

Subject: DK's Experiences Of Being Controller.

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Subject: DK's Experience Of Being Controlled.
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Here is some information from my personal friend DK.

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Subject: My own experience of Mind Control and surveillance

<http://home.swipnet.se/allez/Eng/MyStory.htm>

Foreword:

The following story is a representative sample of my experiences during the 1990's. I have deliberately avoided reference to events, which might be used to create scapegoats, and therefore would make the authorities look better than they deserve. This is not because I feel any h-tred towards anybody, but because they systematically use deniability to such a high degree, that there is reason to beleive that all the different parties involved were knowingly or unknowingly organized by the same main actors.

In 1985 I left the academic world, where I had dwelled for some years, gaining experience in applied physics, especially laser techniques. However, most of my energy was devoted to free reading on various scientific topics. Among other things, I wanted to know where the strong and the weak spots of the Queen of Science (Physics) were located. I decided I couldn't combine this need for freedom with the, quite reasonable, expectations of Academia. I had to decide. Either I stop browsing around in the literature, or I quit my career. And I chose to quit. Thereafter, I spent 2 years of rather intensive autodidactic studies in the local scientific libraries and often went for nightly walks, when, I noted the first signs of being under surveillance, presumably by the local p-lice. I shrugged it off, although, it made me feel a bit uncomfortable. I was thinking that the po-ice are just trying to do an honest job and that I couldn't expect to be beyond suspicion.

The city underwent some visible changes during this period. New research facilities popped up. The authorities hoped to establish some kind of high-tech growth region there, aided by the presence of academic researchers in the vicinity. Indirectly this may have had some influence on the cr-me rate in the region. I don't know that, but I do know that there was a notable increase in the number of patrolling se-urity guards.

From 1980 to 1992, I lived a rather problem-free life. I never noticed anything strange. No harassment of any kind. I knew what it was like to take a walk through the city and I did that monotonously most days of the year. For the exercise of my body and of my mind. My intake of food and the number of sleeping hours was adequate for a person who wants to digest a lot of literature every day and I never used d-ugs of any kind.

I am telling you this background information, because I hope it will make it easier for you to beleive me, when I say, that I wouldn't easily begin imagining that I was suddenly under 24 hour surveillance. Apart from the intensive surveillance, which began at the break of July 1992, I also, to my great shock, realized that I had been implanted with a foreign object inside my head, which was used to torture me in my home and everywhere I went.

The reason I knew that I had a foreign object inside my head, was because, those who controlled the device, couldn't resist the temptation of using it (and hence me) like a toy, actually affecting my body's performance in a way totally unimaginable by any other means than electronic ones. In that, particularly revealing moment, which took place in the third of july 1992, they created a clean and strong biofeedback effect. It was a perfect illustration of the concept of biofeedback for a physicist like me. There was no dizziness or anything, just a totally changed bodily dynamics. I knew well that this sort of technical explanation would not in general convince people, if they didn't already know about this

sort of brain implants. This revelation explained how they had been able to torture me for several days, and it was, because they (presumably?) broke their regulations and began to use it playfully that it was so clearly revealed. I think I had subconsciously understood it already a couple of days earlier, but this very shocking insight had been easy to suppress. I remember actually feeling ashamed. I was completely taken aback by the strong physical effects that can be exerted by way of weak electric signals applied to the brain, although I had known that this was in principle possible.

My next thought was: they can probably paralyze my body within seconds if they want to. The fact that they were playing with the device didn't necessarily mean that they wouldn't be ready to kill me, if I began talking about it.

Earlier they had been using the device to raise my heartrate to very high levels, I think I counted to 140 per minute on one occasion. I knew that prison or drugs might have similar effects and I also had the impression that the symptoms they gave me were aimed at making me believe that I was suffering from abstinence and that they were hoping that this would make me prone to take risks and maybe reveal myself more easily. As you see from the text below, they seemed convinced that I was a drug-dealer and a drug-addict.

I decided it would be wiser not to talk to anyone about it and moreover, I decided I would pretend I didn't understand what had been done to me.

Two days later, the police and people, who I assumed belonged to some other organization than the local police - took part in the surveillance.

I thought these other people belonged to Rikskriminalen or Spo. Or maybe even some other branch of the state apparatus. Those details are not important to me, I am saying it because I got the impression, that they wanted to signal to me that they were taking this seriously, and that I would make no mistake, as to their readiness to be able to counter any criminal action from my side. (Previously most police officers, who took part in the surveillance, had been ununiformed, and more often than not they also had a rather friendly appearance, seemingly realizing - I am guessing now long after the event - that this was all some kind of farcical escapade that their superiors had ordered them to take part in. For instance they would walk around carrying large strongly colored objects, creating a surrealistic impression maybe resembling the perceptions of a person using drugs.) It became increasingly clear that the police considered me prone to shoot at them. They clearly didn't want things to develop that way, but wanted to show me, that if needed, they would be prepared. Somewhere, not very far away, somebody was shooting a couple of rounds with a revolver.

It appeared to me that this was done to emphasize their readiness. I thought they were practising against some absorbing material.

A little later, when I was taking my seat at the park, apart from all the usual people, who were pretending to be potential drug-customers, drug-dealers or drug-couriers, there were also a number of police officers, three of them wearing gun holsters and spare magazines outside their clothes despite being ununiformed. The 'actors' were using different disguises and sometimes turning up in more than one disguise in a short period of time. No genuine drug-dealer could possibly have swallowed the bait, since they were far too eager. They showed samples of drugs under the cushions of their baby carriages, and they counted their hash-cakes. Some people had little plastic bags with some white powder.

It could have been detergent or maybe flour. Some of the actors played well, they really looked like they had severe abstinence. But there was so much of it that it was absurd. Like years of normal activity compressed to a period of a few days. None of the police officers showed any drug-samples. If I hadn't been tortured and if they hadn't deprived me of my night sleep, I probably would have insisted on talking to the police and tell them about it as soon as possible. I am sure that most of the police officers had nothing to do with the electronic part of the mind-control operations. But I was so tired and under such pressure, that I didn't see things that way at the beginning. The police really was the last place I would turn for help. Who can blame me? When I finally called

the pol-ice, I was not well treated, and further, my telephone was probably redirected and when I tried to call people I knew, I ended up talking to some strange type. They also fiddled with my radio reception, so that there were no talk cha-nels, only a few music cha-nels playing very annoying kinds of music, a kind of psychological wa-fare there too.

Behind the trees there were also a couple of older guys who guarded over a couple of wheel chairs, completely covered underneath so it wasn't possible to see what was hidden in it. And I assumed they had some firearms hidden there. I openly took photographs of them and of several other ununiformed pol-ice officers who kept me under intensive surveillance. These two older guys couldn't hold their faces when I took the photos, but as things developed, I realized that their smiles weren't indicating that they were taking this lightly. This was not at all an amusing situation for me either. Those who controlled my brain implant were using it to torture me in my head, and when you think about all the preparations made by the local pol-ice, it seems almost as if the mind controllers wanted to increase the probability of a violent outcome. I mean if you think a guy is already prone to shoo- at the p-lice, wouldn't it seem most unwise to drive such a person from his senses by torturing him in his head?

Part 1.

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