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Please note that the opinions in this book are strictly those of the author.

All accusations are alleged.

This book describes crimes of severe abuse in detail.

Survivors may want to read this with a support person.

After Amnesia

 and during

 a memoir by Wendy Hoffman

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On the Road

 Although they have tightly bound my arms and legs,

All over the mountains I hear the songs of birds,

And the forest is filled with the perfume of spring-flowers,

Who can prevent me from freely enjoying these,

Which take from the long journey a little of its loneliness?

*The Prison Diary of Ho Chi Minh*

translated by Aileen Palmer

*to Gaby Breitenbach*

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Acknowledgments

For legal reasons, the names of most perpetrators and places are disguised.

*A note on mind control*:

This book in part is about what happens when the brain opens, after having been closed by imposed amnesia.

 Fear, hatred, hunger are natural to human experience. Dissociation or amnesia is also an inborn ability and process of the mind. Even normal people experience leaving their main brain at times of unusual stress. But mind controllers have developed it into a perverse, inhuman offense.

 They chop up a brain and leave that person living. If someone’s legs are amputated, theirs cannot grow back, but the brain can grow back, even after the assault of mind control.

 People who come from where I came from walk around with most of their brains put to sleep. Controlled by others, they were tortured into not thinking for themselves and not acting on their own. To accomplish this invasion, programmers and medical scientists isolate sections of the brain, as if using prongs to remove sausages from boiling liquid. Using electricity and other forms of torture, they give each piece of brain a purpose and a little life, as described in many books including my memoirs. Programmers surround the little created life hypnotically with lies, code words and triggers, redeposit it in the larger simmering brain where it is supposed to make no trouble and sleep until the victim succeeds in memory work, or programmers call it out, or an accident of life evokes it.

 Mind Control is at least as organized as libraries, and programmers divide victims’ brains into sections, each one containing possibly multitudes of modules and personalities. The brain’s world is divided into front and secret behind, which holds knowledge of and participation in evil. The fronts don’t know about it but on some inner vibration do know. They have to pretend to be a normal person in regular life. What a stressful, hypocritical job they have been given.

 After so much global experimentation, especially in hidden laboratories, often in basements, military bases, government buildings, in the Nazi death camps and what is replacing them now, scientists and researchers discovered that electricity not only isolates modules in the brain but also stuns transmission of messages from one part of the brain to other parts of the same brain.

 When perpetrator-scientists discovered how to suppress brain transmitters, they came upon the perfect weapon for rendering humans into automatons. If they can produce an automaton, these criminals thought, they can capture people and make them into perfect mind controlled slaves for life. It would have to be for life, because none of this information could be allowed to leak. Their purpose and goal is to create a universe composed of human robots at all hierarchical levels of society.

 Segments within the brain that programmers stun and isolate cease moving. Though frozen they still respond to triggers and signals that evoke them. Called forward, they overpower all other active segments in the same brain. No other part of the brain can communicate with it, for its transmitters have been rendered useless at least temporarily. Programmers alone can receive information from this part and also supply it with new information.

 Electricity suppresses; it doesn’t eliminate. If it were to last a lifetime, it would have to be re-stimulated periodically, which is one reason mind controlled victims are accessed and tortured so frequently.

 Humans are more resilient than machines. Even if one minor module of the brain manages to talk with any other, the process of self-discovery begins. With motivation and work, mind controlled slaves can take back their brains. The human will can eventually overtake the aftereffects of electricity, shed electric barriers, unfreeze transmitters, inform its receivers and achieve freedom and independent thinking.

Midnight

Faces all have an honest look in sleep.

Only when they wake does good or evil show in them.

Good and evil are not qualities born in man:

 More often than not, they arise from our education.

*The Prison Diary of Ho Chi Minh*

translated by Aileen Palmer

I.

Part I: Rockmore and Some Members of Major U.S. Political Party1

When you bring a pot of tapioca to a boil, first one bubble pops, then another, a third. The bubbles are like history lessons, looking smooth and shiny on the outside but inside revealing corruption and decay. The bubbles sprout like icebergs in the vast ocean of cultivated denial, and names and identities erupt, recently Richard Rockmore, Corliss Stillmere, and His Highness. I knew all three. Their crimes are bubbling out, and the whole pot may boil before it simmers, the stove turned off, the cover placed on top.

 Richard Rockmore, infamous for the island he had owned, was assigned to work primarily for the major U.S. political party 1. He orchestrated rituals in the form of criminal celebrations attended by politicians from this party, the ultra-wealthy and some royalty from several countries. These political rituals occurred throughout my lifetime. I describe being forced to attend some of these rituals in my first memoir, *The Enslaved Queen*. Here I fit information into a larger framework, for the major political parties.

 It is difficult to find information which lives inside brains which have been tampered with. Controllers erased knowledge of events and people and buried the ashes in the bowels of my brain, thinking that knowledge would be sealed until my death. They didn’t factor in the news as a trigger. Every now and then a relevant media report gets it right or almost right. That headline and story could be sufficient to evoke what has been suppressed and dissociated, and undo mind control. In 2020 and continuing, the media pounded out reports about Richard Rockmore and Corliss Stillmere, alleged to be a recruiter and groomer of victims, thereby pulling from cobwebs information sunk to the bottom of my brain. When abuse occurs during these rituals, violators’ faces appear to victims like a sea of grey foam highlighted by red hatred. It sometimes takes a news photo and a name for some victims to identify their perpetrators. Many of us have been programmed to have prosopagnosia, an inability to recognize human faces. Newspapers can serve as police line-ups. Other victims don’t need these triggers to remember.

 Around the 1980s, the infamous Rockmore would have been in his twenties, and I was in my 30s and 40s. He was slender and slimy, with full, bushy hair. I had been made to be a ‘queen’ of one of the thirteen satanic counties, and he had been given this role of organizer and middleman.

 I lived on the west side of Manhattan then and lived with a boyfriend the leaders assigned to me as a handler. He too was mind controlled and dissociative. We both were taken to the scene of many rituals, including the building on West 67th Street in NYC that then housed the Manet Restaurant. I remember ten distinct times we were used during these upstairs secret rituals for politicians and others, and there may have been more. I had been used sporadically before then, including when I was a child, in other establishments. I remember smells: hard liquor, spilled champagne on women’s scant black lace outfits, cigars, sweat, sperm, gourmet food, grease, coffee; and the taste of elated and debased emotions. I remember smoke rising, clustering around grey chandeliers that swayed above inebriated representatives of the people.

 During those years, I hardly knew anyone who was not cult-involved. Either my legal father who raised me or my former-ordinary-life husband drove my body and the transport part of my mind that the rest of my brain didn’t know about yet to these political rituals and abandoned me there. I had been married to this ordinary-life husband right after I graduated college and thought I would be free then of my legal father’s abuses. The ordinary-life-cult-arranged husband had divorced me after a decade of marriage and I thought I had finally gotten rid of both these relatives, but here they were my drivers and betrayers again. When a human being is abandoned to monsters such as those who arrange and attend these events, and treated as only a means to satisfy others’ needs, it is hard to feel worthwhile. That is my life’s toil now, to see myself as worthwhile.

 The events, which were part parties, part celebrations, part rituals, did not start until after midnight; the streets were still popping with city life. I sat in the car, blank and dead, in the kind of daze that only the transport part of my mind knew. The dazed parts of me functioned automatically, robotically. They had their assigned goal, to get out of the car that was double parked at the corner. Guests pulled up in their limousines. Guests, mostly politicians, covered their heads trying not to be recognized as they slinked inside the side entrance to the upstairs. “Wait til they enter and the chauffeurs drive away,” my legal father would say. I was so obedient, he didn’t have to give me hand signals or visual cues.

 I walked past this well-known Hungarian Manhattan restaurant’s outdoor blackboard which listed gourmet specialties of the day—its *crème caramel* was comforting. The crew cleaned the outside last. Following orders in a daze, I never entered the ground floor restaurant, but walked to the side entrance, then climbed up the stairs like all the other slaves to, I think, the third or maybe the fourth floor and into a hidden back-world of opulence. The metal steps were not steep. I counted them as I walked up in an effort to ground myself and control my anxiety. Parts of me knew what was to come. The mostly political couples took the freight elevator run by a uniformed operator. Secret passages and elevators joined the upstairs to the ground floor restaurant. Only the most luxurious materials were used in these upstairs hidden chambers—the finest woods, silk drapes, heavier drapes separating sections and alcoves, Italian marble, cut crystal chandeliers, all imported, dark oil paintings with ornate gold frames, plaster and marble statues of nudes, museum-quality hard wood floors. The rooms were designed to reflect the prestige of the guests, prestige given as a reward for compliance rather than earned. These rooms reeked with a royalty-like splendor that communicated ‘I am better than anyone.’ Polishes reflected the politicians’ images. These men and their wives stared at themselves with pleasure, seeming to delight in their apparent omnipotence and beauty. They made Milton’s Eve look modest.

 Known big shots attended. Satanic cults are hierarchical and particularly like to celebrate promotions and advancements. There were governors, mayors, members of the Senate and Congress including some who would become past and current political stars, as well as the ultra-wealthy, rulers and former presidents. Guests were announced according to what positions they held. Some wore ultra-stylish outfits.

 Decades later, like so many Americans, I turned on the news at 6 p.m. In my cozy bedroom slippers, half watching, I sat in my flowered chair thinking I needed to buy oranges and yogurt from the grocery store, while sipping a cup of hot chocolate. A picture of Rockmore and Stillmere together, almost snuggling, smug and self-congratulating flooded the screen. I heard myself say “I know them.” My brain started acrobatics in my tense skull, my body trying to peak out of numbness. I felt staccato electrical charges relinquishing their hold. The movement started slowly, then a locomotive steamed through my brain carrying cargo, expelling exhaust’s black smoke, puffing out sounds and sirens, speeding. I sat upright and started to let out some breath. There they were, so proud of themselves, flaunting. I let time drift by, and memories emerge from a still dissociated part of my brain.

 It took weeks, or at least a week while the news, headlines, computer and radio overwhelmed me with broadcast story after story of them, stories of criminal sexual activity, sex trafficking even of a twelve year old, procuring minors for prostitution, enticing the young into traps, perjury, and other crimes. We already know that some politicians attend conferences and hire prostitutes, probably on taxpayer’s money, and that political office and power tend to corrupt.

 The brain can be so fragmented that it doesn’t have instant recall of important events. My life is a testimony to the destructive power of dissociation.

 This satanic cult world that celebrates evil is so different from the world most are aware of. And nowadays many are loathe even to think about such evil or consider that it may exist, even post-Hitler, genocides, rights including even the right to live taken away from the young and minority groups. Psychological explanations have replaced belief in evil. We show empathy rather than outrage. We promote forgiveness rather than accountability. Yet citizens of some countries live within a political heart of darkness, ruled by leaders who can be described as monsters. Monsters are evil. No matter what may have occurred during their childhoods, they chose evil as a way of life and it is possible not to. A monster is someone who does not care about other humans’ rights, who deprives people of inherent dignity and squashes individual voices. A monster sells children for sexual exploitation and steals their brains. When society’s veneer cracks, we can see inside to darkness.

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 Normal people are aware of their whole brains at once and remember most of their lives, certainly what happened a half an hour ago. Not so with the criminally mind controlled dissociative brain. One module pops out, often because a programmer calls it out, and the other sections in the brain are not aware of it. All the parts that are not used for continuous ordinary life sleep, until they are called out. Once evoked, they do their job, recede, and sleep until the next episode of their being used. That part may remember accomplishing its job, but the other parts of the brain, especially parts designed for ordinary life, will not. Normal people’s brains hear communication transmitters transferring information from one part to another. They don’t have to struggle to receive information. Mind controlled victims have had their transmitters paralyzed by the violent use of electricity, so that their brains’ modules don’t communicate within. That is not a permanent condition and can be corrected during memory work and thinking. That is when the brain becomes what is called co-conscious.

 After the transport part of me accomplished this one task of getting out of the car, it could go back to sleep and into oblivion. Other parts from inside my brain would take over—for this assignment, sex slaves and queens. No one else from inside me was called out. An internal observer or two might have been noticing what was happening, but no one inside spoke or even hinted at feelings. It was always possible that some other part or parts might escape notice and observe. That would greatly aid memory work.

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Navel, temple and blood oranges look the same and different. This closed, insulated world of generational mind control has ties with other instances of slavery. We know that slavery in the U.S. occurred tragically, shamefully. The lives of victims of both kinds of slavery were utterly controlled, their bodies used round the clock, their minds tortured into dullness, the outside world not permitted in. It was extremely difficult, often impossible, for those treated as slaves to escape.

 The narrow world of generational mind control also has ties to victims of the Holocaust in Eastern Europe, where scientists and doctors, especially the infamous Mengele, advanced the field of mind control and introduced the insertion of disease into victims’ bodies and conducted experiments on group mind control, that is programming groups all at once rather than individuals one at a time. Those experiments continue today. The difference is that mind control victims in satanic cults also have to look normal rather than tortured and emaciated. They cannot show whip marks and scars. Most importantly, they cannot know what their lives are like. They can rarely discuss the abuses among themselves and at least have the comfort of community. They must act like robots but appear normal. They do sleep on clean sheets and eat meals when abuses are not occurring, so they sometimes get a break from the drudgeries of the tortured existence.

 Another form of this treachery is child sexual abuse. In the 1970s and 80s, victims began talking publicly about incest. At first citizens disbelieved, but now the reality of child sexual abuse even among family members has become sadly evident. Those children were made into sexual slaves, usually by their own parents and/or extended families. Our attitudes changed from disbelief to accepting new child protection laws. Disbelief can become belief. Evil does not have to usurp innocence. These other forms of slavery are known and studied, including trafficking, a modern-day form of slavery where people, especially women and children, are used for the financial benefit of perpetrators. But generational mind control remains disenfranchised. Many in the world don’t trust those speaking out like myself, as it continues full force, with children’s lives still being ruined, dissociated adults living in misery and not even knowing it or why. People may disbelieve because they haven’t experienced it themselves. This remains one of slavery’s unexplored terrains. I was a slave until several years ago.

 Another issue that joins these four groups is that perpetrators do all they can to denigrate their innocent victims and make them feel like useless work-animals abhorrent to the world and themselves, like the Holocaust ‘rats.’ When people no longer have self-worth, it is harder for them to fight back.

 When victims from other groups seek freedom, they do so with their whole souls and minds. Mind control victims, however, have ‘reporters’ implanted in their brains. Reporters are programmed to report on the person whose brain they are part of, and especially tell their plans of escape. If they run away, another part of their mind reports where they are. Reporters are separated from the main brain early in life. Consequently, if escaping victims take their children, a child’s already established reporter parts will call a handler, who is often someone in the family. The reporter parts are located far away from the other parts of the mind controlled brain, but close enough to hear what the other parts intend. They do not see or know the harm it does to the system as a whole or the body. Consequently, the person leaves with one foot and goes back with the other. Victims of other groups have trappers outside themselves working for bounty payoffs or revenge. They don’t necessarily also have internal unknowing betrayers. Internal reporters can heal if they become aware of their compulsion to tell the enemy and if the separateness of the reporter divisions is joined to the main brain. It is easier for children to become aware, because they don’t have the years of hardening maintenance after the separations and barriers have been established.

 When a part of the brain is isolated and given a job, it stays at the age of the body at that time and does not grow and mature no matter how old the body becomes. These are words from one of my internal eight year olds. *I am perpetually confused and living in terror. Anxieties of not being able to control my mind were extreme. I would try to catch a thought and my brain would shift to the side. I’d try for a math problem, and it would turn upside down. Contents spill out. It doesn’t feel like I can recapture them. It is far worse than diarrhea.* This child remained in my adult brain. She was always present but hidden. I never knew when she would be called out or take over. Because of mind control, I could not be a complete adult, aware of myself, thoughts and actions.

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Such corruption exists in our modern world, and can play out in famous restaurants and landmark buildings. Everyone who is controlled by evil people is a victim of this corruption, because many of us are not being treated respectfully and don’t have good leadership. Corruption is illegal behavior by the powerful who trample on the rights of others. Those powerful people, despite their reputations, rape youth during these political-party-rituals.

 Who were these victims? Some were mind controlled; others were enticed and seduced the way teenagers can be. Those girls were lured into this ‘elite’ world of fame and money. Most were under eighteen years old, Kansas-pure in the middle of sooty, sophisticated Manhattan and had the straight-from-the-farm appearance—blonde, blue eyed, crisp and fresh, skin without a blemish or wrinkle. They all had good strong Midwestern-type bodies and made the older males feel young. Fewer boys with a similar look were brought in for some men. Wives generally went for boys and girls.

 Victims like me, from satanic generational mind control families, were mechanized robots, wound up with commands and instructions, did not think or know or want. We all perceived a difference between the two groups and viewed one another as foreigners. The non-mind controlled girls said they found the others silent and stony, that we were machines and not people, and the mind controlled wondered at the lively and ambitious others who had such poor judgment. Some girls and boys cowered; they had been homeless, living on streets. No friendships formed that I know of.

 Corliss Stillmere was the matriarch, an engaging mother-figure, and the non-cult girls especially wanted to be like her. She lured, flattered, offered them excitement, promised them so much. No one had protected them. When they started to become aware of the trap they fell into, many of the raped girls cried, though that was forbidden. If a guard pointed his gun at a crying non-mind controlled girl, she would become hysterical. The mind controlled girls had learned not to cry during infancy. Programmers, who in the early years are often parents, place a pillow over a crying infant’s face until those who survive learn not to cry. That is one aspect of the training not to have emotions. Also programmers don’t want any noise. This suffocation leaves a sharp anxiety buried and forgotten deep inside us. The terror is from not being able to breathe, the kind of suffocation that George Floyd and other black victims experienced. We were infants.

\*

*I can’t breathe. I am separated from air. The pressure on my face is enormous. I can’t fight strong adults. They want me dead. They say I don’t belong here. They push me off a cliff because I am unwanted. I am fighting for breath and they are pushing hard. I stop making noise. I get the point. They want me quiet. To live, I must be quiet. To live, I must not fight them. They want me dead and I must not fight or I will die. I’m not sure why I would want to live. Something in my will or body takes over and uses the bad judgment of wanting to be alive. I am my own enemy.*

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Upstairs from the restaurant, in the middle of the room were extremely long high quality tables designed for banquets that seated approximately eighty criminals. The youth used it as a floor or runway that they slunk along in their seductive dances that ended up in orgies. All the naked girls and boys danced as if their lives depended on it, and even though they felt their bodies had been smeared with mud. They slid their hips from one side to another, shook their chests, stuck out their tongues in a slurping motion, ran their hands smoothly over their thighs and sides. If any spectator was not paying attention, they lingered by that plate, shaking their shoulders until he or she looked up. Some wore little beads on their naked bodies. The beads caught the light and glittered over their genitals. All these teenagers had to do a cat walk along a long table, as politicians on both sides gorged on steaming *coq au vin*, beef stroganoff, alcohol. These seductive victims had to dispel any self-doubt customers-guests may have suffered from. Drugs were passed above and below the tables.

 Before news reports, I had not remembered infamous Stillmere. Unlike the other naked people, she did not appear dissociative. She was the only female there inside her own body. Everyone else floated around themselves, trying to get as far away from themselves as possible. The rapists called her Liss, and we called her Issy, not Corliss, perhaps because the youth were so drugged and drunk that her name was too hard for them to pronounce. Mother-Corliss always stood in the wings at the head of the long line of slave-teenagers. She pinched their cheeks, squeezed their nipples, brushed their pubic hair while waiting for their cue to go on the shiny table or runway naked and bejeweled. One of the trademarks of these events was to drape jewels, real and fake, over their victims’ genitals and breasts. They supplied tiny necklaces to decorate their parts. Dancing Corliss had a trademark: dyed pubic hair that matched her nail polish and eye make-up, which delighted her spectators, even female guests. She enjoyed the luxuriousness of movement and seduction. She was not a graceful dancer, was clunky, one of her feet turned slightly in, but completely present; and men like a woman who is in her body. This leader was the only one who didn’t need drugs like Ecstasy to sexualize her.

 No one knew what would happen during these rituals. Things often became ultra-chaotic. Underneath my numbness, my heart raced. I felt terror every moment being face to face with people who suspended humanity and used others, even young people, as if they had not even the right to exist. My heart beat faster and faster, and I yearned for a hole deep in the ground to hide in or a sea shell to curl up in.

 The arrangers used mostly new girls each time except for the few ‘stars’ who worked frequently, practically on salary with benefits. The offered pay was good for the non-cult victims. The mind controlled did not receive pay, and since they had no conscious memory of ever having attended a political-sexual-ritual, could not ask for compensation. The servers from the restaurant worked overtime for generous pay. I saw the head waiter give them wads of cash at the end of the gatherings. The perpetrators were so sure of never being caught that they included interns with no cult affiliations to train for some of these roles. They would learn how to give cult victims continuous hand signals which made them forget or dissociate even as an action occurred. As of 2021, perpetrators have not been caught, except for Rockmore most likely murdered, Stillmere in jail, and His Highness under suspicion and hiding within the authority of his royal family. The rest are free and most maintain their good, false reputations and excessive power. When someone is found out, that person is taking the rap for someone higher up even if they don’t agree to do so. Even international royalty was involved. His Highness who had been a guest at both parties’ political cult rituals is probably taking the rap for higher ups. At these rituals, he appeared subdued, often with his head down. He participated in the drugs and sex but with a remote spirit.

 Two men were constants in the wings, Rockmore himself dressed in a suit and tie, with a red, white or black tulip in his lapel, who orchestrated the whole event, and my assigned handler who wore only jewelry. He functioned as one of the maître d’s, directing the desirable slaves, telling them when to enter and exit, making sure they had little white pills sewn into their purses. The pills were to put a targeted guest to sleep.

 These two men had hidden non-flash cameras and snapped photographs and took videos of the guests in compromising positions, to be used later for blackmail, if necessary. Silent still and movie cameras were also hidden in ornate chandeliers above the dining tables and in alcoves. All the guests who were enjoying themselves had walked into an ambush. Some may have been uncomfortable, though I hadn’t noticed that. Some did sit with their heads bowed.

 Another person also stood for a short while in the shadows of the doorway, a dark little man, his face beaming. He surrounded himself and his guests with art. This may have been his establishment, the downstairs, this upstairs. The luxury, hand crafted furniture, upholstery, trimmings, antiques. Even the towels were two inches thick. His guests partook of his wealth. How many owners might risk imprisonment, allow crimes in the heart of the city? Or he may not have had a choice. Everyone in these cults follows orders and plays out their assigned roles. His controllers might have threatened to murder him or someone he loved if he didn’t cooperate. Or perhaps only a few parts of his mind were aware of this upstairs wing. I could not tell whether he was amnesiac. A tall thin, undulating man, ghost-like, often stood behind him, in profile.

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From the outside, it looks as if people are in these satanic cults because they chose to be. In generational mind control groups, they are born into these life roles. At the age when Jesus is reported to have died, victims with leadership potential are given the first choice of their lives: do you want to participate with memory of your life or continue as an amnesiac? Leaders don’t reveal that the memory offered would only be partial. Generational mind control is not like teenage gangs, though many of those youths also have had no real choice either and are similarly trapped for different reasons. Generational mind control victims are trapped in these scripted roles until they do the excruciating work of breaking free through hard memory work and self-examination, as I have done.

 I believe that there may be fewer non-cult politicians than political satanists. If satanists hold office, they and their controllers can attempt to keep the non-affiliated out of office. They can do many things: for instance, give the candidates heart attacks, strokes, release incriminating photos or tamper with voting machines and counts. We have seen some of that happen. Or the leaders can create fake charges and accusations against the more honest politicians. Even when these charges are revealed to be false, a residue of doubt lingers like exhaust fumes after a truck passes. Reputations are spring flowers easily picked.

 If you are a normal person who lives in the ‘free world’ and not in poverty, you may be able to decide what your career will be, where you will go to school, what your major will be, whom you marry, where you live, whether you have children. You control your own life unless something unexpected happens. Surviving victims of mind control have no choices. As soon as they are born, sometimes before, the mind control begins. Their brains are usurped and tortured until they follow commands and do not think for themselves. They are told where to go to school, what career to have if any, whom to marry, where to live.

 Some people seem to have a strong desire to control others. Even non-mind controlled, non-evil people often try to dominate others’ lives.

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Rituals framed as ‘parties’ or celebrations were also scenes of political intrigue. Among all these drunk, drugged guests who have powerful positions in this world, someone would be targeted; perhaps he was not sufficiently compliant and not following orders. We slaves, mind controlled and non-mind controlled, female, male, learned lap dancing, used at most political gatherings for both male and female guests. The slaves twisted and turned on politicians’ laps, leaned over, pressed in their chests, encouraged drinking, also sipped the preferred drink, usually Scotch. If a male client was resistant, the lap dancer had to permit penetration. When the target was at the peak of his oblivion, the lap dancer inconspicuously slipped two tablets into his drink. After a few more squirms on his lap, the worker saw the target pass out. Watching closely, either Rockmore or my handler immediately sent two of the many bodyguards to carry him into a back room where something drastic would happen but we were not told what. No one at the long rectangular table noticed. They were too drugged and preoccupied. For this, the slaves were seductively dressed. I wore a red dress with high slits, a long string of pearls and spikes that made me stumble. My clothes were there, but I was not. I work every day to try and take the shame off me. My body folds in half.

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My other role during these rituals was queen. Because I was considered queen of that territory, they seated me on a red velvet fluffy throne. Satanists believe they assume power by debasing one of its sources, such as a queen. Many of their rituals weave this unfounded belief into their narratives. The girls and boys on the line-up would have thought my position glamorous and desirable, but to have one of these more elevated positions was more of a nightmare than having lesser roles. Primitive beliefs persist even in hi-tech societies. One of their ancient beliefs that they have kept alive is that power is in the genitals and can be transferred or shared with other people. Even in the Torah, power and oaths are transmitted through touching genitals (Genesis 24:9, 47:29). Therefore guests touched their penises or female fingers to my genitals so that they could receive satanic power. Idiots. It may transmit despair.

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When disillusionment sets in, it is dangerous and wrenching for victims. One night in the staff bathroom, a non-mind controlled girl hanged herself using a client’s belt. She may have understood the complete degradation of her being and could find at that moment no other way out.

 A friend shipped two large very old clay planters from Scotland to Canada. One had a long swirling crack, the other was perfect. When workmen opened the crates, they found the previously injured one whole and the previously perfect one in pieces.

 Suicide was not allowed for the mind controlled, unless ordered by a programmer. I wonder what they did to all those non-mind controlled victims recruited for these rituals once the so-called party ended. Are they some of the cold cases? Missing persons? They were too old to have their minds shredded. For that, the brain has to be a child’s, malleable and undeveloped. Therefore these victims probably never forgot. It should be easier for them to talk, because they don’t have to undo mind control in order to remember, if they are alive.

 Those who come from the normal world sometimes respect others’ boundaries. In political rituals like these, perpetrators view victims as their personal property. They are as careless with them as with an old hat that they didn’t particularly care for.

 The mind controlled never knew boundaries. This kind of complete degradation was normal to us, all we’d ever known. Even our parents raped us. Incest is another issue that turned into a bubble in the pot, that turned into an iceberg, that turned out to be true.

 Many people whose minds have not been shattered by trauma, deprivation and electricity—those people usually know what they feel. When they feel glad, all their mind experiences that feeling. They feel sorrow, their whole brain and heart sigh. These whole people may find it difficult to realize how splintered a mind can be. In these modules of the brain are imaginary vaults that contain stored feelings. Programmers can stun victims’ emotions, isolate them, move and insulate them and make their victims remain oblivious to what happens and what they feel. It takes tireless work to find these isolated emotions and many surviving victims are not aware of them at all. Dissociation can help people survive even though they survive in a non-human or unnatural state. If they had the ability to feel the way the non-mind controlled do, they all might have decided in that moment to hang themselves with the rapists’ belts. Instead they proceed as machines operated by mean, powerful villains.

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*I envy the teenager who had the brains to hang herself and not have to live another moment of this debased life.*

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After the suicide, the mind controlled girls were taken to Purple Fields, a military base, and other programming centers for tighter programming to forget or dissociate, and so they could be used again, and again. Maybe that is why I’ve had a headache all day—a body memory from the head vises, a necessary ingredient of criminal mind control.

 I suffered from a headache during this memory also because I realized that someone I especially love was primed to be Rockmore’s assistant and understudy and eventual replacement. This realization made my heart tumble down past my knees. One of my feet rotated it, drew circles on the ground. It would take almost forty years for me to pick up my worn-out heart and clean it off. Like Rockmore, this person was about twenty when taken and groomed to become an arranger and middleman, an enabler. It hadn’t made sense to me that this person in ordinary life had been given the kind of jobs an administrative middle person does, a kind of grueling task that lesser job companies usually give to underpaid employees. He has a high intelligence and could do much more. But they were training him for this kind of illegal work. If he went ‘conscious,’ which means consciously agreed to give up portions of amnesia and cooperate with the heads of these cults, but then decided to leave because of feelings from his conscience and soul, which is possible; that person would probably end up in prison, like Trump’s ex-fixer-lawyer Cohen, and consequently might be murdered in jail, like Rockmore. He would of course know top people and be expendable. When satanic cults use the term ‘expendable,’ they do not mean fired. They mean eliminated, murdered. If any person whom they consider a traitor were to remain alive, they fear that person could talk. Satanists value secrecy above all. Stillmere also is most likely ‘conscious.’

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Who belongs to these mind control cults? Is it only a matter of character flaws? you may wonder. It is true that some people take to evil, chaos and cruelty, graft themselves to it and like to hurt other people. In generational mind control cults, you have to have the deadly misfortune to be from one of these generational blood lines. For imitation kind of cults, you can be recruited or even enlist, but not for the severely secretive ones.

 In normal life, you may get a little guidance. Intelligence tests in grade school and vocational counseling in high school may direct you to a suitable path. Then you may be on your own. In mind control cults, every step of development is controlled and endlessly tested. The leaders and administrators will find out where your abilities lie, and they will use it for their purposes. They own many of the important positions in society and they try to place their own in those spots. These spots include heads of government, courts, university presidents, military, police chiefs, religious leaders, major positions in entertainment, sports and so on. Many of those also did not have a choice.

 We have free elections, democracy, freedom, but these evil groups own many of the jobs that run the U.S. and most likely other countries. This kind of corruption has existed even in ancient times.

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Sometimes when a wave of pulsating emotions sweeps over my heart and slays me, and I think I cannot go on. My heart squeezes, burns, and I almost faint. If there is one word for this feeling, it would be grief but it is more complex than one word. It is a mix of wants, disappointments, guilt, helplessness, hopelessness and the desire for life and people to be better. Those moments pass, and I do go on. And on. My body works hard to rid itself of past wastes. It wants to step sprightly into its future. My body. My heart. It has its own rhythm. It expels as much as I can tolerate and then lets me rest.

 Rockmore, his body undulating snake-like, put his arm around this person whom I love. “This is my person. This will be the new me,” he said. The young victim smiled in a flushed, ashamed way. I will give you a false description. He has thick blond hair, sad full eyes, peach skin, an athletic body. During this wrenching episode, Rockmore and Corliss were present and tormented me about their taking him to do their hideous assignments. “Look what you did to this person. We’re taking this person away,” they said as they tasered me after each accusation, spun me, whipped me, always giving more injections of drugs to make me docile. “It’s your fault.” That abuse took place in one of the sequestered, private rooms. Neither was high enough up the hierarchical scale for it to have been his or her decision. Even before I remembered, that headache would have been buzzing around my unconscious.

 I know the soul of this person they captured with force. He will break away, maybe not tomorrow but eventually. Evil cannot keep us forever. We return to our own spirit.

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I stiffened when I saw the vans parked flagrantly outside the side entrance of the Manet Restuarant and building. Now that I can follow tension in my vertebrae to the modules in my brain that hold these horrified feelings, pity, despair erupt. Terror is underneath.

 Even suppressed emotions go somewhere. They fester deep in the spine and soul. When they finally emerge, a torrent of anguish, recriminations, pulsations occur. Any eruption is better than stunned stewing. The pain of a second birth supplants numbness and the shallow absence of self. When I finally became aware of who I am and cried freely in hungry gasps and wrenches, I came close to making up for holding in paralyzing fear.

 The only thing worse than the rape of the body is the rape of the mind. After the ritual, after drunk, drugged political couples were driven home, some to other states, as cleanup crews removed all traces, the mind-controlled were piled in the back of a windowless truck with a padded cloth on the floor. We were drugged and rolled around, bumping into one another. My body is all I felt. Once I gained a drop of lucidity, my comprehending mind obliterated sensations from my body. They came together only when I felt fluids racing under my skull and around my brain. Then I experienced the sharp division between body and mind.

 The driver made many stops on this long ride. At each stop, workers removed some victims. It looked to me like they were going to get close-down programming at different stations and outposts. If programmers could make mind controlled victims not remember, they would not have to murder them, and could keep using them, they thought. The removals went on repeatedly. Eventually, I was the only one left. I felt relieved to be alone. We victims didn’t comfort one another. The once crowded truck became hollow and dank. A skinny, nervous young man brought me water and a MacDonald’s hamburger, French fries. He said I couldn’t use a bathroom and to go in the truck. He had a gun. I remained too drugged to feel fear. When I assume I will be killed at any moment, I adopt animal-like intuitions. My body freezes and my heart only registers what I have to do to survive. Within these non-feelings are many parts of my mind that do not want to live, that find life too painful and not worth it.

 What felt like hours later, the truck stopped. My head felt clotted fluids roaming. Two men came to get me. One had the gun, the other blindfolded and gagged me. I felt paralyzed with fear because I could not see and did not know where I was. They dragged me into a building and up spiraling staircases. Something felt familiar about the pattern and slope of the steps and my knocking and scraping the tops of my feet against them. By the top step, I thought I had entered Purple Fields military complex, which has or had the best mind control equipment, and where they had programmed me many times. We drove long enough to reach it. Someone removed my blindfold, and I saw a room I had been in recurrently since childhood. On a long polished table, globes of the world spun. My staccato fear remained steady. My breath didn’t work.

 Programmers know the power of visual cues and use objects to seal commands in victims’ brains. The globes of the world reinforce the lies they tell during programming sessions. The globes spun round and round the way our bodies were spun in chairs and on planks, and lies spun through our minds.

 “You were never at a party. You never saw politicians. You never were naked or sat on a throne. It’s your fault they took that person away. That person doesn’t love you. No one loves you. Your mother was right about you. You’re dark and ugly. How could anyone love you? You’re so ugly, it killed her. She was ashamed. You can’t protect anyone,” programmers droned on and on. All mind control plays on destroying victims’ self-esteem.

 When normal people see a globe of the world, they see a representation of the world. It may bring up sweet memories of geography class in Jr. High School and a then-best friend.

 The globe is a visual cue used in mind control to reprogram higher level victims not to remember, not to talk, not to know their own brains and histories. I remember a table at Purple Fields military base with multitudes of globes spinning in two rows. Some spun fast, some more slowly, but they all spun in different directions and made my head spin. I also think of the globes in the fake Brooklyn monastery where I had been held prisoner in my youth.

 People can live for a long time holding their breath. It took decades for the news about these perpetrators to break, as well as tidbits of His Highness’ crimes. The public can understand general sexual exploitation but has more trouble holding what mind control means. Suddenly last night, the news show I watch displayed globes of the world in background bookshelves, or perhaps I am just noticing them now.

 On the trip back to New York in the back of the truck where I was gagged, tied up, having been electroshocked and spun on a plank, I was so drugged, I passed out for a long time. I can only recall these trips’ jolts and jostles, my nausea and fainting.

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Once during those same years, in my ordinary life, with the transport, sexual and queen parts asleep in my brain but the memories still new, I walked west on 67th Street, saw the restaurant and its menu outside with that day’s specialties written in chalk. My feet slowed to almost a halt. My heart lurched, the parts of my mind that had no recall stood forefront, but something in me strained to let other parts of my mind come to life. Transmitters in my brain tried to make connections. I felt my head jerking and spasming. The jerking would have been body memories of electroshock used to make me never know. The effort affected my body. My skin popped in tautness, my legs wobbled, swayed as I struggled. Minutes dragged their feet, my world stood still. The transmitters short circuited, did not succeed, and I hurried away toward Central Park in a familiar trance. Passersby from the other direction scared me. I silently screamed when someone behind me passed too closely. My brain could not understand my claustrophobic response. New Yorkers are used to crowds. Instead of listening attentively, I wondered about myself. That is how mind control slaves remain slaves—by self-doubt and allowing what they know to slide away like a cold breeze. By the time I reached the next block’s curb, I was not aware that I functioned as a bewildered robot who had just received an enormous visual clue and thrown it away. Over three decades would have to pass.

 The power of mind control takes huge strength to fight. Since programmers started using electroshock, to remember or associate is an even more Herculean task. Humans who have not been mind controlled have difficulty understanding why victims’ front people don’t just lead them away from satanic perpetrators. They don’t understand even as pedestrians on 67th Street did not do anything or even become alarmed or sufficiently suspicious seeing teenagers and politicians sneaking into and out of a darkened building in early morning hours with vans and cars waiting for them.

Perpetrators can control some media reporters, but not all of them.

The newspapers and other media do not report on these sexualized political rituals though some reporters may know about them. They will not report about satanic rituals or even establishments that host them. And many journalists do not know, and if they heard about it, they may not have believed the stories.

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 For normal people in ordinary life, the world does not appear to be ruled by a giant international satanic cult. That is the problem. People, even satanists, look sane and friendly. Many leaders are mind controlled puppets, controlled by people invisible to them and us.

 If mind controlled sexual slaves remember and tell, we will be the ones the normal world thinks are crazy, maybe even evil, perverse. For example, in the early stages of my memory process, I remembered satanic rituals, people wearing black robes and abusing children, even human sacrifices. I exhibited painted drawings describing these rituals in a NYC gallery. A spectator walked by and called them pornographic. Having this kind of knowledge revealed by a no longer blocked memory process increases alienation, especially in this dissociated universe married to denial.

 Yet perpetrators and surviving victims still participate in life, and the petrified still walk along the common streets next to people unaware of what is happening and who cannot bear to accept it. We all look pretty much the same. We walk along 67th Street, past the restaurant that closed in 2009, we who have experienced such political rituals and those who would not be able to believe they occurred. Meanwhile, the tapioca pudding’s bubbles sprout like icebergs in the vast ocean of cultivated denial, and names and identities erupt. As I continue on, I struggle to clean my worn-out heart and feel worthwhile. I suspect perpetrators have moments of fleeting truth. My legal father, now deceased, said he did each

 3 a.m.

Part II: Some from the Major U.S. Political Party 2

In an earlier draft of this essay, I wrote on our political scene and included an initiation ritual for a prospective political candidate. I connected an ex-mayor’s boosting ritual-party that took place before he was elected to the major political party1’s sexual rituals of the 1980s. A friend who read a draft of the essay pointed out I had the date off by over a decade. Mistakes are only mistakes for normal people, but mind controlled people don’t usually make meaningless mistakes. They are loaded and usually reflect mind control. They are more like Freudian slips. So I had to dig inside my brain and find what I had avoided. Without the trigger of this mistake, I might not have found this programmed internal very well concealed storage unit hidden deep within. Many surviving victims need this kind of trigger to discover who they are and what they witnessed. For me, this kind of self-probing investigation comes with hard emotional responses as the pertinent information makes its way from enclosed, guarded chambers of my formerly sealed brain to general awareness. As I struggled to uncover the meaning of this mistake, I woke in terror one morning. Ten decibels higher than the kind of terror most people sometimes suffer. The kind of terror you faint from.

 Slowly over the next two weeks, information dribbled out. One night, I had a headache. It lasted. I thought it was the weather but now I think it was a memory of head vises used on me during close-downs to make me forget what I knew and experienced. A little while later, I had a jolt from electricity—another body memory. I followed body pains as if they were bread crumbs leading to my mind. Dark facts emerged. My difficult role on earth is to share this abhorrent information.

 The political rituals already described were exclusively for one major political party and guests. That is because some from the other hold similar rituals but in more elaborate quarters, mansions. They also hold ceremonial rituals in landmark restored and renovated places. Their double-lined silk drapes, brocades, marble, furniture, ornamental decorations, materials can appear so rich that they stop appearing like what they are and look like money.

 In the U.S. at least in the 1940s and 50s, programmers decided which political party the mind-controlled youth would belong to. Controllers wait until their boys are at least eight years old, girls, twelve to thirteen to start the process of selection. If the subjects show a charismatic personality, are good in front of cameras, have the ability to double talk and not answer questions (most failed there), then programmers start really testing and scrutinizing them for political offices.

 The first party’s candidates have to want to indulge all their senses. The second party’s candidates primarily have to want to make others suffer. They also indulge their senses, but mostly they like sadism, and the first ones hurt others, but mostly they show no self-restraint. Programming leaders consider those traits the underlying male character. Candidates are tested repeatedly and depending on their stronger urges, they are assigned to either political party. Those who passed numerous tests become some of our political leaders. If they show no preferences, they are not included in political roles that these groups control. How old they are when finally assigned may be fluid. They chose many potential candidates as youths, knowing that the majority would fall away. There may be new methods of testing now.

 Since I was not deemed to be in line for political office, I did not undergo this kind of testing. However, I was forced to watch some of it and participate. Testers wanted to make the children who were not tested feel incriminated. They would place a dish of ice cream and a slice of chocolate cake in front of the tested youths. They also placed a drugged cat or small dog in front of the tested children. The administrators told the children to eat all of the desserts and to twist the legs of the lethargic animals. They then measured the speed, which tasks they performed first and asked the children if they would like to repeat any of the tasks. That is only one of the means they determined where each child derived more pleasure or at least less repugnance. Afterward, the children were hypnotized and the testers ascertained the children’s preferences from what they stated in a trance.

 In the lower levels of the apartment building where I grew up, I had to cut the chocolate cake and my sister scooped out vanilla and chocolate ice cream. I was about five years old and she was nine or ten. They made us feel guilty.

 Housewives who lived in the building or neighborhood were told to line up semi-nude but wearing flowing chiffon capes in pastel colors. The women walk-danced in a line in front of the children, most still too young to feel sexual. That may have been a precursor to the lines of sexualized adolescent and young adults displayed at later political rituals. This kind of line-up could also serve as a trigger. Some of these housewives did not have to be coerced and forced to play their role. For a minority, some part of their mind controlled brains seemed to relish exhibitionism. How dulled some women had been in their daily lives. They came alive and swelled into their truer, less depressed beings when sex was at play and they received attention.

 Controllers said they thought I had psychic powers and wanted my opinion on who would be a successful future leader. They would ask me whether a little boy wanted to eat until he got a tummy ache or whether he preferred to hurt a cat. There was a line of us alleged seers and we all had to answer truthfully. A man with a gun intimidated us. We had to write our answers on paper so that we didn’t imitate one another, but we did try to peek at one another’s papers. I’m sure our answers had no bearing on how leaders assigned tested children but deliberately made us feel grandiose and like perpetrators.

 I suffered during this memory retrieval, but not as I suffered when I had to live through it. I understood early on the shape of my world. While others learned trust and had okay parents, I understood deceit and betrayal. Those who trusted often don’t see the deception in our world leaders, and those who learned mistrust may have trouble seeing good in people.

 During the second political dinner party-rituals, children were intentionally terrified. They based their sadism on the pathways programming, a component they use in early mind control training. Here children, sometimes blindfolded, were forced to walk down the long halls of mansions. Men and women would jump out at them. They also used murdered animals to scare them, then laughed at their child victims.

 Yesterday I cried most of the day off and on. The day before, anxiety racked me. Suddenly someone inside, some part of my brain, said there were sacrifices at the second’s party-rituals. They were similar to the ones in the basement of a revered New York City hotel that I described in an earlier memoir. During the first’s party-rituals, there also were sacrifices. Their altar and banquet tables were in different rooms, but in the mansions, the banquet halls and altar were together. Since I was considered ‘queen,’ I was expected to use my hands to perform sacrifices. I consistently refused. The executioners used my hands to kill by placing theirs over mine. They didn’t mind when I was a child but considered my refusals an outrage once I hit my teen years. I had different robes, but for sacrifices I had to wear a black robe, occasionally a white one. There was a sacrifice during every ritualized ‘party’—its victims all ages from infants to middle aged, all races. If they started to skin victims, I would quickly kill so that their excruciating pain would not last long. At least once that I recall, I tried to turn the knife on myself, but someone interfered and pulled it away. Tonight it feels like my bones are disintegrating.

 It always had to be my hands. Since I wouldn’t do it, the guests threw things at me—rolls, napkins, etc. and chanted “shame, shame.” As I got older, guests were prepared for my disobedience and threw tomatoes deliberately placed by their plates. Tomatoes were used at the first’s political rituals as well. The esteemed and even exalted men who threw tomatoes at me sat on some of society’s highest seats of power and acted as if squatting in gutters. Nausea filled my mouth and cemented my belief that this world is pretense and disguise. I was there through the 1980s, early 90s, then they probably used my successor.

 My legal father always drove me to one of the mansions. He also drove me home from political party-rituals. It started when I was a small child and continued well into adulthood. Sometimes memories come back from environmental details. He had owned two consecutive cars during my childhood: a Packard and a Pontiac. I don’t think I was driven there in the blue Packard, but in the green Pontiac, which means my participation would have started when I was around five years old. No one in my family helped me ever. A cold piece of hollow rotated where my heart should have been. Mother told me, “It shouldn’t be you going. It should be your sister or me, someone beautiful.” It is sheer insanity that they were jealous. When I was in my early 20s, my mother insisted I wear gold and pearl earrings to these rituals. What the programmed part of her mind that sent me off to the abuse cared about was my looking nice.

 There was the sexual abuse at these rituals too because members of the second party have penises. Pedophiles like to hurt children. The rapes by some of these big shots hurt. They pinched, burned children’s soft, tender, innermost skin. A former president was not allowed to attend because he was considered too ill-mannered and out of control. Common knowledge in these groups was that he could not attend, but at least twice that I know of word leaked about the locations of the rituals, sometimes called in code ‘get togethers.’ My inside parts recall that first as an older child, then as an adult, he banged on doors of each political party depending on the year and his party affiliation then. Bodyguards and protectors restrained him.

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After the sacrifices was the close-down programming to remember nothing. Severe close-downs occur after all significant cult events. They can’t have their members walking around remembering and telling. The programming room with always necessary movable electroshock chairs was kept in the same buildings as the banquets for the second political party. Programmers showed me black and white films of the long banquet tables in mansions. Tables weren’t set with gold-rimmed china and silver, and no people milled around, not even waiters. A man walked alone in the room. Pleasant background music played. “You were never here. You don’t know this room. You don’t know where it is. You never smelled anything in this room. You never held anything in your hand here. If you say anything else, you will be skinned alive. Alive.” I did remember the smell of gourmet food, cigars, liquor, exultation, fear, blood and money.

 With an electrode in the inner center of my lower lip, programmers insisted: “You were never here. You saw nothing. You don’t know anyone here. People don’t hate you. No one despises you. You were home alone all night in your pajamas with a book. You never left your home.” When I was a small child, programmers said “coloring book” or “comic book.” When I was older, they changed pajamas to nightgown.

 During this memory process, my lower lip felt raw, chapped. The next morning, after little sleep, I felt a long, pointed female nail pushing into my skin in my mouth behind the center lower lip, a long nail with white nail polish scraped the inside center of my bottom lip’s gum: “You are a bad girl. No one will ever love you. You are worthless.”

 The easiest way to a child’s heart is through animals. They showed me a picture of a golden retriever too large to get out of an opening in a burning dog house. That produced the terror necessary for mind control programming and would make victims feel like a nothing, to blame and helpless. “If you ever remember, if you would ever tell, then it is your fault that all those poor little dogs would be left to die on the street with no one to care for them.” A lifetime of decades later, I can still remember the fear and guilt those despised words inspired. I can’t even look at the ASPCA photos today when these rescuers ask for donations.

 I followed bread crumbs to the door of the close-down programming, opened and exploded it. Eventually, people will believe the truth about some of our leaders. Eventually, we will protect youth and the future.

“We are all in flight from real reality. That is the basic definition of *Homo sapiens*.”

*French Lieutenant’s Woman* by John Fowles

II. What I think and feel

On fear

When I was a child, I shook. Anyone could have seen the trembles. They started on the right side of my body and quickly reached a crescendo. I became like laundry pinned to a line during a wind storm. But it was not nature that buffeted me but rather the life my parents fed me. I could not stop the shaking, or the wildness of it. While other children and teenagers learned math, history, science and literature, music and art, learned who they were and wanted to be, I attempted to teach myself how to master fear. But I couldn’t. I had a rational response and my sanity would not permit it to dissipate because danger was present. I was a bird with a broken wing as a cat approached. I was pinned to a laundry line and even the wind could not, did not, rescue me.

 Fear—sustained fear—that gripped my whole body and squeezed, choked. Fear as a clamp. A bulldozer lifting me into hostile air, shaking me to bits.

 Eventually this fear went deep inside, too deep for it to manifest in earthquake-shaking. Too deep to be an announcement of treachery to the world. Growing up means burying for some.

 Underneath the fire of fear was a grinding as if bones hit muscle and muscle pinched blood. Ice filled the body and darkness the mind. It didn’t matter that there were green pastures and flowered valleys in the world elsewhere. I lived only in one emotion, fear. Fear obliterated and became terror. Mother would say “Stop that shaking.” Mother, who caused the shaking in part. My arm, leg, head, neck, torso could not stop.

 I watched a nature film on PBS last year. Unscrupulous filmmakers abducted and transported a small, defenseless animal to the wilderness and recorded its abandonment and murder. How this victim-animal shook. I knew fear like that. Some children in this world do.

 What they did to me—selling, trafficking, rapes, pregnancies, particularly cruel hatreds—caused a steel clamp that grew inside me—it held me together and everyone else out—it protected me and caused me more injury. I became steel and brittle, hard. I didn’t grind, I bit.

 I scratched the buildup of forgetting. I knew something was there that I could not get at. My life is the evidence. I peeled back crusty layers of lingering tissues, dug my nails into moldy corners, clawed into decades-old clamps. I tried technological and primitive methods. I set up a transmitter tower that whispered messages. ‘Speak. Tell me. You can be free.’ I had no idea what freedom is but knew it was not what I had. Finally I retraced the breadcrumb footprints that some clever part of my child mind had left for the adult me. They had no idea it would take so long, that I would be so old now, that I would live so long. They were thinking maybe twenty-nine, and not past seventy. As I walked along my interior world, I chewed and swallowed those crumbs and came to know and understand you within—the tortured, abandoned, the victims of this world’s cruelties, heroines, pioneers, crusaders, children who would not succumb, who want love and not hatred and evil. I found you, the innocent and incorruptible, those who wanted to be saved and to save others, who wanted the world to know even though they thought they were dying. I found you whose inherent self-esteem had been wiped away, destroyed through a hidden kind of genocide. I found you with more memories of the one person, a young boy, not yet a man, barely an adolescent, who breathed life and love into your soul. My soul. Yes, I found at last the parts, or personalities, or pieces or bits of me abducted but not ruined. The soul, unlike the body, cannot be destroyed. I followed and consumed the breadcrumbs and found you, me, still alive. I whispered Freedom. And everyone inside knew what it meant somehow though they never experienced an iota of it before, but they knew and emerged.

 I melt now. My frozen anguish has a voice. It screams. I dissolve. I am coming alive. I wonder if buds feel this pain as they erupt, pushing laboriously, from packed earth. But to feel with horror is different from feeling in innocence. People who have had everything taken away from them—even their minds stripped away—and then get something including their minds back—those people—I am talking about myself and those like me—we feel different. To have after not having had creates emotions as deep as the bottom of the sea. To find ourselves, we are sea divers. We put on our suits and oxygen supplies and retrieve our hearts from the ocean’s bottom. Deep. Agony mixed with gratitude. Our hands that hold what we have remember—our fingers still touch what we had not. I have a mind now but most of the time—my life—I had not. I had been a ping pong ball others batted. The sting of this knowledge. The torment of knowing what humans can do. For years, iron braces oiled my heart as if my heart had polio. I dive to the bottom of the sea, pick up my frayed heart, gently, ever so tenderly unlock the chains, feel it throb, feel its pain, understand betrayal’s deadly kiss the way humans are not built to understand, place my heart back in my body and rise cautiously layer by layer to sea air.

 Yes, I had all this suffering. Yes, I know who I am. Yes, I can see pinks, golds, sunshine. I am a new person not divorced from old pain. That is what it means to be whole for me. The soles of my feet remember walking on the bottom of the sea. I breathe on my own now, ocean air.

 We ran, flew, danced with outstretched arms. Our legs cramped from lack of use but we took calcium. And continued our slow tango into life. We lifted our face to the exquisite sun. We heard melodies, different rhythms, a drum beat, a cello. We lifted our arms and twirled. Cement became a meadow. Meadows became silver springs. We saw yellows, coral, aqua. We let out a shout. We had a voice, clumsy at first, scratchy, but there. This is not rebirth but birth.

 I spent time giving extra comfort to the grieving mothers and the artists who had not been allowed to create or even know that they were artists. They had lost their children and lost living their lives. They still feel a charred hole within them. They will mourn as long as they need to. No one will rush them. But I have scratched away the buildup of forgetting, peeled back crusty layers of immovable tissues, dug my nails into moldy corners, into decades-old clamps and found me.

 Alienation

We’re living in an age of detachment and isolation. People relate to little machines that they hold in their tired hands more than they relate to other people. There is so much distraction, entertainment, simultaneity that it is difficult to experience anything real. People like myself feel this societal evolution but also something more ominous and damaging. I also have an alienation from parts of myself. So I can’t relate to the bustling remoteness of the world as well as the stained shame of my inside world.

 How do I pull certain parts of myself out of their maze of defeat? How do I receive acceptance from those whose experiences have left them so tarnished?

 I am deep into my internal system, well into the brain wave section, possibly the last hidden section in my brain that I will have to retrieve. I bring years of excavating work to this endeavor. I know how to dig and I know how to cope. I function well throughout.

 I have found more girls whom the infamous Mengele thought of as specimens in formaldehyde in his laboratory, bought for him by the U.S. government and established in the U.S. The one he worked me over in was in New York at Montauk Point. These laboratories were all over. Eisenhower was president in 1955. I was twelve. My parents sold me to Mengele. My legal father was conscious of what he was doing. My biological mother was totally dissociative and did not know what she was doing. Had she been conscious, she might have chosen the same path.

 Mengele reclined me in his chair.

 Here's what my journal says:

I saw a young self around twelve years old at Montauk Point on one of Mengele's reclining tables. His assistant put a penis on me—one that had been cut off one of his victims. He kept a freezer full of amputated penises from his male victims and amputated breasts in the corner of his laboratory. All these silenced victims! There is an international market for the sale of human parts including those.

 “You are male. Male. You are a boy. My boy. Now I’m going to make you bald. Assistant, give me the needles—Needles.”

 He injected my scalp himself. In rows along the top.

 “Now you are male, male. Only a male. I am wonderful. I am God. I can change the sex of people. I can make girls boys and boys into girls. No one can stop me.”

 So my mysterious alopecia or hair loss that has plagued me since my twenties is from Mengele—what dermatologists are calling ‘male pattern baldness.’

 I think Mengele was trying to create androgynous people to satisfy his perverse colleagues sexually.

 “You’ll never be a girl again. You’re a boy, my boy, my play thing. Spin her,” Mengele ordered.

 Mengele injected all my female parts with male hormones.

 I talk now to one of my hidden selves. I take her hand. I nudge her out. She brings her friends who held other horrendous episodes of this shame. We hold hands. I hold my hand. Their hands are my hand. I am they.

 My head whirls. This is who I am. I add this to my pile of disbelief. All that happened to me. My parents, the world let it happen. Modern-day Mengeles exist even as post World War II Mengele traveled and tortured, always the mad scientist, the professional sadist. What about the children, adolescents who are treated like lab rats right now. No one protects them either.

 I walk along busy streets where strangers peer into phones and gadgets and look at no one. Machines are visible, not people. All these insiders inside me used to be invisible though I often felt their despair and had no idea where it came from. What was wrong with me to have these feelings? I hug them closer to me. I am they. They are me. For better or worse. The worst is over. I am alienated from the world, but less alienated from my inner world. I have learned who I am.

 It is not a matter of knowing oneself. It’s about re-finding oneself against terrible odds.

 One of my most heart sinking feelings came from newborn and infant parts whom programmers did not allow to grow out of these emotions. Controllers isolated and stored them in deep secret pockets within my brain. When a victim approaches the vicinity of the original internal hiding place, another programmer moves the contents to a more barricaded secret internal location, making it increasing difficult to find. It took me years to find both the original hiding places and then where other perpetrators re-hid them. Once I rescued them and heard their feelings, and the words of their programming, they began to come to life. I was then spared the devastation of these intense feelings from such vulnerable beings. Infants feel and remember everything. They are like elephants. For so many decades, I had thought these feelings came from the mature me.

The Bouquet

The brain speaks the truth anyway it can, the way water finds any path it can carve. Speaking indirectly is better than silence. Struggling until the end is better than lying flat. A silent scream is better than no scream.

 My psychiatrist’s office was in one of those sterile glass and metal fairly new buildings without personality or character. It was near the John Hancock building but shorter and did not swerve in the fierce wind. The carpets, halls, elevator were drab brown. I got off on the fifth floor and sat hunched in her waiting room devoid of color. The previous patient exited looking happy—a dyed blond woman older than me carrying a briefcase and wearing a full length patterned leather coat that spoke of money. Her radar pale blue eyes x-rayed. I sat there shocked at her audacity. Finally, the psychiatrist emerged and called me into her office. She appeared more haggard than usual and unsteady. In her loose black slacks and top, orthopedic walking shoes, she limped though she did not use a cane. She had styleless short red hair that must have been dyed, a ruddy face possibly from growing up in Maine weather. She must have been well into her 60s. I don’t know what her life outside the office was, though she talked about herself during my sessions. She said that in high school right before she went on a date, her father would always ask if she had a clean handkerchief. I said he must have been reminding you to stay a virgin. Her degrees hung on the wall. If they were real ones, and they probably were, she would have been a member of the Psychiatric Institute of Chicago. I went to her office dutifully each week, though it felt more for her sake than mine. I thought I had to entertain her to fill her bland existence. I get attached to the people I think I’m helping.

 On the day she told me my therapy was finished, I walked out of her office stunned, stripped. Why had I been suddenly discharged with no warning or reason given?

 A week later, on the day of our last session, I went to the expensive florist on Miracle Mile and chose individual flowers as if I were picking them in a field. I slid the glass door of the refrigerated section, reached in, passed over petals with bold identities, the yellows, red, orange, magentas and carefully chose only the palest pinks and most mellow non-glaring whites, resembling tender baby flesh pulsing with life. I placed these diffuse stems on the store’s glass counter. The shopkeeper, a tidy woman, hair in a bun, black apron, objected to me choosing flowers on my own in her high-class establishment. “This is the most important bouquet I will ever give,” I told her with tears. It was not easy for me to let myself cry since one of the first lessons victims learn while being mind controlled is not to cry. It is only during memory and trauma recovery that people who have undergone mind control as infants allow themselves to cry freely. This shopkeeper was moved by my tears.

 My psychiatrist said, “This is the first time I ever received a bouquet.” That was as expressive as she got. She didn’t place the bouquet in water. It lay on its side on her shiny desk. She had listened to me talk about my known life, husband, child, school, the life that the front part of my mind knew about. No one had ever listened to me before, paid or unpaid. I thought she cared about me, though she had an air of disdain, almost nausea that she did not conceal on her superior, puffy face. She sat on her upholstered throne, one leg open to the side, the other foot resting on the hassock of her leather chair. After I was discharged, I grieved a long time anyway, as if at the blackest bottom of a lonely abyss. This is the dissociated state of being: the part that doesn’t know loves, the part that knows hates.

 All that love was before I remembered the movable wall in her costly office with large, clear windows and a gaudy Oriental rug, before I remembered the black chair in the adjoining room, the two technicians in white jackets—one was my dentist, the helmet with a chin strap, the grease and rubbery things they placed on my nakedness to conduct electricity, electrodes, the shocks that could have shattered Mies van der Rohe’s windows, injections in my right forearm muscle, the drumbeat of male insistent voices telling me never to remember, never to meet my brain, the mystery of who I am and what they stole from me, never to remember that I was created one way and that they, my owners, recreated me in their image to be a mannequin in a shop window moving only when someone else moves my arms, legs, head, never to remember that I just gave my psychiatrist, my programmer, my enemy a love-bouquet, this offering, in return for the torture and betrayal I received from her. And my love was before I remembered my psychiatrist calling out an obedient part of my brain with words and hand signals, the movable wall opening from the other room, her pushing me into that programming room and quickly injecting my arm. Drugs can make already compliant robots even more compliant and not fight when one called-out part of their brains obliterates the rest of awareness. Their drugs can also prevent victims from remembering what just happened. I have held these memories in my used brain. Try as they might, they could not empty my expanding amygdala and hippocampus.

 Leaving her chamber with the movable wall, in a rare lucid moment that can occur after electroshock when brain cells struggle against the closedown of electricity before they cement and die and before they are reborn through the hard work of remembering, because my brain also has movable walls which they tried and tried to make immovable—I wondered why they discharged me now and not before or after.

 She was eager to be rid of me; I could have just slunk out of her office on that last day without giving this false god any offering. Why did I give this betraying enemy a gift and such a gift? Forget for the moment that she was programming me rather than helping me. It was just too peculiar to give a psychiatrist who abruptly discharged me a bouquet. I had to examine what the many parts of my mind were saying then. Actions are never clear when all these mental divisions don’t speak with one another. One section of my mind was grateful to her for talking and listening to me. How little I thought I deserved then. Another section pulsed to express the truth, which was hidden, hidden but some parts of my brain knew. The programmers had called out baby parts to insert these new commands in. Any adult could torture and control babies. Those parts found a way to show her my flayed baby skin—the pink and white blossoms I chose—I’m surprised I didn’t put in a few red petals for blood—and wrecked trust in her and humankind. The only thing the bouquet didn’t express was my hatred of her, or maybe it did a little. I wanted the florist to tie the bouquet together like the ones people carry in bridal processions. Even I think it is peculiar, odd that I gave her flowers arranged in such a way. At that time, I was just gathering information for my own future choices and asked her if she regretted that she never married. She snapped at me bitterly. That’s how I knew. This was in the 1970s when such states were not fashionable and still considered shameful. “This is what you did to me. Here’s a bouquet for someone who will never marry.” I flaunted the way that they had made me suffer in a way so disguised that no one would register my bouquet-message, not even myself. Why go through the trouble of showing it if no one could understand?

 I was used to women like her and my trying to squeeze a drop of affection from a dried out lime. I won’t do it anymore. I don’t need a begrudging drop of affection or even love from them anymore. At last, there’s some health in me. It’s taken so long. In the dissociation that mind control produces, there is always a terrible split like lightning from the sky. On the surface I grieved this, I thought then, caring psychiatrist’s abandonment of me. Parts of my mind knew about her black chair and deceptive sadism. Those parts wanted to lacerate her and rip her throat, her eyes out. Had I been physically stronger, I would have indeed ripped her eyes out, if only I could have remembered then. The only health in me was my hatred. Unfortunately, I was still too afraid of her not to disguise my pounding violence. And I wanted to remind her she was an ‘old maid’ and childless.

 Years after she got rid of me, I realized I was close to these memories. Leaders and programmers had to stop my knowing if they could. For that, they needed a more savvy torturer. They sent me to Purple Fields, an official, advanced programming center with the most high-tech machines, apparatus and operators. Then hers wouldn’t be the last ‘bouquet’ I would give. I would have many more false gods to whom I would make some sort of offering. Nothing that comes from a disobedient dissociated mind is straightforward. At least I gave a version of a bouquet, though only once again in flowers, to my enemies all my life, up to the time the walls in my brain began to move and tumble and I began to see and express myself in more accurate ways. I couldhave died not knowing a thing but I didn’t. I am lucky.

 I’m thinking just now that the woman in the white leather coat who exited right before my appointment may have been this psychiatrist’s handler. Handlers have that same air of all-knowing triumph and pomp after performing a procedure.

 A brook creeps out of a river, a spring slithers from a brook, the littlest find a sinewy way.

Two Years

I had two extremely important years in my weary life. 1946-7, the year I had love from a twelve year old boy who allowed me to sit on his lap, suck my thumb, match my breath to his and listen to the thump of a good and moral heart—the first good heart I would be close to and almost the only good heart I would know in my troubled life. They murdered him when he was just thirteen and I was four and a half. They told me they ‘sacrificed’ him because I loved him. I knew he was born to a mother who was a ‘breeder’ and that there was little anyone could do to prevent that scheduled death. We lived in the same apartment building and that is most likely why they assigned him to me. The leaders would not have known his real qualities—that he was noble, fine, philosophical and a teacher. He taught me about love, and how to love. He told me to be good and pure. And then he left me. He taught me what children growing up in a satanic mind control cult are not allowed to know. And then he left me, to die.

 I grabbed and stuffed myself full of his love, never thinking for a moment of the consequences. I sensed my mother’s jealousy, but she did not stop his visits. It was all prearranged, scripted to teach me not to love. All or most children of satanic cults learn this same lesson. It is like the alphabet for us. But I was three, then four, and he would have loved me no matter what. The leaders didn’t know they gave me a saint.

 This murderous cult sacrificed his sister when she was six. I knew all that, but throughout my life, something resonated in my four and a half year of heart, something ached and terrified me, the thought, belief, fear, that if I loved, the person would die, be killed and murdered in a tortuous way. I wear that fear on my skin. It has soaked through my pores. I dispel it but it is there. This boy I loved and who loved me stays with me as he said he would before he died his cruel death. He has kept his word.

 These perpetrators taught that the natural force within me turns into murder, that I had to suppress what earnestly comes out of me so as not to destroy. That I have to destroy myself in order not to destroy another or others. That I had to stunt myself. That I could not grow. When they forbade love, they made me forbid my own self. That is what they do to children born into murderous mind control groups. No one can go through life without loving and remain a person, and many of the leaders of the world come from, were born into, these destructive mind control cults.

 When perpetrators take away the ability to love, they are aiming for the soul. Most people have both love and hate in their souls. When controllers try to remove love, they try to leave their subjects with hate-filled souls. They feel they can create the kind of souls they want. Can any human distort another’s soul? Humans can radically affect people’s emotional worlds. They can fill them with despair and disdain. The emotional disorders are probably reactions to life and people. But who you are deep inside, in the well of your soul, does not seem moldable.

 The other important year was 2013-4, when I was seventy and I finally got help. I moved from Maryland to Victoria BC to learn about my teeming inner world. Alison Miller helped me explore, believe, my inside world, and these inside ones wanted to speak badly. She taught me how to listen to them, and I accepted them and their astounding, horrific lives. Electroshock and drugs had stunned the way they communicated with others inside and with me on the outside. We all live in the same body, but some lived aware of what happened to them and some were oblivious. Finding them dissolved the electricity that kept them silenced and unknown.

 During the year I received this help, I was tortured in Victoria’s programming centers by professionals, in backwoods makeshift cabins in Sooke by local thugs, in centers and the suite I lived in by monsters from my old U.S. groups who flew from New York and California. These latter gangsters broke into my suite, tortured me and threw my dog against the wall—my sweet terrier who never once bit or did anything mean. My dog who was so much better than humans. All this while, they tortured me into stopping this healing process, but it didn’t work. I didn’t stop. I listened and talked with and loved my inside parts the way Daniel David Baker loved and taught me to love. But I left Victoria after a year because of their threats to murder Alison. They would not have carried out these threats, and I could have hidden from Customs in Victoria after my allotted time in Canada had run out, but unfortunately I worried and was afraid. The work I did that year began the healing of my brain—barricades dissolved, implanted sections floated to the surface of my mind, paralyzed transmitters began to move. I was coming alive. I was remembering and telling. I suddenly but gradually belonged to myself and no one else, not my family, programmers, perpetrators, enemies.

 I had been tortured everywhere I lived. Never before had I also been learning fundamentals about reaching my inner world and freeing my innermost parts from their prisons. It would have been wonderful if I could have had this treatment free of cult interference, but these perpetrators never miss a chance to torment and try to coerce you through violence that freedom is not possible. Freedom is possible, now more than ever.

*Denial, a coffin that floats through the air.*

The will to live

I had multitudes, hordes inside me who wanted to be dead. I had been bereft even in the womb—my mother was often not present. From the moment of birth, I felt rejection. It doesn’t matter that my mother was mind controlled to reject me, my feeling rejected was bitter and true. I had one year of love, going out of me and coming in—perhaps there are angels—which helped me through stalled and missed developmental stages. I didn’t know it before him, not until I experienced it, but every inch of me knew I needed it to live. And that year I wanted to live even though we were forced, with guns pointing at us, to do pornography and deliver body parts that came from those who had been sacrificed during satanic rituals. I leaned my head into his heart. His vibrations taught me how to will to live.

 Wanting to live comes from having someone to love. If I have any healthy foundation, it is from that one year that he lived. Then I went back to enduring life and surviving despite or because of my self. The hordes in me grew taller and wiser. I had flashes of wanting to live for my children, but my controllers took all my children away. I had flashes when I found my suppressed creativity. I had trouble finding another good person to love. Mostly I trudged forward with the internal hordes dragging their leaden feet. I survived. I am old. I’m mostly integrated. Dust from the hordes’ residue circles around my repaired brain. I persist. Smoke from the past swirls. I cough.

 I had an instant of a good person when I was in the sixth grade at PS3. Two boys had wanted to impeach me when I was class president. Male classmates who started the petition had learned a new word and were experimenting. Every student had a turn at being class president for a week, though the president didn’t do anything. I watched their petition go from person to the next person at the desk behind. Everyone signed, some without reading it. When the petition reached Nathan Levy, tall, dark skinned, with full wavy hair like Daniel’s, he passed it behind him without signing. He looked up at me, his eyes moist and sad and smiled a bit, then sighed. His sigh stilled my heart. When the petition passed along the row in front of the teacher’s desk, she looked up and grabbed it. Mrs. Slattery missed an opportunity to teach boys not to bully. The boys already thought they owned the world and saw quiet girls as puppets. And she missed the opportunity to teach her almost-adolescent females that they did not need to fold under male presumption and aggression and be silenced. Instead she stopped rotating the class presidency.

 My mother sat at the baby grand piano and played “When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high…” and sang in her coarse, shrill voice. But she didn’t sing to me. She sang to herself as the great comforter. Daniel had taught me what communion is; I knew when I didn’t have it.

 And I felt for a short time what being loved and admired was like. An elderly couple on the 2nd floor of the apartment building somehow discovered me. I could go to their apartment for milk and cookies and gulp their adoring glances just for being myself. Children don’t even know what that self is yet. *So this is what it means to feel yourself worthwhile,* I thought. My controllers stopped those visits too.

 My last child, the one designated for ordinary life, gazed at me with his worshipful deep eyes as if I were a hero and capable of everything. Even adolescence couldn’t rip him away. It took mind controllers years to turn him against me.

 Dust swirls and I cough.

 I read in the dialogue of a novel the cliché ‘a hole in your heart’. I thought I had emotional pain and sometimes physical pain, but not a hole in my heart. But in my pre-sleep consciousness, I saw an oblong, dusty black, thick and bullet-like, metal construction pipe. It has been there for seventy-seven years. It is my hole. I didn’t know about it. It explains childhood photos of me in which I look wild, fighting, on my own. I look as if I never had comforting. I look like a three year old warrior, a toddler soldier. I look like a flower growing in a cruel environment and turned into a weed. Now I understand my landscape, the one of my soul, better.

 People go through life with blood rushing easily through veins and no bullets in their heart. That is their foundation. Mine has this boulder, this concave boulder. What could be more important in forming a person’s character? This hole is way down in my heart, right where the ribs curve downward. The body is supposed to be full in this spot, covered with violets and lilies, but mine is empty and the color of soot.

 So that is why I am the way I am. Pessimistic when other people are optimistic. Gloomy when other people are cheerful. I am realistic but this bullet-hole also expresses itself. I don’t believe this is my real character. I believe it is from how my early life formed me.

 I found this hole so late in life. I believe this hole is permanent. Even if I had found it earlier, I believe it would be a permanent fixture. How people treat children early in their lives leaves dents. Meadows grow over hollows, but travesties remain.

 The hole doesn’t throb. It is stationary and sucks emotions, absorbs them and sends them back out. Perhaps an octopus is on my heart. It is not a chill. It is dead cold. And underneath that coldness are anger and despair, bitterness and hope. Maybe not full hope, but some.

 “Wendy lets me write all this. I am a speck of her internal Queen Philomena. Wendy says the fragments of my brain that want to die attached themselves to this dark oblong. But I have many other fragments that fight.

 “Wendy says the most abominable thing that can happen to people is to have all their power taken away. Abused children have it all taken away. To survive with any humanity, we have to regain power any way we can. Leaders of countries become tyrants. Physically strong men become aggressive. Physically weaker females become devious, all in the effort to regain something of being human. Weaker countries develop suicide bombers when they have no other access to power. Infants desire death as a means of wanting some of their innate power back. Wendy thinks this preference not to be alive comes from the infancy in her. The voices in her head and specks of her brain that want that seem attached to the black oblong.” Mind control takes away all aspects of power. Victims have to find their own way and fight to retrieve it.

 Awareness erodes my coffin’s planks of wood and this cavernous hole that I had lugged around in the air and my soul. I become like a newborn, raw and vulnerable but not blind.

 Remorse – is Memory – awake –

Her Parties all astir –

A Presence of Departed Acts –

At window – and at Door –

Its Past – set down before the Soul

And lighted with a Match –

Perusal – to facilitate –

And help Belief to stretch –

Remorse is cureless – the Disease

Not even God – can heal –

For ‘tis His institution – and

The Adequate of Hell –

Emily Dickinson, poem number 744

III. Brain Wave Programming

Brain wave programming is designed to wipe out victims’ individual needs and uniqueness. There is no specific program like suicidal feelings or order to report back to handlers that we find in other sections of mind control.

 The events I describe in this essay are not a template for other survivors,

though some may find similarities within their own programming. I describe what happened to me and my process of restoring myself[[1]](#footnote-1) and am not implying anyone’s processes are like mine. However, the structure of processes can be similar even when details differ.

 Brain Waves was the last, and perhaps the final, section within my mind controlled brain that I remembered or associated. I don’t know why. Maybe this kind of programming is the most tortuous, or programmers took special care to hide it well internally. With criminally enforced dissociation, it is difficult to know anything for certain.

 In all sections of mind control, programmers separate the brain’s modules and paralyze the transmitters that would have allowed communication between modules. That would be like keeping vertical veins in the body but no connecting or horizontal ones. In brain wave programming, this isolation is tied to natural rhythms in the body and what controls the body, its brain. It could not cut deeper. The programs and commands are closer to controlling the depth of being and affect not only the mind, but also the body and soul. But this harm is artificially produced and what is artificial can be undone.

 For some, brain wave programming pinpoints victims’ abilities, freezes them in the appropriate brain wave and stores them there allegedly permanently. Much of mine was designed to dupe me and keep me from knowing who I am. This kind of programming isolates knowledge, destroys brain activity and requires especially expensive and hi-tech equipment. Mine took place recurrently, during childhood, teenage years, adulthood, old age, though its peak had been during my older childhood. It stunned any ability that was peeking out of me despite prior programming to silence and inhibit. For me, it was a stop gap, catch-all endeavor.

 The same commands placed in the brain wave section can also be in other sections. This deliberate overlap seems to reinforce mind control. Victims may think they have eliminated that same programming in one section, not realizing it still exists in another section or sections in the mind controlled brain.

 For victims of generational satanic mind control, torture begins in infancy or before—in the womb. Leaders need unattached or insecurely attached child victims who grow into the same kind of adults. They readied me to be a perfect specimen for what they thought would be permanent brain control and robot-hood.

 I suffered from migraines most severely between the ages of five and eight years old. One of these internal children spoke through her headache about the fertile ground controllers designed for themselves in their victims. For this child, nights and days in the pale blue childhood bedroom in the gray apartment meant being sexually abused mostly by my legal father, despised and physically hurt by my mother’s and sister’s cruelties, and tortured and electroshocked in the apartment building’s basement.

 To render victims ripe for mind control, programmers destroy self-esteem. That is universal. For example, to me they said: “You are dark and ugly. Your mother wishes you were not born. You’re never allowed to be in the sun.”

 At various ages—infancy through adulthood—programmers put this low self-esteem programming in all the brain wave levels. When I retrieved this memory, my lips started sucking as I returned to being an infant, and anger burst out of me as if from wringing a cloth. Even as a child, I felt rage for having been rejected for many reasons: my alleged ugliness, what they called my disgusting skin, my supposed stupidity, my programmed inability to read. They said I was only good to be raped. With their put downs constantly assaulting me, I had very young suicidal feelings but had promised my childhood murdered friend Daniel, the person in this world who loved me, that I wouldn’t follow him into death.

 I cried to Daniel in my mind, “It wasn’t fair of you. To leave me here, stuck in this world, and not let me follow you. Didn’t you know how it would be for me? You had to know.” This rage was my health.

My Process

 During my memory process of retrieving brain wave programming, first I felt sexual feelings, then I bit the inside cheeks of my mouth. Seemingly out of the blue, I drew a diagram of four rows of waving lines on a rectangle. On one side of the rectangle, I wrote ‘screen in front of black chair’ and on the right side of the paper, I wrote: ‘Alpha, Beta, Theta, Epsilon.’ The brain waves felt like they were in different layers in my brain. Alpha was on top, and there I felt more alert to what happens in life around me. Each of the other waves revealed a slightly altered kind of trance. They didn’t use Delta on me, or I have not remembered it yet.

 I heard a male voice coming from inside my head. It sounded like a professional voice and must have been a memory. “These are your brain waves. They connect what is in your brain. Watch us stop that activity.” I remembered fresh blasts of ultra-strong electricity that would have whipped me off the chair had I not been strapped down. I drew another diagram of a rectangle in my journal, this time with four rows of waving lines that were decreased in height, flattened. The same internal stranger’s voice said: “You brain is no longer connected. You have a silent brain. You will never be able to think again. You are dummies.” He spoke to me in the plural, meaning he spoke to more than one created internal personality.

 In all programming, trance makes victims unthinking and vulnerable to receive commands. It keeps victims away from awareness of themselves and what is happening to them, Programmers demanded I go into a trance and held guns to my temple, lower back, and between my shoulder blades. They wanted to terrify me so much that I would comply. First they called out an event, then a specific feeling created by that situation and placed the appropriate internal personality in a brain wave.

 “That person will stay there forever in a deep sleep—it will never emerge or wake—will never rise again unless called forth.”

 Their programming aimed to destroy brain wave activity that connected parts and chambers in my brain. For some, programmers call out a part or personality during this kind of programming. For me, first they called out parts attached to events. They showed me the Alpha brain wave moving up and down on the screen. A big blast. “It’s dead now. The brain wave is dead.”

 They finished this command series with memory-erasing drugs that do not erase what happened originally but erased recall of what had just occurred. Then they removed their guns. I remained in their black chair numb and stupefied.

Theta Programming

 Programmers were mostly interested in killing my Theta brain waves, which were used for creativity. “Everyone has a different dominant brain wave. Yours is Theta. We will kill it. You’ll never know who you are.”

 They made me feel wilted, starved, dehydrated, sleep deprived, drugged, hypnotized, too dizzy to think. As they spun me, controllers called out the parts they sought and said:

 “You can’t fight brain waves. They sweep you away. Think of the ocean and being carried away by the waves. You are only a peg in the universe with no power, no say. You do not have a will. Let the waves go further and further out to sea. You do not resist, you do not see what is happening, you do not know even your name. You know nothing. I’ll tell you a secret since you know nothing. Do not tell anyone this secret. Your name is Ignorance. You have no will. Do not resist. Follow the waves.

 “Follow me to this land you do not know. Embark here. This is where you’ll live. See the flowers. What color are they? Purple and yellow flowers. How lovely. How beautiful. You will live here forever and never roam. You will tell no one, no special friend, no other mind master. No one must know. No slips. What would we do if there is a slip? We would have to kill your family and dog and it would be your fault. You must not tell. This is a grave command. I am putting the people who hear at the entrance to the brain wave cave. This is a sacred place you guard and no one must know.”

 The “people who hear” are the previously created internal reporters who “hear” what all the other internal parts, including the front ones, say and think.

 Programmers call themselves ‘mind masters.’ A jolly uncle did this programming in the Bronx, the brain wave capital in New York in the 1940s and 1950s. Some programming equipment had been kept behind high class store fronts. Cheerful Uncle Carl, the millionaire landlord—a brain wave master programmer along with a man with a small head and big glasses, a torso round like an egg, a step up from Carl said:

 “You are under our command. You will never create again. As your father Morris says, leave all the creativity to your mother and sister. It is not for you. You are ours.” Morris was my legal father.

 A head vise squeezed me. “No more creativity for you. Shall we break her fingers? Nice soft child’s fingers. So easy to smash.” That occurred after they noticed the pleasure I took in an Arts & Crafts class at P.S. #3 elementary school and found some of my writing. Programmers are jealous of any desirable traits of victims in their ordinary lives and will use programming to usurp that trait for their own use only. They thought that my creative ability would drive me to a different life from the one they demanded. During my thirties, completely dissociative, I noticed that I felt like an artist but had no craft.

 They noticed other abilities in me, such as a part of my brain good with numbers and math in the 7th grade. The teacher had put a question on the black board. I raised my hand excitedly and stepped into the uninhibited universe. The next day, I was back in the black chair. Either the teacher or one of the students must have reported on me. Many victims have spy parts created within them, and most have internal reporters.

 Programmers droned: “Stay in the trance. Go deeper and deeper. If you come out for even a moment, we will kill your sister here.” She was tied up, gagged. They threatened to kill any dog I ever have. I had a special love for dogs.

 Much earlier, programmers had created internal portals. Parts were made to travel through them when commanded.

 “Go down, down down through the portals into portal ten. Are you there? Take off your clothes. Are you naked? Cold? Yes. Stay like that. You will remain there, forever. You have permanently lost a piece of yourself. You will remain there shivering and alone. Now rise slowly. You will remember nothing. You are no longer whole.”

 In my Pleasant Hills bedroom, Max and Uncles Sidney and Richard eliminated my knowing directions. In her anger, my mother told me to go to the doctor’s and then the dentist’s office on my own. I must have been nine or ten years old. I thought what a burden I was, that she didn’t have time to take me to my doctors’ appointments. They programmed me not to know my right from my left and not to read maps. I lived with these deficiencies most of my life. Many of these orders were situated in other parts of my mind, and duplicated in the brain wave section.

 They commanded: “You mother will always want to drown you.” This was after she tried to drown me in the bathtub when I was five years old and younger.

 When they and Mother starved me before programming sections, they told me, “You’ll never have enough to eat.” That command was easy to break. Much of that programming occurred when I was in the 6th grade, eleven to twelve years old.

 When my sister had a new boyfriend, they told me, “You’ll never have a boyfriend.” Later they gave me a boyfriend, using a different part of my mind.

 I emerged from programming silent, dazed and scarred. During my recall process, sometimes emotions were right there along with the narrative of my memory and other times not. I experienced despair, or frozenness or no emotions at all, and I wondered then where my feelings had been during this programming.

 They separated the parts who felt emotions such as anger from the parts who don’t feel emotions. Programmers may use different drugs to access different brain wave states, but victims would not be aware of that. Each drugged module only knows its created purpose. The parts programmers summon do not have a conscience or a larger view than the command to tell what they know, think, anticipate or feel.

 Programmers can switch their victims into other worked-on modules in the brain that hold anxiety, grief, anger, all the feelings appropriate to what is happening. Since emotions aren’t lost but isolated and hidden, they can erupt at unexpected times.

 These memories sometimes only come out in dreams. If you have a revealing dream, hold it, don’t throw it away, study it. It may be the only handle to find your true past and what had happened to you.

 In one dream, in the brain wave section, I found females who had been commanded to ‘want sex.’ These modules were oblivious to any human, moral or ethical concerns.

 When I hit puberty in the 1950s, I would lie in my bed listening to the radio play love songs and felt a romantic yearning. These parts of me were innocent and knew that something meaningful lay ahead, something they had not yet experienced. The rest of me had seen and experienced the foulest levels of humanity and wanted no part in what might lie ahead. My parents had already sold me to the brothel where I would be used in pornography and where I would deliver three newborns whom I never saw or held. I held out my arms to hold them but the ‘nurses’ rushed them away. A part of me continues yearning, continues holding out my arms, still hopes to receive something of myself back. I was eleven and twelve then. My heart learned to ache in a new way.

 But the internal girls listening to the radio in the childhood bedroom with maple furniture, lace curtains and an antique sampler consciously knew nothing of my soiled, corrupted life. Those parts passed through a kind of normal though abbreviated moment of natural development.

 After the bulk of my life had been lived and my memory came back—after all that awareness—I recoiled from anything sexual. It is harder to live unaware, unable to understand my own being. But it is not easy to live aware.

 By isolating all these parts, perpetrators create human robots, unseeing, unknowing, unaware. Undergoing this programming is an experience of loss: of the self, future, potential. It leaves victims as living skeletons.

Partners and Places

Controllers performed this programming on me alone and also with a mind control partner. The first sessions I recalled had taken place in:

1. The basements of Imperial Country’s castles. They do this kind of programming to many including Princess and royals. For Princess, they had focused on and eliminated the Gamma brain wave. I knew because she was my electroshock chair ‘companion.’ I had heard screams from Queen when they worked on her. I describe these scenes in *Witch Witch in a Black Robe*, still using disguised names.

2. Another location and mind control partner emerged, this time my younger cousin Rhonda who was considered brilliant and a good soul. It was in the U.S., in the Pleasant Hills apartment building’s basement. I lived in this building until I was fifteen years old. This mutual programming occurred on Rhonda and me throughout the 1940s-50s. In my just opening mind, I saw another screen of brain wave activity, drew a diagram of the four active rows of wavy lines and on the right wrote ‘brain wave activity’ and heard my biological father’s voice speaking to both of us. He had been an innovative master programmer, I am ashamed to say.

 Max: “I hear you hate your families. You hate Cynthia and Morris and Eileen and Sidney you hate your sister and your brother. You hate me. Think of your mothers.” The names he used were of our parents. We experienced blasts of electricity.

 “You will love your mothers. Think of your siblings.” Blast of electricity. “You will love your siblings. Think of your fathers.” Blast. “You will love your fathers.” This programming could not have been effective, because neither of us loved our mind controlled families. However, we may have expressed our hatred more openly without these brutally imposed directives.

3. At Purple Fields, a U.S. military base, programmers delivered brain wave programming on me alone after almost every one of my international trips.

Programmers: “Think of your trip to Iraq, Pakistan, France, Italy, England, Israel, Philippines, Russia, Thailand, Canada.” A blast occurred after each. Programmers ordered these commands sequentially, not all together. Other survivors might recognize places they had been sent.

“You were never there.” They showed another diagram with the two bottom rows of brain wave activity squashed.

4. Dr. Cameron’s hospital in Montreal, Canada: “Think of this hospital.” Blast. “You were never here.”

5. In one of the cities of God: “Think of our war effort.” Blast. “You know nothing. Think of our friends” (referring a deceased president and other U.S. administrators). Blast. “You know nothing about them. Think of our monuments.” Blast. “You never saw them.” I write about all this programming in *The Enslaved Queen* and W*hite Witch in a Black Robe.* During much of the above programming, perpetrators used standard programming methods such as emotional and sexual abuse, drugs, torture including sound torture, sleep and food deprivation.

6. After I had been forced to leave treatment with Alison Miller, I was sent to the city of Rain-in-the-Face and to an especially horrendous ‘safe’ house. Those tormentors used this programming to make me unaware of the matriarch-torturer Liz’s and her husband’s actions.

“Think of where you live now.” Blast. “It is a good place. Think of Liz.” Blast. “She is a good woman.”

7. In Prim, Washington, at a Black Leopard motel in nearby Port Saints, a programmer ordered: “Think of Rachel and Carol.” Blast. “They are your good friends.” They were programmed enemies trying to keep me from internal knowledge. I had been just starting to realize my assigned entourage’s true identity.

 The electricity they used destroyed the connective cells through my brain waves, which at least hindered memory. After every time they denied reality and after electroshock, they laughed and laughed, as if there weren’t enough sadism already.

Those Who Help

 Satanists do whatever they can to squeeze out, contaminate and corrupt anything good in life. If you have a productive relationship with your therapist, and that person is not one of them or a plant of some sort, but some memories or stories about her or him seem askew, or not like something she or he would do or say, then investigate inside whether programmers attempted to tamper with your relationship.

 By chance, I had a tip and discovered a lie that programmers had fed me. During a conversation with Alison, I referred to an odd event that I thought had happened to one of her clients. The tale went that a man came to her disabled client’s door and shot her dead. The client’s partner then called Alison asking for money for the funeral. Alison didn’t remember that and would have had it really occurred. That sent me thinking and investigating inside myself.

 Memory took me to Victoria, and one of the official programming centers. Here I saw a drugged me tied to a spinning plank:

 “You will pass through gently, quickly, and smoothly the Gamma, Beta, Epsilon and arrive at Theta. Now go into the cavities.”

 Cavities are doors or openings.

 All this was said as they drugged and spun me. The song ‘Leroy Jones’ played in the background. It was too cold, too hot, then too cold again….

 “Think of Alison’s chair, think of her slippers. Look at her eyes. They are angry. They have hate in them. She blames you. She hates you. You take up so much of her time. The person was stabbed at her front door. Most likely by a hit man. Alison says it was not prearranged. She is always naive. She cannot see where evil exists. She’s still the young missionary. She found out about this death from the dead woman’s partner. She wanted money. Alison said no. She doesn’t blame you for that.” This tale was a death threat to me.

 Programmers showed me pictures but no film. They had photos of Alison’s home office. Maybe they picked the lock when she was out or a programmed client may have had a camera.

 This false memory was clearer than real memories. What else do I believe that is fake but seems very real?

 “You will now close up the cavities. You have no access to these cavities. Only we can open them. You will not know about them. None of your internal searchers and runners will find them. They are sealed over now. Only I and others like me can open them.

 “You will continue to sleep now. The dizziness and nausea will pass. You will vomit once in your suite. No one will know of our time together. Begone.”

 I wonder whether the brain wave programming is similar to Cameron’s deep prolonged sleep programming.

 If you have an honest, clean therapist, it pays to check out any story that seems even a little fishy or off. If you are a true therapist, it pays to ask your clients repeatedly if there is any programming that gives false impressions of you. The same would apply to general helpers. Try not to ask with any eagerness and anxiety in your voice. Calmness is better at helping victims find their dissociated memories. It would also be wise for therapists to ask at each session whether clients have been abducted and recently re-programmed. The more fiercely victims deny it, the more suspicious you should be. An overly flat response can also be a flag.

 There’s a place in the brain that holds the truth no matter how you live and how you lie to yourself and the world and how you pretend to be someone else and not who you are. This place is buried in the brain waves and other sections and through drugs these ‘mind masters’ could call it out.

 During brain wave programming, programmers also use truth serum. How responsible are victims who have had truth serums? Would Bonhoeffer have given in to a truth serum?

 At the programming centers in Victoria, perpetrators asked questions like these:

“We want to know the truth now, how you really feel. Let’s start with your boyfriend here, Eli, how do you feel about him? Describe him.”

 I hear chuckles somewhere. During these drugged trances, I could notice what happened around me but not put facts together. Slivers of events hung in the air like snowflakes that do not touch. I lived in a state of knowing and not knowing. I replied: “He is a slithering disgusting snake. I abhor him and his kind which includes all of you. An abominable insect and snake.”

 Eli slapped me hard across the face. Men threw a white rag over his face and took him out.

 Controllers only let you see what they want you to see. I had not realized this prearranged ex-boyfriend and ex-cult husband was present until he hit me. Had I realized, I might have answered in a more self-protective way. These programmers didn’t care what I thought of him. They wanted to see whether I still held onto any truth-reality in my deep mind and were disappointed that it had not been obliterated.

 “Do you hate all men?”

 “Living or dead?” Usually I answered ‘I don’t know’ because parts in this section did not know.

 “Tell us what you think about your friend and therapist Dr. Alison.”

 “You are passing through Theta and entering Gamma. Under the folds of Gamma is your truth compartment. Each level has another truth compartment. Let the serum work. You are our slave. You must obey orders. We command you. If you don’t obey, we will skin you alive, and Alison and your child. Go to your truth compartment. Here comes the question. How can we hurt Alison?”

 “What have you done to her?”

 “You’re here to answer questions, not ask them.”

 “Now we’re leaving Gamma and entering Alpha. Give her more serum. She’s waking. What have you been working on in your therapy?”

 “I can’t remember now.”

 “She’s lying.”

 “No, she doesn’t have access to the knowledge. She doesn’t know,” another programmer answered.

 Each section holds different information that is not communicated to other sections. So victims may have information in one place but not the other. Some information is even in the front person’s compartment, but those personalities in the brain wave section would not know of them.

“Go into Epsilon. Do you want to run away from here?”

 “Yes.”

 “Do you hate us”?

 “Of course.”

 “Do you hate Alison?”

 “No, I love Alison.”

 “What if we say we’ll kill her?”

 “I can’t stop that.” (Eventually, they persuaded me under hypnosis that they would murder Alison if I didn’t leave Victoria right away.)

 Them: What is Alison’s birthday? What is her social security number?

 Me: I don’t know. (One of the investigators started slapping my face and beating me. The more experienced man said “She’s under the truth serum. She’ll tell us what she knows. She has no choice,” and he stopped the attack.

 Programmer (talking to the other programmer): It’s very easy for us to find out this information. We don’t need her to tell us. We’re testing her.

 Them: What is her grandchild’s name?

 Me: I forget.

 Programmer: We want you to leave here as soon as possible. Will you?

 Me: Maybe.

 Programmer: These compartments know how she feels but not too much else. Close her down.

 They administered injections and jolts of electricity to wake me. Someone placed a drug-soaked rag over my face and someone else drove me home, where I remembered nothing of what happened. It took me six years.

 It is better not to be an empty shell. The jolt into reality can hurt more than even electroshock, but nothing is worse than being made into a non-human and staying like that your whole life. Nothing is worse than being made to do horrible things and not even remember. Nothing is worse than not having a clue about who you really are and who your enemies are. How then can you then protect yourself or anyone else?

Aftermath

I had my being stripped away, nothing that I knew of was left. I thought there was nothing to me except how I could be used by other people, who did not care about me. Sometimes I had flashes of intelligence and talent but I had learned to suppress those instances and not to let anyone see them. My controllers had made me into a nothing with heightened and distorted feelings, and I complied without knowing what I gave up. Crippled and oblivious, I went through life. My clothes walked here and there. I was nowhere.

 When I regained a large part of my memory and became aware of how I’d been carved and chiseled away, I began to learn about myself. When a flash re-appeared by chance, I clasped it and followed its thread. There was intelligence. Another flash. I grasped and let it lead me. There was talent. Another spark. I was kind. Empathy. Compassion. Honesty. Generosity. I am not a monster. I am not a cold, mean witch. I am not vile. I am not so ugly as they made me believe. I am sharp but can have soft edges. I can fit into the world. Each day, I learned something new about myself. Someone once said I had courage. I had no idea.

 I was born in 1943 and immediately murdered though kept breathing. I walked around dead. Well into my 70s, I sprung alive. I looked at myself, I looked at the world. As an old woman, I went through infancy, childhood, all those stages. I brought along the good moments I remembered from before and of course the boy who loved me for one year before he was murdered and whose spirit follows me, clings to me and loves me still. A bloom in the desert, water when scorched.

 I try hard to live a life now, though I find the world abhorrent. I try to respect people even though they seem blind, and they overlook honest politicians and endorse destroyers who have the same background as me. People vote for corruption and evil and think of themselves as good citizens. I am on the outside of life but in life. Existence pains me but I am here.

 I’ve been in life for four years, which makes me four years old with crumbling skin, stuffed pockets under my eyes and a sagging face. I am a hybrid of old and new, tired and spirited, distraught and hopeful. People walk along streets looking normal, like ordinary citizens with a job, family, apartment or house. Everyone has brain waves, but those of normal people are not tampered with. Unlike the pain in one’s heart and soul, manipulation can be healed. Surviving victims can take back all aspects of their brains.

 My grandmother Rose wandered around her apartment muttering ‘what you don’t know won’t hurt you.’ That is another lie people of her generation told themselves. What you don’t know keeps you a slave. Only self-knowledge leads to freedom.

In the notebook there were many, many fences. The people

and the houses in almost every drawing were surrounded by

even, yellow fences or circumscribed with the black lines of

barbed wire. Iron threads of the official type topped all the

fences in the child’s notebook.

Varlam Shalamov, “A Child’s Drawings,” *Kolyma Tales*,

translated from the Russian by John Glad

IV. Discovered in my unknown brain

 Children’s stories written at the time of the abuses:

I found stories hidden in the brain wave sections of my electroshocked brain. I had originally written them as the abuse occurred six and seven decades earlier and preserved them in the archives of my mind. In them are the child and young adolescent I was while going through it all.

 There are many such stories, and I am reproducing five here. Except for a wishful one, these depict some of my real life then. I had made each one into a little book by punching two holes and weaving string or a ribbon through the holes. The colors of the ribbons matched the content of its story. I corrected the spelling. Finding these books, my perpetrators set out to crush my creativity and ordered the Bronx brain wave programming.

The Mattress

I hide my books, each one tied with a different color ribbon and a drawing on the cover, I hide these books under my mattress.

 I knew I would be in trouble if anyone found out, especially my parents and grandfather. I learned to be secretive. I hide them right in the center underneath my horse hair mattress. I had to stretch my arm way in. It was hard. The mattress was heavy and crushed my arm. Mrs. Matties, who cleaned for my mother, changed the linen one day and saw a colored ribbon. I think she saw the yellow ribbon. I hadn’t pushed it in far enough. She quickly put the mattress corner down, finished the bottom sheet and said nothing. She smiled at me and winked. To have a friend. And a grown up. What a surprise!

 One day my sister walked into our bedroom as I was shoving another book that I wrote under the mattress. She didn’t say anything to me at the time. She looked away and I pretended nothing unusual happened. The next day, when I came home from school and checked, all my books were gone. She told! Maybe that is why they kept her alive. So she could spy on me. She told! That is more than being a tattle tale. She is a betrayer. She didn’t have to tell. No one would have known about my books, and they would never have known she found out about them and where I hide them. She told. I will hate her always. I will never be nice to her again. To have a big sister who does you in, who wrongs you, it is better not to have a sister. It is better to have no one.

 This is why my controllers sent me to the Bronx to the new mind master Mr. Phil. He is the one who gave me all those brain wave commands and took away what I wanted to do and say. They won’t allow me to write anymore. They are stripping me bare. I am like a tree in winter with nothing on my branches. They want me to be a nothing. They save the little bit I have for themselves. They want me not to be a person. They want me to be their slave in every way. If my sister had not told, they would not have found out. They say he’s Mr. Phil, but I know it’s Uncle Carl.

The girl in the tower who didn’t know, a fantasy

There once was a girl who lived among girls but didn’t know who they were. She lived in a castle that was a prison, in a tower way above a waterfall. Her name was Cynthia and Arlene and Philomena and Iphigenia and Elizabeth and Candace and Sophia and Marlene and thousands of other names, each one belonging to a girl inside me and the offshoots of girls. Sometimes the off-shoots or backup girls only got numbers. Only one girl would know what was happening. The others were blind like bats and deaf like mules. Mules are not deaf. Blind and dumb. Oblivious to what was going on inside her and outside her, in her family and outside her family. The tower, prison, had steel doors and no one was allowed in except by password and code. The guards were mean. Almost no one was nice. One boy was nice. No one else. The family was the worst. There was the father who liked to stick his thing in her, every day and pull her hair. Even when she was sick. The mother was jealous and took razors to her and made cuts. They leave scars. She also liked to pull her hair. Sometimes they had to tie the mother up because they said she was crazy. She was crazy because of what they did to her. The father was just bad and mean. I would not have known how selfish these people are had I not met the boy who was not selfish and was goodness itself. He saved my life but did not help me escape from the prison tower. My sister was very selfish but she was made to be selfish. I don’t know what her true nature is.

 One day this girl who didn’t know went to the doctor. He was a bad man too. He gave her pills to make her be quiet. All they wanted was that she would never talk. Silence, they said, and placed their finger over their lips. Silence, what is silence? All she wanted was to talk and tell this girl’s story. And all they wanted was for her to be silent.

 Another day, the girl who still didn’t know anything let her hair grow very long, flung it out the tower window and climbed down it. She somersaulted down her own hair. She ran on the ground sometimes by accident crushing little flowers. She ran and ran and found a town where people were like the boy, the one good person she knew. She made her way into a home and was welcomed. She stayed there and became a part of a family. She escaped from the mean people.

The girl with the yellow dress

There once was a princess who dressed in yellow or whom they dressed in yellow. She had a furry little dog who wore a yellow bow. They walked along the sidewalk happily together. The dog was her true friend. She loved the dog and the dog loved her. But she was always afraid for the dog because once she had a different dog, a black and white small one. That dog was less friendly. When you’re less friendly, it is because people were mean to you. Everyone in the family was mean, so that was no surprise. Her mother could be particularly mean but sometimes she was soft and nice. She, the mother, loved the dog sometimes. But the mother was the one who threw a knife, a long sharp knife, at the dog and through the dog. The girl did not love this dog as much as another dog, but seeing the dog dead and killed like that made her tremble inside and outside and stay trembling inside and outside for many years or forever. Probably forever. It is so difficult having a mother who is sometimes soft and warm and other times killing. And it is hard to predict what will come next. The princess with the yellow dress watched for signs all the time. She even watched in her sleep. But it was hard to tell. So she had this sweet little dog with the yellow bow but always worried. She tried not to have worry ruin her days with the dog, but sometimes worry is a sign for the future and sometimes the worry comes true. This princess found that her worry and worries usually came true.

Black, dark

Black, black is my life. Dark, dark, dark is my life. They want to make me into a witch. They say I have psychic powers. They want to use my powers for evil. They teach me how to throw curses. They teach me how to read signs. They teach me how to cast spells. They teach me how to harm. How to be bad. They say I am from an important bloodline. They say they can’t waste anything of my bloodline. I don’t want to be evil. I want to be like Daniel, the good boy they killed. I want to be good. Dark, dark is my life. Black, black, black is my future. I can’t get out of here. They won’t let me out. Life is what family you are born into. I was born into the wrong family. I can’t get out. There is no one to help. No one to help me. No good people around. Those with a little bit of goodness they make mean. They take away all goodness. They strip people bare. I hate it here. I hate it everywhere.

The red book

I am a rag, a rag that was wet and is now wrung out. Twisted out of shape and wrung so tight it doesn’t breathe. Rags don’t breathe but girls do and I am that girl. They take my body and shake me. They make me flexible so that they can choose the angle to come inside of me and wring me dry. I am flesh and bone to them, not human. I have no value to them. I am only to be used. How cruel and mean these men are. I don’t like them. I hate them. I hope the earth swallows them fast. I hope they rot in the underearth. Nothing would be too bad for them. I wish them the worst.

 Ever since I was born, people took my body away from me. There are girls in my class, maybe half the class, who sit in their bodies. They seem so comfortable. Many are fat and not attractive but they stand and sit as if they are the most worthwhile people on earth. I just know they have not been wrung out like a wet rag. They are even noisy.

 It all depends on who your father is. Some people have mothers who protect but if the mothers have their minds taken away and don’t even know what is going on though it is going on under their noses, then these mothers can’t protect. You can’t blame them but you don’t have to love them. If you are a mother and your children are used like that, you don’t deserve love even if it is not your fault. And some mothers are just like the fathers and grandfathers and uncles and cousins. I hate them all.

 I can’t even count how many men put their thing in me. There was the brothel, the family, the rituals, the other countries. The politicians, world leaders. The castles and palaces in this and other countries. How can I stand by myself when all that happened? How can I do anything but hate myself and them in particular? I wish I were dead. I want to be dead. It is no use living a life like this. Don’t preach to me. You don’t know. This life is not worth living.

 And they make pictures and movies. They sell those things but give me nothing. They use my rag body and make money off it too. It is a business. How could I not hate them. All the children here in the neighborhood and probably the county and state and maybe the country and universe, we are all treated like that. The blond blue eyed children have it the worst. Oh, please help me get out of here, one way or another. Please.

The edge of life

When monsters are trying to silence you, take away any talent or ability you have and give it to other people who mean you harm, when you can’t own anything about yourself, then what is the point of being alive? If you are a tortured slave and someone else’s possession, then what is the sense? How does life benefit you?

 I do not want to be alive if this will be my life forever and ever. My heart is like an accordion. It goes in and out, when it goes in, it squeezes so tight that it hurts a lot. Most people don’t know this pain. Most people have minor ups and downs. They are not slaves in a big way, like me. They just live normal lives. I have a personality, many personalities actually, who live in that normal-life realm. They know nothing of what goes on in my inside world. They don’t know that they are tortured daily or weekly, never less than that. They don’t know that they are electrocuted. They don’t know. They don’t know about the sex. They probably think they are virgins. Funny, huh. They don’t know about the rituals and drugs, and that they have to transport drugs in their bodies for other people’s profit. They just go to school, when they are not transporting, change their clothes and go outside to play. First they have a snack. Nice life except that it is a cover lie. My life is as different as ordinary people’s as can be. No one would understand. I live on an island that no one enters. I am alone in the hostile world. Criminals get away with everything. Honest people see nothing.

When will the past

finally end

*New Poems*, Tadeusz Rozewicz,

translated from the Polish by Bill Johnston

V. What My Body Said

*The heart is less forgetful than the brain. The whole body is.*

Three classmates who had a bouncy energy and tight, new skin, and I drove to nearby Vassar College, just for fun. My friends lived in their relaxed but alert bodies and walked as if they belonged on earth. I don’t know whether I perceived how different my energy and stance were then, maybe like everything else I did on some undercurrent level.

 Vassar had subdued, cute stores, and we girls around twenty years old went into one and tried on bikinis. The other girls were lithe and svelte with no stairs on their hips from the bikini bottoms. My flesh lapped over the elastic. One classmate suggested I try on a bottom that had a higher cut. Some of these Bard College students were really nice, helpful and did not appear to think I was a freak. They bought bikinis, I didn’t.

 I was learning that my body was different from other American females my age, which I hadn’t yet realized. I did not yet know that these young, middle class ladies were different from me because they had not been forced to give birth. Many more decades passed before I remembered that by the time of that visit to Vassar College and its shops, I had already birthed eight children. Not only did I lose knowledge of my brain, but during childhood I lost these babies. Every infant taken away. An administrator from a false adoption agency had kidnapped my three babies born in the brothel. She placed her manicured hand over mine and moved my hand simulating a signature. Later in the false Brooklyn monastery, a front for crime, the fake monks abducted my babies or murdered them in satanic rituals. I fought them hard, but they drugged and tied me up. It is hard to live after your children have been stolen.

 Perhaps it is a little less hard to believe that teenagers are forced to breed, and then be separated from their newborns, now that we know that the U.S. government pulled nursing infants away from refugee mothers at the border. If our leaders can rip infants away from mothers trying to get into a country so that they won’t be murdered, wouldn’t those same people be capable of these atrocities? But today when representative senior and younger citizens were asked why they wouldn’t vote for Trump this time, no one answered because he ripped children away from parents at the border (Public Radio, Oct. 10, 2020, Oct. 18, 2020). They all cared about health insurance, the economy, but not people, especially people of a different country, race or background.

Do sea creatures know people think it’s more important to put leftovers in

plastic bags than to preserve the sea’s life? What do trees think when their neighbors are slain? If people can kill the environment, can’t they kill children?

 My body knew the stained shame of my inside world, even if my mind didn’t for most of my life. When I was twenty-three, I would have one more child, this one to raise and lose. As I age, it feels like my muscles descend, looking for earth.

*The body cannot be silenced*

Another time I realized my body was different from other people’s my age was in the 10th grade in gym class at Syosset High School. The teacher had wanted us students to pull ourselves up by our arms until our shoulders reached the pole. Without struggling, all the other girls achieved it on the first try. Some showed off and did it with one hand. I couldn’t do it. I became so engrossed in my own inadequacy that I didn’t observe how the others felt about me, that is if they gave me a thought. The teacher was confused, because what she asked was simple to accomplish. She was patient with me, didn’t shame me and gave me many chances. I just didn’t have the strength in my arms. Finally, with my muscles stinging, I gave up and she let me go. I realized then that I was weaker than all the other girls, but I had no clue why yet.

 The pain in my heart seemed to walk out of my body, across the room, nestle under the bleachers and sob. No part of my mind came forward to tell me what had happened to my physical strength, why my muscles shook and would not perform. I felt so different. I didn’t expect pity from anyone. I settled for being left alone. It would take me almost sixty years to remember who had usurped my strength, where and when.

 I was twelve years old, living in Pleasant Hills with my parents. The infamous Mengele, the Holocaust doctor who had travelled the world after he left Germany, came to New York. My parents gave me to him, sold me to him, and he experimented on me, giving me the polio virus strained from the virulent disease and the new vaccines. I became weak, parts of my body, my legs, upper back, deformed.

 Still the reason for my inadequacy, why I could not execute a pull up, remained so buried within me that all I could do was withdraw from gym class in humiliation.

 In a forest, a line of cubs crosses the road. The mother bear watches closely. If anyone comes near her cubs, she will tear them apart. No amount of honey and fish could entice her to sacrifice her offspring.

*The body can’t be muzzled*

There was much more to make me feel like a freak. What I did with my life, how I lived it, is a source of shame, as is what, whom, I came from. When I was a child, while the men talked in the living room and the women in the kitchen, I must have overheard something about my father and maternal grandfather being the same person. I knew that sort of thing was wrong, that they practiced it in Egypt when they built pyramids and buried royalty in tombs, but not in modern day civilizations that know about recessive genes and birth defects, not to mention morality or what is legal. And I already knew that this father-grandfather was mean and vicious, no-good, amoral.

 Most of what had happened to me in this generational mind control cult happened to some others, but what Max did would be unusual. Only leaders of these rapacious cults get to break the strict rules. Max Yuni had been one of the leaders, unusually ambitious, without conscience or empathy. He was my biological father and grandfather. We all know about insane power—we see it in world leaders today as well as in history. The leaders’ plan for me was that I be queen of my territory or county. Satanists divide the whole world into thirteen counties. If his bloodline were to be graduated to hold more power than he had been allotted, then he wanted himself represented there too.

 In an elaborate ritual in the Pleasant Hills apartment, with the immediate family and some others present and cheering, this Max wearing a jeweled cape and crown impregnated me, a thirteen year old. I alternated between numbness and violence. I tried to stab him with a ritual knife I hid in the sheets but got his shoulder rather than his heart. No child of mine would have the life I had or worse. I suffocated that male baby.

 Max was short the way many starved-as-children immigrants were then, demanding, perfectionistic and quite smart. He was a womanizer, tyrant over his victims’, wife and daughters’ lives and a miser. Like Mengele’s, his ‘work’ advanced the international criminal field of mind control by devising new methods of aiding in the destruction of the human brain.

 I felt something was profoundly wrong with me, so wrong that I could not escape it, and that somehow, somewhere I would be found out and shunned. Any cold comment evoked this feeling whose home was between my ribs. Mind controllers created, create hordes of inner personalities like mine with these feelings that the rest of their minds don’t know about, and who walk along ordinary-life streets living a pretend existence or splinter of their actual life.

 Inescapable emotions, a secret spring, led me into the facts of my unknown life. The parts of my brain that hold body sensations began telling me how it defended against these emotions. When I worked on relaxing those tension areas, say the jaw and neck, I felt terror. Terror affects everything—sleep, digestion, all body functions. I found it and have to dispel it.

 Sometimes I wake after a few hours of exhausted sleep with my body telling me how it was during those first sixteen years and telling me what most of me experienced each day of my usurped life that I never wanted. The rage in me was so great, I levitated. I floated with the clouds unable to touch the sidewalk or the carpet even with my big toe, so over wound and over wrung and over wrought was my small body by the constant and very rough abuse and sexual abuse that occurred throughout my growing up years by almost all the relatives, perpetrators, enablers.

 My mother used to trim my little finger and toe nails, because I was always presented to the world as a perfectly groomed child. Having my nails cut closer to the flesh brought out the harsh sting of rage reaching a murderous pitch instantly. Perhaps I didn’t know what my life contained, but I knew in my heart and nails a fury that wants to kill enemies and those indifferent to others’ suffering.

 I couldn’t tell what was happening to me, because I didn’t understand. It was incomprehensible. Words turned around one another and inside out. And the programmers made sure I couldn’t tell. They acted out some of the abuse through dolls, smashing them together brutally and searing into my small, undeveloped brain that if I said anything at all about it, everyone on the block where I live would die, because of me. Plus there was no one to tell, not a single safe person to tell. And I didn’t know there was another way to live. For a long time, I thought all people acted like my family.

 Once I went to my friend Rhonda’s apartment in another elegant pre-war building in my neighborhood on 108th Street in Pleasant Hills. She and her family sat at a round table in the dining room. Her mother served what my mother and grandmother called a ‘bubula,’ a giant matzo meal and egg pancake—my favorite dish. Rhonda’s mother cut it like a pie and my mother sliced it into many squares. Perhaps the evenly divided squares, many isolated divisions, were a trigger to remind me of what happens to mind controlled brains. Both mothers sprinkled sugar on top. I engulfed some slices, along with the love both parents directed towards their only child and which she inhaled and stirred. It would be hard to imagine Rhonda being used as I was. My mother had a palpable love for my beautiful, talented sister, but it had a sticky, self-serving quality and not a satin feeling like the love Rhonda received.

“The body doesn’t lie.” Martha Graham

 In families like mine, there are gestures of love. My legal father protected me from my mother who sometimes allowed herself to try and kill me. I would hold onto the shield of his wide body and move it to the right, then left as she charged at me. She hated me because she was programmed to and because he raped me regularly. So though he was helping me, he also caused her distress in part. Mother could be nurturing, cooking food, shopping for clothes, making sure her daughter had cultural advantages. I had some sort of lesson like dance or speech most days after school. So there was something that looked like love in my family, especially if you never lifted its veil of secrecy. Now here comes the shame, the shame that I came from people who were not people, who were never allowed to grow a conscience or treat others as humans. Family life for cult survivors means living with criminals. Some have one normal parent or a parent who maintains civilized behavioral patterns. They are the lucky ones, for one okay parent is far better than none. But many of us grow up in hatred. Some remember the first words their mothers saying were “I hate you.” After I was born, my mother went into a deep depression, ostensibly because she expected a second beautiful daughter and thought I was ugly. When she came out of her depression, she went right into hysteria. Longing persists for a family that the media advertises as the stronghold of life. Longing persists but not the reality of good family life.

 We all live under the myth that family life is all-important and family relationships are the only relationships that are not destructible and therefore safe. The media and entertainment channels portray families with inherent goodness. The normal think they are part of a unit and watch out for one another. Allegiance is supposed to exist among family members. They root for one another.

 Satanists don’t permit natural development. They don’t let cult children learn and grow or choose. That scenario is quite different from the image of normal family relationships, of Regan’s and Bush’s campaigns for family values. Those campaigns look to me like hypocrisy. It is no wonder that normal civilization averts its eyes from satanic abuses.

 This chunk in my heart wants to burst out. Pain can develop legs and it can walk all over the house, up the walls, down the chimney. “I am here,” it declares. “You can’t stare me down.”

 I lived in this terrified frozen state above the clouds with the toxic airplanes that were safer to me than people. I swam in freezing air above the birds, birds that landed now and then but not me. I slept, woke, went to school, peed above the clouds even when the sun was too strong, rain too hard, wind too fierce. That is where I stayed not by choice but because I couldn’t relax or exhale enough to come down. My heart was the engine, wings. I lived with held breath, frozen in anguish, a statue of an unwanted, battered child whose being in tatters could not come together. I couldn’t exhale, I couldn’t keep going, I never wanted to live. Every hour I slept felt like twelve hours. Every day seemed like a decade. Autumn’s standard time brought an extra hour of hell. The thick sky separated me from earth. My legal father would tell me to wake up for school. My mother would put fruit, Wheatina and Walker Gordon non-pasteurized milk on the breakfast table. The clumps of cream nauseated me. I dressed in clean, ironed dresses and went to school, not talking, not understanding, silent, withdrawn, not listening, above birds and airplanes. My outsides were scrubbed all together, and my insides in dirty pieces; the years trudged through. Each year would be the last, but it didn’t end. The family wanted so much from me. They never stopped taking. I was perfect on the outside, and inside was shredded like an old sofa that cats have scratched into oblivion, yet this body, also an enemy, kept living. I either had a migraine or a sore throat. They didn’t give me pain killers.

 When I finally get in touch, I see myself floating in a dark sewer with black clumps of despair. I wanted to rip off my flat breasts. Why wouldn’t they leave me alone? I screamed inside myself over and over. Tatters on the inside and tatters on the outside from rage and premature sexuality that a child’s body cannot contain. If anything felt good like calming touch, I hated myself all the more and couldn’t stop vomiting, thinking about what lies ahead.

 I was jumping out of my skin during my whole childhood and even now in my dreaming nightmares.

 My body beat as if drums were pounding inside of it. It pounded and pounded until someone spread my legs. Then I fell from the skies into a dungeon below ground and tried to join colonies of ants. How helpful insects are, helping one another with courtesy. Each one has a job and does it. The smallest insects don’t have to do all the work.

 I must have been the main financial supplier in the household. They made money off me when they sent me to the Bronx brothel and later, at thirteen years old, to the Brooklyn fake ‘monastery’ to breed babies in both places. When pregnant, a body becomes convex. My belly button turned inside out. When a person losses all her children, or even one—my body became dried pulp, hanging only from bones.

 My parents were paid when they used me as a witch, prostitute, mule, queen and for other roles. Whatever they paid my grabbing legal father, he gambled away. It is easy to think life is meaningless. I don’t expect anything from the outside world because I don’t have faith in people, but I am devastated when the outside world doesn’t come through for me. I think I have been through so much that the universe should give me some slack now. It certainly doesn’t work that way. When I was in college, I bought a lean corned beef sandwich in the deli on the upper east side, where my parents had a rent-controlled apartment. My legal father yelled at me for spending too much money. “That’s what they charge in your neighborhood,” I answered. Whoever in me said that didn’t know how they used my poor body to support themselves, so I didn’t get his implications and felt like a spendthrift. On a hidden level, he was telling me that I didn’t deserve to spend any of the money I brought in.

 Throughout these years, my body was in such a thunderous uproar that I didn’t know what I felt emotionally. I was burning and numb. Much older now, I began unraveling the feelings that lay knotted in a heap under my heart, feelings more disturbing and biting than my body sensations. Anger, rage, fear, terror, shame; I felt betrayed, used, worthless, unloved—all accurate responses. I felt grey and red. I wanted to rip off my limbs, head. I was a rag doll, nothing but a rag doll people peed on. My non-life as a rag doll. Feeling—ripping—hating—wanting revenge. Monsters lived around me, not family.

Appleness

The body bypasses the brain’s silence. It’s over now. I have to release these feelings, comfort myself and help others.

 Never having been in love with life, I don’t mind growing and looking old. I can tolerate seeing my mother’s likeness in my body, her contours, frown, half smile. When I see an imprint of this biological father’s—in the related color of my skin, for instance—then I feel a familiar insanity creep onto me and I want to pull my flesh off. The injuries they imposed on me, the genes they imposed—that is what I cannot take in my stride. But I’ll have to, if I want to get on with life in a way that resembles health. I will have to accept it, even swallow it, and cease vomiting.

 I feel all the parts of me, those tiny cells in my brain, join one by one the larger brain, subsumed by it. It has taken years. I don’t rush it. The parts of my brain know what to do on their own somehow. I feel the paralyzed transmitters of my brain come to life, then quiet down. They have done their work. They need rest now. I feel frozen segments in my brain defrost, rid themselves of electricity and join movement in my larger brain.

 I give my body time to unwind, to grow into its considerable years, having missed most or almost all of its life. I coo and comfort it. I am its friend, champion. I love myself. “It’s over now, Wendy,” I tell myself. “How do you know it’s over?” another hyper-vigilant part of me says. But I feel a deep relaxing in myself, like water soaking parched earth, easing thirst. I am aware of breath going in and then out, not just in. I pick up an apple fallen from a tree. It is covered with dried leaves and dirt. I inspect it for bruises. It is still firm and whole, not rotting. It has kept its appleness somehow. I wipe it off until it shines. My shoulders drop, my neck lengthens in undulating exhales. My muscles still hold taut clusters of fatigue that they slowly relinquish.

 The body, close to the soul, is not what perpetrators do to it, but something else, something beyond humans’ desecrations. My body belongs to me, not my perpetrators. I am my own person who has lost everything, but not my conscience, will or empathy. I heal from atrocities.

“Whatever ways my days decline,

I felt and feel, tho’ left alone,

 His being working in my own,

The footsteps of his life in mine….”

Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, 85, lines 41-4

“The events of people’s lives have, after all, only to the least degree originated in them, having generally depended on all sorts of circumstances such as the moods, the life or death of quite different people, and have, as it were, only at the given point of time come hurrying towards them.”

Robert Musil, *The Man Without Qualities*, translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser

VI: Self-Esteem, Presentation for Survivorship, May 2021

 and SMART conference, August 2021

I.

I am speaking as a survivor or surviving victim of mind controllers and generational mind control. I was never a programmer, so cannot talk about their generalized methods. I can only talk about what happened to me and what I observed happening or had been told happened to some others.

 We have to say whether our presentations are triggering. Mine is. How bad is triggering? Should you endure triggering? Here are the benefits. There are two lives going on in each mind controlled person: one in ordinary life, and another inside. Before recovery, the front life doesn’t know about the inside life, and the inside life doesn’t know about the front life.

 The front strip is oblong, crosses the front of the brain. Here personalities who deal with ordinary life live. The back or inside brain, much larger than the front, houses parts also created by programmers to do satanic work. The front area contains one or more, sometimes many more parts or personalities. The back area has possibly a multitude. They are stationed in modules insulted by electricity from electroshock. Electricity and torture paralyze transmitters so that one module cannot communicate with others. Thick barriers separate the two walled off terrains of front and back.

 Your job as a survivor or surviving victim of mind control is to make the two terrains meet. Then you can know yourself.

 My first programmer set the landscape of my mind control in my child mind, he designated areas for sections and modules for personalities. He gave each personality a letter and number. The letter referred to the section, the number to the part’s placement within the section. He instructed them not to move unless called out. Their life consisted of moving forward when beckoned or sleeping inside. In that way, a modified paralysis stifled my brain. Perpetrators lie, but some of what they say sometimes may be true. Therefore it is difficult to know whether these commands are accurate. When I discovered a new personality, a small area of my brain sometimes spasmed. And during my first major integration, when my front area joined with the Illuminati section within, my brain spasmed hard for several days or more. But that doesn’t prove that Max and others told the truth about secret areas of the brain housing parts. When master programmers begin talking, we’ll know more, unless they persist in lying. But if a module in the front section speaks to a module in the back section, or vice versa, the first step in destroying this strangling paralysis has been accomplished and true healing has begun.

 Mind controllers buried information about yourself and your life deep within the brain. It is difficult to get to. It can come out by chance, a moment of revelation, in dreams or by being triggered by what others with a similar background say. I don’t believe you can really find the buried and dissociated without being triggered sometimes.

 Perpetrators know how to call out parts, because they put in the codes or have read about them in recorded books, computerized now, that they keep on most mind controlled victims. But for healing, a book, a chance comment or visual, a presentation can trigger an inside personality, and you can then find out information that personality holds and where that personality lives within the internal system that enemies created within you.

I will be addressing mostly survivors or surviving victims. Devoted therapists who may be listening can learn more about the interior worlds of their clients. Invaluable supporters can too. If you are one of the rare people in the world who believes survivors and wants to learn more about what is happening in the world, there is information for you also.

 Perpetrators and spies are probably listening to this presentation. Even if you are listening for the wrong reasons and have been assigned to listen, you too can gain something helpful from it. As difficult as recovery is, it is not so hard as living as a non-self. Mind control only produces non-selves. All these evil perpetrator-type people running around destroying and lying to themselves that they are powerful, they too have been made into non-selves. Who is underneath all that violence still has to be found.

There are many books written in ordinary life about improving self-esteem. Most of those books are for normal people. They have good suggestions in them that can apply to anyone. But there is a world of difference between those whose lives create poor self-esteem naturally and those who have had it systematically ripped from them.

I make the distinction between normal people and those coming out of mind control. By normal, I mean those who have not had their brain criminally sectioned off with amnesiac barriers placed between modules. They remember more or less what happens to them. They have in general not been electroshocked, drugged constantly and rejected and abandoned at birth. Normal people have not been forced to attend satanic rituals and observe close hand homicides.

Perpetrators have tortured survivors’ brains so that survivors will not remember or know who they are. The mind control starts usually at birth or before and continues through childhood and usually afterward.

 People steal homes, farms, spouses, children, money and brains.

 Another but more subtle difference is that regular people often want to be like a parent or parents. They may imitate their families and feel their support. We go against how our families act. On some level, even if you’re mind controlled from birth, something in you knows about the people close to you, whom you observe day in and day out. Families of the mind controlled are sometimes mean. Even if they wouldn’t want to be, even though many yearn to be free, they are forced to act like that. They may be threatened that worse will happen to their children if they are not cruel. However, some parents are genuinely sadistic and enjoy hurting others. Children perceive cruelty and may vow not to be like their parent or parents. So while the normal have role models, we don’t. If we want to be different, we have to make our own way, usually with no support and against people who try to stop us. Nevertheless, it can be done. We have to figure out and learn how people should act, what normal people feel, how to behave.

 On one level, we may have been lying to ourselves and idolizing our families, but somewhere underneath, we know they acted in accordance with evil. We knew. We know.

*The real work of mind control is to make victims feel wretched about themselves.*

Perpetrators believe that reducing their victims’ self-esteem is a necessary condition of mind control. For example, to me programmers said: “Your mother doesn’t love you because you’re stupid. Your sister is smart. You’re not good enough.” Others may have a variant of that kind of denigration.

Mind control to feel unworthy along with the family’s destructive behaviors is a potent recipe for creating victims’ low self-esteem. These programs are put in young parts. The personalities holding this low self-esteem programming are kept in imaginary internal prisons in the brain. The young parts don’t grow up. They are frozen inside. They are imprisoned but affect the feelings of the whole internal system. The rage from being silenced and abused also affects the whole system.

We are born thinking we are worthy of love, but that belief was systemically crushed. We have to rebuild it.

One of the hardest jobs for mind controlled people is to believe in yourself. Programmers—all mind controlled people have programmers—make you think that you deserve nothing in life and are just a marionette on a tight string and a means for your controllers to get what they want.

 They are lying to you. You are not who they attempted to make you be.

To heal, you will need confidence, belief and trust in yourself. I was shopping for a glass water bottle. I told the salesperson I thought stainless steel left a taste on water. She agreed. I was expecting her to contradict me.

 All that brought back how generational mind control victims were raised not even to trust their outermost impressions and thoughts, reality—to deny what they know to be true.

 So a step in refinding yourself and believing that you can see what you see and know what you know and taste what you taste is sticking with yourself and not letting anyone do the deadly work of forcing you to disbelieve yourself.

 The salesperson in front of the water bottles helped me realize all that.

We have to train ourselves not to put too much weight on what other people think of us. The important thing is to think well of yourself, believe in yourself, trust yourself, believe what you remember while looking for memory tricks and programs.

You can go from a life of having absolutely no choices, as hard as that may be to believe, to a life of making your own decisions. What is just natural to ordinary people becomes a miracle to us.

Another thing I want to caution you about: If you are mind controlled to do something you would not choose to do but feel at that time powerless to resist, the mind, our mind controlled minds, embroiders so to speak an explanation, a rationalization, on top of the program. It is a way to continue living with ourselves without acknowledging that we are mind controlled slaves.

I’ll give you an example. When handlers and programmers forced me to leave Canada, I told myself and others that I needed medical insurance (which Americans don’t have in Canada). In ordinary life, medical insurance is a big issue. In acute lives like mine, it is not the main priority. Try to notice the position of your mouth, shoulders, what your heart and body feel like when you rationalize to yourself and others. Think back on the lies you gave yourself and if you can, follow one of them to what it covers, what it hides. It is very difficult to acknowledge mind control, that others control you. But the alternative is worse—that we live in slavery at others’ beck and call, that we don’t have the freedom to make any real choice about our lives and that we may also be tortured. Which is worse? To acknowledge it and take the step to ending it, or to continue with it?

 People who come from satanic cult families often, usually, have many parts in their brains who see themselves as slaves. They live some of their lives in this slave persona. Self-esteem can break that identity—that lie. You are not a slave. You are your own person. They may have made you into a slave, but that was abuse, and not the truth. You belong only to yourself.

It doesn’t help our self-esteem that controllers make us do their dirty work. The whole you wouldn’t do that, but they have insulated specialized parts in the brain trained to perform that way and to think something worse would happen if you don’t. The rest of the brain doesn’t know about it. Before healing, these segments of our brain stay programmed to do odious deeds. Is that not reason enough to take control of our brains?

We were commanded to do evil acts and told something worse will occur if we didn’t comply. Many of us bowed to their commands to do the wrong thing and thereby betrayed ourselves and the world. We have to forgive ourselves for our bad though understandable judgment. We were afraid and naive and didn’t understand how deceptive villainous perpetrators are.

For those of us born into generational mind control cults, we are trained from childhood to believe we will never be free, that we are destined to remain their slaves. That affects how we think about ourselves. And it is a lie. Perpetrators, who like to be called “masters” or “masters of the mind” and other deceptive titles like that, use all sorts of torture to enforce that false belief. We can escape their clutches. Realize it is a lie. Why do they work so hard and long and recurrently to make you believe these lies? Because the lies will keep you in the place they want you to be. What they torture you into believing is not who you are. You have every right to be free. You do not belong to them.

Because we have personalities in us that have been frozen in time, perceptions, knowledge and thinking, it is hard for the whole brain to move, advance, change. Frozen is a habitual state for us. The stasis or paralysis also stifles our self-esteem.

In addition, programmers employ dual or opposite programming. This kind of programming also creates a paralysis in its victims, the kind of frozenness that many of us experience. The do and don’t do grate against each other. Examples are to feel worthless—to feel grandiose, to be angry—not to be angry, to love—not to love, to eat—not to eat, to die—not to die and so forth. Programmers can call out whichever program they want whenever they want.

They take an event that you innocently participated in, change the facts so that you think you did something bad and feel guilty. They show you fabricated pictures to “prove” your guilt. They want you to go through life thinking you are a bad person.

How hard is it to have the desire for freedom? How hard is it to make decisions and not follow orders. To make choices, big ones, important ones, like where to live, whom to marry, what career to pursue, what to study, or even what to eat.

Poor self-esteem keeps you trapped. Start by working on believing and appreciating yourself.

In addition, decreased self-esteem makes for decreased tolerance of change, and healing is about change, perhaps the biggest change.

We are the fortunate generation. We have help. People like Neil Brick and others volunteer to do the hard work and offer these conferences to help people like us. Therapists with good minds have focused on understanding mind control, programming and how the human mind can be overtaken by enemies. Books and articles in print and on-line exist. We can read about others’ experiences and how they achieved freedom. I don’t think people had the chance to escape mind control imposed on them ever before. It is our time. Grab it.

How does one move from being a survivor to a living being?

Self-esteem is the first step in recovery, the middle and the last step of healing. Good self-esteem endorses the self. Here are some steps:

Step **one**: believe in yourself. No matter what you’ve been taught about yourself, you are okay and deserve to be on earth. Start working to believe that.

Before recovery, we live our lives by the lies programmers and family fed us with milk. Recovery brings an awareness of those lies based on knowledge rather than deception. *It is a shock to learn that the person you were made to believe is you is not you, and that the choices you thought you made during your life were not made by you.*

The transition from going from what others want you to believe about yourself to what you know about yourself is difficult but it is how you get to value yourself. Mind control denigrates. Taking yourself back gives value to your life.

Step **two**: be kind to yourself. Think of ways to comfort yourself and give yourself what you want. Self-kindness grates against all the programs in you.

 The foundation of mind control is the lie that you are a bad person, that others won’t love you. Once you are loving yourself and being kind to yourself, you are going against established programs within. There may be inside reactions. It is worth the struggle to know who you are. It is worth the struggle for truth and freedom.

Step **three**: you are not bad. Infants and children in you will feel the most unworthy. You may have to start with a front person and change those beliefs first. They will penetrate your inside system and reach your desolate children.

 Programmers want to hold those children in place. You can release them by changing how they feel about themselves.

Step **four**: learn who you are:

 Children who have been mind controlled never got the chance to learn who they are. Programmers usurped their potential identity. Controllers told them who they are, mostly lies. For example, children with a high intelligence are made to believe that they are stupid or average.

Step **five**: think for yourself.

Stop letting other people hold your life. Begin to be aware that you do not think for yourself and that you are used to having others think for you. Many of those others are enemies. In your regular life, try to stop asking others to make decisions for you or avoid people who want to decide for you. Choose what you want, what you think is best. That is one aspect of your brain that has not been used but can be developed. Start with little or big things. Think. Begin the long journey into independence.

No matter how difficult the life of healing is, no matter how distasteful all the choices you have to make, make them your decisions. Even if it turns out to be a bad choice, it will be your choice. It will assert the power you see you do have, you will be holding onto your life and not letting it slide into someone else’s hands. When you were a child, you were helpless and needed someone honest and caring to tell you what to do. You probably didn’t get that if you are a mind control victim. You are not helpless as an adult, even if you still have child parts within.

 If you survived mind control, even when you survived wounded, you can survive and accomplish anything. Believe in yourself. Don’t give yourself away. Break the pattern of abandoning yourself.

Step **Six**: Try to rid yourself of emotions that perpetrators put in you and find out how you really feel. They place devastating feelings in victims. For example, they insert worry and anxiety among many other feelings.

 My programmers wanted worry and anxiety to help prevent me from having a real life. In the lower basement programming site in the Pleasant Hills building, male relatives created a personality in me called ‘worry and fret:’

 “You have to always worry. Worry and fret. Did I lock the door, did I shut off the water, did I close the fridge door? You will always block your brain with petty worries, so that you can’t go forward or make progress. Your body is not yours. It’s ours. You own nothing of yourself. If you don’t learn to worry, we’ll have to kill this baby.” (The baby was a doll, but tell that to a drugged, tortured child.)

 This program was hard to dispel, and I did find myself worrying excessively about minutiae. Any program can be broken.

 They specialize in creating anger in victims and then use that anger for their own purposes. They indoctrinate victims to think that they don’t own their bodies or their emotions:

They say, “Your body is not yours. It’s ours. You own nothing of yourself, not even how you feel.”

Under the depression they create, they insert suicidal ideation to use at their will. Under the anger they create, they insert homicidal ideation. You would never have agreed to be used for the purposes they have for you. What they insert are not your genuine emotions.

Step **Seven**: Don’t accept blame.Mind controllers specialize in blaming victims. The programming goes something like this: You are bad because…

It’s your fault that… They make up scenes and events.

Atrocities are done to victims who are then blamed for them. A two-fold affect is: it disparages victims’ self-esteem and creates an internal rage in victims that in this abusive world is not safe to express. That rage festers within victims until it is acknowledged and expressed directly. Perpetrators create that rage for reasons. Nothing here is arbitrary. Perpetrators can summon the rage and use it to order victims to do destructive actions. It takes health to aim anger at the correct people and not other victims.

II.

In mind control, this is a typical program command:

Programmer: “You will have no narrative information. You will not even remember what happens a moment ago. Everything you’re forgetting now is held in a nest in your brain. That only I and others like me have access to and can call up whenever we like. You may not call up what is there. We own it, not you. We own your information. Now feel all this information drain out and into the nest. Feel it drain away from your conscious mind, into this nest. Goodbye awareness. You remember nothing now. Not even who you are.”

Step **eight:** Forgive yourself.

Many normal people sail or stumble through life with one mind, one life, remembering the important. Surviving victims of mind control not only have many personalities residing within their brain, they also live many lives at once. They go to school or work, perform tasks, usually earn money. Some live alone and some are part of families, have children. Then there is the secret life or lives that they are not allowed to know about but that are they forced to live.

 Here is a thumbnail sketch of our many lives. Say they are a college student. During the day they are in class or doing school papers. At night (or it even could be during daylight), they are abducted, driven to a political party (it could be any kind of satanic event) and have to perform their several roles. Then they may be taken for closedown so that they will not remember what just (less than an hour before) occurred.

 Or say you are a carpenter by profession. You build whatever you’re building during the day. By night, you have to be at a certain location to do an assigned satanic task that you would never ever have willingly done. It will be a criminal task. Then you may go for closedown so that you will not have any recall whatsoever. All of this is violent to the body, mind, soul, spirit.

We have to forgive ourselves for what others do to us. It is not what we would have chosen to do. We have to forgive ourselves for being slaves. The only way out of this kind of entrapment is by becoming aware. I imagine a few were genuinely rescued and kept safe. But that is nothing to count on. It is an aberration. Most of us have to do the hard work of finding out who we are, what controls are placed in our brains, what programs keep us slaves and undo them.

It is not our fault that we were born into generational cults. It is not our fault that we had parents who were prisoners themselves and could not or were not willing to help their children. It is not our fault that mind control has reached new heights and is hard to decipher, hard but not impossible. All that is reason to respect yourself, value yourself, cherish yourself and fight. Fight for the right to be who you are. Not someone else’s creation of you but who you really are on your own. There are pleasures in life, the pleasure of sleep, satisfying hunger, thirst, walking in the sun, shade, clean air. And the greatest pleasure, discovering who you are.

If you are living a dissociated life and so called “masters” are pulling your strings and telling you what to do, then how do you feel good about yourself or have good self-esteem?

Is this a situation you would chose for yourself? Of course not. People want freedom above all and will fight for it.

Can you control who your parents are? Of course not. You didn’t chose

mind controlled parents who had to turn over their children and believed that if they didn’t, they would be murdered.

You didn’t choose this life of amnesia and are trying to get out of it. You

are not to blame for how others treat you. They also may not know what they are doing, or they may think something worse could happen if they don’t control you or they may simply be sadistic. Whatever their motivation, it is not your fault. Show yourself pity and sympathy, not disdain.

 Some surviving victims are completely amnesiac and only are aware of their front persons. Some are in the process of regaining memories (and the self) and others are almost totally integrated. For those of you who have amnesia, for some there will be enemies in your life that you are not aware of, people from the division of this cult you still belong to who spy on you, report on you and sometimes may also hurt you physically. Finding out what’s in your tampered with brain allows you to know about this destructiveness. Knowledge or awareness is the first step to keeping yourself safe. Once you realize what is going on in your life, most people break off these destructive if you want to call them relationships though they are not relationships, they are abuse.

 By the way, about spontaneous meetings: some survivors tell of meeting someone by chance. It is usually not by chance. Perpetrators watch for and grab opportunities. Be suspicious of the chance encounters in your life. They may be set-ups.

 Then how do you have self-esteem knowing now that you were duped most

of your life? That the people in your world may be enemies? That you may have done tasks or nice deeds for people who were out to destroy you? How do you live with that?

You didn’t know. Not until you remember or associate. It is okay to feel

like a fool, but not okay to think poorly of yourself. You were mind controlled. You suffered extreme torture starting at a young age. There are two types of these satanic cults: generational or non-generational. If you’re from a generational mind control cult, all your rearing was designed to make you unaware and amnesiac. If you’ve joined a non-generational satanic cult, there must have been reasons for your making a poor choice. Explore those reasons and influences and think about another way to express your pain.

 Here is a question to ask yourself: If I hurt other people, will that make me like them, make me into who they want me to be? Yes. Then how to handle this pain? By NOT becoming what they want you to be.

I can’t stress enough how we were not treated as people, how our bodies were considered objects to abuse, to use for perpetrators’ selfish desires. A part of you may think they were right, justified. That misinformed part may be buried deep inside but may be there feeding your thoughts and beliefs. They were not right. They are wrong. You are human and alive. Your body is part of you. It deserves respect, it is worthwhile, precious. It has integrity.

In some ways it is more painful to realize how wrong important people in your world were or are. If you are not enough to please your mother, are you enough? How do you really slip out of that very young, solid, unmovable slot?

They were wrong. Some of them didn’t even know what they were doing. Some perpetrators just follow orders too. But you have to give up, move away from people who treat you badly, like an object, worse than an animal. How does one move from being a victim to being a living being? It entails separation from the destructive community you are used to.

Whenever any sign of self-importance and self-respect emerges, as it often does, these “masters” crush it. If they are not around to spot it as it occurs, tattlers will report the eruptions. Tattlers are usually from family or friends. When I was finishing my masters degree in social work, I felt good about myself and excited about what I was learning. Then came a series of tortures that injured me. People at the school who knew nothing about mind control noticed the change in me but could not suspect its cause.

Choosing freedom is difficult. You may go from a frozen, numb state to a whirlwind of stored emotions, a lifetime of emotions.

 I spent my life being bossed around by other people, letting them make big and small decisions for me, always telling me what to do. I swallowed my reactions of outrage and assertiveness. Where did those feelings go when I should have said no but didn’t? They went into a sack inside hidden far away from my knowing mind. I finally got to the stage of emptying that sack of non-responsiveness. I began to experience the anger I didn’t express during so very many insults. I am an angry old woman at last, in touch with my health. These insults took place in my everyday and secret lives. They are all melded together in this swelling sack in my brain. I have stored anger that I never expressed at the time and festered all these years. I have now flashes of remarks others made to me that feel like put downs. Most of these remarks were spontaneous or possibly scripted put-downs. I stored them in this section, or they stored them for me. I had already been trained (through torture) not to fight or even say anything if I hear what I believe to be an insult. Now those hundreds, thousands, more? instances emerge, one by one. New insults occur. Those don’t get stored. I feel their impact either immediately or soon afterward. Sometimes I say something, other times I don’t. A practical side to living still exists. I can’t make too many enemies.

The rage in this section has abscessed. It grinds bitterly, eats holes in my tissues. In this section is also the core of me—how I value myself, assert myself, believe truly that I have rights, that I am who I am, that I have a right to be in the world. Here I have the power not to die, the power to want to be alive. Here, so deeply buried, so squeezed into a prison is the hope for me.

**Love**: Self-esteem and love go together. People can’t love unless they believe they bring something to the table. Even after believing in themselves, they have the battle of overcoming their first relationships. In mind control cults, family relationships are tainted with hatred. Mothers reject infants. Fathers abuse babies. Many siblings have to be cruel or something worse may happen. We learn falsely that something in us is not right or we would have been accepted and embraced. We bring responses to what has happened to the new. We have to unlearn before we can learn to love and accept love. We have to rebuild the truth that we are worthy of love.

**Grief**: Grief has always been meant to be shared. Religions of all sorts have arranged for people to sit together and share loss. In these mind control cults, however, grief and the parts that hold it are isolated, without comfort, or communion, or anything that will replace the loss.

 I find these pre-natal grieving parts separated and inside imaginary internal cells and prisons. I hope we can share and that I can carry what they hold for them or with them.

 A good part of the new emerging self is grieving what happened to the old you and what those inside parts had to do. Love yourself during the grief. Work on consoling yourself.

If you choose to go through or continue with recovery from mind control and if you don’t let anyone stop you—if you keep knowing the truth is your goal—then one day a new you will emerge from the ruins of your past. That new you struggling to get a footing will still look back on all the ‘people’ planted in your brain by enemies. Those ‘people’ had to do deeds, had to function in prescribed ways, ways you never would have chosen or agreed to had you not been tortured and threatened and made to be dissociated. Those parts were dressed but were not in their clothes. They were there but nowhere around.

The new me looks back and feels love and tenderness for these old parts who no longer have to exist and perform. The strings of these marionettes are clipped, the chains of the slaves broken. They are free now. They reach out their arms to the new emerging self, the new emerging self reaches out their arms to them. They love one another. The essential is to love yourself, to comfort yourself, to be true to yourself. For many of us who have to leave our families behind, the self is the new family. Be kind, accepting, stick by yourself. It is what you have now.

III.

*Perpetrators’ main weapon to have you not belong to yourself is their creation of amnesia.*

It is not easy to stop a human being from growth and being, to prevent them from knowing who they are, finding their wants, discovering their talents, abilities. It is not easy to thwart humans completely and to render them automatons. But that is what happened to many of us born into satanic generational mind control cults. It started when we were too young to know what happened and have lived our lives without knowing it happened. But we can release the stalled blood in our bodies, let our skin breathe, let our brains expand and drive out imposed electric barriers. We can exhale. Our bones can become stronger. We do not have to remain in a thwarted state. No one is saying that this transformation is easy. It is possible and in my opinion worth it.

Even when we escape these perpetrators’ clutches, even then we can be harassed. Politicians and especially their wives use hand signals that we see on TV. I watched an honest news show and a guest who is an award-winning playwright used continuous hand signals. I asked inside myself what these hand signals meant. They told surviving victims not to remember anything or they will be attacked badly and maybe killed. Unhealed surviving victims, those with parts that still follow commands from hand signals, would probably react to them and may be silenced.

Survivorship wisely cautions presenters against using any kind of hand signal or even using their hands when they speak. People from the ordinary, non-cult world won’t see what is going on. Honest producers won’t know their broadcasts are being used by satanic cults. Anyone who tells them would be disbelieved or worse. All victims’ early training to recognize and interpret hand signals and visual objects that contain mind control commands is intentional. In this way, programmers continue to program and enforce established programs and no one sees what they are doing. 21st century people don’t like to think evil exists and is at play. If society evolves and we hear the truth, people could go into shock. We live on lies. Truth is a foreign language.

Trauma, habits, impulses stick. We have to work hard and consciously to change these patterns and shed these instilled habits. For example, stop giving too much, working too hard, being too pleasing. You don’t have to earn your place on earth. You belong here and have rights. Other victims do the opposite, and to them I say stop giving nothing, doing little work, not trying to please anyone.

I cannot say definitely whether I have been tortured since March 2017. Once utterly dissociated by others, I cannot ever say that I know anything for certain. There is always the possibility of some secluded part of my brain having been abducted, and is still unknown to me. That unknown to me part may still hold unshared information. But my body tells me I am well. I have more optimism. I am aware that I have a life to live and work to do.

I have essentially just been born. I may not have many more years to live so I have to go fast, through my development years, rebellious ones, professional ones and old age.

I will live what I can of my life—I will live it fast for I am alive now and I have a brain that I can call my own, a brain that belongs to me and not controllers and not to a satanic machine that controls the world. I am not folded under complete ownership.

During my life, I could not find a way out. I remained a used and tortured slave. My unilateral response was not to want to be alive. Every module of my brain that has talked has said “I do not want to be alive.” Now that I believe I am relatively free, I will give wanting to be alive a chance. I will step into the ocean in summer, one toe, another. My ankles, thighs. I will take in life, swim in it, swallow some soft water but will not drown. I will try the back stroke, crawl, side stroke, butterfly. I will be my own raft. My brain and body will wake. I will try life.

Only some of my front people lived in life. They did not have sustained life. Something would happen in ordinary life—like programming or technology—and a part with different qualities—like youth or mechanical abilities—would be needed. They would be shoved back in and another part delivered forward. No part would have sustained developmental experiences.

If we were like normal people in ordinary life, then improving our self-esteem would be an end in itself, as all those self-help books would tell you. But ours has a double-purpose. We improve our self-esteem for ourselves, our worth and happiness—but also and even more importantly, to open a gate in a different realm. When you take your mind back, when you find it for the first time for it is often taken away during infancy, when you find out who you are, claim it and hold it, then you open a gate for others to follow—you make a significant move to destroy slavery. You free yourself and you free others. Believe in yourself. Listen to your insides. Pay attention to your impressions. Don’t abandon yourself. Others have abandoned you, but don’t do it to yourself. You deserve better and truer.

 There are others doing this same work. You may not know who they are, where they live, you may never meet them in this earthly realm. All the work towards freedom and the end of slavery reverberates. You will not be alone in this Herculean fight. You will have colleagues even if you don’t know who these other survivors are. Be strong. Be free.

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The first day’s Night had come –

And grateful that a thing

So terrible – had been endured –

I told my Soul to sing –

 She said her Strings were snapt –

The Bow – to Atoms blown –

And so to mend her – gave me work

Until another Morn –

And then – a Day as huge

As Yesterdays in pairs,

Unrolled its horror in my face –

Until it blocked my eyes –

My Brain – begun to laugh –

I mumbled – like a fool –

And tho’ tis Years ago – that Day –

My Brain keeps giggling – still.

And Something’s odd – within –

That person that I was –

And this One – do not feel the same –

Could it be Madness – this?

Emily Dickinson, number 410

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Two Dogs

 I have owned two west highland terriers, one when I was a young teenager, the other starting when I was sixty. They are the playful, white Scottish-looking dogs with black round eyes and ears that stand up straight. You sometimes see them in commercials for dog food. I met my first westie at the Brooklyn fake monastery where I was held prisoner. I was almost fourteen when I entered this disguised prison, and Pow Wow immediately latched onto me, as if he were waiting for me all those years. He belonged to the satanist Mordecai Samuels whom Pow Wow abandoned on the spot when he smelled, saw, sensed me. He jumped on my thighs and stayed there, cleaving to me. He saw himself as my protector and in fact I would not have survived those dismantling years without this constant love.

 Satanists do all they can to torment love and empathy, squash, drain, murder them. They do not permit anything that could break the addiction to hatred. They placed me on a throne because they thought of me as a satanic queen, a naked, tied up queen, and made me watch as they skinned alive my valiant, earnest twenty-two pound savior. Even in his dying agony, he kept trying to get

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back to me, leaving bloody paw prints on the floor. I let out gargling moans through the gag which meant: “Don’t come near me, Pow Wow. Don’t prolong it, don’t suffer like this. Die quickly. Please die fast.” I can still hear my crying out over six decades away from this tragedy and my forced amnesia about it. In the center of those desperate moans is my breakdown. I have not met humans who can love as Pow Wow did, does.

 It was the new century, almost fifty years later, when another westie fell from the skies to my lap and heart. I was entering another phase of life almost as difficult as that teenage phase. I started to remember horror and deceit. I was undoing mind control for real. Everything in my world would change, and the fates sent me another savior, another little white dog. I don’t think I could have gone through that phase without her overwhelming love. She had silken fur, an equally peppy, playful personality and a happy, exuberant soul. She loved to lick faces and hands. I was living near Baltimore and working as a talk therapist. Before her, during the commute home especially, I felt a thick fluid of depression creep into my skin. I did not know how to rid myself of it, and often thought something would have to happen in my life, for I could not go on like this. For a while, I had the image of a westie. Someone in the neighborhood of the agency where I worked owned one, whom I saw at times on the street when I took

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 walks during lunch break. My heart would bounce out of numbness then. I wondered whether this could be a sign.

 I remember what I wore the day I followed an ad for westie puppies to Pennsylvania. I felt a foreign-kind of spring in me that I had not experienced for a long time or ever. I glowed and fused into the universe.

 The seller didn’t want me to look in her garage. I have no idea what or how many animals she had in there. I had no idea she bought litters from puppy mills. She had a litter of westies in her living room. One, the runt of the litter, small, delicate, almost spiritual, sat on my legs and would not budge. I felt her essence sinking into me. The others galloped around the room, as if they never before had a chance to run or explore. I took the one on my lap home. She was eight weeks old, and we began our troubled, loving life together that would last sixteen and a half years, and beyond that. This dog had the westie piercing dark eyes that drew me in like a lighthouse for sailors lost at sea. I smelled gulls and lilacs. As I drove back to Maryland, she curled beside me, a white flower, and I named her Blossom. She radiated the vibe of a mission accomplished as she slept a peaceful sleep. I had a peaceful feeling as if I had done the right thing. These moments of peace are like contented naps in beds of wildflowers. She already poked holes in the vines of my monster depression.

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 My first westie had slept glued to my bones. Blossom didn’t like to cuddle, and I’ve had touch deprivation for a long time. I read later in a dog magazine that male westies are physically affectionate and female ones are more like cats and elusive physically. Blossom was cat-like, ultra-independent and a fighter like me. Around her, I felt encased, packed in the cotton of care even if she would not snuggle. She seemed hyper and barked a lot. It took years for me to realize she would not stop barking at passersby until they greeted her. She was like a community organizer. I had no idea then that she would become an anchor, raft in my weary life. She was already lifting my hopelessness. At the same time, I was flooded by memories of Pow Wow. I thought ignorantly because she was the same breed as he. The mind is a lying magician.

 Our calm didn’t last long. A relative from out-of-town visited me one afternoon, perhaps even to check up on me. He may have reported to his ‘superiors’ that I had this puppy. Or perhaps local informers did. I had not asked my ‘superiors’ for permission to own a dog. A punishable sin.

 Controllers sent a fake pastor from Manhattan. I must have been getting closer to a memory breakthrough and now had the support of this devoted, energetic, noisy animal. She was just a baby. He and his entourage broke into my townhouse, drugged and tortured me, caught this innocent dog, and twisted her hind legs. I can only imagine her pain and confusion, and the anguish of whoever in me witnessed this assault and took years to tell the rest of my mind

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about it. I know my mutual heart sunk—the witnesses within and mine. I was used to torture and at the age where nothing more could stop me from learning who I am. I had already lost all there was to lose. But to injure an innocent animal! What have I done by bringing her into my life! How could I be so cruel and unprotective?

 I would take Blossom to the field across the street. She would run with pleasure. Her back legs would suddenly collapse. Being dissociative and having amnesia about the break-in and torture, I had no idea

why her legs collapsed, and the segregated, isolated parts of my mind that witnessed this treachery were silent. The front island of my supposedly rational brain that led ordinary life blamed the weakness on her puppy mill origins. Drowning, I floated in an unknown void with guilt and awareness too far away to grasp. Who was I anyway? No one yet.

 When people live outside family life and romance, and don’t even have a living best friend, being the most important to anyone feels crucial, for no one else deeply cares. That may seem harsh, but ask many single people living without family or community. This dog loved me, and I thrived with that love and

stayed alive. I didn’t know how much I loved and needed her, even as I didn’t know I was not protecting her and had no right to have a dog. She knew what

was happening because I doubt that dogs can be made dissociative, but still she loved and wanted to be with me.

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 About a month later, there was another break-in and this time the same mind controlled relative twisted one of her hind legs. Still I had no memory, awareness of this assault. Blossom would run and her back legs would collapse. After a while, she ran again and her legs collapsed again. She could walk. How brave she was, what determination, fortitude, perseverance. Nothing would stop her either.

 Having no memory of what happened to her, I rushed her around to vets and veterinarian neurologists. They could not say what was wrong. A volunteer rescue worker I spoke with casually on the phone suggested my dog had been abused. Her words resonated with, some of my inside parts . The expensive vets I asked said that there were absolutely no signs of abuse. An occupational therapist told me to put vet tape on her back legs, which prevented them from turning over and scraping. We exercised her legs every day and they did grow stronger as she aged.

 I had two hints that she was sent to rescue me. We walked on a pebbly mountainside. I slipped and fell backward. She scanned me, round and round, like a machine until I rose. No doctor or mother ever showed such care.

 Later, we walked along a beach, the tide covering my feet. Blossom barked and yelped running on the parallel sand, insisting I leave the water, not understanding afraid for me. I grew closer to retrieving full memory.

 I thought we would be safe in Canada but we weren’t. Three separate times local satanists threw Blossom against a wall. I witnessed it but didn’t

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remember, got a glimmer of reality, lost it, regained it, lost it again. Memory was like trying to hold onto a fighting eel. Still this dog loved me. If she were a human, she would have cursed me. If she were a cat, she would have scratched my face. I had dragged her across the country to be tortured again. It took me years to grasp fully what happened to her, what I exposed her to.

 After a year, I left Victoria and went right into a satanic ‘safe’ house, the epitome of unsafety (described in *A Brain of My Own*). Recently an internal part that my biological father inserted in my brain when I was a child told the rest of me about one of the many sessions in their guest room. The perpetrators’ son, trained to do evil deeds, picked up Blossom and said “What should I do with the dog?” Blossom’s legs ran in the air trying to reach me. The master programmer said, “Put the dog down.” The salivating son insisted on knowing why he

couldn’t hurt the dog. “It could jog her memory,” the master answered and

wanted to get on with the gang rape. When they untied me and left, I rolled onto the floor. Blossom licked my hands and snuggled near me.

 From there, programmers sent me to a tiny city, where harrowing torture and entrapment continued mainly by different local satanists. Finally my pressing recent memories broke through and I knew what was happening to Blossom and me. A friend from Victoria rescued me, and I believe I have been safe since the beginning of 2017. It was all a matter of taking my mind back. While dissociative, I had been a sitting duck. They can’t do much to you if you have memory and awareness, because you’ll tell. They thrive on secrecy can’t kill everyone.

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 Blossom stayed alive as long as she could. She did that for me. Even though I was an unwitting, unprotective mother, I was her work. Pow Wow escorted me through my enslavement, and Blossom, my escape but sadly not the aftermath.

 What I regret about my move back to the east coast in 2020 is my tension before she died. I was in chronic acute pain from an automobile accident that I was still recovering from while I packed, made arrangements for moving furniture, figured out food for her during the trip when I could not cook.

 She had been deaf for over a year. Her eyes were getting crusty. She wouldn’t let me put her maintenance eye drops. Her body was getting more brittle. She no longer attacked the vacuum. When we emerged from the forest trails, she no longer chased rabbits in the field. I felt the change stiffening but wandered onto deceptive hopefulness believing and not believing that I would have one, one and a half, two and a half, three more years. Surely she would make the trip with me and acclimate to her new home. I bought a blanket for the long car ride for her. I would buy her the warmest coat ever in the local pet store, once we arrived. That she would die before the trip was unthinkable. Oh, deceiver of the mind.

 Something was very much the matter with her eyes, eyes that had been so strong and sparkling with hunting, mischief and devotion. She became stiff like spaghetti before it’s boiled. Was she telling me she was ready, that she couldn’t go on? I didn’t want her to be in pain and steeled myself—I now understood that

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cliché—and drove her to the vet’s with soothing and loving. I’m not sure how owners survive these moments, how they ever unfurl themselves after being shot dead.

 I did not want her to suffer. I did not want to give her up. Right after I sold

my condo and rented a faraway apartment that accepted pets, news of the long-guarded Covid pandemic secret broke. Therefore the vet would not let me go into his office. If he were going to put her down, surely they would let me come in then. The vet called me on my cell phone. He said over and over, “She’s a fighter, she’s a fighter. Her eyes are very bad. Her eyes are very bad. You must, must, must put these eye drops in.” He said he wouldn’t put her down because she had vitality. He had two assistants help him hold her down while he opened the ducts of her eyes. What if she died during the trip across country? What if she were in agony? “Go to an Emergency vet,” he said. I asked “How am I going to put them in if you needed two trained people to help and I have no one?” Friends don’t visit during a pandemic. I took her home. Dogs’ souls are far more experienced and larger than ours. She seemed to forgive me for letting the mono-focused vet do that and my not being with her.

 I called the office several times until the last fight I had with Blossom. It was always, ‘You must, must.’ Mind control victims follow orders until their real minds snap back in. I should have known I was at my limits when I began screaming. I felt relieved that she couldn’t hear me.

 I didn’t hit the peak of insanity yet, but it approached with certain leaden steps. My friend, companion, the one creature in the world I loved was leaving

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and it felt like abandonment. It stripped my mind, emptied my blood vessels, shaved me from myself. I tripped onto the entrance of madness.

 I called the vet’s office. “She won’t let me put them in. The eye drops are

ruining our relationship.” “You must…must,” these assistants said. The stress put me back in a mind controlled state, forcing myself to obey. I didn’t want her to leave me. “I must, must.”

 The word ‘blind’ hadn’t been used, but I wanted the drops in so she wouldn’t be blind too. So she wouldn’t die. I used my legs as if they were a mermaid’s tail to hold her down. She didn’t know what was coming. We never had a wrestle before. She had a mighty temper tantrum. I kept holding her against her will, and got the new eye drops into each gorgeous eye. I felt

victorious. I would save her. She would stay with me at least a little longer. She blinked after the drops went in. They must have hurt her.

 The next day, I tried again. Now she knew what was coming. She fought me. I kept trying like a madwoman. I stopped thinking. Some strange desperateness took over in me. She would have none of it. She knew this bottle of eye drops. Maybe she thought I was trying to hurt her. She wouldn’t have connected the medicine with the prevention of blindness. She gave me a wary look. Her looks were more human than humans have, more expressive. Me, a human flickering on dissociation, dealt with an entirely present animal. She didn’t speak English but her thought became words: ‘Don’t come near me with those.

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I’ll fight you to the end.’ Without the eye drops, her eyes would become excruciating. She’d have to die. She’d leave me.

 I realized that what I was doing was useless and vile when I couldn’t get the bottle near her eye. I said to myself “Can’t someone stop me?” and my body

suddenly stopped. I’d had the illusion that I was more stubborn than she. What foolishness.

 Because she was ultra-forgiving, she wanted to move close to me. That was the trigger. Tidbits of memory lined up. And because I knew only rage then, I would not let her. I motioned her away as I neared my apex. She wouldn’t give up. I was in a frenzy of hatred and despair. I wanted to punish her for leaving me. We were no longer friends.

 My brain popped out of my skull. I could not catch it. What made me into

a violent crazy woman who hated my dog? I had harmed her and my soul. I see only now that I was beginning to get it—that she was Pow Wow and I was going to lose him again. It was too much to lose Blossom and Pow Wow at once.

 About six decades ago, I had pushed Pow Wow away to show the perpetrators I didn’t love him—so they wouldn’t murder him because satanists don’t allow love. Later while Pow Wow was being skinned, I was tied to an armless chair, gagged. Pow Wow bled but still tried to come to me. During Pow Wow’s death, my then cult assigned husband spun me on this chair. I let out terrible groans. The chair fell over. While I was on the ground attached to the chair, someone put Pow Wow bleeding and trembling on top of me. Another man

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shot him while he was on top of me. This cult-assigned husband raped me as Pow Wow died and said: “You think you deserve love. This is what you deserve.” I saw Pow Wow’s spirit leave his precious body. Someone must have injected me

and I passed out. I woke up drugged in a straitjacket in a dark room, with pain bolting me permanently. Torturers slapped me around and projected demonic flying monster images with screeching sounds swooping around me in the darkness. I lay there unable to move with a terror so intense, it woke me from deep sleep about sixty-three years later. I didn’t want to live. Some part of my mind must have known that Pow wow had been murdered, and brutally.

 Many think of evil as a medieval myth. This 20th century scene, relived in th 21st century—that is what evil looks like, unleashed.

 I had to remove myself from Blossom. I could not unfurl myself even as I worried about whether this was our last time together. I feared my feelings

would last for days. I walked in the wind and spotty rain and sunshine, waiting to come back to myself, my blood spinning, bones curdling. I walked in the forest upside down. Even squirrels avoided me. A thing from my brain slunk down past my nose, chin, collar bone, into my heart doing somersaults. Slowly and eventually I calmed down. I became rational. I hurried home. My apologies began, which she accepted because she is Dog. I went into the spare room and found her vomit in the corner. After the wrestle, a heavy weight against a minuscule light weight in which the light weight won, after that and my cracking, I saw her dreaming. I saw her legs fighting as they had during the wrestling match.

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Don’t ever tell me dogs and human infants don’t remember—under our skin, we remember everything.

 The fates can be so cruel, but this time I had a reprieve. We had a soft week of loving each other. For a week, we resumed our velvet minuet to a Mozart

waltz. The incontinence began. At first mildly. With all my will, I pried open my fists. I had to let her go. I couldn’t. I was closer to getting it. I was aware of Pow Wow.

 If you place a hot frying pan on marble, the stone will crack. With enough stress piling on, any of us can snap. Even people who have not been mind controlled or abused from the beginning of their lives, who have not been trained for evil. Maybe not someone like Bonhoeffer, especially if there was a good childhood or love. Snapping under stress made me see my vulnerability, that I could let myself be smashed in half, that I could become the vicious

person they wanted to make me into. That is what the abuse I suffered, the genes I inherited and the relationships I’ve had did to me, made me into one of the monsters. But unlike a fallen egg, the brain can put itself back together again.

 I feel eaten by guilt and when guilt isn’t eating me, it nibbles at me. I have to remind myself that I am not only my terrible actions, that I did good things for the gift of this dog too.

 She was blind for a day before I realized it. Outside I thought she was having a good time exploring. She couldn’t find her way back to her ramp.

One morning, pee and poop clung to the underside of her tail. She hated the

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baths I was giving her. I let her be. I found a vet who was willing to come to the home. She and her assistant wore fancy N95 masks because we were in the pandemic. They walked up the stairs and I heard myself wail. The assistant scratched Blossom’s head as I sat there frozen. Sorrow and compassion lined the vet’s face, what showed through her mask. Julie, the vet, rested Blossom’s head on the rim of her bed, and Blossom looked comfortable. When she touched Blossom’s bottom, Blossom growled a sweet friendly kind of growl. Julie said she was just telling us she didn’t like her bottom touched. I slid back. Julie injected her with a cocktail, and told me to come nearer and talk to Blossom.

 I must have still had dissociated parts. One sat stolidly, telling her over and over that she is a perfect dog. The rest of me didn’t know who was talking like that and flew into midair, feet banging against the ceiling, going round and round, up and down, watching the death scene as my body below wrenched itself in two and this passive drugged dog nestled comfy in her beloved blue bed while the vet told me to stay with her and not move away and talk. More of me crawled out of my hole. I was mummified and in constant movement at once. I rubbed her ear, but I don’t think it felt good to her.

 Her spirit rose out of her body, and hung in the air suspended staring at the me on the ground and I stared into it and I saw. It hung in the air like destiny. It hung as if coating me. It talked to me the way Blossom had been talking in a new way all week. It was pure Blossom, this essence, more Blossom than Blossom. It was dark, grey, vaporous and hung in the air like a blimp. I stared. I

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peered. Her sorrow and devoted love that came out folded me in half. Realization and knowledge can singe the brain. She knew the reaction I would have before I did. Her spirit said “I’m sorry to leave you.”

 Hers and my soul touched and held. I would never be the same and our filaments could never be broken no matter how badly I acted. In death, Blossom revealed herself in that breathless blink—its shattering, absorption, acceptance—in a swollen blink, right before another crash.

 Her spirit was like a crystal ball inviting study. It was Blossom and Pow Wow. The shock brought more of me down to the carpet. A memory seared my brain: as Pow Wow’s spirit rose, I saw my mind controller give me hand signals to forget about Pow Wow’s being murdered. “You will never remember this. You will never recall it.”

 I strangled, bit, scratched—I went for his eyeballs. For them it was insane. For me, reasonable. The Seer inside me said I was insane. I don’t see it.

 When the memory finished, I went from 1957 back to 2020.

I have felt guilty that I imposed a life like mine on an innocent dog who

could have belonged to a suburban family with two children. She could have waited by the door for them to return from school and ridden in a van to a park and would not have needed a ramp. Now I know she knew about lives like mine and chose to come back to keep me alive.

 In this essence I saw otherworldly pain. Pain of the saints. A voice from the witch-prophet-seer in me said the pain in Blossom’s soul was because she

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didn’t want to leave me, she knew how much I need her. She tried to stay alive as long as she could. Her love for me was sacrificial. In this crystal ball, I looked deeper into her spirit. Her pain wrapped around me, clutched me, this pain for me. An octopus of pain. I cracked at that moment, in front of the vet and her

assistant, both wearing N95 masks that do not protect from emotions. I don’t know what my body did, but my stunned state turned. As if riding a motor cycle, insanity rushed in. A wire of many threads broke jagged, snapped. My cocoon gone, I became like a saucer flying around in air that didn’t let me

breathe, suffocating me in helplessness. I could not stay in reality though I must have known what was coming and that its pain would swallow me and strip me of personhood.

 Even in death, Pow Wow-Blossom transformed me. Who allowed me to see her spirit right to the center? The Seer inside me, of course. Why? That I don’t know. But the knowledge changed me—my emotions, spiritual beliefs, hopefully my behavior. I had seen Pow Wow’s spirit—deep, a fighter and a terrible grief because he was leaving me and I needed him. The same as when I saw Blossom’s spirit and couldn’t stay with her. Blossom inherited the tragedy.

I think almost everyone has abandonment or rejection issues but for me and those like me and fetuses from addict mothers or the very ill, it may be a little worse, for the mother isn’t present all the time. In the womb, mind controllers use electricity to shock the mother and make her leave, which creates a rift between mother and fetus. The fetus experiences the rift as abandonment and rejection

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and feels rage and desolation. Apparently for me anyway, that rage and desolation stuck. Programmers know that what is experienced within the womb has lasting effects. Even as an old person, whenever anyone abandoned me, I

re-experienced those hard, devastating emotions. Modern day people don’t seem to understand the toxicity of abandonment.

 Almost all of me stayed in the apartment going berserk while the other part that hadn’t before risen to the ceiling followed my dog down the stairs and into the car kissing her spirit goodbye. The part in me who followed Blossom’s spirit to the vet’s car wants to talk. It’s still the Seer:

 While Wendy was reeling from the pain she saw in Blossom’s essence and talking about payment and just wanting to get everyone out of the apartment—while she was not herself and hysterical—I held out my hands to Blossom’s soul suspended above her dead body that Wendy loved so, I held the amorphous shape as the vet carried it down the steps and out the front door. This little soul was quite gigantic and so filled with lifelong love for Wendy. If she could have stayed alive longer for Wendy’s sake, she would have but she couldn’t. I walked with dead Blossom to the vet’s car while consoling her and still holding her soul in my hands. When we reached the car, I released her because she was dead now and would have to start the next journey on her own. I was not her guide. I was just filling in for a moment. When Wendy regains her sanity, she will regret losing these last moments with Blossom. You want to know who I am. I am a

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spirit from very ancient times, from the beginning of the world. That’s all you need to know. Wendy will continue now.

 I was a 14 year old and a few weeks away from 77. I had smeared Pow Wow’s blood on me and in my mouth through the gag. It coated my mind.

 This stinging, adamantine piercing—that is what they must mean by love. God made us in charge of animals but animals mold us. Dogs pick up the pieces humans drop. They dismiss what you do wrong, your baser selves. Dogs teach single-minded loyalty—an earnest love that backs humans before their death and after. I still weep each day. Who thought of the trivializing word ‘pet’?

 The me left upstairs in the apartment rolled in the spot where she died as if I were a dog outside rolling in death. I rolled slowly and scratched at the carpet, digging a grave. Weird sounds rose and dangled where her spirit had hung just moments before. My soul made animal sounds that sounded beyond this present existence into an unknown. A siren played in its middle.

 Her journey continued. By night I felt her fear and anxiety. She didn’t know where to go. No one was with her. She had never been on her own before. When she was removed from her mother, she was still with her litter mates. The rest of the time, she was with me. If I ever left her overnight, she waited for me by the door—all night. Now I couldn’t reach her, help her. She was alone, like me.

 My heart was on earth reaching into smog, Daniel’s beat in the afterlife, and Pow Wow-Blossom’s wandered in the middle, nowhere. Daniel had told me he would always watch over me. He kept his word. Daniel, the one who came to

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me before it was too late and made me into a human most of the time, he, probably the only human in this world who has loved me, my angel Daniel extended his giving arms for her. I felt the moment he embraced her tenderly and

led her to her new home away from me but with me, new to Blossom but not Pow-Wow. I am happy that you are safe there, Blossom, away from living humans.

 The human angel who loved me for one year here but stayed with me forever rescued my dog and had rescued my first dog too, my cats, and all my

babies. I took my own turn with anxiety. How could I ever be with them? I am not pure and selfless like they are. Even though I am so flawed and unworthy, he and the Seer in me said I can be reunited with those pure souls. Knowing they are all together gives me peace. My heart has a place to live. Life on earth may feel interminable, but it is a flash of black out of gold.

 Before, I had never believed in heaven, joining those I love in the afterlife. All’s not well that ends well, but this gives meaning to my life.

 The night’s sobbing, constant peeing, pacing began. Grief wrung all fluids from me. I dreamed I was walking with Blossom who was even older. Very slowly. We were at St. Clair’s park. Gravel hurt her paws. I picked up her bony, frail body, carried her and woke with hot tears. Mucus burned me.

 How stable others seem. They have one another. They don’t depend on animals to get through life. They belong here on earth. They don’t walk on their heads, flapping their feet in the air. I feel more like a visitor who

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belongs somewhere else but where? I looked at what sets me off: always abandonment even when it’s not abandonment. I can live receiving nothing, but when I have love and it is taken away, I am done in. I never recovered from Daniel’s murder. His love changed my soul. His loss cracked my brain and heart.

 I could not live the next moment. Consequently, this skipped over moment became a frequent visitor especially at 3 a.m. and 3 p.m. Loneliness took the outline of my body and squeezed it. The footsteps I made in life washed away. I grew a second skin of silky white fur secured by a moist nose. I finally knew devotion. I shed tough skin and learned gratitude.

 My heart has been somersaulting, turning inside out and walking away from my body. I started writing this essay six months after her death. Beware of anniversaries. They club you from behind and give concussions. They have no conscience or restraint.

 As I plummeted, the spirit of Blossom’s godmother came to me while I was driving across the country and spoke. Jan always liked driving. She too was with Pow Wow-Blossom. Her words passed through my ears and head but had no sound. My voice was especially shrill and anguished. I wouldn’t have recognized it as my own voice as I talked with her. I told her how I had acted, right after I couldn’t get the eye drops in. I told Jan I was a bad mother. She disagreed. She spoke about how deeply Blossom loved me. I need her company. I want to pick up her poop.

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 I dreamed Blossom and Pow Wow together were dragging me. I was stomach down on the earth. This morning I moved my head from side to side and felt Blossom’s whiskers pricking my cheek.

 During our days together, she and I played. Since she left, I haven’t played. But then almost seven months later, I found myself skipping, giving a little hop here and there, waving my arms a bit, letting out a squirt of movement. That hint of playfulness let me know something rigid in me was relenting. A corner of my grief folded. Air moved in the apartment. I recognized some cerulean lavender in the sky. I ate a galette, a little individual cake, thinking Blossom would have liked a piece of the butter crust.

 As I near my end, my existence feels tied together, whole, all the shredded threads of my life knotted. It feels like pre-destination, not random,

excruciating but with some mysterious purpose. While they lived, in my bones I knew I loved Daniel and Pow Wow, but I hadn’t yet been fully aware of my profound love for Blossom, how she had connected me to my whole life. Sometimes I raise my wrinkled hand, spread its fingers and feel this constellation of haunting love press down on me. I will have that until I join them.

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Secure now it took on

Color

Perked up

*New Poems*, Tadeusz Rozewicz,

translated from the Polish by Bill Johnston

After Amnesia

 There is never starting life anew. We bring to every moment all that we’ve experienced. Those who grew up encased in family harmony like a pearl in a velvet case expect a friendly, appreciative world. Those who grew up surrounded by the jagged mountains of betrayal are wary. Those whose family atmospheres sounded like music expect pleasantness. For us others, any sudden sound can make us jump high.

 Friends, therapists, helpers think that once you have your memories, you should be happy and become like normal people. That is fantasy-wishful-thinking. You may remember your life, and all or most of your brain may be whole, but you still have the experiences of the past, you still own the life that was imposed on you, you are still who you are. Rocking and telling yourself that you love you and are sorry for you can only do so much good. You still inherit your past thwarted life.

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 So is it better to know? Of course. Truth is better than lies, clarity than deception, solitude than betrayals, freedom than slavery. There is no doubt that this is better. It just isn’t the fantasy-rescue outsiders want it to be.

 I believe that infants are born loving. We all grew in mothers’ wombs. We all felt mothers’ breath, digestion, bowels, urine, blood rushing and perhaps frozen. We all know another human’s internal life—body functions and emotions. Some know the feeling of a penis penetrating the womb we grow in. That is intimacy and we bring that closeness with us during the trauma of birth and escape or exile from the womb. I believe that no one can love so deeply and been able to be hurt so permanently as infants. People say that infants are incapable of memory. On a visceral level, we remember everything. Those of us brave enough to tune into our child parts remember well these sensations, experiences.

 I have worked my way out of this former world of torture and betrayal, of being made a mindless object who follows commands. I bring what had happened to me with me. The shoe fit Cinderella and she became happy but she did not forget. We don’t give up dissociation to become newly dissociative.

 Some people think they can go forward with whole hearts even after

atrocities, and some persist in grief. I am of the latter type. Someone whose

heart heals more readily would write about post-amnesia in a different tone from mine. And moods and outlooks change depending on circumstances.

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 Until recently, I’ve had memories, some violent, some guilt-filled. A memory may have started with a gun held to my temple, followed by the feeling of crushing shame. Another memory would start with anxiety, followed a few days and sleepless nights later with the sensation of male hairy hands on my throat. I woke during all those morning hours with my heart slivering in half. There are still dreams of loss. I’m getting to know the minutiae of what I’ve had the misfortune of having experienced. Now that my brain is far more whole, the reality of what I suffered has the time and space to sink in. It is sinking in. And even now, occasionally, I feel the seams of my brain grafting themselves together.

 Some may think this is horrendous, but I welcome the new awarenesses. Like a homing pigeon, each one delivers another aspect of myself and what I’ve lived through. It makes me a fuller witness. I had a self and selves that my perpetrators had forced away from me. They violently stripped me of

myself. I invite these aspects back, and they return one dissociative fragment after another in a frenzied path home to me. This is what I asked for. To know

who I am. This is what I want. Don’t pity me because of my ransacked life and recovery. I wanted freedom from my perpetrators. I got it. How many people can say they got what they asked for?

 The bits, sometimes clumps of memories return either slowly or suddenly.

They may start slow and accelerate, or right away they may grip my throat and shove information at me. Narratives carefully wrap themselves around me. My

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response time of denial has greatly lessened. Information about the mind-controlled-me persists in being a good part of my days, and I do not resist. This phase of receiving the dissociated knows insomnia, anxiety and sorrow. I had been trapped within forces I could not control or even stifle or plead with. As the lies of my existence are shed, I am shocked. Everything makes sense, but I am amazed at the deceit and cruelty.

 Habitually, if I have a pain in my body, I assume it is a body memory and explore it. But lately I have not been getting new memories. It is also possible that new memories may emerge in the future. Every piece of the brain has the right to tell its story. Even the smallest tidbits.

 Having sprung from this stalk of satanic evil, what is my life like now, after dissociation? It is possible that the spill-out of my traumatized memories has ended. I’ve noticed that I’ve been increasingly remembering the sweet moments of my life—those rare and shining gifts.

 Life now is not just in one camp of ordinary or secret, for body and trauma memories of what made me who I am are braided with concerns about daily ordinary existence. Most of my time addresses an ordinary surface level of survival—food, health, housing, even distractions. For now I live within ordinary-life forces, not nice but far more benign than before. And when I am not remembering or associating or have real-life stressors, I sleep deeply, more deeply than I ever had. My eating is about the same. My concentration varies. I still have a startle response but lessened.

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 I had spent my life not expressing anger unless told to. I lived with an enforced silence about how I felt. Programmers funneled my unexpressed anger into multiple internal containers in my brain to use when they wanted for their own purposes. These programmed slots are dissolving their barriers and opening. Anger now walks through its doors. I often say what I feel on the spot at new offenses. I am no longer a frozen puppet wearing a blank mask. When I see marks on my body, I ask my insides whether I was abducted or mistreated. I listen carefully to their answers and never dismiss what those who might know say. I imagine I will always have to exercise this vigilance.

 Now that I live more in normal life and hang with regular people, I have a growing awareness of how different I am from those who have not been overly traumatized. It is difficult for the young and old to understand one another, and it is hard for those from the realm of normal life and the realm of over-suffering life to communicate. People who have had some troubles like to think of people who

really know suffering as negative and depressing. And people who know suffering think of the normal as having had the mildest of troubles.

 It may be true—that if people don’t experience something themselves, they don’t quite get it. I am surprised at how many people in the normal world lack empathy for others but not themselves. What we have lived through creates discomfort in people and vicariously traumatizes some more sensitive souls. Many of those who do acknowledge what happened to us survivors give the advice “just get over it.” Others say “it never happened.” The normal world can be its own kind of jungle.

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 Most normals have not witnessed people killed. They have seen it on TV and in the movies, but not in real life and not over and over again. They are not terrified and nauseated. The normal are not programmed to do what they would never choose to do. Most do not have or have not had people who mean them harm controlling their lives (aside from governments). They can board an airplane or walk down the street and not worry about being abducted; they choose their mates and careers and do not have them assigned; their children are not tortured and turned against them; their pets are not used as pawns and abused; they are not inhibited by instilled learning disabilities or feelings of grandiosity. Those are just some of the differences between us. How could normal people possibly tune into what those like me have endured? I am amazed at how much stuffed creativity and thinking I could not allow even to leak out and that I was forced to keep inside me. I truly do not know how I stood it. Non-mind controlled people are free to make something of their earthly existence and not keep who they are silently inside. I could be on a tiny boat sailing from island to

island that houses the untortured and never find a thread of communion and scarce empathy. That lack of comprehension and interest forces me underground. Even after recovery, I live in a clandestine way.

 Outsiders think we should be eager to make up for lost time and proceed as if nothing happened. But it hasn’t worked like that for me, and I can’t imagine its working like that for anyone, although there are always exceptions. I have

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seen, we have seen the worst of humankind in action. I, we, know how corrupt the world is, have seen what humans are capable of. The bounce-back is

tenuous and others’ expectations irritating.

 I have seen the worst. I bring all that to this new phase. I step into this freedom with my skin worn thin. When I was dissociative, I thought I loved my family. I thought of them as ‘beloved.’ Remembering my life now, at least I know that I cannot and should not love my grandparents, parents, aunts and uncles. I pity them but do not love. I had to separate from my biological family who are all still mind controlled and cult-involved. My grandfather ran from Poland to avoid conscription, and I have exiled myself from my family to avoid conscription by them. Some of them would not have wanted to hurt me, but they could be programmed to do harm. Mind control takes everyone away from his true self.

 Most of my relationships had been built on my being a servant and slave. Once these self-defeating characteristics are healed, it is surprising how those relationships are no longer viable and float away. One person changes, the other

doesn’t. Kaput. Better to change. Loneliness is better than servitude. Clarity is better than servitude for the wrong causes.

 So I step into this new life without attachment. To be free, most of us survivors of generation mind control have to sever ties with family and most friends. These mind control networks are tight. Nothing is random, spontaneous or inconsequential. Just about everything is prearranged. Eventually, I realized that most of the people in my world were dangerous to me, even or especially the

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ones who looked innocent and respectable. I cut ties and went into a new life quite old. I brought with me a history of never wanting to be alive and now I was forced to savor life. So I grasped at little pleasures like marmalade. I bought flowers for myself. I wrote about kindnesses. I was trying to live without known people and love.

 If you are born into a hidden mind control cult, that is the only world you really know. Victims are programmed to believe that is where they belong, that they will be rejected every place else. It takes gumption to leave. Leaving can save your soul. Many abandon their souls, and they are not to blame. Torture can crush.

 Before I recovered, I hung out unknowingly with mostly other surviving

victims who like me did not know that they were mind controlled and satanic cult survivors. We thought we were normaI people and did not know we were

pretending and certainly did not know our minds were fragmented into multiple personalities. We didn’t know that we could do something and minutes later not remember or even simultaneously not remember. It was comforting but also dangerous to be with my own kind. I say dangerous because some were

assigned to spy and report on me, to tell if I did anything that looked like a stretch for freedom and knowledge of who I am. Still, I miss my own kind, the way Americans in Paris still miss America, and immigrants miss their home countries.

 Satanic cult fathers rape, mothers give enemas, governments pass laws against females. Impregnating a child teaches that she is a slave, that her body and all its potential belong to other humans who consider themselves ‘masters.’ I

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didn’t realize how my body did not belong to me until I received it back. After that theft and slavery, it felt like my body was a corpse. Slowly, away from the

claw-like hands of perpetrators, I returned to myself, scarred but alive. I now live out my days with a body returned from the dead, and a heart only half alive. The moral assault surpasses the physical pain. It is better to know.

 Today the outskirts of my life resemble the ordinary. I wake, push back my down comforter, take comfort in my old bathrobe that I wear most of the morning. Since I am retired, I don’t have to rush outside. I have licorice tea for breakfast and a home baked muffin. I check emails, hoping a friend wrote. Usually I am disappointed. I often put in the computer what I just hand wrote, essays, poems, journals. I do my first writing long hand. I find that for me the route from the brain

to the hand follows a deeper more honest path than the shorter journey from fingers to keys. I edit on the computer.

 I need fish, figs and bones to make bone broth to treat my ailments. Since I need only several items, I walk to the grocery store near me. I rely too much on 85% dark chocolate to stabilize my mood. I do floor exercises for various aches,

all from perpetrators’ attacks. It took three years of freedom, but my neck has mostly stopped hurting. I read. I walk in forests. More insights often appear from the lateral side-to-side movement of walking. I clean, do laundry, have dinner, watch the news. When I am too tired to concentrate, I watch a show that portrays issues and questions relevant for me like “A French Village,” a series made for TV. It reveals governments are not what they seem, the serious affects of trauma

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on lives, and asks Do I do something horrible to prevent something worse from happening? What is more important: one’s own children or the fight for freedom? Does not fighting collude with evil? Do you sacrifice another person to save someone in your family or someone you love? The show also depicts obstacles in the transition from war to peace.

 That is some of my background and foreground. In the middle is my truer life. The one where I think about what I endured, what already parachuted out of my mind into awareness. I brood. I ruminate until my pain becomes too sharp. How blank I was before, how robotic. It didn’t sink in while I lived through it. I remained in something like a coma for over seven decades, in a slave-like subservience that only now have I emerged from. A petrified soldier-victim, I had gone through one treachery after another with only the goal of getting through each instance, without deeply realizing the extent of the betrayal and suffering. I only became aware if someone protested during the abuse. That bystander’s bravery would bring on my moment of clarity.

 During the pain of this post memory thaw, I am horrified about what happened to me and by whom. I soothe myself. I place a hydrocolator (which

gives steam heat) on my back and feel my tension relax. I tell myself I am sticking with me, that I will not abandon me, that I will not let parts of myself become ghosts. I stroke and calm. Then I wash the lunch and dinner dishes. I glimpse something white by the table legs. I think it’s my dog, then remember she died. The phone rings.

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 Hours may drag because I live alone and usually have no one to talk with. I talk to myself, whom I find interesting. My brain is always thinking. I consult with myself, conference. I stand before my dog’s ashes and cry. I restrain myself from asking her to come back. Existence is too difficult, too hard to make that request. I am happy I cry because they programmed me not to cry. “No emotion revealed,” they ordered. My heart has enormous crying to do now. It goes through its lost years of expression. Surviving victims are healthiest when they cry.

 I miss the child I raised and my biological sister and worry about them since they are living. I have an adopted sister in another country. She has a similar background to mine, and we found each other through the work we both

do for the violated and a mutual friend. She too works full time at helping other survivors. I love this chosen sister who is fighting a death caused by tumors the infamous Mengele grew in her long ago. That is the same Mengele who gave me polio and other illnesses and my biological sister and probably mother cancer. My adopted sister truly understands what life after this abuse is and she has a good life now, with a loving husband, friends, clients, rescued animals, a beautiful home and garden. She tells me to look for moments, just moments in this aftermath. I follow her counsel and search these moments out. I can’t work at happiness, it comes on its own, for me in small parcels. In the summer, I swim in a delicious lake. There’s thirty minutes of pleasure. Where I live, it is luscious when it snows. I still like food. I do a kind gesture and receive one every now and

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then. I read good books. That’s what makes up my almost pleasant enough life. Autumn color sings right through me.

 Right now, children are being hurt and are not being rescued or even helped. I carry knowledge, that evil is rampant and has a strangle hold on vital institutions that control our lives. We have to topple evil and many if not most

don’t even know it exists. I look around and see all these normal barely abused citizens happy, pretending to be happy, desiring happiness, peering into tiny

monitors and shopping. We vote evil in and don’t know what the people we voted for are doing and more seriously don’t want to know. The non-traumatized trust so easily. Do they not notice our leaders are wooden puppets reciting fed words? No, they don’t notice. They worship Denial and Blankness.

 Psychologists have claimed trust is a necessary condition for human development. What happens then when you trust, remember and no longer

trust? That kind of human development has not yet been studied. Victims who become survivors are on uncharted land, like astronauts landing on the moon.

 I am free now. Freedom is what I value, above all. Former marionettes like myself know what liberty means. It means I can breathe and cry and tell and not be abducted.

 I think of the people who loved me, who are dead. I look forward to joining spirits who truly love me. Most of my children who were kidnapped and sacrificed wait for me in the afterlife. My pets. My best friend, Jan. And the boy, Daniel David Baker, my childhood friend who changed my life and purified my soul. This

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saint also waits for me. Therefore I will have a future of love. Love makes me cry. There has to be another world where people don’t just take, where they don’t only worship money, where souls are valued. I will live and work for peace until I die. It is sad that I spent most of my life as a prisoner, but I am ecstatic that today I live without handlers and programmers. I work so that others may follow. How I want others to be free.

 I become tired, weary and wonder why I don’t write something most people want to read about, take something pleasant from ordinary life. As a response, my wounds and scars rise into the air—scars on my face where my cult husband cut me, on my legs when my mother assaulted me with razors, broken bones from when my legal father stepped on my face and threw me against walls, diseases from the infamous Mengele’s experiments—they form an army whispering in my ear battered by my mother’s fists—*The same that*

*happened to you is happening to many now*. My sacrificed children fly down saying *Don’t let our births and deaths be for nothing*. I fight on.

 A chasm had existed between the front section of my brain and the back sections. When the parts reached out in awareness, the two terrains joined and the in between gulf no longer existed. Another chasm exists between a life at war and a life at peace. Mind control victims are chronically at war and that war can

tragically last a lifetime. They are actively at war and also prisoners of war. When the parts in the brain release their mind control programs and join with one another, survivors find themselves at peace. Without recurrent torture, hyper-

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vigilance relaxes. Living outside one’s body decreases. Constant fear abates. Previously, each moment felt shriveled and squeezed. Now moments blossom and feel juicy and receptive.

Survivors can find themselves living in this new frontier of peace. It is

hard to get used to. Anyone would choose peace over war, but war was all I knew. It takes work to stop fighting, driving. I have to train my fingers to loose

their clench and my jaw to ungrip. But muscles begin to unclutch. My stomach stops folding. Concentration sharpens and loosens. I notice trees, light, clouds. I sit with people and talk about nothing. Every moment of the day does not have to be used. I waste time. Not being hunted changes everything. There’s no reason to hold my breath or think I might be murdered any moment. Because my inside parts were kept in cocoons of imaginary prisons, I had trouble making decisions and moving forward. Now that those internal sections are released, I am more

spontaneous and can go forward without stopping myself or feeling shut down and paralyzed.

 I don’t run from myself. My body had distorted itself trying not to feel the pain in my heart. Now I can stop my ankles from rolling every which way and hold myself with a firm center. I feel the pain in my heart and accept it. I find that befriending pain lessens it. Perhaps it just needed attention. I settle into the self

I just found. The poisons flow off my back. I peer into a pond of water. It looks clear. I see my reflection. There’s only one me. I was a prisoner of a never-ending war that has come to an end.

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1. Cf. *The Life of Svali – an Ex-Illuminati Mind Control Programmer*, Chapter Six: Brain Wave Programming, September 29, 2008, on-line, for more general information. This invaluable information comes from the original and authentic Svali. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)