

Subject: DK's Experiences Of Being Controlled. Part 2.

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Subject: DK's Experiences Of Being Controlled. Part 2. Nov. 19, 2011.

This discusses mind control.

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I may be mistaken about the intentions of the mind controllers and from some points of view the whole operation looks like a cruel exercise in experimental psychology and behavioural science. There were many examples of psychological warfare techniques, all deniable of course.

For example, you would enter some public place and, just as if by chance, there would be an ununiformed local police officer watching a video, where old-style prison doors were slammed repeatedly and where the guard would be rattling the keys expressively. On one occasion, two police officers were pretending to beat up a guy, but the way it was done indicated that they did it for the audience, i. e. me.

People from the public also took part in this kind of deniable psychological warfare, for example a lady, with the looks of an honorable citizen, would be driving a carriage with a little HIV-infected kid in it, with a notice indicating that the HIV was caused by a blood transfusion. I interpreted this as a form of deniable harassment. First they make everybody believe that an innocent person is a drug dealer despite the fact that he has never even touched the stuff and then they have everybody try to make him commit drug-related crime, finally they try to make the guy feel guilty for the infected blood coming from drug addicts that he has supposedly caused. If I would have asked her she could deny that there was ever such an intention. That this was just an innocent little march, not aimed at anyone in particular.

But of course I never asked.

If you pick such an example out of its context, you might argue that a person who reacts like I do when I interpreted her intentions the way I did, is simply imagining things. Its nothing there. It's just paranoia.

However in this particular case, it would be illogical to disregard the context, arranged and unnatural like it was, every hour of the day. In general, by design, it's difficult to prove it's there, but if you have ever experienced that sort of deniable harassment for any longer period of time, you will know. The reason for this is probably in many cases that people tend to reveal their feelings and intentions by their body language and by unintentionally giving little clues. They may also feel uneasy about taking part in organized harassment, even though some euphemism for 'harassment' is probably used to describe it to those participating. The true size of such an operation may not even be known to more than a few persons in key positions.

This was just an arbitrary example of deniable harassment. It was not done by a male rogue, but by a fine lady, presumably with the best of intentions. (I hold no hard feelings against her or any one else of the people from the public who played these little pantomimes. With or without drugs. But I don't want to miss the opportunity, to point out that sometimes fine people, with the best of intentions, can be used by machiavellian organizers as excellent instruments of state repression. The machiavellian mind can turn anything into a weapon.)

It may seem very harmless to you now, but to me, at that particular time, it seemed as if they tried to demonize me, and I was really scared, that the mind controllers wanted to make preparations for a terminal event, in which I would be left physically paralyzed in some kind of compromising situation, involving drugs and all. The official explanation would be that I had taken an overdose of something. I would be left paralyzed, without being able to speak to defend myself. And I would seem to be the kind of person who

caused little children to get HIV and who really got what he deserved in the end. You may laugh about it, but at the time this didn't seem like an entirely unrealistic outcome. And I believe that these brain implants can indeed be used in that way. In this connection it should be mentioned, that there exists openly available information, which discusses other types of implants, probably of a much simpler design, which by some experts are expected to revolutionize (it's costeffective!) the handling of prisoners. These

- 1.. Can be controlled by satellite
- 2.. Can be used to paralyze a prisoner if he moves outside of an allowed region.

Another model, 'Sky-Eyes' is said to

- 1.. be invisible in an xray scan
- 2.. be easily implantable
- 3.. Does not need a battery

Elsewhere in this site there are several references to literature on this subject.

Anyway, as I was taking photos of the ununiformed police officers, who recurrently turned up in the incessant surveillance operation, somebody among the organizers must have panicked a bit, because suddenly I almost ran against a person with a strange appearance. He wore glasses of an unusual kind. The glasses were very thin vertically and colored. He was probably around 40 and his clothes were normal making the glasses look very bizarre. One explanation for using the glasses would be as a disguise, provided that the man had such unusual features, that the shape of the eyebrows and the eyes would be more easily concealed by such glasses than by other equipment that they could find in a hurry. Why would this bizarre appearance turn up there? He carried two boxes, looking like old typewriter cases or, maybe cases for sewing machines.

Something of that size. Each hand was occupied by the handle of such a case and the man naturally had his walking legs between the pair of cases. This means, that anyone who passed this man on either of his sides would be exposed to the outer side of the nearby case, while the man would not be exposed likewise. This means that if there would be anything dangerous emanating from the outer part of the cases, this danger would only affect the passerby, not the man who was carrying the cases.

Here is my hypothesis: I believe this man was carrying two cases, each containing a radioactive substance, emitting strong gamma rays. By a press of his hand on the handle he could make some shielding lid open temporarily and as the passerby would pass him, he and his camera would be exposed to the gamma rays, erasing the camera film, while the man who carried the boxes would be safe. I avoided passing the man, since I suspected, this to be some kind of trap. I was quite sure that this really was a high-tech 'camera killer', and I also decided it would be unwise continuing to use the camera, since I figured I wouldn't be able to defend myself against people who were willing to let things go this far. In less than a day they managed to destroy my film by other means, leaving a harmless part of the film unaffected. The torture continued and after about a week of mind-control horrors, they made it impossible to have any kind of rest in my home. I left, but realized I had nowhere to go. The few people I knew were gone for vacation or I wasn't in any shape for running around to look for them.

I ended up talking to some people at the hospital, and they said 'You need someone to talk to' and as so often happens for people subject to state repression, the only help they will offer is psychiatry, I accepted it since there weren't many other options left, being tortured in my home like I was. Everybody knows that the psychiatrists will never dare to go against the state and defend a person, who accuses the intelligence agencies of torturing him. I never mentioned anything about an implant, but when asked, I did say that I believed that I was being harassed by some intelligence agency or antiterrorist police force. I figured such teams might have access to otherwise classified high-tech equipment.

I took great care to behave calmly and only answered the personnel on direct question. When they realized that I was accusing the authorities, they suggested I should take their

fine medicine, and totally unprovoked, they also said frankly, that they could use violence if I didn't comply. So much for Sweden's human rights. Further the head of the mental hospital, behaved oddly. He sat down by my side and made sure our eyes couldn't meet. He looked straight into the wall. It struck me that he looked really scared, as if he was under pressure. I thought, maybe he had been given instructions by the authorities. For whatever reason he behaved thus, it certainly didn't increase my respect for psychiatry.

Many years later I have read about psychiatrists who really believe that the authorities do things of this nature, and that some psychiatrists are afraid of being punished in the same way if they tell. I don't think this was the case here, but it wouldn't surprise me if they know about a lot of abuse, that they never pass on, for whatever misdirected loyalty.

The learned helplessness experiment

My room-mate, during my 3-day sejour at the mental hospital, was a psychotic, who got medicine that made him calm. He stayed in the room when I didn't say anything, but when I did, it wouldn't be long before he would leave the room for a little while, and when he returned, he would, as it appeared, be waiting for me to say something more. This somewhat odd behaviour went on for a while, and I thought, that somebody wanted me to think that my room mate was reporting what I was saying to him.

Part 2.

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