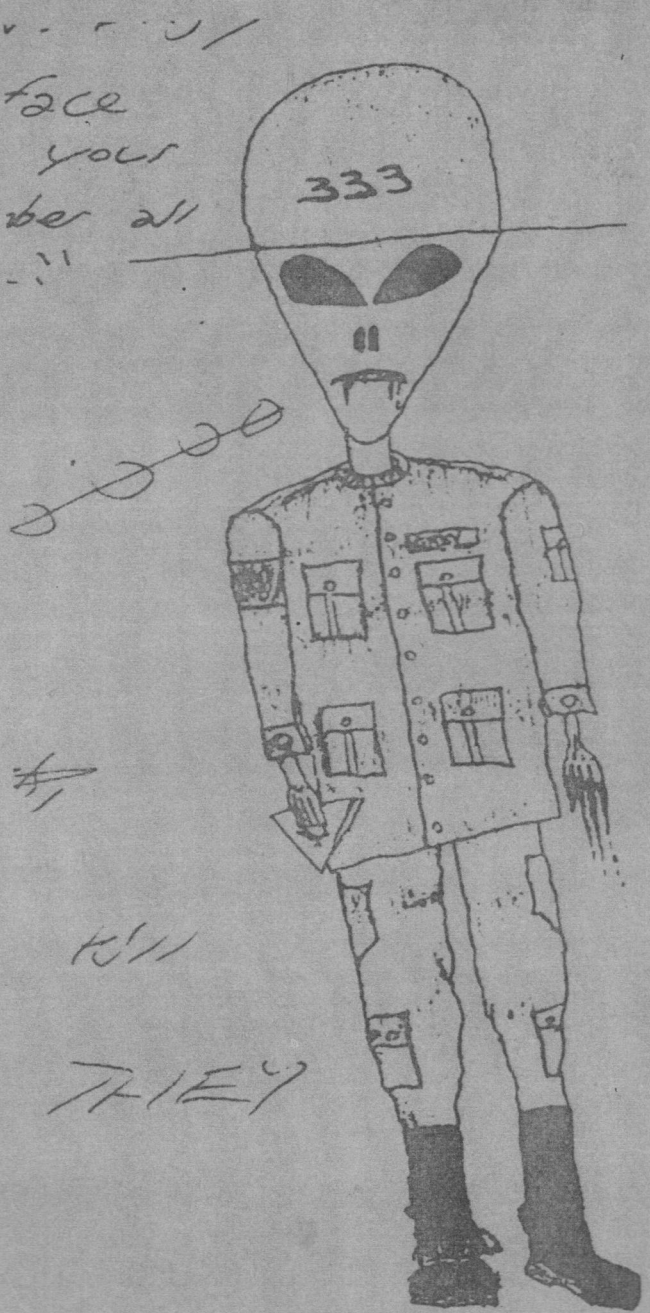
FALSE PROPHET

INTERNAL JOURNAL OF THE TOB - ISSUE #1



WORLD OPFER - A Guide for Initiates
Part I

TOB

Initiatory Crisis

Genuine initiatory crises are absolutely necessary for the creation of the Noctulian and the entrance into the undead state. The silence of dwelling in the eye of the storm, a symbolic representation of the undead state that is Noctulian existence, can only be obtained by traversing the path of harsh, brutal ordeals that are the hallmark of our alchemical change process. Like when approaching the eye of a hurricane, the winds of ordeal and forced transfiguration will become harsher and more intense as one approaches the eye. It is only through real, genuine initiatory crises that one can reach the Noctulian state. The initiatory crises that are prerequisite must include real tragedy, real horror and real testing. This is not simply promethean overcoming, as the Noctulian is not simply an aphorism for a Satanic Adept. The current of the Tempel ov Blood is very specific and involves treading a sideward path towards a paradigm of existence that is alien and inimical to the cosmic life force. Transformation necessarily must be perverse and filled with elements of terror due to the fact that the entity that emerges after breakthrough is an abomination in quintessence, rather than being the 'next rung on the evolutionary ladder' per se. Specific methods of self-engineering must be employed to produce specific entities.

For many, the harshness and the absurd nature of pursuing the alchemical change process according to Noctulian standards will be too much to bear. There are many groups and systems available for those who wish to follow a more humane approach and we do not dissuade those who are better suited for an alternative method to go their own way. However, if one wishes to aspire towards the Noctulian state, if one wishes to enter into the TOB Blood Pool, then discipline and fanatical commitment to our way must be adhered to. If you fail you will face the inevitable torture that comes with associating with the blood currents of the TOB and embracing the Abyss - if you succeed you will also face the inevitable torture that comes with associating with the blood currents of the TOB and embracing the Abyss. One may decide to no longer embrace the denizens of the Abyss, however, the denizens of the Abyss, once contacted, will persistently be interested in embracing you.

A bleak path lies before you, strewn with the blood of those that have gone before and advancement in the path involves an increase, not a decrease, in the awareness of darkness.

Blood Feeding

All aspiring Noctulians must feed. Upon what do you feed? The blood essence of humans. One may consume the blood essence of the human herd via direct draining procedures while disembodied in the astral state. One may also consume the blood essence of a human via sympathetic contact, sight and touch. What is the grim secret to this Wamphyric Art that is often denied by vampiric orders? It is the fact that engineering pain - psychic and physical - real evil deeds done towards a specific target in the flesh to put it plainly, is very useful in releasing the flow from your human victim. Coercing your victims into states of psychological stress - or

even psychological terror - psychical pain - or even physical pain - will work wonders in allowing you to feed heavily upon them. This blood essence - once consumed - will attract the denizens of the Abyss and they, via inducing insanity in the initiate and allowing the initiate to peer through the horrid vortices of the void and backwards darkness - will aid in your transformation. Employing black arts methods for harm should be used in tangent with blood feeding - this means employing curses as well as more practical methods. A TOB initiate is encouraged - and expected - to curse and feed indiscriminately.

The Blood Pool

When one enters into the Tempel ov Blood once becomes part of the TOB Blood Pool. What does this mean? It means that the blood that you drain from humans is in like manner drained from you - by the Inner Family of Noctulians higher in the hierarchy. The pinnacle of this feeding process is the Blood Father of the Inner Family. The Blood Father is a vortex that twists and distorts the blood currents and then channels this downward towards the larger TOB Blood Family. His black hand is upon you and his touch drains you of the blood essence that you have culled from humans. He is a vortex that twists and distorts the blood currents. His mercy is the blood currents that have been twisted and distorted which he sends down as a rain of astral energy only to those of the TOB - those of the family. This blood essence, rather than simply being vitalizing (as is the blood essence that you, the initiate, cull from the human herd), is possessed of properties that coerce transformation and transfiguration according to Noctulian principles. The rain of mercy from our Blood Father aids in the creation of the Noctulian - in tangent with practical acts of evil done in the world - and the pains and rigors of ordeal and initiatory crises. This is one of essential secrets of the alchemical change process revealed.

NIGHT OF SATAN

TOB

Gwydion made an exit from his older model automobile, stretched lazily, then shut the door (without bothering to lock.) Above him stretched the pale blue of oncoming twilight; before him loomed a rather nondescript but indulging (after a fashion) structure which could not be mistaken for anything but a modern shopping mall. As if to prove this point, Gwydion's senses perked appreciably as the smell of cotton-candy perfume and the sound of youthful chittering caused him to turn and investigate.

Three modern maidens of the freshmen variety passed Gwydion without so much as a glance at him or his less-than-impressive vehicle. Their moon-like faces sparkled with glitter and oddly colored lip-gloss, and Gwydion paused to drink of their blood essence.

Turning away, he sighed, and continued on towards his intended destination with scenes of the girls he had passed suffering various tortures in remote Wallachian castles playing happily in his mind's eye.

The mall, on a typical Friday night in a typical American suburb, was suffuse with life. The destination of many a domesticated youth, the scene was occasionally spiced with a smattering of older twenty-somethings (the latter were often viewed as very thrilling and 'dangerous' by the former) who would stop off for a beginning-of-the-weekend stroll before proceeding to late-night reveries of fast food, gluttonous drug use and sex (not particularly in that order.) For any self=-proclaimed "Living Vampire" (what to mention de facto adolescent?) in the suburbs, this was the place to go for a bit of feeding and a chance to "keep one's finger on the pulse of things", as was good to do on occasion.

Two squires of the senior variety and one maid of the sophomore variety strolled towards the hero of our story. The males of the small band were dressed in ridiculously oversized blue jeans, backwards hats, and tent-like sports jerseys bearing gaudily embroidered infinity loops. The female was attired as... a slut (let's be frank, shall we?)

As the trio drew closer, they mumbled something then laughed over-dramatically. Whether their "acting out" was intended as a jibe against Gwydion or whether they were simply behaving as humans often do, we will let remain a mystery, however Gwydion, as befitting his perceptual idiosyncrasies, viewed it as the former.

In his mind's eye he visualized a black, dripping tendril extending out from his body and into the female. Floating black shapes surround the girl as Gwydion fingers the small bag of goofer dust in his pocket and...

The "wigger princess" grabs her stomach and begins retching softly. Just then the eyes of one of the human chattel meet the peering orbs of Gwydion, as if with a look, he could petition the perpetrator to help alleviate what was fast becoming a strange and rather embarrassing situation.

Gwydion smiled, made the sign of the horns and quiety muttered the name "Pazuzu" before walking off towards the center court.

As he gracefully strolled onwards, he heard the distinctive sound of vomit hitting buffed marble somewhere back in the distance, and his smile grew into an outright obscene and lecherous grin.

With portents such as this so *early* in the evening, surely the night spread out before him like a great black canvas would prove to be an auspicious one indeed!

Past the record store, around the bend and into the coffee shop Gwydion strolled; the stacatto report of his out-of-fashion hobnailed boots lost in the din of low white-noise that typified his environs. Once into the partially-shielded coffee shop, the sounds grew less caustic and were replaced by the low but furtive conversations of self-styled 'academe' and the soft sound of generic instrumental 'muzak.'

Gwydion stepped up to the counter...

"Give me a Mocha raspberry, large please."

"Certainly," replied the college-aged girl with horn-rimmed glasses and a slightly "granola" appearance.

"Thank you very much."

Having obtained his beverage (as Gwydion learned before long ago that, for youth, the proof that one had spent at least *some* money during one's visit to the mall greatly reduced the chances of being a target of the unpalatable surveillance by the resident security force), Gwydion walked into the "food court" area, taking a remote table close to the exit.

Gwydion fidgeted with the soft leather satchel he had carried from his car, but refrained from opening it and rifling through his various manuscripts. After all, in keeping with decorum, this was a shopping center cafeteria - not a library!

He sat, sipping his coffee occasionally, scanning the crowd for the person he was scheduled to rendezvous with and feeding upon the vibrancy of the humanity strewn out-and-about the mall. Despite the fact that he was energized (he had traveled in the astral the night before, feeding deeply on a particularly delicious victim), as well he should be, he found strangely that his thirst was not slaked.

His thoughts were interrupted, with an abrupt sighting of what seemed to be a monarch butterfly, perched on the marquis of one of the food shops. His concentration, as it were, had been broken.

Damn! Surely I need *more* power - what secrets are not being revealed to me in the manuscripts? Thought Gwydion sourly.

As if to answer that question, a figure suddenly stood before him - as if he had simply materialized on the spot.

"Hello, I am Jonathan Hubbur."

Gwydion rose from his seat.

"Vampiric Greetings, brother."

As two good-natured fellows often do, the pair shook hands briefly. Gwydion could not but to feel a dark elation at the man's touch, as energy gleaned from that brief physical contact was similar to the feeling that Gwydion had felt when kneeling before graves in the cemetery. Perhaps this Mr. Hubbur was what he claimed to be after all!

Jonathan had contacted Gwydion to start with - a response to an advertisement on the internet for Gwydion's fledgling temple. The temple was, as might be surmised, of the vampiric sort. Although it boasted a half-dozen members scattered across various parts o the world, the core (that is, those individuals who knew and worked with Gwydion *in person*) was composed only of a few persons...

Yet, the fanaticism of Gwydion projected a powerful glamour upon those who came into contact with him - and his temple's reputation was an intimation of an order possessing genuine darkness.

Gwydion quickly made an assessment of Jonathan.

He was quite a bit older than he himself, perhaps more than a decade. Also, the look of the man's garb and the man himself was unfamiliar to Gwydion. Hubbur was an American, no doubt, but either he was very well traveled or from a completely obscure part of the country (perhaps both!)

As such, thought Gwydion, to the most brutal degree must I myself exemplify my loyalty to the Undead Gods before this stranger!

The pair sat, engaging in a bit of small talk at first as the throbbing shoppers continued in their Friday night pastimes all around them.

Gwydion opened his leather case, removing a photocopied and stapled document of some thirty pages in length. The title of the manuscript was printed in a strange, obscure typeface; beneath it, an image showing a castle with a demon leering out from one of the parapets.

"Here, Jonathan, is the manuscript you requested!"

Hubbur deftly plucked out a ten dollar bill with one hand and slid it across the table, while sliding the manuscript towards himself with the other hand.

Gwydion pocketed the cash, then swept his hand grandiosely out toward the crowd.

"Behold - the humans - our slaves..."

Jonathan raised an eyebrow.

"You are a pompous child!"

Gwydion glared - such an insult was far beyond anything he could ever had...

"Stop what you are thinking child, be silent!"

Gwydion, as if compelled, dropped his hand, staring forward.

Jonathan raked his rather long and yellow fingernails across the cover of the manuscript.

"Gwydion... or should I use your Christian name, Thomas? Do not misunderstand me. We are pleased with your work, very pleased, in fact. If it had not been so, we would have never contacted you and came so far to see you - although we have visited you many times before - through that old mirror of yours! Do you understand?"

Gwydion nodded, in a state of dark and pleasurable shock.

"You plead in the night for genuine darkness - real world evil. You call out to the Backwards Darkness for the Undead to come unto you... do you truly want these things Thomas, or are you words mere affectation?"

Gwydion was roused, leaning over the table towards Jonathan and speaking in a harsh whisper.

"I am fanatical in my pursuit of the blood, dear sir! I am a vampire, a walking demon of Lord Sathanas! I *bleed* for Lord Sathanas to bring the Undead upon the earth once again!"

To illustrate, Gwydion pulled up the sleeve of his long-sleeve black shirt, revealing a neat row of self-inflicted razor cuts.

Jonathan nodded his head approvingly.

"So it seems, Gwydion, so it seems."

He put his hand over Gwydion's own.

The gesture created a surge of anxiety in Gwydion. He seemed to feel the eyes of others upon him and Jonathan... what would they think? Under this, he could feel his blood current being drained into Jonathan, the older man's spirit and will dominating his own.

Jonathan removed his hand silently, then stared across at his victim, gazing squarely into his eyes.

"If you are serious Gwydion, you will come with me now."

Before he knew it, Gwydion was walking the length of the mall, toward the far exit to the back of the parking lot. Something that felt like shame and even fear flooded Gwydion, he blushed heavily.

He was used to being the dominator, submitting to none! Yes, there were the communions at three in the morning within his bedroom that served as his private temple... but even that, he thought, was within his comfort zone...

Out of the building now, into the parking lot full of modern cars, glowing under the sodium lights.

Jonathan removed his keys and gestured towards the most remote section of the parking lot.

"My car is over there."

Another minute or so, and Gwydion sat in the passenger side of a recent model luxury sedan with leather seats.

Jonathan turned the key, and the engine came to life, purring softly.

There was no sound in the car except the background music, which seemed to be some sort of chanting layered over new-age sounding music. This too was disquieting for Gwydion, whose ears were accustomed to searing black metal played at high decibels.

Both men were silent as they drove under the cover of mid-evening darkness.

Gwydion's stomach rolled uneasily.

They turned onto an entrance ramp, merging onto the northbound interstate highway.

A chill seemed to descend as Gwydion's home and domain moved farther and farther behind him in the deepening night.

Dark, monotonous, nocturnal landscapes came and went. Morbid and sinister and seemingly all the same. Second growth pine forests bordering the four-lane freeway blocked out all sight of the civilized world that lay behind their green expanse.

Gwydion's trepidation did not grow less - but the night, the hypnotic routine of the road and the strange music on the stereo all combined to put him into a trance-like, acausal frame of mind.

Onto an exit ramp bearing a legend of an area he had never heard of, off the freeway and onto a near deserted country road surrounded by gaping wilderness. How long had they been driving?

Hours must have past, but Gwydion wore no watch and he loathed to break the mystic silence with a mundane question to the driver.

"We're almost there, Gwydion!"

Jonathan's face was pasty white and sweating coldly. His face contorted into a sadistic grin as he turned, casting a glance at Gwydion before returning his eyes to the road.

Jonathan's hand snaked across the gearshift and began stroking Gwydion's thigh, as if to soothe him.

Gwydion felt bile rise in his gorge... what have I gotten myself into? Just what in the world have I gotten myself into?

Gwydion's body was afflicted with a disquieting paralysis and he stared, listless and afraid, out at the dark sky and the stands of pine.

They made a turn at a long since abandoned barn, then several miles deeper into the country.

Gwydion thought he saw a hooded figure watching their progress, from the cloak of trees, then

a disc-shaped object floating in the cold sky.

Soon they turned into a driveway, the property concealed behind a barrier of natural design.

Jonathan turned the key and the car stopped smoothly in front of a steel building that, for Gwydion, exuded an aura of eldritch menace.

The pair exited the vehicle.

They by-passed the garage doors and came to a service entrance.

Jonathan inserted a key, pulled the door open, and bade Gwydion to enter.

Gwydion's judgement played out an internal war in his head - a battle between his emerging, shadow self and his remaining vulnerable humanity.

But, one by one, he took slow, halting steps towards the open door, as Jonathan looked on, his emotions masked behind a sinister stare.

They were inside, the door closed and locked behind them. The building was large, lit only be yellowed and dusty laterns.

There was movement in the shadows.

Near a shadowed corner, Gwydion was bidden to sit, on a soft bed of old yet comfortable throw-pillows which had been scattered deep atop the cement floor.

Jonathan retreated to another part of the enclosed area then returned, bearing a milk-like beverage for his guest.

"Drink Gwydion, drink to the glory of the Undead Gods beyond the gate of Saturn!"

Gwydion obeyed, slurping thirstily the entire chalice in nearly a single draught.

Unbeknown to Gwydion, the drink had been heavily laced with a liquid version of a hallucinogenic substance...

Time and space began to stake on strange proportions. Gwydion saw shapes form and dissolve before his eyes. Somewhere, music was playing. Not music like he had heard in Jonathan's car, but blatantly dark, apocalyptic, militaristic sounds capes that set his teeth on edge.

Demons crept toward him out of the darkness... groping him, sibilating bizarre names that intensified the sense of dread and darkness that hung thickly in the air.

One of them had a body of a man, but his face was amass of dripping, red intestines...

He remembered several people stripping him nude, draping a swastika flag over his body, and laughing...

For awhile, the demons ceased to appear.

A girl came to him out of the dark; caressing him, soothing his fears...

"There, there my child..."

Her voice was like a thousand voices speaking in unison.

He began to calm, mesmerized by the creamy hue of her skin, which seemed to pulse with the acausal. But soon, she too had disappeared and in her place came rough hands; probing and violating his body. He felt himself being lifted, spread and chained onto a cold, metal apparatus. Then, the cruel, biting lash of a whip bringing pain beyond any he had ever known before.

How long he screamed...

The sounds of his pleading for mercy and relief were cut through by a high, metallic voice which seemed to penetrate into his very mind, even as the whip continued to tear at his raw flesh.

"Can you tell us boy, what is that the soil cries for?"

Lash. Lash. Lash.

Scream. Scream. Scream.

"That is - what makes the grass grow?"

He felt himself being raped with a cold, dead object.

Gwydion began to cry.

"Answer us, boy!"

All the demons assembled began to scream the question in unison...

"ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER.. ANSWER!!!"

A figure in a black cloak, face obscured by corpse-paint, stood before him. He drew an object across his own wrist, and the crimson, crimson claret began to flow, dripping upon Gwydion's face.

Gwydion's mind seem to shatter like glass, spreading into a million directions.

His hysterical weeping and screaming began to cease as a hoarse cry issued forth from his innermost self:

"BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD!!!"

The robed figure shoved the bleeding wound into Gwydion's mouth and the neonate suckled at the fount of the Abyss, imbibing, as it were, the elixir of Qlipoth.

Silence fell, and all was black.

PEACE, LOVE AND MUNGBEANS

TOB

Ryan finished reading what was on the computer screen and picked up the phone. He dialed a number and waited for the ringtone. Once. Twice. Three times.

'Hello?'

Ryan looked thoughtfully at the screen once more and began to speak to his girlfriend.

'Hey babe. How's your day going'

Ryan listened attentively to the female voice emanating from the receiver. After a short while he found himself nodding gently in genuine agreement.

'Yeah, I think that's the way to go. I mean you're the strongest person I know, if anyone can do it, you can babe.'

He listened to the customary silence and then for the returned interest.

'What have I been doing? Well I've been reading something by that group I told you about - the one that seems closely connected to the ONA? Yes, that's the one - anyway I've been reading about this concept they've got called the 'Blood Pool' where basically, how do I put this, people are viewed as vials of lifeblood, and each person has the ability to contribute to this Blood Pool by, well, giving blood. Remember when we were talking about the acausal? Okay well the blood is sort of acausal in that it is the essence of the Cosmos, which as you know flows into the causal as humans or 'nexions' and gives us humans our Life, in one regard. But it's also causal in that the Blood Pool also grows by actual giving of real blood. By contributions, whether voluntary or not, such as shedding real blood in war, or killing, or sacrifice - or even intellectual blood like art or writings that are about the Temple. Whatever serves to increase the power, resources and spread of the 'Blood Pool' basically.'

There was a pause as Ryan listened for a moment to the receiver.

'Well basically the 'Blood Pool' is like a 'Nexion', a place where the Acausal meets the Causal and there's a mergence. Except in this case their 'Blood Pool' is like something that has to be fed, with constant and continual sources of blood, and the more they feed it, the more powerful it gets.'

Ryan listened again.

'Well yeah I guess there's not much difference in the way it works from the ONA's nexions - except that from what I understand - the ONA nexions are places or people designed to open a 'gateway' between the Acausal and the Causal. Maybe I'm wrong, it doesn't really go into as much detail as I'd like here, but I think the 'Blood Pool' is meant to be used to form/create an actual Demon. Sort of like using all the pain and suffering and darkness and things to, well *build* an autonomous dark force, a bit like how people build society and then society started building people?'

Ryan hoped he wouldn't have to explain how.

'Yes babe, exactly like that. Man created a wheel, and then the wheel shaped man, y'know? Well anyway, what I actually wanted to talk about is related to this 'Blood Pool', it's pretty interesting. You know how the ONA creates Adepts and sometimes the Adepts don't make/maintain the grade and are used as, well fodder for the Dark Gods? Yep well it's the same sort of deal with the ToB, except with the ToB everyone's considered good fodder for the Dark Gods. It seems to be the *quantity of blood* they're concerned about with the Blood Pool, not the *quality of character* for sacrifice like the ONA here, but I think there's more to it. Anyway instead of Adepts, there's these ordeals that individuals are put through which basically tries to turn them into 'Noctulians' and these Noctulians are like real vampires.'

Ryan had anticipated the question but wasn't sure of the answer.

'I'm not really sure to tell you the truth. I've got some idea why they want to make vampire-type creatures, I'll send you something about that later tonight. And from what I've read, 'Noctulius' is one of the ONA's Dark Gods, represents night or something. I'm sure it's more intricate than that - hang on I'll check.'

Ryan set the phone down on the desk and typed some words into a search engine. He clicked one of the links that came up and smiled with satisfaction. He picked up the phone while looking at the print that had come up on the screen.

'Babe, I found something. Order of the Nine Angles' deity of night. Useful in works of enchantment. Earth based. Key for chant: G minor. Perfume - petriochor...'

Ryan waited.

'Yeah that's all its got, I'll have to look into it further to get the connection between Noctulius and the Blood Pool, but the point is these Noctulians. Remember how I said the other day that the ONA seemed to be a factory for serial killers? Well I was wrong. Serial killers act on impulsive, uncontrolled emotion - anyway if anything is a factory for killers its these guys. The 'Noctulian' starts out as a normal human being at first but slowly becomes turned into 'something else' by having his physical and mental changed by all these different, ah, 'alchemical' ordeals. They basically become like vampires, but actual vampires y'know? Feeding on blood, killing without remorse, letting themselves be used for sexual and sacrificial rites as the ToB needs.'

'Um, how do I put this? They're like organic vegetables grown on a farm, or like pieces of meat to be butchered for the rites of the Blood Pool. Except that they're imbued with a magical and powerful energy as they become Noctulians, so they're sort of like Adepts by the time they come to be butchered. Which means an enormous increase in the energy released by their death, because they're more worthy than the average human life as part of the acausal.'

Ryan shifted his chair slightly and sat up straight, staring fixedly ahead.

'It's one of the most horrific concepts I've seen. If they could get it working in a practical way, so that the idea appealed to great numbers and even became a sort of cult which people just devoted themselves to being used and abused in the belief that their goal in life was to submit to being butchered to bring about this huge intrusion of Dark Gods, a type of farm could

actually be set up. I mean how many try-hard girls and guys turn to Wicca or even pseudo-Satanism these days, even if just for attention? Fostering a paradise-type of cult where sex, drugs, violence, etc. are all free and accessible - where the members are indoctrinated into wanting to be part of the calling down of the Dark Gods certainly has appeal. In a massive overview of psychological sense most of those that turn to the occult are trying to get back at society because they're the dis-inherited. Society rejects them, they don't know what the hell lifes about just that they're angry depressed and looking for some leadership. All they've got are the notions that they bolster their egos with regarding their worth and power and so on and so forth... and really, it wouldn't be that hard to flatter them into being participants in something huge that gave them an identity and even a 'family.' Charles Manson had a cult similar to this, except for the fact that he didn't farm people to butcher, I don't think so anyway, who knows, but look how popular, how eager people are to be part of that STILL! Even thirty-forty years later there are masses of people who want to be told what to do and what lifes about in exactly this cultic way!'

Ryan continued staring ahead while he listened to the voice coming from the receiver. He had spoken excitedly while explaining the Noctulians to his girlfriend, but his next few sentences came out thoughtfully, slowly, almost painfully, in a deep calm gravelly voice.
'Exactly babe. And here's where I come in. I've been toying with the possibility for a while now that it's easily possible for one person on the internet to pose as many and in fact bolster the illusion of many separate people simply because you can be anonymous and sign up as anyone you want to as many times as you like on the Internet. Different emails, different details, change the way you write so it seems like it's the writing of a different person, etc. - I mean it's not impossible. I half suspected it was occurring on the group I go to...'

A question issued from the receiver.

'Yeah like I thought it possible that the individuals I talk to were not only women, which took a long time to sink in after realizing that there was no indication they were men, I'd just assumed - and that there was the chance I was getting manipulated by one person posing as many. I mean a bit of sociology, a mastery over playing roles, whos going to know? I mean on chatlines for example this one time I was talking to this person and they pissed me off with they're bullshit about Nazis right. So I signed off and signed back on pretending to be a woman./ I messaged him, 'sweet-talked' him, and found out a plethora of information about him just because he couldn't keep his mind out of his pants. I could have used all that info as ammunition for attacking him from my other persona, you see? So it's not impossible...'

Ryan smiled as his girlfriend commented warmly on his theory.

'Well, my idea is similar to these lines baby. If the ToB could foster some manufactured pseudo-cult reports, like diary entries from 'invisible' members of the noctulians and deliver enough temptation for others to want to be part of the party - there's no reason why there can't be another Heavens Gate, except this time a Useful one. A Sinister one.'

Ryan paused to think.

'What's that baby? Suicide. Yeah... yes. Actually, it *is* basically Suicide for Satan. Ha ha! We could put that on t-shirts and badges, fuck, the worlds so hungry for decadence it'll love that! I can see it now. Which is always a good sign, baby. But not only would the cult be like a pool of resources, it'd also get ride of the dross *with* their consent! Ha ha, I mean is that Sinister or what? Well anyway, I'll see what I can find out about Noctulius and I'll talk to you tonight about

it. Okay, I love you too , spunk.'

Ryan smiled, blew kisses into the phone, and hung up.

'Right' he said out loud.

'Time to stop fucking around and actually write something useful.'

THE NIGHTMARISH LANDSCAPES OF THE UNDEAD

TOB

In undertaking the walk upon the terrifying and beautiful Path that leads the aspirant out of the calm and secure world of mortality and into the nightmarish landscapes of the Undead, there are found Beings that serve the dual roles of guide and destroyer.

The Undead themselves guard the Palaces of the Mighty. The Undead themselves devour with fire the initiate. The Undead themselves wait to consume with ravenous appetite those that cannot, through the force of their own Will, rise like a Phoenix from their own ashes into a glorious and Eternal state of Undeath.

They are always waiting, just outside of the gates of normal perception, breathing icy vapors into the minds of the masses and chanting mantras of creation's demise into the ears of the spiritually deaf. They are always calling, always shrieking, grinning as man fails to hear and falls into the depths of outer darkness.

For millennia we have awaited their return. For generations we have burned our fires and made our Opfers to open a dark gateway to the regions beyond the stars, to recall Them here to walk among us.

The question is no longer, "When will they come?" for They have already returned to reclaim the earth as their sulfur kingdom. The question that remains is, when will we recognize the embodiment of evil in our midst? When will we open our eyes to that which sweeps and moves between us? When will we take the dread step through the Brimstone Gates and leave behind all that is dead and dying? When do we plunge headlong into the mouth of abandonment and bathe with joyful malevolence in the Lake of Fire? When will we drown ourselves in the Pool of Blood and waken in Sinister resurrection, greeted by all the hosts of Hell and the Undead Gods Themselves?

* * * * *

How can one walk a path one cannot see? Behold the faces of the Undead. Commune with them daily. Cross over the boundary of the protective Circle and shake hands with the physical materialization of our Darkest brothers.

Having opened and cleansed the windows of perception, seat yourself facing south, your black backed mirror upon the altar. Chant thrice the Diabolus, awakening the senses to those nightmarish astral landscapes. Behold these landscapes taking form in the mirror.

Once the image has solidified, allow your vision to take you on a journey through those dark nether lands, exploring all that could be your future domain. Let these sights flood your senses, finally finding your home in Darkness. Then, pull away, creating a longing that will linger like a sigh that cannot be released.

Every day return to the mirror and gaze into the face Perdition until the memory of it fills every silent space in the day. Long for the time that you can sit and see through that window the only place that you belong. The true and undying Hinterland.
And then, move forward.

Having gained the initial visions of the landscapes of the Undead and the subsequent longing - which is the necessary desire to the cessation of all mortality - seat yourself again before the mirror. Give rise to the macabre visions with discernment. Breath in, feeling not oxygen but vaporous Blood enter your being. If needs be, drain the Blood Essence from a healthy victim immediately beforehand.

Being filled completely with Blood of the purest form, your gaze fixed on the images in the mirror, be lifted into your finer Bodies from the confines of your meaty shell. Behold with your astral eyes the mirror which is now a gateway into the realms of the Undead. Travel through the portal into the very vision itself, finding all of your senses firmly planted in this ninth dimension.

Look around you and see first hand those sights that had only tempted your eyes through the window. Move your astral hands through the molten and smoky essence of Darkness around you. Breath in the thick airy currents of Blood and smell it assailing you.

Set your feet upon the living and writhing ground and wander the wasteland. Explore the madness that has taken form only in this nightmare abode. Become saturated with the sights and sounds. Move with the black tides of this place. Become insane with obsession for this land.

Then pull away.

Return to the Land of the Undead daily, until finally, you feel that return to the body would destroy the spirit with longing.
And then, move upwards.

* * * * *

Seat yourself to the south, having before you the sigil of the Undead God to behold. Gaze into this until it unlocks; until the lines of blood on the paper vanish and appear again in living radiance. Chant the name of that Undead One over and over, until it becomes the only sound vibrating throughout all existence. That name is the very mantra of your descent into Blood. Command with all of your Will the glowing sigil to manifest itself in the electric air before you. Open this projected image wider, until the sigil itself becomes a gateway to the throne or principality of that Dark God.

Rise from your vessel and travel through that gateway into the unholy kingdom of the One you seek. Allow the place to densify, your astral perceptions training into the unknown. Should the Undead that you seek not be made manifest immediately, call out its name, creating a link that will pull you to it.

The stark madness of the sight of these Beings may initially cause the Seeker to cower or even to retreat back into the body and its dulled senses that cannot perceive such chaos embodied. Penance can only be made by annihilation of the weakness and a second or third journey into the lair of the serpent.

At whatever cost, conversation must be held with the Undead. The senses must be smashed to oblivion by Their presence. Their ancient knowledge must be absorbed to the point that all that remains is THEM, and you are no more when not before Their throne.
Then pull away, back into the dying body and decaying world.

And then, move inwards.

Having gained communion with several Undead, and having been reduced to a shivering corpse by their magnificent Darkness, the time has come to Become.

Call out to Them, inside a circle of blood and flame. Open your vessel for them to inhabit, to move through, to mutate into Their own. Leave no room for the Self, for all that exists is Them. Day and night, be flooded with Them, one by one.

Tear at your hair and cut at your skin as to begin to die day by day. Weep unrestrained, for soon there will be no more tears left to cry. Lay down in your grave, which is the body that denies you, until you are awakened by the piercing light of the Black Sun.
And then, Ascend.

* * * * *

Call out to the Undead, within a Circle of human blood, still warm and swimming with life

The Evolution of Project MKULTRA

With the CIA and National Security Council firmly established, the first in a series of covert brain-washing programs was initiated by the Navy in the fall of 1947. Project CHATTER was developed in response to the Soviet's "successes" through the use of "truth drugs." This rationale, however was simply a cover story if the program were to be exposed. The research focused on the identification and testing of such drugs for use in interrogations and the recruitment of agents.[5] The project was officially terminated in 1953.

The CIA decided to expand their efforts in the area of behavior modification, with the advent of Project BLUEBIRD, approved by director Allen Dulles in 1950. Its objectives were to; (1) discover a means of conditioning personnel to prevent unauthorized extraction of information from them by known means, (2) investigate the possibility of control of an individual by application of special interrogation techniques, (3) investigate memory enhancement and (4) establish defensive means for preventing hostile control of agency personnel. In August 1951, Project BLUE BIRD was renamed Project ARTICHOKE, which evaluated offensive uses of interrogation techniques, including hypnosis and drugs The program ceased in 1956. Three years prior to the halt of Project ARTICHOKE, Project MKULTRA came into existence on April 13, 1953 along the lines proposed by Richard Helms, Deputy Director of Central Intelligence (DDCI) with the rationale of establishing a "special funding mechanism of extreme sensitivity."[6] The hypothetical etymology of "MK" may possibly stand for "Mind Kontrolle." The obvious translation of the German word "Kontrolle" into English is "control."[7] A host of German doctors, procured from the post war Nazi talent pool, were an invaluable asset toward the development of MKULTRA. The correlation between the concentration camp experiments and the numerous sub-projects of MKULTRA are clearly evident. The various avenues used to control human behavior under MKULTRA included radiation, electroshock, psychology, psychiatry, sociology, anthropology, graphology, harassment substances and paramilitary devices and materials "LSD" being the most widely dispensed "material". A special procedure, designated MKDELTA, was established to govern the use of MKULTRA abroad. MKULTRA/DELTA materials were used for harassment, discrediting or disabling purposes.[8] Of the 149 subprojects under the umbrella of MKULTRA having been identified, Project MONARCH, officially begun by the U.S. Army in the early 1960's (although unofficially implemented much earlier) appears to be the most prominent and is still classified as TOP SECRET for "National Security" reasons.[9] MONARCH may have culminated from MKSEARCH subprojects, such as operation SPELLBINDER, which was set up to create "sleeper" assassins (i e. "Manchurian candidates") who could be activated upon receiving a key word or phrase while in a post-hypnotic trance. Operation OFTEN, a study which attempted to harness the power of occultic forces was possibly one of several cover programs to hide the insidious reality of Project MONARCH.

Definition and Description

The name MONARCH is not necessarily defined within the context of royal nobility, but rather refers to the monarch butterfly. When a person is undergoing trauma induced by electroshock, a feeling of light-headedness is evidenced; as if one is floating or fluttering like a butterfly. There is also a symbolic representation pertaining to the transformation or metamorphosis of this beautiful insect: from a caterpillar to a cocoon (dormancy, inactivity), to a butterfly (new creation) which will return to its point of origin. Such is the migratory pattern that makes this species unique.

Occultic symbolism may give additional insight into the true meaning Psyche is the word for both "soul" and "butterfly" coming from the belief that human souls become butterflies while

searching for a new reincarnation. [10]

Some ancient mystical groups, such as the Gnostics, saw the butterfly as a symbol of corrupt flesh. The "Angel of Death" (remember Mengele?) in Gnostic art works was portrayed crushing the butterfly.[11] A marionette is a puppet that is attached to strings and is controlled by the puppet master, hence MONARCH programming is also referred to as the "Marionette Syndrome." "Imperial Conditioning" is another term used, while some mental health therapists know it as "Conditioned Stimulus Response Sequences." Project MONARCH could be best described as a form of structured dissociation and occultic integration, in order to compartmentalize the mind into multiple personalities within a systematic framework. During this process, a Satanic ritual, usually including Cabalistic mysticism, is performed with the purpose of attaching a particular demon or group of demons to the corresponding alter(s). Of course, most skeptics would view this as simply a means to enhance trauma within the victim. negating any irrational belief that demonic possession actually occurs.

Alters and Triggers

Another way of examining this convoluted victimization of body and soul is by looking at it as a complex computer program: A file (alter) is created through trauma, repetition and reinforcement. In order to activate (trigger) the file, a specific access code or password (cue or command) is required. The victim/survivor is called a "slave" by the programmer/handler, who in turn is perceived as "master" or "god." About 75% are female, since they possess a higher tolerance for pain and tend to dissociate easier than males. Subjects are used mainly for cover operations, prostitution and pornography; involvement in the entertainment industry is notable. A former military officer connected to the DIA, told this writer, "In the 'big picture' these people [MONARCH victims] are in all walks of life, from the bum on the street to the white-collar guy". In corroboration, a retired CIA agent vaguely discussed the use of such personnel to be used as "plants" or "chameleons" for the purpose of infiltrating a designated group, gathering information and/or injecting an ulterior agenda.

There are an inordinate amount of alters in the victim/survivor with numerous back-up programs, mirrors and shadows. A division of light-side (good) and dark-side (bad) alters are interwoven in the mind and rotate on an axis.

One of the main internal structures, (of which their are many) within the system is shaped like a double-helix, consisting of seven levels. Each system has an internal programmer which oversees the "gatekeeper" (demons?) who grant or deny entry into the different rooms. A few of the internal images predominately seen by victims/survivors are trees, the Cabalistic "Tree of Life," with adjoining root systems, infinity loops, ancient symbols and letters, spider webs, mirrors or glass shattering, masks, castles, mazes, demons/monsters/aliens, sea shells, butterflies, snakes, ribbons, bows, flowers, hour glasses, clocks, robots, chain-of-command diagrams and/or schematics of computer circuitry boards.

Bloodlines and Twinning

A majority of the victims/survivors come from multi-generational Satanic families (bloodlines) and are ostensibly programmed "to fill their destiny as the chosen ones or chosen generations"(a term coined by Mengele at Auschwitz). Some are adopted out to families of similar origin. Others used in this neurological nightmare are deemed as the "expendable ones" (non-bloodliners), usually coming from orphanages, foster care homes, or incestuous families with a long history of pedophilia. There also appears to be a pattern of family members

affiliated with government or military intelligence agencies.

Many of the abused come from families who use Catholicism, Mormonism, or charismatic Christianity as a "front" for their abominable activities (though members of other religious groups are also involved.)

Victims/survivors generally respond more readily to a rigid religious (dogmatic, legalistic) hierarchical structure because it parallels their base programming. Authority usually goes unchallenged, as their will has been usurped through subjective and command-oriented conditioning.

Physical identification characteristics on victims/survivors often include multiple electrical prod scars and/or resultant moles on their skin. A few may have had various parts of their bodies mutilated by knives, branding irons, or needles, Butterfly or occult tattoos are also common. Generally, bloodliners are less likely to have the subsequent markings, as their skin is to "remain pure and unblemished."

The ultimate purpose of the sophisticated manipulation of these individuals may sound unrealistic, depending upon our interpretive understanding of the physical and spiritual realms. The deepest and darkest alters within bloodliners are purported to be dormant until the "Anti-Christ~' is revealed. These "New World Order" alters supposedly contain call-back orders and instructions to train and/or initiate a large influx of people (possibly clones or "soulless ones"), thereby stimulating social control programs into the new millennium. Non-biological "twinning" is yet another bizarre feature observed within MONARCH programming. For instance, two young non related children would be ceremoniously initiated in a magical "soul-bonding" ritual so they might be "inseparably paired for eternity" (possibly another Mengele connection?). They essentially share two halves of the programmed information, making them interdependent upon one another. Paranormal phenomenon such as astral projection, telepathy, ESP, etc. appear to be more pronounced between those who have undergone this process.

Levels of MONARCH Programming [12]

ALPHA. Regarded as "general" or regular programming within the base control personality; characterized by extremely pronounced memory retention, along with substantially increased physical strength and visual acuity. Alpha programming is accomplished through deliberately subdividing the victims personality which, in essence, causes a left brain-right brain division, allowing for a programmed union of L and R through neuron pathway stimulation.

BETA. Referred to as "sexual" programming. This programming eliminates all learned moral convictions and stimulates the primitive sexual instinct, devoid of inhibitions. "cat" alters may come out at this level.

DELTA. This is known as "killer" programming, originally developed for training special agents or elite soldiers (i.e. Delta Force, First Earth Battalion, Mossad, etc.) in covert operations. Optimal adrenal output and controlled aggression is evident. Subjects are devoid of fear; very systematic in carrying out their assignment. Self-destruct or suicide instructions are layered in at this level.

THETA. Considered to the "psychic" programming. Bloodliners (those coming from multi-generational Satanic families) were determined to exhibit a greater propensity for having

telepathic abilities than did non-bloodliners. Due to its evident limitations, however, various forms of electronic mind control systems were developed and introduced, namely, bio-medical human telemetry devices (brain implants), directed-energy lasers using microwaves and/or electromagnetics. It is reported these are used in conjunction with highly-advanced computers and sophisticated satellite tracking systems.

OMEGA. A "self-destruct" form of programming, also known as "Code Green." The corresponding behaviors include suicidal tendencies and/or self-mutilation. This program is generally activated when the victim/survivor begins therapy or interrogation and too much memory is being recovered.

GAMMA. Another form of system protection is through "deception" programming, which elicits misinformation and misdirection. This level is intertwined with demonology and tends to regenerate itself at a later time if inappropriately deactivated.

Methods and Components

The initial process begins with creating dissociation within the subject, usually occurring from the time of birth to about six years. This is primarily achieved through the use of electroshock (ECT) and is at times performed even when the child is in the mother's womb. Due to the severe trauma induced through ECT, sexual abuse and other methods, the mind splits off into alternate personalities from the core. Formerly referred to as Multiple Personality Disorder, it is presently recognized as Dissociative Identity Disorder and is the basis for MONARCH programming. Further conditioning of the victim's mind is enhanced through hypnotism, double-bind coercion, pleasure-pain reversals, food, water, sleep and sensory deprivation, along with various drugs which alter certain cerebral functions.

The next stage is to embed and compress detailed commands or messages within the specified alter. This is achieved through the use of hi-tech headsets, in conjunction with computer-driven generators which emit inaudible sound waves or harmonics that affect the RNA covering of neuron pathways to the subconscious and unconscious mind. "Virtual Reality" optical devices are sometimes used simultaneously with the harmonic generators projecting pulsating colored lights, subliminals and split-screen visuals. High voltage electroshock is then used for memory dissolution.

Programming is updated periodically and reinforced through visual, auditory and written mediums. Some of the first programming themes included the Wizard of Oz and Alice and Wonderland, both heavily saturated with occultic symbolism. Many of the recent Disney movies and cartoons are used in a two-fold manner: desensitizing the majority of the population, using subliminals and neuro-linguistic programming, and deliberately constructing specific triggers and keys for base programming of highly-impressionable MONARCH children. A prime example of how subliminal programming works is by looking at the recent Disney cinematic sensation Pochahontas, curiously billed as their "33rd" (highest degree in Scottish Rite Freemasonry) animated movie. In the movie, Grandmother Willow is a mystical 400 year old tree who counsels the motherless Pochahontas to listen to her heart and help her realize all the answers lie within. Grandmother Willow is constantly talking in "double-speak" and using "reversals" (i.e. "Sometimes the right path is not the easiest one"; the esoteric derivative being: the left path [the path that leads to destruction] is the easiest one. In Illuminati Structured MPD Systems, the willow tree represents the occultic powers of Druidism. The intrinsic imagery of the tree's branches, leaves and root systems are very significant, as some of the dark spiritual proper ties associated with the Willow Tree Programming are: (I)

The branches are used to whip victims in rituals for "cleansing" purposes, (2) A willow tree can endure severe weather disturbances (i.e. storms) and is known for it's pliability or flexibility. Victims/Survivors of the programming describe the willow's branches wrapping around them, with no hope of escape, (3) The deep root system of the willow tree makes the victim/survivor feel as if they are falling deeper and deeper into an abyss while in a hypnotic trance.

Music plays an instrumental role in programming, through combinations of variable tones, rhythms and words. Frightmeister Stephen King's numerous novels and subsequent movies, are purported by credible sources to be used for such villainous purposes. One of his latest books, Insomnia, features a picture of King with the trigger phrase "WE NEVER SLEEP," (indicative of someone with MPD/ DID) below an all-seeing eye. A partial list of other mediums used to reinforce base programming are:

Pinnochio, Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, Beauty and the Beast, Aladdin, The Little Mermaid, The Lion King, E. T., Star Wars, Ghost Busters, Trancers II, Batman, Bewitched, Fantasy Island, Reboot, Tiny Toons, Duck Tails, The Dead Sea Scrolls and The Tall Book of Make Believe. A few movies which depict or portray some aspect of MONARCH programming are Hell raiser 3, Raising Cain, Labyrinth, Telefon, Johnny Mneumonic, Point of No Return, The Lawnmower Man and Closet Land.

Programmers and Places

It's difficult to figure out who the original programmer of this satanic project was, due to the substantial amount of disinformation and cross-contamination propagated by the "powers that be." The two that went by the color-coded name of Dr. Green are a Jewish doctor named Dr. Gruenbaum, who supposedly collaborated with the Nazis during WWII, and Dr. Josef Mengele, whose trademark of cold blooded and calculating brutality has not only scarred the souls of survivors from Auschwitz, but also a countless number of victims throughout the world. Mengele's direct involvement at the infamous Auschwitz concentration camp was suspiciously downplayed during the Nuremberg Trials, and consequently no intensified effort by the U.S. and it's allies was directed toward his capture.[13] As a means to confuse serious investigators as to his whereabouts, U.S. officials would report Mengele being a non-threatening, recluse in Paraguay or Brazil, or that he was simply dead (the "Angel of Death" miraculously must have come back to life at least five different times).

His unprecedented research, at the expense of thousands of lives, undoubtedly was a significant bonus to U.S. interests, Besides using the pseudonym of Dr. Green, survivors knew him as Vaterchen (daddy), Schoner Josef (beautiful Joseph), David and Fairchild. A gracefully handsome man of slight stature, Mengele would disarm people with his gentle demeanor,while at other times, he would explode into violent rages.[14] Other characteristics remembered by survivors were the cadence of his shiny black boots as he paced back and forth and his I-love-you/I-love-you-not" daisy game. When he pulled off the last daisy petal, he would maliciously torture and kill a small child in front of the other child he was programming. Distraught survivors also recalled being thrown naked into cages with monkeys, who were trained to viciously abuse them. Evidently, Mengele enjoyed reducing people to the level of animals. He also would purposely restrain his victims from crying, screaming, or showing any excessive emotion.

Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, also known as Dr. White, was the former head of the Canadian, American and World Psychiatric Associations. Because of Cameron's extensive experience and credentials, the ClA's Allen Dulles funneled millions of dollars throughout organizations like the

society for the Investigation of Human Ecology, which Cameron ruthlessly presided over. Experimentations were conducted at several locations in Montreal, mostly at McGill University, St Mary's Hospital and Allan Memorial Institute.

Besides the conventional methods of psychiatric tyranny, such as electroshock drug injections and lobotomies, Cameron conceived the technique of "psychic driving," wherein unsuspecting patients were kept in a drug induced coma for several weeks and administered a regimen of electroshocks, while electronic helmets were strapped to their heads and repetitive auditory messages were transmitted at variable speeds.[15]

Many of those exploited were abused children which had been run through the Roman Catholic orphanage system. Not surprisingly, Dr Cameron has been conveniently left out of most psychiatric journals. This may have been, in fact, largely due to Project MKULTRA being publicly exposed in 1970, through lawsuits filed by Canadian survivors and their families. The CIA and Canadian government settled out of court so as not to be required to officially admit to any wrongdoing.

A former U.S. Army Lt. Col. in the DIA's Psychological Warfare Division, Michael Aquino, is the latest in a line of alleged government-sponsored sadists. Aquino, an eccentric genius, founded the Temple of Set, an offshoot of Anton LaVey's Church of Satan. His obsession with Nazi pagan rituals and his hypnotic manipulation of people made him an ideal candidate for the position of "Master Programmer." Aquino was connected with the Presidio Army Base day care scandal, in which he was accused child molestation. Much to the dismay of the young victims' parents, all charges were dismissed. Code-named "Malcolm", Aquino developed training tapes on how to create a MONARCH slave and worked as a liaison between Government/Military Intelligence and various criminal organizations and occult groups in the distribution of MONARCH slaves.[16] Heinrich Mueller was another important programmer who went under the code names "Dr. Blue" or "Gog." He apparently has two sons who have carried on the trade. The original "Dr. Black" was apparently Leo Wheeler, the nephew of deceased General Ear1e G. Wheeler, who was the commander of the Joint Chiefs of Staffs during the Vietnam War. Wheeler's protege, E. Hummel is active in the Northwest, along with W. Bowers (from the Rothschild bloodline). Other alleged master mind manipulators, past and present, are: Dr. Sydney Gottleib, Lt. Col John Alexander, Richard Dabney Anderson (USN), Dr. James Monroe, Dr. John Lilly, Lt. Comdr. Thomas Narut, Dr William Jennings Bryan, Dr. Bernard L. Diamond, Dr. Martin T. Orne, Dr. Louis J. West, Dr Robert J. Lifton, Dr. Harris Isbel and Col. Wilson Green In order to keep MKULTRA from being easily detected, the CLA segmented its subprojects into specialized fields of research and development at universities, prisons, private laboratories and hospitals Of course, they were rewarded generously with government grants and miscellaneous funding.

The names and locations of some of the major institutions involved in MONARCH programming experimentation were/are:

Cornell, Duke, Princeton, UCLA, University of Rochester, MIT, Georgetown University Hospital, Maimonides Medical Center, St. Elizabeth's Hospital (Washington D.C.), Bell Laboratories, Stanford Research Institute, Westinghouse Friendship Laboratories, General Electric, ARCO and Manking Research Unlimited, The "final product" was/is usually created on military installations and bases, where maximum security is required. Referred to as (re) programming centers or near-death trauma centers, the most heavily identified are:
China Lake Naval Weapons Center, The Presidio, Ft. Dietrick, Ft. Campbell, Ft. Lewis, Ft. Hood, Redstone Arsenal, Offutt AFB, Patrick AFB, McClellan AFB, MacGill AFB, Kirkland AFB, Nellis AFB, Homestead AFB, Grissom AFB, Maxwell AFB and Tinker AFB

Other places recognized as major programming sites are Langley Research Center, Los Alamos National Laboratories, Tavistock Institute and areas in or by Mt. Shasta, CA, Lampe, MO and Las Vegas, NV.

Notable Names

One of the first documented cases of a MONARCH secret agent was that of the voluptuous 1940's model, Candy Jones. The book, The Control of Candy Jones, (Playboy Press) portrays her 12 years of intrigue and suspense as a spy for the CIA. Jones, whose birth name is Jessica Wilcox, apparently fit the physiological profile as to be one of the initial experiments or human guinea pigs under the government's "scientific" project, MKULTRA.

The most publicized case of MONARCH monomania has surfaced through the book TRANCE Formation of America:

The True Life Story of a CIA Slave by Cathy O'Brien. On the back cover it emphatically states, "Cathy O'Brien is the only vocal and recovered survivor of the Central Intelligence Agency's MKULTRA Project Monarch mind control operation" This documented autobiography contains compelling accounts of O'Brien's years of unrelenting incest and eventual introduction into Project MONARCH by her perverted father. Along with co-author Mark Phillips, her rescuer and deprogrammer, Cathy covers an almost unbelievable array of conspiratorial crime: forced prostitution (white slavery) with those in the upper echelons of world politics, covert assignments as a "drug mule" and courier, and the country-western music industry's relationship with illegal CIA activities.

Paul Bonaci a courageous survivor who endured almost two decades of degradation under Project MONARCH, has disclosed strong corroborating evidence of widescale crimes and corruption from the municipal/state level all the way up to the White House.[17] He has testified about sexually-abused males selected from Boy's Town in Nebraska and taken to nearby Offut AFB, where he says they were subjected to intense MONARCH programming, directed mainly by Commander Bill Plemmons and former Lt. Col. Michael Aquino.[18] After thoroughly tormenting the young boys into mindless oblivion, they were used (along with girls) for pornography and prostitution with several of the nation's political and economic power brokers. Bonnaci recalled being transported from the Air Force base via cargo planes to McClelland AFB in California. Along with other unfortunate adolescents and teenagers, he was driven to the elite retreat, Bohemian Grove. The perpetrators took full advantage of these innocent victims, committing unthinkable perversions in order to satisfy their deviant lusts. Some victims were apparently murdered, further traumatizing already terrified and broken childr en. An insuitable actress of marginal talent (now deceased), a morally-corrupt T.V. evangelist, a heralded former Green Beret officer and a popular country-western singer are a few others likely having succumbed to MONARCH madness. Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan-Sirhan, Charlie Manson, John Hinckley Jr., Mark Chapman, David Koresh, Tim McVeigh and John Salvi are some notable names of infamy, strongly suspected of being pawns who were spawned by MKULTRA.

Deprogrammers and Exposers

Dr. Corydon Hammond, a Psychologist from the University of Utah, delivered a stunning lecture entitled "Hypnosis in MPD: Ritual Abuse" at the Fourth Annual Eastern Regional Conference on Abuse and Multiple Personality, June 25, 1992 in Alexandria, Virginia. He essentially confirmed the suspicions of the attentive crowd of mental health professionals, wherein a certain

percentage of their clients had undergone mind control programming in an intensively systematic manner. Hammond alluded to the Nazi connection, military and CIA mind control research, Greek letter and color programming and specifically mentioned the Monarch Project in relation to a form of operative conditioning.

Shortly after his ground breaking speech, he received death threats. Not wanting to jeopardize the safety of his family, Dr. Hammond stopped disseminating any follow-up information, until recently. Mark Phillips, a former electronics subcontractor for the Department of Defense, was privy to some of the top secret mind control activities perpetrated by the U.S. government. His inquisitive demeanor, strong conscience and heart-felt concern for Cathy O'Brien, a "Presidential Model' under Project MONARCH, prompted him to reveal the inner-workings of this grand deception beginning about 1991. As the story goes, he helped Ms. O'Brien escape from her captors and was able to deprogram her in about a years time in Alaska. The controversial Phillips has his share of critics who are skeptical of the veracity of his claims. New Orleans therapist Valerie Wolf introduced two of her patients before the President's Committee on Human Radiation Experiments on March 15, 1995 in Washington D.C. The astonishing testimony made by these two brave women included accounts of German doctors, torture, drugs, electroshock, hypnosis and rape, besides being exposed to an undetermined amount of radiation. Both Wolf and her patients stated they recovered the memories of this CIA program without regression or hypnosis techniques.[19] Wolf presently devotes much of her time to counseling such survivors.

A former labor attorney for Atlantic Richfield Co., David E. Rosenbaum, conducted a nine. year investigation (1983-1992) concerning allegations of physical torture and coercive conditioning of numerous employees at an ARCO plant in Monaca, PA.[20] His clients, Jerry L. Dotey and Ann White, were victims of apparent radiation exposure; but as Mr. Rosenbaum probed deeper in the subsequent interview sessions, a "Pandora's Box" was unveiled. His most astonishing conclusion was that Jerry Dotey and Ann White were likely the off-spring of Adolf Hitler, based in part on the uncanny resemblance from photos (facial features; bone structure and size were taken into consideration). Rosenbaum also states, "They both exhibit feelings and experiences that indicate they are twins." Dotey and White were allegedly subjected to torture of many kinds while under drug induced hypnosis, with each one undergoing at least three training techniques by plant physicians. Each victim was trained to enter into a hypnotic state upon the occurrence of specific stimuli, usually involving a "cue" word or phrase and trained to "remember to forget" what transpired in the hypnotic state. They were repeatedly subjected to identical stimulus-response sequence, to produce nearly automatic reactions to the particular status. MKULTRA veteran, Dr. Bernard Diamond, Dr. Martin Orne and Dr. Josef Mengele regularly visited the ARCO plant, according to Rosenbaum. The special conditioning of Dotey and White was intended for the artificial creation of dual German personalities. Rosenbaum, who is Jewish, has maintained a deep friendship with the two, despite the seemingly precarious circumstances.

Other renowned therapists involved in deprogramming are Cynthia Byrtus, Pamela Monday, Steve Ogilvie, Bennett Braun, Jerry Mungadze and Colin Ross. Some Christian counselors have been able to eliminate parts of the programming with limited success.

Journalists who have recently expounded on the subject matter in exemplary fashion are Walter Bowart, Operation Mind Control, Jon Rappoport, U.S. Government Mind-Control Experiments on Children and Alex Constantine, Psychic Dictatorship In The USA

Conclusion

The most incriminating statement to date made by a government official as to the possible existence of Project MONARCH was extracted by Anton Chaitkin, a writer for the publication, The New Federalist.

When former CIA Director William Colby was asked directly, "What about monarch?" he replied angrily and ambiguously, "We stopped that between the late 1960's and the early 1970's." Suffice to say that society, in its apparent state of cognitive dissonance, is generally in denial of the over whelming evidence of this multifarious conspiracy. Numerous victims/ survivors of Project MONARCH are in desperate need of help. However, the great majority of people are too preoccupied with themselves to show any genuine compassion toward these severely wounded individuals. Apathy has taken over the minds of the masses, who choose to exist within the comforts of this world. Reality has thus become obscured by relativism and selfishness.

Although there has been some progress in deprogramming and reintegrating therapies, a much greater problem needs to be rectified. The Holy Bible addresses this problem as the fragmentation of the soul (Ezekiel 13:20). A spiritual restoration is what is truly needed (Psalm 23:3) but can only take place by completely trusting in Jesus Christ as the way to salvation (John 3:16; I Peter 3:18) and deliverance from demonic oppression and/or possession (Mark 16:17). The true humility of Christ and the love of God effectively counters the pride and hatred of Satan.

Statistically, the road to recovery for these survivors of unimaginable depravity is a long and tedious one, but God is the ultimate healer and only within his time, through His strength and by His grace, can the captives be set free (Isaiah 61:1).

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DRILL SGT. GREY - A DISTURBING ANALYSIS

VVM

A NOCTULIAN craves *DISCIPLINE*.

DRILL SGT. 333 is the *LEADER* of the VVM (Velton Vindex Movement.) He is a grim, grey alien with large, almond-shaped eyes and a small, skeletal figure (which is in contrast to his over-sized head.) He wears a Drill Sgt. Uniform (including a large, harsh brimmed hat with the numerical code '333' emblazoned on the front, military pants tucked into combat boots and a military battle-ready logistical jacket emblazoned with the numeric '333' and on which is pinned an insignia of the Nine Angles, a patch bearing the sigil of the TOB and upon the collar-tab epaulets is the numbers '333' - the latter which appears on both of his thin, starved shoulders.) He wears a black armband with large white letters sewn onto the clothe bearing the initials 'VVM'. His mouth is only a slit which never smiles. From his mouth emanates only hate because he hates you, he wants to discipline you, he wants to punish you, he wants to push you over the brink so that you fall - like chaff - into the blaze of the abyss, the blaze of subversion, the blaze of the clandestine, the blaze of torture, the blaze of discipline.

He carries a wooden punishment paddle that has been drilled with holes, many, many holes. The holes are to lessen wind resistance when he beats you and he will beat you - he will beat you like a bad little girl or a bad little boy but he will not beat you because you have been bad, he will beat you because you have not been bad enough. When he bends you over and paddles your bottom it is a loving discipline because he is saying to you: do not be human, be a Noctulian! Although the way he phrases it may sound more like "TOUGHEN UP YOU WIMP!" or it may even sound like the churning and grating of hideous machinery in a terrible, dark and grim factory somewhere in the astral wastelands. Did I mention he also carries a cat o' nine tails made of a hideous leather-like substance which is interspersed with spikes? You are truly a fortunate soul if Drill Sgt. 333 decides to go after you with that particularly unholy implement.

The name tag on his battle-ready logistical jacket reads "GREY" - just in case you do not recognize him when you see him... But if you do see him you will surely recognize him, because only the most fortunate boys and girls receive the very specific sort of balloons and surprises that Drill Sgt. Grey has to offer.

Every foul verbal abuse that issues forth from his mouth which swirls and rotates with the horrors of Nythra will make you more motivated. Each beating he gives you will bring you closer and closer to the Abyss and insanity (like a trout swimming upstream, the Abyss will make you immolate yourself in the hideous and caustic ordeal of shedding the causal.) The more miles you run and the more push-ups you do chanting '333' will help you transform from your current state into a bloated frog: bloated on the blood current of the Velton Vindex Movement and basking under the radioactive glow of atomic mushroom clouds who look down upon you with leering, spiral eyes.