they had written of in their journals. And then they shared with each

other all of their journal work.

These two survivors never went into formal counseling, but the woman told me that their journal-writing work and their emotional support for one another made it possible for them to heal and to get on with their lives.

I haven't been able to communicate with everyone who has tried to contact me because of overwhelming situations in my own life. But some people, like this woman with her journal writing practice, have shared encouraging stories about healing themselves. They gave me permission to share their stories because they too want to support a broader social movement dedicated to increasing public awareness of the widespread influence of trauma-based mind control and the importance of doing the personal work needed to heal the wounds.

We believe that someday humanity is going to wake up and reject the New World Order and its Project Monarch. Someday, the healing of our world will begin in earnest. Effective systems to deprogram Monarch mind control will emerge, to be used by a new generation of therapists. Such systems don't yet exist, but pioneers in this field are beginning to work on this problem.

This book doesn't have all of the answers to solving the mind control dilemma, but it does offer some special insights that you might find useful.

In this *Revised Edition*, I've shared some new stories told to me by others, as well as some of my own experiences.

GOSPEL LIBERATION VERSUS RELIGIONISM

Jesus Christ faced his moment of doubt and pain that night in the garden before the arrest that would lead to execution. He prayed, “Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me,” asking God to remove this torturous fate from him. I think that most people who read this passage in the Bible believe that the human aspect of Jesus, Jesus the man, feared the pain and humiliation of his coming crucifixion. But Jesus was both fully human and fully God at once.

Perhaps at that moment, the divine aspect of Jesus Christ feared something other than the crucifixion. I wonder if, with his all-knowing powers, the divine aspect of Jesus Christ looked into the future. And in looking into the future, he realized all of the violent and mean-spirited things that would be done in his name.

Perhaps he saw all of the witch hunts, the persons tortured by the Inquisition, the angry Christian ministers preaching sermons of fear, fire and brimstone. Perhaps that night Jesus Christ saw all of the homophobic, gay-hating Christians, carrying signs and chanting, “Jesus hates fags,” and perhaps he saw the thousands of women burned at the stake — all done in his name.

Perhaps Jesus Christ looked into the future and saw all of the innocent children in Sunday schools being told by judgmental teachers that their souls would be sent to hell and tortured forever if they didn’t do as they were told.

Perhaps his real fear, the cup, the burden, he wished could be removed, was all of the wrong-minded and cruel things that would be justified in his name.

There are two Christianities: the Christianity of love, truth and liberation taught in the “good news” Gospels and the Christianity of fear, falsehood and enslavement taught by dogmatic ministers and priests, in an attempt to control the minds of their sheep-like flocks.

Before I go into the subject of what all of this has to do with overcoming Monarch mind control, there are two stories I would like to tell from my own life.

The Sunday School Teachers from Hell

When I was a child, my family attended a nearby Methodist church. I went to Sunday school while my parents attended Sunday service. My early experiences of this were pleasant. The Sunday school teachers were loving, older women who enjoyed children. We sang songs, made fingerpaintings and occasionally these kindly Sunday school teachers told us amusing stories that taught moral lessons. I looked forward to Sunday school. I enjoyed it. Even now, as I recall the hours spent there so long ago, I remember the smell of the fingerpaint. I remember the bright smiles and cheerful voices of our teachers. I recall the pleasure of being with other happy, innocent children.

But then one day, the elderly teachers were replaced by a younger man and woman in their twenties, a married couple. They both smiled continually. But they had an intensity about them that made me feel uncomfortable.

That first day with them, when they got us alone in our classroom, they had us gather our chairs in a circle so they

could talk to us. The woman did almost all of the talking. She explained that Sunday school was going to be different now. No more playing games. No more fingerpainting. No story time. She explained that our immortal souls were at stake. She said that God was continually judging us and that we must be prepared for His judgement. Those who did not believe in God and did not obey His commandments would be judged and condemned. They would be punished in hell forever. But those who believed in God and obeyed His commandments would be saved after death to live in Heaven where they would continually worship God. So from now on, she and her husband were going to teach scripture to us every Sunday. Our job was to learn from them. They would give us homework. They would test us on what they taught. And we would submit to their authority — or face the wrath of God. After explaining all of this, she and her husband looked around at us children with keen eyes, daring us to rebel.

I said, “I don’t believe that God is mean like that. I don’t believe he hurts people forever in hell.”

Her insincere smile faltered for just a moment, but then it returned as if plastered on her face with glue.

In a polite voice, she then went on to say that I was going to be damned to hell for all eternity because of what I had just said. She said that God had appointed her and her husband to have the responsibility of teaching us children, and by challenging their authority, I had challenged God’s authority. And in doing so, I had condemned my soul to hell. She went on to explain all of the ways that God was going to punish me in hell. She went into great detail. And the other children giggled as I felt more and more embarrassed. She went on to belittle me with her words. I looked at my feet and said nothing, as her words quietly cut into me. When I looked to

her husband for help, there was nothing but disapproval and judgement against me in his eyes. She made me the target of her smiling, soft-spoken contempt for the remainder of the class. When the class (thankfully) ended, the other children teased me, saying that my soul was going to burn in hell.

When I rejoined my parents who were just leaving the chapel after Sunday service, I was crying. When my mother asked why, I told her that my Sunday school teachers said that I was going to burn in hell. My mother dried my tears and insisted that I stop crying. She had me wait with my father while she went to talk with the Sunday school teachers.

When my mother came back, she informed my father and I that I wasn't going to be attending Sunday school anymore. She made it clear that she didn't approve of the new teachers, that I should take nothing they said to heart.

My father rarely talked with me when I was young. He was a busy man and although he would occasionally lecture me, he never listened to me. But that night, before supper, he made a point of taking me aside. He explained that the Sunday school teachers had recently lost their only child, a young boy who would have been my age. He said that he thought that they weren't quite right in their minds. He said that before he went to war in World War Two, he didn't really believe in God. But when he was in combat, with bombs exploding near him and his men, he prayed to God. And that after the war when he thought about the combat he'd been through, he prayed to God to find comfort. He said that he didn't quite know what God was, but that God was loving, not judgmental. He said that I shouldn't be afraid of God. His words made me feel all right again.

After that, I went to Sunday service with my parents instead of attending Sunday school. I was happy with that. I didn't

really understand the boring sermons given by the preacher, but I got to sit next to my parents and that made me feel good.

At the end of the year of Sunday school, right before summer vacation, the Sunday school teachers asked my mother if they could see me. She brought me up to the classroom before Church began. The other students were there already. It was an entirely different atmosphere. There was none of the playfulness or joking that had gone on in the old Sunday school classes before the young couple had taken over as teachers. The students were sitting quietly in their chairs, their study Bibles and notebooks held on their laps. Their silent faces professed expressions of smug superiority as they glared at me. Her husband had an expression of barely restrained anger as he first looked at me, but then it turned into an expression of phony benevolence as he held a rigid smile on his face. The woman, aware of my mother's presence with me, managed to feign a reasonable facsimile of pleasantness.

She told me that I had been missed after leaving their class. I silently doubted that. She said that it had been a remarkable year and that I had missed out on all that had gone on there. She said that as a reward for completing her class, she had given every child there a special Bible, with pictures. But because I had only attended one class, it wouldn't be fair for her to give me that. Yet because I had been a part of the Sunday school for the time before her and her husband took it over, she wanted to give me something to remember it by. So she handed me a mirror that had a picture of Jesus on the back. I really didn't want to take it, but my mother said that I should thank her. So I took it and thanked her. The whole conversation felt to me as if it were intended to be an insult and that the Sunday school teacher wanted me to remember her insult by giving me a gift.

When we returned home, I stuck the mirror into a shoebox where I kept knickknacks and forgot about it.

Years later, when I had grown old enough to go away to college, I was cleaning out my room, throwing away things I didn't need, I looked through the box of knickknacks and found the mirror with the picture of Jesus on the back. This picture of Jesus showed him with long hair and a beard. By that time in my life, in my late teens, I too had grown long hair and the beginnings of a beard. It made me laugh to look at the picture of Jesus and then flip it around to look at my long hair and bearded face reflected in the mirror. This was not the end result those Sunday school teachers had expected when they gave me that gift.

The thing is this: I had been abused as a child. My parents hadn't been a part of the abuse and hadn't known about it. An older relative had abused me and manipulated me into silence about the abuse. He did this with threats. Also he had used a friend of his to manipulate me into accepting the abuse by using a variety of mind-control methods. By the time I had grown old enough to go away to college, I had been in therapy for a while. I was freed from my abusers and had begun to deal with what had happened.

That day, years later, as I looked at the gift they had given me, I realized that those Sunday school teachers were also child abusers. They hadn't used sexual or physical abuse. Their abuse was a form of spiritual abuse against the souls of the children they were teaching. They had used a wrong-minded Christian theology as a club to beat their students into submission. What they taught was fear of an imaginary hell, not the love of God. And they were not the only Christians who I had known to have done that.

Christian Mind-Control Summer Camp

My abuse as a child began in earnest when I was eight years old. It had continued on a semi-regular basis until I was about twelve years old. By then I was becoming too old to be of interest to pedophiles. But in the years that immediately followed, when I was an early teenager, I still felt a lot of anger. Also, my abusers (who were members of a Luciferian cult) continued to involve themselves in my life.

For various reasons it was impossible to talk with my parents about this, so instead I acted out by creating trouble for them.

With retrospective insight, I now realize that I was indirectly trying to draw attention to my problems when I caused trouble for my parents. Getting into trouble was the only way I knew of at that time, to get help. But my parents were not the kind of parents who would have sat down with me to have a two-way conversation about what was troubling me. Sometimes they would lecture me, but they were almost militant in refusing to listen to me. And even if they had been good listeners, talking about the abuse would have been difficult for me.

So instead of trying to find out why I was getting in trouble, they decided to send me to a Christian summer camp. It was the kind of summer camp that promised to turn troubled young teenagers away from delinquency and back to Christian righteousness. This camp was far away from our home. I knew of no other children who went to this camp. And everything about it sounded undesirable to me.

At that time, I was about fourteen years old and I had no real interest in Christianity. By that time in my life, I had spent time, in secret, with older Luciferians who had taught me to feel scorn for Christianity. And this camp also put

an emphasis on sports and wilderness training, neither of which was appealing to me. The years of sexual abuse and mind-control torture, which had been done in secret, had influenced my well being. I was unhealthy, physically weak and without athletic ability.

Without consulting me, my parents, who knew nothing of the abuse I had endured in secret, had signed me up for this camp. And only days before I was to leave, they informed me that I was going there. There was no mistaking the fact that this was intended by them as a punishment.

The man who had been my handler and primary programmer in the Luciferian cult that was abusing me was a man we called Bob. I've written about my relationship with him in my book *Angelic Defenders & Demonic Abusers*.

I hadn't seen as much of Bob after I had grown too old to be of interest to pedophiles. But my relationship with Bob wasn't sexual, at least he never had sex with me. He did act as my pimp, although at that age I didn't know what a pimp was. But he had also become a mentor, tutor and a weird friend of sorts.

My family withheld almost all expression of physical affection for me, and sometimes treated me as a burden. But Bob and other Luciferian cult members did often hug me in affectionate ways. When we would meet on rare occasions they would take turns holding me in their arms and telling me that they cared for me. They did this so that I would think of them as my real family. Bob had presented himself as someone who seemed to have affection for me and who valued me. I knew that my parents loved me, but there were influences that kept them from overtly showing this love most of the time. Bob took advantage of this. He was training me to grow up to be a Luciferian, like him.

Bob had ways of contacting me. He had found out about my parents' unfortunate plans to send me to a Christian summer camp. Before leaving for the camp, I met with him and he took me for a ride in his sports car. We parked at a secluded spot where we could talk. He listened to my anxieties about going to the camp. He encouraged me to see it as an adventure rather than the punishment it obviously was. But he also made a point of reminding me of the importance of secrecy. If I revealed what I knew of the Luciferian's secret cult and of the sexual relationships I sometimes had with Luciferian adults, there would be punishments from which he could not protect me. Frequently, Luciferian cult leaders had threatened my life and the life of my mother if I revealed what I knew. These were men with connections to wealth and power. I knew that they were more powerful than my naive parents and more powerful than the local police. I feared them and so I kept their secrets. Bob didn't threaten me that day; he only reminded me of what I already knew.

He ended the conversation by saying, "I'm not in the least concerned that you'll convert to Christianity. The only thing these Christians will teach you is that they are naive fools and complete hypocrites. You're smarter than they are. I'm sure that you'll see through their ridiculous fairy tales."

I had been going to other summer camps for years. These camps had not been religious camps. They were laid-back and fun. They all had been near enough to the suburbs where I lived so that the camp's bus could pick me up, along with the other children.

But this unfamiliar camp was hundreds of miles away. My parents had plans for their summer that didn't include me. My mother was about to head out to the East Coast to visit relatives. My father wanted to send me to the camp by airplane and return me the same way. My mother was

having none of that. She insisted on driving me to the camp herself, and then heading out East. I could take the airplane back. They argued this point, but my father relented. So even though she had to drive hundreds of miles out of her way, she drove me to the camp.

Our trip turned out to be a delightful experience. I rarely talked with my mother and usually she seemed distant to me. But with just the two of us in the car, we talked together much more than usual. She told me of her childhood growing up, and of her experiences in the army during World War Two. She had been an officer running a ward of nurses who took care of wounded soldiers. It seemed that she had been a different sort of person then. Her work in the army had been difficult and, like my father, she rarely talked about the war.

Part of me admired my mother and father. They had been army officers in positions of authority. I couldn't relate to that. I couldn't imagine myself in a position of responsibility, fighting against a great evil.

But part of me also felt that my parents were naive, clueless. I had been brought into a Luciferian cult by an older male relative, a kind of family patriarch. Both my parents admired him and would never question his authority. They knew nothing of the secret world of Luciferian cults. It was impossible for me to tell them about the cult that had entrapped me. I could say nothing about the blood rituals I had been forced to watch, about the sex acts I had been forced to perform or about the Luciferian doctrine I was being trained to believe in. They would never comprehend the existence of powerful secret cults or believe anything spoken against the family's patriarch.

But the further we drove away from our home in the Midwest, the further my heart was released from the never-ending fear

that I felt for this Luciferian cult.

As we travelled North, up into the Land of Lakes, the landscape became more enchanting. We drove through deep forested land and charming farm communities. We stopped at Mom and Pop restaurants that served simple but hearty American meals. I remember the taste of fresh-squeezed orange juice and real maple syrup on fluffy pancakes. We stopped at scenic overlooks to gaze down at a landscape increasingly dotted with small lakes. The air was thick with the scent of evergreen.

As we approached the camp where I was to stay for six weeks, my mother told me of her beliefs in Christianity. She did not talk about theology but of her own beliefs. She said that she felt that God was loving, and gave comfort to those who were in pain. She felt that there was a Heaven in the afterlife, but that there was no hell. Hell was something that existed only on Earth, and she had seen it and heard of it during the war. It was something created by the cruelty of men and had nothing to do with God. She felt that reading the Bible was a good thing. And if I learned more about the Bible at this camp, that would be good for me.

The camp was located in a remote, rural location. There was a long dirt road that lead to its entrance. There were offices, a meeting hall, a modern dining area and some small homes where some of the full time staff lived. It was all very clean and pleasant. The camp director, who I'm going to call Mr. White, met with my mother and some of the other parents who were dropping off their children. We all sat together in a modern, clean dining hall, which Mr. White explained was only used by the staff. He also explained that the counselors and campers ate at another dining hall and lived in cabins, all of which we could see through the windows.

I walked with my mother to the edge of a hill where we could see the lake that the camp was located next to. It was expansive with clear waters, very scenic. My mother said that she felt that this would be a good experience for me. She kissed me on the cheek, left me with my duffel bag and said her goodbyes.

Years later, Bob would tell me that when he found out I was being sent to this camp he decided to do research to find out what he could about it. He found out, eventually, that the camp was owned by a number of high ranking Masons who pretended to be Christians, but who were really Luciferians. It had been originally founded by sincere Christians who preached the Gospel. However at some point, these high ranking Freemasons took over the camp, and they had an agenda other than teaching Christian values to young men.

Not all Freemasons think of themselves as Luciferians, but the men who controlled the camp were definitely known to Bob as members of the Society of Lucifer. These were the kind of men who would publicly go to church on Sunday, but in private they would perform occult rituals with other Luciferians. These Masons were not connected to the group of hardcore Satanists that Bob was part of. They believed in a less extreme form of Luciferianism. They weren't out to destroy Christianity; they saw it as something that could be taken over to serve their own political agenda.

These Masons had received information from the CIA's MK Ultra program. They had learned to combine mind-control techniques with traditional Christian practices.

The mind-control technique of "sugar bombing" is when a controller puts his victims on a diet high in sugar and low in protein. This diet makes the victim more suggestible. This group of Masonic, Luciferian, Christian camp supervisors

combined sugar bombing, sleep deprivation and repetitive indoctrination as a method of Christianized mind control.

The experiences that I would have at that Christian camp and the experiences I would have later on with a different group of Christians planted the seed of an understanding that would ultimately me lead to the realization that there is a difference between *Gospel liberation* and *religionism*.

Religionism is defined by some as excessive religious zeal, but I would say *religionism* is a substitution of religious indoctrination for a personal relationship with God. *Religionism* is the self-righteous attitude of imagined moral superiority that comes with an unquestioning obedience to a church's doctrine.

Gospel liberation, on the other hand, is the emotional awakening that comes with the acceptance of those truths that make a relationship with the living God possible. *Religionism* is the worship of a religious doctrine, it is the unquestioning obedience to a memorized theology, whereas *Gospel liberation* is the freedom that comes when you realize that God, who is experienced as unconditional love, is the only authority worthy of your loyalty and worship. That is to say that you allow your feelings of unconditional love to guide your behavior and your decisions. That is the Gospel of love, the *good news*, brought to the world by Jesus Christ to liberate us all.

The difference between religionism and Gospel liberation is the very heart of the understanding that makes it possible to overcome this oppressive worldwide system. It's important to realize that even Christianity can be twisted into a form of Monarch mind control.

But I understood none of this that day when my mother

dropped me off at that camp. I felt that I was a thousand miles away from the nearest Luciferian cult. For years I had secretly harbored fantasies of escaping from the Luciferian cult that owned me and controlled me. That day, looking out at the magnificent lake in front of me, I wondered if the Christians in this camp might be the ones who would help me to escape.

The dining hall for us campers was called the “mess hall”. It was large, a bit dirty, and quite worn. But it held a certain rustic charm. There, we campers were introduced to our cabin leaders who would be our counselors. Each cabin leader told a little about himself, and he made a testimonial about how he became a Christian. Our cabin leader was a young man, who I will call Wayne. He talked about how, at this very camp, he converted to Christianity. Wayne said that he had just graduated from high school and had recently signed up to join the military, volunteering to go fight against the “godless communists” in Vietnam. He was to begin boot camp immediately after camp ended. He seemed strong and likable. He was someone who you wanted to look up to and follow.

He took us to our cabin. It was a bit of a shambles. I remember the pictures of the cabins that were in the brochure sent to my parents by the camp. Those pictures must have been taken shortly after the camp had been built in the 1950s. The cabins had become considerably worn down since then. The mattresses stank and flies were everywhere. But being with Wayne and the other boys still held for me a sense of adventure and fun. We were out in the wilderness, far from any city. You could feel cool breezes coming off the lake. An owl hooted in the nearby woods as night fell. Sleep came easily, like a visiting friend, that first night.

But the camp turned out to be, for me, an unpleasant ordeal

rather than a fun experience. In retrospect, knowing now what I know about how mind control works, I can see that the camp directors were clearly using mind control techniques on us campers.

The meals were very heavy on sugar and light on protein. For breakfast we ate sugar-covered cereal with a sugary fruit drink. Lunch and dinner, we would have small portions of meat and overcooked vegetables, but there would be all the sugary fruit punch we could drink and large pieces of sugar frosted cake for dessert.

They kept us sugar-bombed, exhausted and frequently sleep deprived, for the purpose of indoctrination. For example: sometimes they would let us stay up late, sitting around camp fires, eating marshmallows and singing Christian songs. Whenever they did this, they would wake us up the next day at the crack of dawn for lectures on religion.

They were training us for a wilderness experience that was to come toward the end of our camp experience. Every day they had us canoe out into the large lake in exhausting marathons that would leave our muscles sore. As we sat in classrooms after this, too tired to think clearly, we would be given lectures on the nature of Christianity. But their version of Christianity was slanted in certain directions by the camp administrators.

To their way of thinking, religion was about authority. God was the ultimate authority. God sent Jesus to Earth to establish his church. Jesus performed miracles to prove his authority and then set up a church. The leaders of Christian churches held authority that came from God. The leaders of the government also held authority from God.

If we were good, we respected authority. The authority of

our parents. The authority of our teachers. The authority of our ministers. The authority of the police. The authority of large businesses. And the authority of our government, which was represented by the American flag, to which we pledged our allegiance every day.

And in their Christian doctrine, they programmed us to believe there was also Satan, who had rebelled against the authority of God. It was Satan who tempted us to sin. And our sins were always forms of rebellion against God — or those human representatives (like themselves) to whom God had given authority. Adam and Eve had been kicked out of the Garden of Eden because they had rebelled against God's authority. We were told that if we rebelled against the authority figures in our lives, God would punish us in the afterlife. If we were rebellious in this life, then after we died, we would be sent to hell — there to be punished in horrible ways, forever and ever.

So, their program consisted of a combination of sugar bombing and sleep deprivation, along with a regime of exercise pushed to the point of painful exhaustion, all of which preceded the repetitive indoctrination pushed on us by the Christian teachers at the camp. This mind-control system, disguised as camp activities, worked on the minds of most of the boys. My fellow campers bought into the whole belief system that encouraged the worshipful obedience to authority. Their minds became like blank slates, and the camp directors wrote whatever they wanted to upon those blank slates.

The thing is that by that time in my life, I had been subjected already to very hard-core Luciferian mind control. Techniques of MK Ultra mind control had been used on me, performed by an ex-Nazi brought into the United States by the CIA in a directive called *Operation Paperclip*. I had been subjected

to various forms of Satanic Ritual Abuse and Luciferian mind control manipulations. These Freemasonic, quasi-Christian camp directors were amateurs by comparison. I was influenced to some degree by the camp's mind control, but not nearly to the same degree as the other campers.

One of the many things that my father disliked about me was that I was a "wise-cracking smart-aleck". And in all fairness to him, I really was obnoxious and disrespectful. Considering the abuse that I had been subjected to, it's understandable that I would develop into someone who never showed respect because I never felt respected. But that excuse doesn't change the fact that this continually disrespectful attitude of mine was offensive to adults.

The Christian teachers at this camp really didn't like being challenged. I would ask difficult questions that they often couldn't answer. After the classes, when we were together outside, I would make sarcastic comments about what we had just heard in the lessons, and the other campers often found these comments funny. Without really intending to, I was undermining the camp's Christian doctrine of authority worship.

The truth is that I really didn't want to attack the Christians' authority. As I spent time in the camp, I wondered if the Christians there could help me escape the Luciferian cult that owned and controlled me. My little rebellions against them were really cries for help. I wanted someone to talk with me, to listen to me, and to help me think through the crisis in my life. But this was not the type of Christian camp where the counselors were trained to listen to the campers. We were just empty vessels to be filled with Christian dogma.

Our cabin leader, Wayne, was very popular at the camp. He came off as a kind of a Christian hero. He was everything my

father wanted me to be. He was athletic, popular, respectful of authority and he gave off an aura of Christian righteousness. At times I hoped to talk with him and maybe even reveal the nature of my crisis. Perhaps he or one of the other camp counselors could help me in my personal conflict between my temptation to accept a Luciferian attitude and my desire to escape the Luciferian cult that seemed to own me.

However, all of the camp's emphasis on respecting authority figures wasn't helpful to me. What I knew was that the Luciferians actually were the people in the world of highest authority. At least that was true of the city where I lived. In my own family, the person of highest authority was an older relative, a family patriarch, who in secret was a Luciferian. I knew of Luciferians on the police board and on the city council; there were Luciferians who were the heads of banks and large businesses. I had had sex with such powerful men of authority. And sometimes I had sexual encounters with adult Luciferian women of authority. They had been filmed having sex with me. These films were used by the Luciferian cult that owned me as a way to blackmail these men and women, to bring them under the full control of the cult.

I knew that these persons of authority who liked to have sex with little boys, had been placed into positions of authority by a god, but that god wasn't Jesus Christ, he was Lucifer.

Considering my experiences, the teachings of unquestioning respect for authority were in my view, naive as hell. But this was something I was unlikely to be able to explain to the counselors. So I made jokes and sarcastic comments about the lessons behind the counselors' backs to the other campers.

At times I could see the authentically Christian camp that it had once been before the Freemasons took it over. Sometimes

we would be brought down to the lake's side, where there were benches on a hillside that overlooked the water. Listening to the rhythm of the waves against the shore, we would sing Christian songs that seemed to resonate inside my soul. On Sunday, an elderly minister, who had been giving Sunday services at the camp for decades, would speak to us in his firm but gentle voice, telling us of the kindness of Jesus and loving nature of his teachings. At times like this I began to feel that Jesus Christ was real and that he wanted to find some way to help me.

But the reality of the camp, at the time I was there, was that it was not very Christian-like anymore. The cabin leaders did nothing to stop the stronger boys from bullying the weaker ones. In fact they would laugh at the boys that got beat up. It was like there was no real adult supervision. The cabin leaders cared more about pushing us to play sports better and to canoe longer distances than they cared about us having fun.

Wayne himself turned out to be a bully. He favored certain boys who were stronger and better at sports. The less athletic boys, which included myself, felt excluded. He could be very insulting to us.

Wayne disliked the way I seemed to challenge his authority, and at one point he played a dirty trick on me. The cabin leaders were sent into town to a launderette to wash our clothes. The camp used red vests that were worn to distinguish one baseball team from another. They were made out of cheap cloth and he knew from experience that anything white that was put into the wash with them would be dyed pink. He put all of my clothes in with red vests so that all my white socks, tee shirts and underwear turned out pink. He didn't put any of my clothes into the dryer, so when I got them back from him, they were soaking wet. Then, when I had to wear the

pink clothes, because they were the only clean clothes I had, he encouraged the other boys in the cabin to mock me and to make fun of me.

This was like putting a target on my back. It virtually put an end to me having any friends. Wayne, I suppose, had decided that I was a bad influence upon the other boys, and he made his displeasure with me known. Following his lead, the other boys shunned me. If I sat down at a table in the mess hall, anyone there would get up and move to another table. I was alone. Even the other cabin leaders made fun of my pink clothing, which were the only clothes I had to wear. The stronger boys began to bully me, hitting me when no cabin leaders were around. I would fight back and always lose. But I managed to hurt some of them some of the time, and they backed off, eventually.

But soon after this, the wilderness challenge that we had been preparing for, finally began. And none of the camp politics that had been going on mattered then.

We went on a long canoe journey through a system of lakes that were near the main lake where our camp was located. Sometimes trucks were used to transport our canoes from one lake system to another, and sometimes we carried them when the distance was short. But it all was exhausting. It could have been a fun experience because the lakes and the lands around them were beautiful. But Wayne pushed us mercilessly, as if he were a drill sergeant in an army boot camp. None of the campers were really having fun.

But this sort of worked to my advantage. I wasn't strong or athletic, but I was good with canoes. I had been going on canoe trips with my family and at summer camps since early childhood. What I had in the way of muscles were those muscles needed for paddling a canoe. I was good at

paddling a canoe and at steering it. I knew how to do a canoe trip. Pink clothing or not, the other campers had to respect this about me. Even Wayne seemed to develop a grudging respect for my canoe skills, if nothing else. Furthermore, the misery that Wayne was putting us all through caused all the campers to bond, and I was one of them again, at least for a while.

It became clear that Wayne was training himself for his upcoming time in real life army boot camp, and we were just along for the ride. All of the cabin leaders were taking their campers on the same wilderness challenge following the same basic route, but Wayne created detours for us. This kept us on the water longer, as we paddled our canoes to the point of our own exhaustion. Wayne was pushing himself to his limit, which meant that he was pushing us past our limits. I heard several campers complain that this wasn't fun anymore, and that they wished they'd never come. We slept less than the campers from the other cabins and ate poorer meals. Instead of camping for the night at designated camping spots, we camped out on little islands in the middle of a lake, miles from where we were supposed to be. It didn't seem that Wayne was trying to give us a wilderness challenge that would build character in us; it seemed like he was trying to break us.

One day, late in the afternoon, Wayne took us out onto a wide lake just as a storm was coming on. We got drenched in the rain and got knocked around in the storm, but we started laughing hysterically as if it were fun. Some of the campers were terrified because it seemed as if the storm was going to wash us all under. When it finally ended, we bailed out the canoes and pushed on. We camped out on a small rocky island and ate cold beans out of cans. We slept on wet sleeping bags in wet clothing on the hard ground.

That night I woke up in the middle of the night as everybody else slept. The moon illuminated everything and the sky was clear and dotted with stars. The water of the lake, now still, looked like a sea of glass. The distant forest surrounding the lake seemed to hold the promise of deep mysteries and living creatures of enchantment. The beauty of the environment was almost supernatural.

My experiences in this camp had pushed me to the edge of a mental breakdown. I probably dealt with the physical challenge Wayne was putting us through better than the other campers. I had endured a lot of pain in my life, more than what the other campers were probably used to. My problem had to do with the conflict within me concerning my desire to escape from my Luciferian controllers back home. My relationship with the Luciferians wasn't just a matter of abuse. I had a peculiar relationship with them. At times they were supportive; they seemed to value me and appreciate me much more than my emotionally-distant Christian family. The abuse I endured from the Luciferian cult members was the price I paid for the positive attention and affection that they often showed me. So I felt some loyalty to them. When I wasn't with them I put a wall around my memory, blocking out my awareness of them and living my normal life as if my life with them had never happened. But that wall had been torn down by the stress of this Christian mind control camp. This made me feel vulnerable.

As I looked out at the beautiful scene before me that night, I felt as if I were seeing the face of God in the pure, unsullied wilderness of the lake area. I knew that if I didn't get away from the Luciferians I would become one of them, and they were cruel, violent and perverse. Their affection for me may have had some sincerity to it, but it was also calculating and controlling. I prayed to God that he would help me to escape from the Luciferians. I prayed that someone would

hear my story and help to free me. Normally, in those days, I didn't believe in God and didn't pray, but that night I did. My prayer was sincere. I imagined that possibly Wayne or one of the other Christian leaders at the camp would hear my story and help me.

I feel asleep for a few short hours before Wayne woke us up and started us on the final, unfortunate, leg of our journey. Wayne chose a longer route back to the camp that was more difficult than the route that the campers from the other cabins had taken. We campers were all beyond the point of exhaustion, but Wayne yelled at us and insulted us to drive us on.

At one point we had to carry our canoes across a passage of land that was between one lake and the lake where our camp was located. This seemed like it was more than a mile. And much of the time we were walking through swampy ground. It was absurdly cruel to push us in that way. A number of us were on the verge of getting sick when one boy fell down. He was having trouble breathing and had chest pains. It became obvious, even to Wayne, that the boy wasn't going to get better.

We were still some distance from the lake, so Wayne ran off planning to swim across part of the lake to get help. Apparently Wayne did find help. He reached the camp by phone somehow. He came back and told us that we were to wait where we were until men from the camp came for us. Eventually another cabin leader ran up to where we were. With him, Wayne took off for a nearby road carrying the sick boy in his arms.

The camp sent men with trucks out to get us. Apparently the first truck had already taken off with the sick boy. Then we campers had to carry the canoes some distance to a road where the other trucks were parked. Finally, we got a ride

back to camp. We found out later that the boy who was sick wound up being sent to the hospital.

The campers from the other cabins had been back at the camp for some time before we reached it. By the time we arrived, they had showered, eaten a meal and rested. We were dirty, hungry and exhausted. But there was a religious meeting of sorts that had been planned for when we all came back from the wilderness challenge. Everyone was required to attend. So into the meeting hall we went, just as we were. It turned out to be a long emotional meeting.

The camp director, Mr. White, talked about the importance of giving one's life to Jesus Christ. He spoke of the authority that God bestowed upon the leaders of society. He spoke of the importance of respecting the authority of our parents, the police, our teachers at school, the leaders of our government and the armed forces of America. He said that we would each be required to talk with our cabin leader, one at a time. He said we were to confess our sins, but not to worry because no one would pass judgement on us. He said that we would be given an opportunity to give our lives to Christ. But first, our cabin leaders were to testify how they had given their lives to Christ.

One by one each of the cabin leaders told his boring story about what his life had been like before giving it to Christ and how giving his life to Christ had changed him. All of these young men had been raised in middle class, white Christian families. None of them had ever really committed a sin, and they had actually been raised as Christians before they gave their lives to Christ.

It seemed like they were reading from a script given to them by Mr. White. They all said that before giving their lives to Christ, they weren't as respectful of authority as they should

have been. They slacked off on doing homework and didn't take gym class seriously enough. After giving their lives to Christ they read the Bible more. They gave up any doubts they may have had about the existence of God. They worked harder at school, listened to their gym teachers more and practiced sports harder. Basically it was like listening to a group of saints explain how they had become more saint-like after giving their lives to Christ.

Of course, these were the same jerks who had dyed my clothes pink and made fun of me, who had let the stronger boys bully the weaker boys and said nothing to stop it, who had played favorites with the boys who were good at sports and ignored the ones who weren't. But apparently none of those things were sins. But not doing all of your homework from school was a sin...a sin that they all had stopped committing after giving their lives to Christ.

As I sat there listening to all this I became painfully aware how different I was from all of these people in this hall with me. I had seen real sin taking place. I had a psychological wall that I had learned to build up over the years. When I wasn't with those Luciferian cult members that I knew, people like Bob and others, I didn't think about the Luciferians. I had two lives. I had a mundane life and a Luciferian life. When I was with Luciferians, I avoided thinking about my mundane life. When I was around mundane persons, I resolutely suppressed any thoughts about my Luciferian life, and I certainly never talked about Luciferianism with Christians. But all of the deliberate stress and Christian indoctrination of this camp had broken down my walls and I felt emotionally exposed. The truth was that I had witnessed Satanic blood rituals being performed. I had been tortured and sexually abused by Satanists. I had been threatened in a variety of ways and forced to go along with the Luciferians' agenda. I knew what real sin was, I knew what real evil was. I had

witnessed it and been touched by it. So I could not relate to anything that these, innocent but naive, Christian cabin leaders were saying.

The last person to speak was our cabin leader Wayne. He was popular with the people in the camp and he spoke with real passion in his voice. He told basically the same type of life story that the other cabin leaders had told, but he ended his testimonial with a rousing speech. He said that there was a great evil in this world that threatened Christianity and all that was good in this world. This great evil was communism. After giving his life to Christ, he felt compelled to fight against this evil. So he had signed up to join the military. He had volunteered to go to Vietnam where he would fight against the communists. He was to begin boot camp immediately after leaving his duties as a cabin leader at this camp. He said he was certain that it was for this purpose that Christ had prepared him, all of his life.

At the end of his speech, Mr. White, all of the cabin leaders and most of the campers stood up and applauded him.

One of the cabin leaders waved his hand and cheerfully yelled, "Kill a commie for me, Wayne."

Wayne smiled and waved back at his friend. He was the hero of the day.

Mr. White then spoke briefly saying how proud everyone on the staff at the camp was of Wayne, and how their prayers and thoughts would be with him in Vietnam. He nodded at Wayne, who smiled and nodded back.

Then Mr. White said that it was time for each of us, one by one, to meet individually with our cabin leaders and confess our sins and pledge to give our lives to Christ. This was not

really presented as an option. It was past midnight by the time we got to this point in the mind control process, and if given an option, I would have gone to bed instead.

One by one the cabin leaders took the campers from the hall and talked with them alone. This process seemed to take a long time. Slowly the number of campers in the hall became less and less. Wayne choose every other camper in our cabin before he got to me. The waiting for this was overwhelmingly stressful. The tension in the room was tangible. I hadn't had a decent night's sleep in nearly a week. I was filthy, hungry and exhausted. My mind couldn't focus clearly, which I suppose was actually the whole point. This wasn't meant to be an authentic spiritual experience but rather a mind control process. It was probably two o'clock in the morning and I was the only camper in the hall when Wayne finally got to me.

We walked outside and went to a place where there were two wooden chairs facing each other. Wayne said that he wasn't there to judge me, but he just wanted to give me an opportunity to confess my sins. I said that I didn't really have anything I wanted to say. He spoke in a kind voice and repeated that he wasn't going to criticize me or pass judgment on me but that to accept Christ I had to admit to my transgressions. I managed to come up with a few things. I admitted that my father thought that I was a wise-cracking smart-aleck and that I should probably stop being that way. He pressed me further. I admitted to shop lifting something some time. He pointed out that this was a violation of one of the Ten Commandments. I thought to myself that not killing people was one of the Ten Commandments and that he wanted to kill commies, but I suppressed my urge to be a wise-cracking smart-aleck and said nothing. He kept pushing and pushing. Not sleeping at that point had become a form of torture. He had to be nearly as tired as me, but didn't show

it. He had been drinking coffee all night and was probably able to still keep going, riding on a caffeine buzz. He wasn't going to let me go off to the cabin to sleep until I confessed something. This was like a police interrogation.

Finally I just blurted out the truth, I said, "There are these people who worship Satan. One of them is related to me. They hurt me. They threaten to kill me and my mother if I talk about them. They kill animals in rituals in front of me. They make me do things I don't like. I want to escape them but I don't know how. They're very wealthy and I can't go to the police because they control them. I don't know what to do."

You have to understand that this was in the 1960s, decades before the Franklin Cover-up was revealed, decades before internet Truthers and decades before Pizzagate. What I was saying to Wayne must have seemed incomprehensible to him. Certainly it wasn't what he expected.

At first he just glared at me, not comprehending what I had said. I may as well have said that I was a space alien hiding out on Earth. He was shocked and said nothing for a short while.

Then he asked me to repeat what I had just said, he assured me again that he wasn't going to pass judgement on me, he just wanted to understand.

I repeated what I had said about the Satanists and how they forced me to do things I didn't like. Wayne asked what they forced me to do. I told him that I didn't want to talk about it. Which I didn't. He insisted that I tell him.

I said, "They force me to have sex with men. They make films of this and use the films to blackmail the men."

It was like a switch had been turned on in Wayne's head. He suddenly shifted his mood and tone of voice. Apparently I had said something that pushed a button. He exploded.

"You have sex with men. That's disgusting. You make me sick," he yelled, his face turning red with anger.

"I... I...don't have a choice. They kill animals in front of me... They threaten to kill my mother..." I stammered.

"There's no excuse you can make," he yelled, "What you've done is unforgivable, Jesus will never forgive you for that sin, your soul is going to burn in hell forever. You make me sick."

He drew his fist back as if to hit me. I raised my hands up defensively.

"Get the heck away from me, you perverted little punk. I hate you. Jesus hates you. Go away before I beat the crap out you."

I got up and ran back to our cabin. I laid down on my bunk fully dressed. I passed out immediately in a state of full exhaustion.

For once they let us sleep late. Nobody tried to wake us up. I slept until nearly noon. When I finally got up I felt disoriented. I felt really bad inside. I couldn't focus my mind on anything. My memories of the day before and the night before seemed like a jumble. Various images came in and out of my mind and I couldn't make sense of them. I noticed other boys wandering off toward the mess hall and I made it there in time to eat lunch. Wayne didn't seem to be around. I began to remember something of the night before and I felt apprehensive about meeting him.

At least the other campers let me sit at the same table with them. Some of the boys at the table began to talk enthusiastically about the night before.

“I decided to give my life to Jesus last night. Now I’m a new person.”

“I know. I did the same. Everything’s going to be different now.”

“Now that I know that I’m guaranteed to go to Heaven when I die, I’m not afraid of death. When I get old enough, I’m going to join the army and go to Vietnam, just like Wayne.”

“Yeah, Wayne’s a real hero. We talked last night about Jesus. I really love Jesus and I love Wayne. I want to be just like him.”

One of the campers asked me if I had given my life to Jesus and I said, “Yeah... sure.”

I wanted to be one of them, but it was obvious I wasn’t. Wayne was Jesus Christ’s representative on Earth and he had rejected me completely last night. But I tried to talk as if I believed in Jesus, even though I suspected Jesus didn’t believe in me, assuming that he even existed, which now I doubted. I had prayed to God that he help me get away from the Luciferians. I had asked the Christian Wayne for help, but it was obvious that he wasn’t going to. This was all the proof I needed that God didn’t exist and that I was on my own. And it was worse than that. If Wayne told anyone what I told him, and word got back to Bob or the cult that I had talked about them, they might kill me for revealing their secrets. They might kill my mother. I had screwed up by telling the truth to the stupid, naive Christians. I felt dread.

Shortly after we got back to the cabin, Wayne finally showed

up. He didn't look at me at all. He spoke to the other boys and said that we were going to go down to the lake to the swimming area to cool off.

We changed into our swimming trunks and sandals, got our towels and took off down to the lake, Wayne leading the way. I noticed that Mr. White was standing next to the swimming area looking out at the lake. He nodded to Wayne as he walked by.

As we approached the swimming area Wayne finally seemed to notice me. He looked back at me and asked, "Where do you think you're going?"

"Swimming," I replied.

He turned his back to me but I thought I heard him mutter, "Faggot."

We all got into the water and started laughing and splashing around. I felt happy for a moment. Then Wayne suddenly spun around and hit me hard in my balls. All the other boys saw this. I sank down into the water in overwhelming pain. I almost passed out. Some of the boys looked down at me with expressions of shock on their faces. But Wayne turned his back to me and started splashing and joking with the other campers. They turned away from me and started splashing back at Wayne. They all laughed. Everyone ignored me. Finally, I was able to get up out of the water and walk slowly to the shore. I sat down by the trail next to the swimming area and held my hands to my groin. I was still overwhelmed with pain.

Mr. White had seen all this and came over to where I was. He asked if I was all right. I shook my head as if to say "no". I was still in too much pain to talk.

Mr. White looked at me, then he looked over at Wayne who had his back to us. A few of the boys briefly looked over at me with expressions of concern on their faces, but they quickly went back to playing in the water. It was clear from his expression that Mr. White had seen what had just happened.

Finally Mr. White said, “You must have hurt yourself.”

I looked at his face, and I could tell by his expression that he knew that Wayne had just hit me. He quickly looked away with a brief guilty expression on his face as if he knew that he wasn't going to convince me that this was an accident.

He looked at Wayne again and then back at me.

Finally he said, “Be more careful.”

He walked away.

After ten minutes or so the pain lessened to the point where I could stand up and walk. Wayne and the campers were still laughing and playing in the water as I walked away, nobody looking at me.

I got back to the cabin and dressed. When the other campers came back none of them looked at me or talked with me. It was as if I wasn't there. Wayne ignored me completely and spent as little time around me as possible. At dinner that night in the mess hall, when I sat at a table with the other boys, they all got up and walked to another table. Camp was about to end in a few days, and during that time nobody talked with me or acknowledged my presence in any way.

In no way was I trying to come out of the closet when I spoke to Wayne that night. In fact, by that time in my life, young as I was, I knew for certain that I wasn't gay. I had

been forced to perform enough homosexual sex acts to know that I really disliked that kind of sex. I knew I was attracted to women. Although most of the sex work that I had been forced to perform was with men, some of it had been with adult Luciferian women. Young as I was, by that time in my life, I probably had had more sexual experiences with women than Wayne had. I knew that I was straight. But Wayne had simply been unable to comprehend what I was saying about Luciferian secret societies.

As my Luciferian handler, Bob, liked to point out, “Trying to explain to a Christian about how the world really works is like trying to teach advanced mathematics to a hound dog.”

The only way that Wayne had been able to understand what I had said to him was to assume that I was admitting to being gay. And once he perceived me as being gay, he responded with a predictable hatred for gays that had been programmed into him with Christian mind control since his childhood.

On the day of my departure, Mr. White called me into his office. He seemed apprehensive. He spoke quietly. He said that he hoped my stay at the camp had been enjoyable. I didn't reply. He gave me a copy of the New Testament translated into Modern English. He said he hoped I would read it. I took the book but didn't thank him.

After I returned home, I did for a time pretend to believe in Christianity. That had been the whole point of sending me to that camp. I let my parents think that they'd got their money's worth. And I stopped being so much of a wise-cracking smart-aleck. I did this mostly by avoiding any conversation at all with my parents.

However, one thing that I did do was that I did read the Bible that Mr. White had given me. I found it interesting

but not convincing. It seemed odd, that with all of the camp's emphasis on the idea that being a good Christian meant accepting the guidance of authority figures, Jesus Christ himself, as presented in the Gospels, seemed to be continually challenging the authority figures of his day. He was highly critical of the religious and political institutions of his society. But at that time in my life, it also seemed to me that the Gospel stories depicting the miracles of Christ sounded more like fantasy stories than historical fact.

I quickly read the Four Gospels completely.

Once done with them, thinking of Wayne's pledge to fight communists in Vietnam, I wrote on the inside page of the Bible, "Kill a commie for Christ."

I put the Bible into a box filled with old science fiction and fantasy novels that we kept in the attic.

Bob had often pointed out that my Christian family wasn't my real family. He said that I had to put up with them until I was old enough to be fully initiated as a Luciferian. After that I would know that Luciferians were my only real family. Bob had predicted that the Christians at the camp wouldn't convert me to their faith. They hadn't. Bob had predicted that I would finally realize that the Christians were naive and hypocritical. And I had come to realize that through my experiences at camp. I resigned myself to the fact that nobody was going to rescue me from the Luciferians and that I would ultimately become one of them.

But thankfully, that would not be my fate.

The Gentle Followers of Mary

Over the years I have come to realize that whenever somebody makes a sincere prayer to God, it is always answered. It may

not be answered at the time or in the way that one expects, but it is always answered at some time and in some way, and always according to the wisdom of God.

The prayer that I had said that night, on that island in the lake, asking God to send Christians to help me to escape the Luciferians, would be answered. Obviously it was not answered by my cabin leader or the naive and hypocritical Christians at that camp. Something else happened.

Oddly enough, it would be a hardcore Luciferian who would set me on the path that would introduce me to the group of Christians who would help me to escape from Luciferianism. I tell that story in my book, *Angelic Defenders & Demonic Abusers*. But without going into how this came about, I can tell you that a group of Christians who called themselves the Gentle Followers of Mary, gave me an entirely different perspective on what Christianity could be. I met these Christians some time after I came back from that Christian mind control camp described above.

The Gentle Followers of Mary believed that Jesus Christ had come to release the world *from* religionism, *not* to enslave us with *a new form* of religionism.

In the New Testament book of John, it says “God is love.” So it makes sense that when a Pharisee asked Jesus, “Master, which is the great commandment in the law?” Jesus replied, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” On another occasion, Jesus said to his disciples, “A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.” So you might say that Jesus was saying, “The Law of God is Love,” a radically different concept from most religious thought.

Think about what love is. Love is an emotional experience. But it is also a choice. To love others is to behave in a loving way toward others. To be a loving person is to hold a loving attitude for others. You know when you feel love in your heart. You know when you feel love for another person and you know when you believe that others love you. But these beliefs are subjective; they are personal. You can't prove when someone else is breaking the Law of Love. There is no dogmatic way to enforce the Law of Love. If a dogmatic religion has a religious rule that says to not eat pork, religious leaders can observe someone breaking that rule; thereby they can punish the pork-eating offender. But there is no way for a worldly church to enforce the Law of Love. Only God, who is the source of all love, can judge this.

This means that a personal relationship with God is necessary because you recognize that only God can judge you. The judgement of a religious authority means nothing when compared to the judgement of God. By emphasizing the need for a personal relationship with God, Jesus Christ eliminates religionism. He didn't eliminate religion; he made provisions for the foundation of his religion and his churches. But Jesus Christ put religion into its proper place, making religion secondary to a personal relationship with God.

Jesus Christ says, whoever believes in me will be saved. He doesn't say, whoever believes in my church will be saved. Jesus Christ says, do unto others as you would have them do unto you. He doesn't list a long set of religious rules to be obeyed, and if disobeyed, to be used to punish the offender. When Jesus gave his sermon on the mount, he was really teaching his followers the attitude that they should develop in order to live the way of life that he is leading them to. He was not teaching a code of religious dogma.

The Gentle Followers of Mary showed me that Jesus came as a liberator to set us free from the prison of religionism.

An ancient Chinese philosopher once said, “Those who know, do not speak. Those speak, do not know.”

This can be interpreted in a number of ways. I always took this to mean that the best teachers are those who teach with their actions and behavior rather than their words. According to how the Gentle Followers of Mary saw her, Mary, the mother of Jesus, was a great teacher. But her teachings are revealed in how she lived, not in her spoken doctrine, of which she had none.

In the life of Mary, Mother of Jesus, we see how authentic faith comes to a true believer in Christ:

Step one: The angel of God announced to Mary that she would become pregnant with child by the power of the Holy Spirit. Mary choose to accept God’s will for her. What this teaches is that the first step in becoming a Christian is to become open to the idea of accepting faith in God into your life.

Step Two: Mary is patient and appreciative as the embryo of Christ grows within her. What this teaches is that once you become open to the idea of faith, there will be a period of time in which you allow this seed of faith to grow within you. This period of time may involve studying Christianity as well as talking with Christian believers, letting them testify about their faith. Notice that this is not how many Christian evangelists try to convert people. They give charismatic speeches, then expect instantaneous conversions. Such conversions may seem heartfelt, but often persons who convert like that ultimately leave the religious life as quickly as they came into it.

Step Three: Mary gives birth to her divine child in humble surroundings. What this means is that when you are ready to announce your faith in God, you should be both joyful and yet humble. Do not brag or boast of your conversion, but just as the angels informed the shepherds in the hills that Christ had been born, inform others who might be interested of your newfound faith.

Step Four: Mary and Joseph flee the country in order to protect the baby Jesus from those who would kill him. What this means is that once you have accepted your faith and announced it to others, you must protect your faith. Once you've announced your faith, there will be those who will attack it and try to destroy it. They may criticize your faith, argue against it or ridicule you for it. You must defend your faith with your words, or if the attacks are too vicious, you must separate yourself, for a time, from those who are attacking your faith.

Step Five: Mary and Joseph search for Jesus and find him at temple teaching the elders. What this means is that as your faith matures, it will begin to inform you and teach you, but you must continually look for evidence of the power of your faith, just as Joseph and Mary searched for the child Jesus.

Step Six: Mary attends the marriage feast with Jesus and encourages him to perform his first miracle of turning water into wine. The meaning of this is twofold. First the wedding feast symbolizes the joining of the Church of Christ with the Holy Spirit. The Church is the bride and the Holy Spirit is the groom. So when your faith reaches a certain point, it becomes natural to join with a Christian church or fellowship. The second meaning is that when you do join into a fellowship of Christians, miracles begin to take place. A life that is ordinary, like water, becomes a life that is joyful, like wine.

Step Seven: Mary witnesses Jesus as he conquers death. Mary is there at the crucifixion of Jesus. She witnesses his death on the cross. And like the disciples, she too learns of his eventual resurrection. It was with his death and resurrection that Jesus Christ conquered death. What this means is that as you live your life in faith, you eventually reach a point where your relationship with God is so real to you that you no longer dread the eventuality of your own death. You know that you will die, as all people do, but you also know that you will be in God's loving presence forever. This doesn't eliminate the natural survival instinct to live as long as is reasonably possible, but it does free you from any morbid feelings of dread at the contemplation of your own mortality. And this changes the way that you live the remainder of your life on Earth, making it more purposeful and joyful.

Step Eight: Mary at the Pentecost. In the book of Acts, from the New Testament, Mary appears with the disciples praying in the upper room before Pentecost. At the Pentecost, the Holy Spirit fills all of the followers of Jesus Christ as they begin speaking in all languages spreading the Gospel to the entire world. What this means is that this spiritual process described by the Life of Mary is completed when you accept the presence of the Holy Spirit into your life and begin to disseminate the Gospel story to others.

This eight-step process was the basic doctrine of the Gentle Followers of Mary as they described it to me more than fifty years ago. It's been more than half a century since the day they first described this philosophy to me, and yet as soon as I started writing this section of this chapter, it all came back to me, as if it were yesterday.

One of the Gentle Followers of Mary was a man named James. He helped to slowly guide me to an acceptance of

Christ over a period of many years. He did so with wisdom and many acts of kindness and friendship. Even though my friend James has been dead for years now, I still feel his spirit with me as I am writing these words...

A STORY TOLD TO ME

I was told this story by a woman who wishes to remain anonymous. So I will call her by the name *Betty*. She has given me permission to repeat her story here. I believe in the veracity of her story and have no doubts that all which she has told me is the truth.

Betty's Story

After a bitter divorce, Betty felt depressed. So she sought the help of a psychiatrist. At first, therapy with him seemed helpful. He was an attentive listener. And the sessions seemed to help her to cope. But then she began to notice strange events. She began to have periods of missing time. Sometimes she couldn't recall what she had talked about with the psychiatrist during their sessions. But the psychiatrist always seemed dismissive when she brought up these issues, and often he seemed to talk to her with a familiarity that seemed inappropriate or disrespectful.

One morning, Betty woke up with an intense pain in her genitals. The pain continued, so she visited a gynecologist. He told her that she had vaginal tearing consistent with that which would come from rape or exceptionally rough sex. According to her recollection, she hadn't had a sexual relationship since her divorce, so this made no sense to her.

Not long after that, she noticed on her credit card bill that she had purchased fuel and beer at a gas station near the home of

her psychiatrist. But she had no memory of visiting his home and no memory of going to that gas station. Furthermore, she never drank beer.

Although Betty didn't understand what was going on, her instincts told her the psychiatrist was a threat to her. She decided that she needed to get away from him. She had received a job offer in another state and there was little reason for her to stay in the town where she was living. This was because after her divorce she had virtually no friends there. So she made excuses to avoid the next few scheduled sessions with her psychiatrist. She hastily packed up her belongings, sublet her apartment and moved out of town. On the way out of town, without telling him where she was moving, she mailed the psychiatrist a letter in which she politely informed him that she was leaving therapy.

Betty started a new life in another state, and after a while her world seemed to return to normal. But she knew that something bad had happened between her and that psychiatrist. It eventually bothered her so much that she sought the help of a hypnotherapist to find out what had gone on during the missing time periods. With the help of her new therapist, Betty was able to eventually figure out what had happened.

This is what she recalled after experiencing hypnotherapy to recover her missing time:

As well as having a normal office in town, this psychiatrist had an office in his home. He made up a pretext one day for Betty to come to his home office, supposedly for therapy. There, he had subjected her to a Monarch mind-control technique. She had been programmed with a virtual-reality memory. A virtual-reality memory is one that mimics a real world experience but is based on a projected fantasy.

This virtual-reality experience had been implanted into her mind during a drug-induced trance state. While in a stupor, a combination of mind control commands and audio-video programming was used to construct a surrealistic experience of torture. She described this as being like a 3D movie that was projected into her mind. It also contained physical sensations, some of which were overwhelmingly painful. This traumatic experience created a type of selective amnesia in her mind which caused her to dissociate the memory of the event, so after this Monarch mind control session, she remembered nothing of it.

The word *dissociate* means *to separate*. When a memory contains extreme pain, this can cause it to become separated from the other memories in the mind so that the victim no longer has the ability to recall that memory. However any suggestions or commands contained in that memory still exist on a subconscious level of mind and will be obeyed automatically.

This Monarch virtual-reality torture that had been inflicted upon Betty consisted of a sequence of nightmare images in which she experienced her body being cut into pieces. During this virtual-torture scenario, her torturer was perceived as being Jesus Christ. This imaginary torture was cruel and painful. After this experience of being cut apart, the severed pieces of her body were then miraculously restored by the virtual Jesus. This virtual-torture hadn't been real, but it had felt real. The pain and terror had all been experienced by her.

(In a section toward the end of this book I will explain more about how this virtual pain was created in Betty.)

This trauma-based experience had been used to create a false satanic sex-kitten personality named Sheila. So Sheila

became Betty's alternate personality. In other words, the Monarch mind control session had been used to create an intentional condition of multiple personality disorder.

Sheila had been programmed to hate Jesus and to reject all Christian morality concerning sex. But Sheila had also been programmed to think of the psychiatrist as her rescuer; she had been conditioned to worship him as if he were a god.

The psychiatrist had implanted certain control phrases into Betty's subconscious mind. Whenever he would speak one of these control phrases, Betty would go into a receptive altered state of mind, so that at his command, Betty would instantly switch over into the Sheila *sex kitten* personality. These commands could be made over the telephone. Once the alternate personality was evoked, Sheila would drive to the psychiatrist's home or office. The psychiatrist would have sex with Sheila whenever he wanted. Sometimes during scheduled psychiatric sessions with Betty, the psychiatrist would evoke Sheila, have her sexually service him, then bring back Betty and finish the so-called therapy session with her. Sheila had been programmed to always say *yes* to any demand her master made of her. The psychiatrist compelled Sheila to engage in perverse acts of sex to which Betty would have never consented. Furthermore, sometimes the psychiatrist pimped out Sheila to his friends. And Sheila was incapable of saying *no*.

One night, during a drunken party, the psychiatrist and his friends had gang-raped Sheila. The next day Betty woke up with painful vaginal tearing and a credit card bill that she couldn't explain.

After Betty figured it all out, she felt intensely upset and humiliated by the experience. It would take considerable time and therapy until she was able to emotionally recover

from this trauma.

Betty eventually considered taking legal actions against this psychiatrist for malpractice. She thought of bringing rape charges against him. She contacted a trusted lawyer friend of hers who she knew to have political connections. What this woman lawyer discovered through careful research was that this psychiatrist was a high-ranking Freemason. This psychiatrist had political connections and even a national security clearance. He was a technical advisor to the CIA and a friend to powerful and violent men. Eventually Betty concluded that she had been lucky to escape him with her life. She decided that it would be futile (and probably fatal) to take legal actions against this man.

Betty's therapist had heard of me and my writings. Betty decided that the best way for her to pursue justice was to help in the movement to increase public awareness concerning this issue of trauma-based mind control. Through mutual associates they were able to contact me. So that's how I came to hear Betty's story. It's because of Betty and other persons like her that I felt compelled to write this book and to make it available.

THE (D.I.D. OR DID) MANDATE

D.I.D. (or DID) stands for *Dissociative Identity Disorder*. Presently, it's difficult to get mental health care professionals to recognize the problem of Monarch mind control. Therefore, a mandate for the treatment of DID may be the first step in creating a wider acceptance.

To *dissociate* is to *separate*. The word *dissociative* describes the memory system of a person who has separate areas of memory, each of which is utilized by a different personality.. *Dissociative Identity Disorder* is similar *Multiple Personality Disorder*, and it's diagnosed in patients who display at least two distinct personality states. These alternating personalities are called *alters*. These alters may display totally different values, reactions, traits, emotions, mannerisms and body language.

Those of us who have recovered from DID have no doubts that this is a real condition, however I must acknowledge that there is disagreement among professionals about the validity of the diagnosis itself. Therapists who recognize its validity may disagree about its symptoms and treatments.

Two things that everyone agrees upon is that DID is diagnosed far more often in females than in males. Also, a history of severe abuse is almost always associated with it.

Symptoms of DID include memory lapses, blackouts, feeling unreal or feeling lightheaded. In some cases, friends or

family members may have observed a shift in personalities for which the primary personality has no recall. Sometimes victims find items in their homes that they cannot remember acquiring. Sometimes victims will wake up in the morning with bruises or physical injuries they have no memory of receiving.

There is no official diagnostic test for DID. However, individuals suffering from this typically also suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and sometimes conversion disorder. PTSD takes place in any number of situations where a person has been under unnatural levels of emotional or physical stress over a prolonged period of time. Conversion disorder is indicated when a person displays a physical illness for which there is no medical diagnosis; in other words, this takes place when there is the conversion of a mental disorder into a physical disease or pain. And you should know that health care professionals do have official diagnostic criteria for PTSD as well as for conversion disorder.

Individuals who have been subjected to Monarch mind control are sometimes diagnosed with conversion disorder, DID or PTSD. However, most therapists who treat patients with these conditions don't openly talk about Monarch mind control. There are two reasons for this. The healthcare industry doesn't officially recognize Monarch mind control as anything but a conspiracy theory. And although Monarch mind control does actually take place, it's an illegal activity usually performed by persons with political connections. So sensible therapists don't want the troubles that might come from publicly acknowledging the existence of Monarch mind control. Therefore I understand why they avoid speaking out about this issue, while at the same time many of them privately recognize the need to treat this problem. There is an epidemic of people who suffer from Monarch mind control,

and they often do need the help of therapists.

One thing that has been shared with me in feedback is that both therapists and patients find that they have far fewer complications in life when they use the term *Dissociative Identity Disorder* or D.I.D., rather than *Monarch mind control*. Of course, what clients and therapists discuss in private sessions is subject to the client confidentiality agreement, so clients should not try to censor themselves during therapy.

But outside of the therapy session, it's a lot less problematic for you if you avoid words like *satanism*, *CIA*, *SRA*, *Satanic Ritual Abuse*, *MK Ultra* or *Monarch mind control*.

Instead it's better to use words like *abusers*, *conversion disorder*, *PTSD*, *Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder*, *Dissociative Identity Disorder* or *DID*.

This careful use of language is a type of standard operating procedure used by some professionals who treat Monarch mind control victims. And sometimes the treatment of such victims involves health insurance or disability, and it's easier to deal with such agencies if you use words like *conversion disorder* rather than *Satanic Ritual Abuse*.

I emphasize this point because presently there does seem to be an organized effort to suppress the treatment for the victims of Monarch, SRA or MK Ultra mind control. So wise therapists and survivors who wish to avoid harassment are careful about the words they use in telephone calls, emails and on websites. When they do use words like SRA or Monarch they do so only in postal mailings or in person. This is not paranoia. This is simply a practical way to avoid unnecessary difficulties during the therapy process.

Of course in my writings and public speaking I'm not careful at all about what words I use. Because of my public discussions of these subjects, I have been harassed in various ways and have received threats of all kinds. I don't care, I have no intention of playing it safe. But then again I'm not a therapist treating patients, and my recovery from SRA is complete. During the time when I was in recovery, I did not publicly talk about Satanism at all. The fact that I am now willing to talk publicly about SRA and Monarch makes me useful to those patients and therapists who need to remain anonymous for safety purposes.

This is why some therapists and survivors have asked me to promote this book and increase public awareness. Hopefully, talking about this publicly may stimulate private research to improve the therapy for those recovering from Monarch mind control.

A publicly accepted mandate needs to be created to help victims. Most persons who have been subjected to Monarch mind control techniques do suffer from DID. And virtually all Monarch mind control victims do at some point have some PTSD. Conversion disorder among Monarch victims is also common. And because conversion disorder does involve medical exams, it's generally accepted as valid by health care professionals. So therapy and research performed under the mandate of conversion disorder, DID and PTSD is safer.

MONARCH MIND CONTROL DEFINED

The name *Project Monarch* was chosen for three reasons. The symbol of a monarch butterfly is a symbol of *transformation*. So this describes the birth of a new personality out of the old one. Also the victims of this technique often feel *lightheaded*, as if they were floating like a butterfly. But you should know that Lucifer, who rules the world with a secret monarchy, is also known as *Monarch*, so this is *Lucifer mind control*.

Monarch mind control programming is a technique of brainwashing utilized by different covert organizations. This practice is always kept secret because it isn't recognized as a legitimate therapy. Monarch is a continuation of the CIA's project MK Ultra.

The *M* in MK Ultra stands for *mind*, the *K* stands for *kontrolle*, which is German for *control*, and *Ultra* indicates a *high level of security classification*.

The MK Ultra mind-control program was developed by CIA front organizations, and it was tested on both military personnel and civilians. This research has been acknowledged to have taken place in the USA and Canada, but in reality it was spread out to other countries as well. You have to understand something of the MK Ultra program in order to understand the Monarch project that evolved from it.

Project MK Ultra ran from the 1950s to the 1970s when it officially ended. Although, in fact, it ended in name only;

it just increased its secrecy and stopped using the name MK Ultra.

Americans, Canadians and citizens of other countries were exploited as MK Ultra test subjects. This program involved many institutions and researchers, and most of the research has never been made public. However, the published evidence clearly shows that the MK Ultra project involved methodologies to control an individual's mental states by altering brain functions. Methods included the administration of drugs, sensory deprivation, verbal abuse and physical torture. The victims were sometimes kept isolated for long periods of time.

These experiments often involved the administration of LSD to unsuspecting subjects. There was a cavalier attitude in the use of this drug. The unwitting victims included government personnel in the CIA and the military. Sometimes they dosed doctors and other researchers. Sometimes they drugged prisoners, prostitutes and mentally ill patients. Sometimes they gave LSD to the unknowing general public, just to study their reactions.

You should understand that many of these claims about MK Ultra are not a conspiracy theory but facts of history that can be proven with released government documents as well as recorded eye-witness testimony.

In addition to LSD administration, experiments utilizing electroshock were often performed. Some victims were forced to listen to tape-recorded messages played over and over on a loop. In the name of CIA research, this type of systematic torture was used on countless victims, some of whom were children.

Over time, the news media and the public became aware of

all this, and public outrage finally took place. Eventually the US government was forced to officially end the MK Ultra program. It was then secretly renamed Project Monarch whereupon it simply continued on with greater security.

Some Monarch methods are disturbingly cruel. When most truthers use the word “Monarch” they are referring to a technique that traumatizes the victim for the purpose of creating a mind-controlled slave. This slave can be triggered at anytime with special words, gestures or symbols. Once triggered, the victim will perform any action demanded by the handler.

The news media presently denies the very existence of Project Monarch. However, some credible researchers claim that on a worldwide basis, millions of innocent persons have been victimized by this secret program to varying degrees. Certain ideas from Project Monarch have been utilized in various types of educational systems, training seminars and mind-control disciplines. And there can be no doubt that many thousands of persons have been victimized by the more extreme brainwashing practices developed out of Project Monarch. This book addresses the most extreme applications of Project Monarch.

The techniques of Monarch mind control often contain elements of Satanic Ritual Abuse. There’s a cult mentality shared by those who use this technique. Monarch mind control is sometimes secretly administered in psychiatric hospitals by psychiatrists. And the use of this method is always covert. There’s a lot of security kept up around this practice. So it’s difficult to say who these abusers really are. However, whether or not the persons who administer this technique are all Satanists, they all seem to be interested in Satanic imagery.

The application of Monarch mind control can result in Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD). However, most contemporary therapists prefer the term Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). The terms DID and MPD may not be completely interchangeable. For example, a person may have serious identity issues without necessarily having entirely separate personalities. So DID encompasses a wider spectrum of issues. In some cases, Monarch mind control methods are used to simply adjust an attitude or behavior of the victim. So even if MPD does not always occur, the identity of the individual has in some way been permanently adjusted. But many victims are abused to the point where they do develop one or more alter personalities. And the intentional development of these alters does seem to be the purpose of most Monarch mind control.

Some persons have been subjected to Monarch mind control since childhood. So these persons are really imbedded into a subculture in which Monarch mind control is simply one aspect of social conditioning. Such victims can't easily leave their programmers because they may live with them or be socially involved with them. Some victims have grown up being periodically subjected to this type of mind control. Such victims are very difficult to deprogram. It's very difficult for them to escape this cultic environment in which they live. One person who did escape it was Cathy O'Brien. She has publicly talked about her experiences. But she seems to be one of the exceptions rather than the rule.

However, some victims have only been subjected to Monarch techniques a few times, and some have only been subjected to it as adults. I'm not trying to diminish the suffering that these victims have undergone, I'm merely pointing out that such victims may have an easier time in escaping the cult and becoming deprogrammed.

However, those who have received brain implants may be beyond any normal deprogramming technique. Microchips can be implanted into the brains of victims in order to reinforce the mind-control programming. The technology for doing this began back in the days of MK Ultra research and has become more sophisticated with the development of computer chips. At this point, most Monarch victims have not been implanted with these high-tech computer chips, but some have.

Monarch mind control is much more sophisticated than the old fashioned MK Ultra research. Monarch was developed through a fusion of ideas coming from psychology, neuroscience and occultism. Monarch slaves are used by different organizations. You find the victims to be persons connected to politics, corporate leadership, Freemasonry, the military, the sex trade industry, the news media and the entertainment business. According to some estimates, approximately three fourths of the victims are women. This is because some programmers find it easier to program women than men. Also, in general the ego of a woman will dissociate or split off as an alter personality faster than a man. Whether male or female, the victims are used for different purposes, depending upon the organization and the handler.

There are also cases of psychiatrists using this technique to create an alter personality within one of their own patients so that they can use that patient for a sexual relationship. If the psychiatrist decides to end the relationship, he (or she) may break up with the alter personality of the victim. This would mean that he stops triggering the alter. And in such cases, the victim does not consciously know that such a relationship even took place. Some psychiatrists are known to have a number of patients with alter personalities so that they can have sex on demand with different persons.

HOW MONARCH TECHNIQUE WORKS

The victim is often referred to as a *slave* by the Monarch programmer. Such programmers often prefer to be addressed as *master* or even as *god*. Monarch programmers use trauma to create the compartmentalization of their slave's psyche. This is the splitting off of a personality into multiple and separate alter personas.

In March of 2004, Ellen P. Lacter, PhD, wrote the article, "Kinds of Torture Endured in Ritual Abuse and Trauma-Based Mind Control". Some therapists I've known who treat Monarch victims use her research as a reference. One Monarch deprogrammer I met had used this research to create his own list of questions used in the diagnosis of Monarch victims (see this list below). I should make it clear that the Monarch deprogrammer who created this list below is not an associate of Ellen Lacter; he simply used some of her research materials as a guide.

Monarch deprogrammers call this the *Torture Assessment List*. This list is used to survey a Monarch victim to find out what methods of torture may have been used on him or her. Later on in this book I will explain about how some therapists use this list.

I do have to warn you that if you have been subjected to Monarch mind control, simply reading this list might upset you. Each question starts off with this phrase, "Can you recall an incident when you were...?"

Torture Assessment List

Can you recall an incident when you were...

1. subjected to traumatic abuse or torture?
2. confined in a box, cage, coffin or other container?
3. buried alive?
4. restrained with ropes, chains, cuffs or other bindings?
5. subjected to a near-drowning experience?
6. deliberately subjected to extremes of heat or cold by a person or persons?
7. forcibly submerged by a person or persons into ice water?
8. subjected to burning chemicals?
9. skinned as a form of torture?
10. subjected to spinning that was painful or disorienting?
11. subjected to blinding light?
12. subjected to intentional electric shock?
13. forced to ingest offensive bodily substances such as blood, urine or feces?
14. forced to eat human flesh?
15. forced to ingest toxic chemicals which created pain or illness?
16. forced to take drugs which caused illusion, confusion or amnesia?
17. hung in painful positions or upside down?
18. subjected to someone pulling or dislocating your limbs?
19. deliberately forced to experience hunger or thirst?

20. subjected against your will to having physical contact with snakes, spiders, maggots, rats, or some other disgusting creature?
21. subjected to a near-death experience due to torture?
22. forced to perform or witness the abuse, torture and sacrifice of animals?
23. forced to perform or witness the abuse, torture and sacrifice of a human being?
24. sexually abused to become pregnant? (note: only ask this of a woman)
25. forced to witness an aborted fetus used in a ritual?
26. forced to witness a baby being taken away for sacrifice or enslavement?
27. forced into slavery?
28. forced to witness someone else being inducted into slavery?
29. ritualistically possessed, harassed or controlled by demonic spirits?
30. forced to witness the desecration of Judeo-Christian symbols, books or forms of worship?
31. ritualistically tricked into believing that God was evil?
32. subjected to surgery as a form of torture?
33. subjected to experimental surgery?
34. subjected to the implantation of something harmful into your body?
35. threatened with death?
36. told that someone you loved would be killed?
37. subjected to virtual reality to confuse you?

I've witnessed and been subjected to SRA and some MK Ultra techniques. I've personally experienced some of the things on the above list and seen other things on that list done to others. So this list is very real and personal to me. The therapist who created this list needs to remain anonymous but wanted it made public because he thought it might be useful to other therapists.

I've never personally witnessed the following Monarch mind control technique, but I have communicated with some persons who have:

I've been told that in Monarch programming, virtual torture may be used instead of actual physical torture. Techniques such as hypnotic suggestion, illusion and virtual reality can become a substitute for actual physical torture. Any of the techniques described above may be physically inflicted upon an SRA victim, but in the case of Monarch torture they would be *virtually* inflicted upon the victim. For example, #9 above is "skinned as a form of torture". The Monarch victim would feel all the pain and horror of being skinned alive, but when the virtual torture was over, her skin would actually still be completely without scars.

Originally, in SRA and MK Ultra, the practice was to physically inflict the torture. But apparently in the new, more sophisticated forms of Monarch, the torture can be performed virtually within the imagination of the victim. Virtual torture leaves no physical scars. It's faster and less difficult. However, it traumatizes the victims every bit as much as actual physical torture. So Monarch is the modern, neat and streamlined form of trauma-based mind control.

In old fashioned SRA, traditional herbs found in witchcraft were often used, such as the mandrake root. Traditional herbs, if used incorrectly, may become poisonous and can

kill. However, with the advent of the psychedelic sixties, new drugs came on the scene. Although other drugs were experimented with, LSD seemed to be the drug of choice in MK Ultra research. Now in Monarch, the use of drugs is very exacting. With medical and psychiatric drugs, the patient can easily be made receptive to mental programming.

Monarch represents the apex of the mind control experimentation which has gone on since ancient times. SRA was an art form. MK Ultra was a research project. Monarch is an exact technology for mind control. Monarch mind control is an applied science.

The master controller can make suggestions to the slave that he or she is being tortured in some specific way. Audio and visual materials can be used to reinforce this. The more sophisticated programmers may have sensory deprivation tanks with audio-visual display capacities. This can intensify the experience. The subconscious mind of the victim cannot tell the difference between the projected/mental torture and real/physical torture. The victim may even experience real feelings of pain.

The way that Monarch mind-control programming usually works is that different *alter personas* are created within the mind of an individual. Mental walls are built with trauma to disassociate and compartmentalize the alter personas. These alter personas don't know of each other, so they take turns operating the body at different times. This is a form of conditioned amnesia, as it's a natural function of the mind to protect the ego of the individual from traumatic memories by allowing the ego to selectively forget overwhelming trauma.

The original personality of the individual that existed prior to mind control is referred to as the *core personality*. This core personality usually forms the basis for the primary

personality of the victim even after the modification of that personality has taken place. So even following the experience of mind control, there is usually a primary personality which operates the body most of the time. This primary personality may seem quite normal. However, the values of the primary personality don't apply to the alter personas. An alter may be sexually promiscuous, extremely violent or criminal, whereas the primary personality is a decent, ethical, law-abiding citizen.

Disassociation helps to form a shield of secrecy. This serves two functions: it protects the Monarch programmers from being found out, and it prevents the primary personality from knowing how he or she is being exploited. This allows the primary personality to live a somewhat normal life.

However you should know that these various personalities are, in actuality, always connected. For example, the different personalities will often share abilities. They will all tend to have the same language skills. If one can drive a car, usually all of them can.

In some cases, an alter won't have an ability that the primary personality has, because the programmer preferred to limit the alter's behavior. For example, the programmer might make a sex slave alter incapable of driving a car in order to keep her from being able to escape.

However, unless an ability has been specifically suppressed through programming, usually all of the alters will have that ability. This is because this sense of separation between personalities is a programmed separation.

In a way you could say that there are no multiple personalities per se; there are really only multiple memory systems. The different alters are created from separations in the overall

memory system. But on a subconscious level of mind the overall memory system remains complete. These separations in memory have been programmed into the mind and anything that has been programmed can be deprogrammed.

During the MK Ultra experiments which took place in the past, failures sometimes resulted in death. I knew of children who died, and in some cases I watched torture victims die during programming, even when death was not intended. But this usually doesn't take place in Monarch unless the programmer is poorly trained. During the era of MK Ultra research, years of experimentation went into determining the optimal way to perform torture.

Project Monarch inherited the MK Ultra data. Professional Monarch programmers have charts that show how much torture can be inflicted on a particular victim. The levels of trauma are measured using heart rate, blood pressure and breathing patterns. These factors can be evaluated according to the victim's gender, body weight and age. Thus, maximum trauma can be inflicted without resulting in death.

Dissociation is achieved by traumatizing the subject to cause a split in the core personality. An alternate world view is created within these alter personas. Once created, the alter is programmed using tools such as pornography, videos images and vivid suggestions. Sometimes movies are used in the programming process. A drugged victim may be shown a film such as *The Wizard of Oz* or a cartoon of a fairy tale. Disney-type fantasy films are often used for this. All these factors combine to internalize a new alternate reality which displaces the natural reality of the core personality.

These visual and audio aids are used to program special triggers into the victim's mind. These triggers are usually visual symbols which represent certain concepts. Words

and phrases can also be programmed in, to be triggers. The newly born alter persona can then be evoked at will by the master through the use of these programmed triggers. So these triggers may be thought of as special cues by which an alter can be awakened and instructed.

The trigger symbols have two functions. First, they can generally reinforce the mind-control programming so that the victims don't resist it during their everyday lives. For example, most mind control victims have been commanded to forget the fact that they have been brainwashed. So the triggers may simply reinforce this command to forget what happened. Secondly, triggers can be used in an exacting way to call forth an alter persona or to reinstate the primary personality. In this way the master controller can switch on or off the alter persona of his choice.

Commonly used visual reinforcement triggers may be occult symbols such as the pentagram. There can also be infinity loops, dolls, spider webs, goats, mirrors, masks, skulls, mazes, monarch butterflies, devils and demons. The same secret societies that created Monarch mind control also influence the entertainment industry. These reinforcing visual trigger symbols are often placed into movies and music videos.

The use of visual symbols in movies isn't really a random process; it's very exacting. Popular movies and music are used to program the general public as well as to reinforce the programming of Monarch mind-control victims. Subliminal messages are also found in some of these Hollywood movies and pop songs.

Some of the classic movies used in Monarch programming are versions of *Pinocchio*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Snow White*. Although these movies were first made prior to the

development of Monarch techniques, earlier forms of mind control were being used back in those days. So these movies do fit very well into the modern Monarch programming. And many films made after the development of Monarch have been especially designed to fit into Monarch mind-control programs. *Harry Potter*-type movies are a perfect example of this.

The idea is that when these films are viewed by drugged Monarch victims, the plots and characters of these movies become a part of the new internal reality of the slave.

Consider Pinocchio, the wooden boy puppet who wants to become a real boy. This wooden boy puppet is prone to telling lies, just as an alter persona is programmed to tell lies. The wooden boy puppet is a symbol for the alter persona, who at the end of the movie is turned into a real boy. Thus the film represents the shift between the wooden boy who feels nothing (alter persona) and the real boy with human feelings (primary personality).

For each movie, the master/programmer implants into the slave a special interpretation of the story line. For example, a slave might be taught to escape the pain of torture by “going through the looking glass” as did Alice in Wonderland. The Monarch slaves are conditioned to dissociate from the unbearable pain of trauma by going into a fantasy world. The goal of all of this is to cause the victims to feel mentally disassociated from their physical bodies.

However, it’s important to know that this dissociation doesn’t free the victims from suffering, it merely makes them incapable of taking any action to end their suffering. In a word, this practice is *evil*.

There are basically four practical purposes for creating an

alter persona:

1. An alter may be used as a courier to carry messages, drugs or money. A slave must obey his or her master and therefore can be trusted with any of these things. A spoken mind file can be created in the memory system of the slave to be delivered only to a certain person. And the slave can be programmed to forget any message after he or she has delivered it. (Although this practice backfired on her controllers when Cathy O'Brien achieved a deprogrammed state.)
2. An alter persona may be used for violence such as assassination or enforcement. If you want to know how these secret societies keep their secrets, this is how. As the saying goes, "Dead men tell no tales." When members join one of these secret societies they make an oath of secrecy, knowing full well what the punishment is for breaking it.
3. The alter persona may be used as a sex worker of any kind. All moral considerations and repulsions can be programmed away.
4. And finally, an alter persona may be used for psychic practices involving the occult.

SYMPTOMS EXPERIENCED BY VICTIMS

Mental torture can be as emotionally traumatic as physical torture. Whether a victim was physically tortured or mentally tortured through a Monarch virtual-reality technique, the torture is always experienced as being real.

The victim of torture may experience symptoms of paranoia or psychosomatic illness as a result of the trauma. A therapist working with a Monarch victim might find clues to the torture techniques used in the past by looking at the symptoms which the victim is experiencing in the present time.

Monarch mind-control victims may have a seemingly irrational fear of things like heights, snakes, spiders, water, clowns, dolls, cameras or hypodermic needles.

They may have various sexual obsessions or phobias. They may be drawn to S&M relationships. They may fear being touched. They may feel both repulsed and attracted to some potential sex partner. They may respond to a pleasant romantic experience with a delayed fear response which comes on hours or days later.

It's common for victims to have food aversions and eating disorders. It's common for victims to have digestive problems. Some victims may become vegetarian as a reaction to witnessing cannibalistic rituals.

Monarch abuse survivors may feel plagued by unseen evil forces. They may experience anxiety when talking about

God or religion. They may go back and forth between having a resentment against God and being obsessively devout in their spiritual beliefs or practices.

Sleep disorders and nightmares are common for the victims of this type of abuse. Such persons may easily dissociate from their emotions during an ordinary conversation. They may suddenly look as if they are in a trance state, or they might stare through you as if not seeing really seeing you at all.

Psychosomatic pains and sensations may exist. They may have frequent headaches. They may experience pains or medical problems even when medical tests fail to show a cause. So *conversion disorder* is common.

Survivors of Monarch mind control may respond with anxiety to bright lighting. They may be easily startled by loud noises.

They may have obsessive ideas, such as believing that they are being continually watched. (Although in some cases this belief may be based in fact.)

Monarch victims may make the same statements repeatedly even when such statements make no sense in the context of a conversation. For example a victim might repeatedly say, "I just want this all to end."

It's common for Monarch survivors to become obsessed with certain pop songs. They will hear the same pop song playing over and over again in their minds.

It's common for victims to feel an irrational self loathing or guilt. Whether this took place in virtual reality or in the real world, many Monarch victims are led to believe that they have harmed others in some way. They may have a subconscious

memory (virtual or real) in which they performed human sacrifice or cannibalism. The forced participation in the victimization of others is a common theme in Monarch mind control programming.

And needless to say, Monarch victims often have a deep inability to trust others, or knowing who they can trust. They often feel as if they have been betrayed. They may not be able to say who betrayed them, but they know that they have been.

If you have been subjected to some type of Monarch mind control technique, you might not consciously know that you have been. But some clues that might tell you that you have been are found in this description of symptoms. If you or someone you know has been subjected to Monarch mind control, these symptoms described above will be apparent.

Unfortunately, finding a therapist can be difficult because conventional therapists aren't trained to deal with Monarch mind control victims. Because of the way that contemporary psychologists and psychiatrists are trained, it's likely that the average psychotherapist wouldn't even believe you if you said that you've been subjected to Monarch mind control. Fortunately, there are some working therapists who have become aware of this issue. And many of them are still trying to figure out the best way to deal with this issue.

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TREATMENT STRATEGY

I'm not giving anyone advice, but I can share with you the point of view of those therapists who I've worked with and those therapists that have given me feedback. And what they've said is that any therapist who is going to assist a survivor of Monarch mind control must come up with a strategy for helping that person. There must be an evaluation of the level of damage that has been inflicted upon the victim. If a survivor is highly dysfunctional in life, trying to confront the painful memories from the past is a bad idea.

The life of the Monarch survivor needs to be stabilized before attempting to confront these painful memories of abuse. The premature confrontation of abuse memories can re-traumatize the victim.

The first thing that the therapist has to assess is whether or not the abuse is still going on. Has the survivor disconnected completely from the Monarch mind controller? If the Monarch controller is still able to access and manipulate the Monarch victim, therapy is not going to be successful. So helping the victim to escape his or her controller may be what has to happen first.

Secondly, sometimes survivors are drawn to persons who remind them of their abusers. This is a phenomenon known as the *Stockholm Syndrome*. This is a phenomenon whereupon a victim becomes attracted to an abuser. I know this may seem illogical, but it's nonetheless true. The Monarch victim,

having escaped the programmer, may become involved with an abusive personality who reminds him or her of the programmer. So the survivor needs to be freed from any abusive relationships.

Sometimes survivors self-medicate by using illegal drugs. This or any other destructive behaviors must be recovered from before the survivor can fully address the memories of abuse. But I should mention that some survivors have told me that CBD or moderate marijuana use has helped them cope with their recovery from trauma. And it must be pointed out that some researchers believe that psychiatric drugs can be considered to be worse than street drugs. I've read reports by a number of researchers who have said that psychiatric drugs are overprescribed and their usefulness in treating mental illness is questionable. However, some therapists have told me that the occasional use of sedatives is necessary in some patients to alleviate temporary anxiety until such patients become stable. So please understand that I'm not giving advice about medications, I'm just pointing out that this issue must be carefully considered.

Something needs to be pointed out about the CIA's false memory scam. Many therapists have been tricked into believing that any patient who talks of SRA, MK Ultra or Monarch mind-control is suffering from a delusion. A therapist treating abuse survivors can't fall into the trap of denying the fact that the abuse took place. The recall of the abuse may at times seem bizarre or unlikely, but in some sense it is always real. Even Monarch mind control based on virtual torture is nonetheless a real experience. The pain and terror that the victim feels are real. These memories may be misinterpreted, but they are always based on a real experience. I will address the CIA's False Memory Syndrome Foundation in the next chapter, but you should know that any therapist helping a Monarch survivor must acknowledge the

reality of the abuse in order to be effective.

Once a survivor's life has been stabilized, and he or she has found an appropriate therapist, the memories can be addressed. This must be done in a way that does not create problems for the survivor but only enhances his or her recovery.

In my book *Mental Liberation in the Age of Thought Control*, I talk about a specific therapy system that was used to help me. I gave this system the name *Fabian Therapy*. This is because the therapists used what could be described as a Fabian strategy. This type of strategy is named for a Roman general who attacked his enemies in an indirect way in order to slowly wear them down. My therapists believed that intense memories of painful trauma should not be directly addressed, but should be indirectly approached, slowly, over time. They had a very exacting system for doing this. I've recently started to produce a series of videos in which I demonstrate how Fabian Therapy works, by running actual therapy sessions with my friends Rich Winkel and Patricia Robinett. But there are many other therapy approaches as well as the Fabian method. And the integrity of the therapist matters more than the approach or techniques that he or she uses.

However, if you are interested in my experiences and what I can say about the Fabian therapists, you can find out more in the *Mental Liberation* book as well as the videos that I've made. Please visit

WWW.KERTHBARKER.COM/

THE CIA'S FALSE MEMORY SCAM

The False Memory Syndrome Foundation (FMSF) is a CIA disinformation scam. This Foundation claims:

Some of our memories are true, some are a mixture of fact and fantasy, and some are false – whether those memories seem to be continuous or seem to be recalled after a time of being forgotten or not thought about.

This statement above is essentially a lie. All memories are true. Memory itself is not plastic. Sometimes a fantasy can become confused with a memory. And sometimes your perception of a memory may be altered by prejudiced ideas. But the memory itself is always a perpetual artifact of the mind. That means that any memory once recorded is unchangeable. *This will be fully explained in the next chapter.*

Notice that the FMSF statement above suggests that even continuous memories may be false. That means that your memory of what happened ten minutes ago may be false. Or that your memory of waking up this morning may be false. In other words, you are not allowed to trust any memory you have of the past. They, the authorities of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation, will tell you which memories of yours are false or true.

There is such a thing as a *pseudo-memory*. The prefix *pseudo* means to imitate something. However, the word *false* comes

from a Latin root word that means fraud. This suggests that memories themselves can be fraudulent or deceitful, but that's not really the case. A pseudo-memory could be either a hypnotic implant made by another person or a self-generated fantasy that has irrationally arisen from the subconscious. A true memory may be supplanted by a pseudo-memory, but a true memory never contains false information. Therefore there is no such thing as a false memory.

When you understand how to discern between a true memory and a pseudo-memory, you can always have an accurate perception of your past experiences. And such discernment can be learned. This is a fact that the FMSF institute does not want you to know.

The real purpose of the FMSF is to trick you into believing that you should not trust even your own memory of your life's experiences. The deceptive concept which this institute sells to the public is that governmental propaganda should be believed, whereas your own memories should not. In their twisted view of things, truth is therefore not to be defined by your own observations or memories, but by the official pronouncements of the federal government.

The CIA has a long history of lies and disinformation. When it wants to cover up some truth, it creates a deceptive foundation or a phony study group to deceive the public. It's done this so many times that's it's amazing the general public hasn't caught on to its tricks. FMSF is a group that was created by CIA mind-control experts and by persons accused of being pedophiles. And in one case, one of their advisors is a professional illusionist.

Below is a partial list of the FMSF's leaders that reads like a criminal lineup of the usual suspects:

***Executive Directors: Peter and Pamela Freyd
(psychiatrists)***

These two were accused by their daughter, a psychology professor, Jennifer Freyd, of being highly abusive parents. Peter was forced to resign because of offensive public statements he made as well as allegations against him of pedophilia.

Advisory Board Member: The Amazing Randi

James Randi is a Las Vegas stage magician and psychic-fraud debunker who has no degree in psychology or the sciences. You might wonder why this institute needs a professional illusionist on its advisory board.

Founder: Ralph Underwager (psychiatrist)

This so-called authority on false memory often testified in the courtroom claiming that all childhood memories of sexual abuse are false. But the psychologist Anna Salter accused him of being a charlatan who made “systematic misrepresentations” of reputable research. Underwager also founded Victims of Child Abuse Laws (VOCAL), a group that may have helped some child molesters to escape justice. He was known to make bizarre claims such as his belief that 60% of women who were sexually abused in childhood have said that the experience was good for them.

***Original Board Member: Dr. Martin T. Orne
(psychiatrist)***

Orne was a Senior CIA Mind-Control Researcher, often connected with MK Ultra, who experimented in hypnotic programming, memory dissociation and other brainwashing techniques.

Board Member: Dr Harold Lief (psychiatrist)

Lief was a CIA mind control researcher, experimenting in

behavior modification and hypnosis.

Critics of CIA & Pentagon

There are several other CIA agents on the FMSF advisory board. The CIA and Pentagon have both been involved with the creation of cults. The Association of National Security Alumni was a public interest veterans group. They once said that it is a “primary issue of concern” that the Pentagon has “a role in satanic cult activities”. However, the news media refuses to honestly address what is happening with the government’s mind control agenda. This cover-up of the government’s cult connections is handled by well-paid disinformation experts.

Every informed person knows about the lies and deception of the CIA. Yet its disinformation scams, like FMSF, still go on as pathetic attempts to conceal the obvious mind control abuse that is so prevalent in our contemporary society.

Critic of Executive Directors

Jennifer Freyd, the daughter of the FMSF Executive Director, is a professor of psychology at the University of Oregon. She made accusations of abuse against her parents at an August 1993 mental health conference in Ann Arbor, Michigan. In her statement she made it clear that she did not have to recover memories of parental abuse through any mental process other than ordinary memory.

She said, “My family of origin was troubled in many observable ways. I refer to the things that were never ‘forgotten’ and ‘recovered’, but to things that we all knew about.”

MEMORY DEFINED

Memory is our ability to encode, store, retain and recall experiences. Through the very existence of memory, past experiences influence current behavior.

The brain/mind memory system contains the sum total of what we remember. This gives us the capability to learn from previous experiences.

Memory

1. Mental recordings of the individual's experiences.
2. The ability to retrieve past experiences.
3. The power to process learned facts and recalled experiences to achieve goals.
4. The ability to memorize, store and retain information learned from experience or observation.

The modern English word *memory* comes originally from the Latin *memoria* and *memor*, meaning *mindful* or *remembering*.

A neurological definition of memory is that it is a set of encoded neural connections in the brain. It's the reconstruction of past experiences created by the synchronous firing of the same neurons that recorded the original experience. This is one reason why memory is never false. The synchronous firing of the original set of

memories is always the same. You may create a fantasy in your imagination, and then if confused, substitute that fantasy for a memory. But the original memory is always there, recorded in the encoded neural connections. And that memory doesn't alter itself, so it is never false.

Where this mental confusion can arise is if the recall function of the brain is damaged. For example, memory association is one of the functions of the brain's temporal lobe. Scientific studies have shown that extreme trauma can cause harm to the temporal lobe and other segments of the brain. Trauma can cause the temporal lobe to shrink in size. Certain stress hormones, such as cortisol, may be involved with this impairment of memory. But this impairment has to do with the ability to recall memory at will. The memories themselves are not destroyed, but the part of the brain that helps you to recall memory can become damaged. However, even if it is damaged, it can be rehabilitated.

But memory is more than just the functions of the brain. The most advanced theories indicate that memories are stored in an energy field that interacts with the brain and nervous system.

The word "morph" means to transform something. The word "genesis" refers to the evolution of something. The word "morphogenesis" refers to a change in the development of a living organism. The adjective form of morphogenesis is "morphogenetic".

A morphogenetic energy field is the energy system that is interconnected with the physical body. This morphogenetic energy field is within and around the body. There is increasing evidence that a morphogenetic energy field is essential to the functioning of all cellular activity in the human body. Neurons are one type of living cells that make up the physical

body. The neurons of the brain and nervous system interact with the body's aura, its morphogenetic field.

One way to think about this is that the human mind consists of the physical activities of the brain as well as the energetic activities of the morphogenetic field.

This stable, morphogenetic energy system is where memory is really stored, and the brain is the neural switchboard that allows energetic memory to interact with the physical body. This is why I can confidently say that, "A memory is a perpetual artifact of the mind."

Because this is the case, memories are never really erased or lost. They may become inaccessible to varying degrees. But they always exist. And even when they seem beyond retrieval, advanced techniques of memory recall may make them accessible.

One reason that some persons may be able to recall past life experiences is because the mind's memory field survives the death of the physical body as an energy system that reincarnates along with the immortal human soul.

Monarch mind control uses trauma to create an impairment of the brain which causes one area of memory to become walled off from another. But by rehabilitating the brain and mind of the victim, these restrictive walls can be bypassed or even ultimately removed.

BRAIN REHABILITATION & JOURNALING

The victim of any form of trauma-based mind control has experienced a type of specialized brain damage. Rehabilitation of memory function typically involves methods for retraining neural pathways. And there must be the training of new neural pathways to regain or improve neuro-mnemonic functioning that has been diminished because of the trauma. Here the term *neuro-mnemonic* refers to the *memory functions of the brain*.

In my book *Mental Liberation in the Age of Thought Control*, I describe a rehabilitation technique which involves a highly structured analysis of happy memories. This was developed by some therapists who were memory experts. But less elaborate techniques can also help.

One simple neuro-mnemonic therapy is *daily journaling*. Simply having the recovering survivor write down his or her daily experiences in life in a journal can be useful for a number of reasons. One reason is that it forces the recovering person to focus on the act of remembering what has happened that day. This assists in that natural process which rehabilitates the brain's functions following damage caused by trauma-based mind control.

Also, if a person has issues with MPD, this gives the individual a way to become centered in his or her primary personality. In this way, an alter is less likely to become triggered by the random events of life. Thereby the primary

personality feels more in control.

Furthermore, it turns the recovering survivor into an objective observer who is studying his or her own mind and memories. Just as a scientist keeps an exact record of an observable phenomenon, the recovering survivor learns to keep a record of his or her own memories of life. This allows the survivor to attain an objective point of view concerning these subjective observations.

The act of physically writing down your memories in words actually evokes certain functions in your brain. This process can release a person from the unconscious power of repressed memories of trauma.

When subjective (interior) mental aberrations become analyzed objectively, they cease to be aberrations.

This means that the recovering person becomes less introverted and more extroverted. Ultimately the recovering survivor and therapist become co-workers, both of whom are taking responsibility for making sure that the recovery process takes place. And the daily journal becomes a kind of work duty that the recovering survivor completes every day.

If the therapist periodically reads the journal, he or she may notice at times that an alter personality may be asserting itself in the writings. There may be a kind of back and forth struggle between the alter and the primary personality. But there can also be a dialogue between the alter and the primary personality which can assist in the healing process...

END of BOOK SAMPLE

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