

A stylized illustration of a city skyline at night. The buildings are dark purple silhouettes against a golden-yellow sky with a textured, cloudy appearance. A wide, light-gray spotlight beam originates from a small white circle on the ground and extends upwards, passing through the title text. At the base of the spotlight on the ground, a small black silhouette of a person in a trench coat carrying a briefcase stands with their back to the viewer.

The Murder of Time

MAKING AND UNMASKING A SLEEPER

By Matthew Pauly

The Murder of Time: Making and Unmasking a Sleeper

By Matthew Pauly

Seventh Edition

Edited by Ann Diamond.

Cover art by anonymous

ISBN 978-0-9781961-4-1

Copyright © 2016 Matthew Pauly. All rights reserved.

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review or scholarly journal.

This is a non-fiction memoir. Where noted, the names of characters and organizations have been altered.

Special mention must be made of one of the employers of Mitch, the antagonist in this non-fiction book. He reported to the author in January 2015 that the 1945 CIA Operation Paperclip resettled his Nazi mind-control scientist grandfather to America. Mitch is an American accented, senior military and intelligence officer and expert in MK-ULTRA mind-control. In May, 2015 Mitch did tell me the institution he works for, in addition to the military. For legal reasons his other employer will be referred to as CICA.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I thank my loving and dedicated wife, son, brother-in-law and his family, and my parents-in-law for their incredible love and support during the decade of difficulties that necessitated writing this book.

Special thanks also to:

Dr. Ira B., family physician, who has provided excellent professional care and support.

Ruth J. M. G. a professor of social work and her student Norm M. who cared for my wife and I in person during and following the very stressful events of 2015.

Ann Diamond for finding my postings online and asking to edit this book. She also provided heartfelt support to the author.

A close neighbour Carla L. reached out to support my family and me like no other.

Dr. Colin MacPherson, a Psychiatrist specializing in treating Psychological Trauma (and PTSD), for his outstanding dedication, medical care and humanity over 250 hours of therapy. Colin has moved near a Canadian Air Force base and leads a team that has treated many veterans of the Afghanistan war.

Lorna Milne, Psychotherapist at The Centre for Psychotherapy in Toronto for expertise in treating Psychological Trauma in over 250 hours of therapy.

Yvette C. (sister) for her editing of the first manuscript version in 2006.

Ellen R. and Vanna P. for providing edits to early versions of the manuscript.

Vladimir of the Russian Martial Art School for his teaching and patience.

Sean Stone, filmmaker, actor, and documentary interviewer for interviewing me on his show “**Buzzsaw**” at TheLip.TV, Episode 208 “[Scopolamine: The Devil’s Breath and Confessions of an MK ULTRA Sleeper Assassin\[1\]](#)”.

Adam Finnegan of the Indie/Alternative Rap Band ‘**Foreign Policy**’ for writing and producing “[Scopolamine Sleepers\[2\]](#)” a song inspired by the above-mentioned interview. Adam then created a stunning music video promoting the song and this book: [Scopolamine Sleepers Video\[3\]](#)

Adam gave much support, helping me traverse rapids of worry and fear

to complete the book, and became a friend.

-
- [1] <http://thelip.tv/episode/scopolamine-devils-breath-confessions-mk-ultra-sleeper-assassin/>
 - [2] <https://itunes.apple.com/us/album/scopolamine-sleepers/id1068574219>
 - [3] <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=shLMgiI9BuUat>

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated first to those who have been tortured, under any circumstances. Second, this book is dedicated to those who suffer Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), which includes most in the first category. This book is especially dedicated to MK-ULTRA Monarch test subjects, including super soldiers, all of who, by definition, have been tortured, and suffer from PTSD.

Besides time, accelerators to healing need to include:

- a) Psycho-dynamic psychotherapy, and
- b) Mindfulness-based therapy, and
- c) For some, adjunct medication therapies

There is no replacement for talk therapy with psychotherapists and those few psychiatrists specializing in Post-Traumatic Stress disorder.

This book is especially dedicated to the hundreds of Canadian Forces soldiers upon returning from Afghanistan had PTSD and have not received the help they deserve in a timely manner, or at all. More loss of life has occurred upon their return from lack of access to PTSD treatment than in the war. This is shameful to all Canadians.

These young, courageous men and women were injured in combat through no fault of their own and deserve prompt, top-quality, on-going treatment.

This is also dedicated to the innocent in Mitch's MK-ULTRA mind control experiment in 2008.

INTRODUCTION

A Canadian academic reviewing this book before publication insisted that before telling my story I must explain how it fits into the power dynamics of society.

On a family vacation in China in 2012 by chance I met several Chinese dissidents in their late twenties. One showed me an English translation of the essay he wrote and published which put him in the cross hairs of the government. His was a brave criticism. He was literally on the run, not staying long in any one place. I was shocked for the first time meeting someone who legitimately feared for their safety based on something they had written.

I told him of my book effort. I explained my non-consensual involvement since 2005 as the subject of mind-control research by the US Military Joint Task Force (JTF) and CICA with Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) support. I said I was considering publishing as fiction since the violent black operations by professionals left very little evidence, and I feared retaliation.

He said emphatically: “This is an important story! You must publish this as non-fiction, otherwise it will mean nothing!” I agreed with the Chinese dissident then, and I completely agree now after my subsequent whistleblowing has resulted in life-shortening retaliation. This retaliation suggests my story illuminates an important mechanism of the power dynamics of society.

Recently in Dallas, Texas radio host Alex Jones interviewed Vivian Kubrick, daughter of the great filmmaker Stanley Kubrick. Vivian Kubrick had held a pro-constitution sign in a peaceful protest, exercising her first amendment rights and police told her she had to move away. As she walked away the police repeatedly pushed her with their fists in the center of her back[4].

Jones asked, “What was your dad, with his great artist mind, what would he think of what America has turned in to, because his films predicted it?” She replied, “My father was very haunted by those factions on our planet that try to manipulate humanity...I think the films that he made, he wanted people to think for themselves, experience for themselves, whatever it meant to them...”

This book, not nearly so artfully, tells of the mind-control mechanisms

used by some intelligence agencies, on behalf of greater societal forces, to manipulate humanity with manufactured hate crimes, assassinations and terror events. I ask people to read this book and make up their own minds.

US intelligence agencies, and military have been working since at least WWII on human experimentation, including mind-control, with the goal of forcing people to do things against their will and interest, such as carrying out missions as spies, assassins[\[5\]](#), couriers and sex slaves.

Canada historically has been a CIA MK-ULTRA mind-control research site of the USA. MK is thought to be an abbreviation from the Latin Germanic ‘Mentale Kontrolle’, or mind-control in German. In 1945, the CIA resettled many thousands of Nazi scientists, in rocketry and mind control, to America in ‘Project Paperclip’ seeding NASA, CIA, and the military with Nazism[\[6\]](#).

In 1940 secret letters between George Estabrooks of Colgate College in New York tantalized Ernest Bavin, head of RCMP intelligence with a plan of making hypnotically programmed spies.[\[7\]](#) After some back and forth, Bavin finally declined. Estabrooks had a successful career consulting to the CIA, military and did develop hypnotically controlled, non-consensual spies. However from the significant RCMP involvement in my case documented herein, it is evident they do support the CICA with mind-control R & D on Canadians. The report from another victim to me in 1981, (see Preface) suggests they have been at it for many decades.

The Canadian government and the CIA funded Dr. Ewen Cameron’s mind control research on thousands of unsuspecting patients at the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Allan Memorial Institute in Montreal in the 1950s and 1960s. Thousands were disabled, and some died from horrors done to them. Very few were compensated as hospital records were destroyed. Still today Psychiatrists are not taught of this in Canadian medical schools. This Subproject 68 was one of over 100 CIA MK-ULTRA subprojects, many done in the USA.

In testimony before the US Senate Church Committee hearings in 1975, the CIA asserted this MK-ULTRA mind control research stopped. A former CIA deputy director Victor Marchetti said that “is a cover story.” A CIA deep insider in 2014 reported this program was still active, only covert[\[8\]](#).

Few are aware that a method exists using torture, hypnosis and a rare Voodoo drug called Scopolamine, to turn a person into a robot, so they can

be controlled to do anything. “I can give you a gun and tell you to go kill someone and you will do it,” said a leading expert on the drug, Dr. Camilo Uribe, head of the Toxicology Unit at San Jose University Hospital.[\[9\]](#)

The ability to anonymously mind-control an actor to be violent is a powerful aphrodisiac to those who lust for more power using deception. I have seen it with my eyes.

First the target is tortured until they dissociate. To dissociate means one's dominant personality goes to sleep to protect the psyche. Once dissociated, resisting hypnosis becomes very difficult. *Anyone* given enough torture-trauma conditioning will dissociate and can be turned into a “sleeper” to be activated later by the programmer.

Victims are hypnotically programmed to perform a newsworthy assassination, hate crime, mass-shooting or just hang around a crime scene after shooting a few rounds, acting as a ‘patsy’ to be caught after the professionals leave the scene without a trace.

After the first programming event, I had no conscious memory of what happened for four years and five months due to dissociative amnesia. I was handicapped in gathering evidence like seeking medical attention or calling the police.

For years after the programming, the anonymous handler can activate the ‘sleeper’ at any time through post-hypnotic triggers (signals) both visual and audible. ‘Plausibly deniable’, state-sponsored hate crimes, assassinations and terror events can be directed using non-consensual citizens who will have no memory of the event for years. While my mind was disabled by Scopolamine, torture-trauma to dissociation and hypnosis my body was used in such an event in 2008.

The political-security apparatus serve the uber-powerful.

News media ownership is highly concentrated in America and elsewhere. The owners exert enormous influence on what does and does not appear in the news by their power to choose editors and executives, and to dictate editorial policy.

Cherry picking news stories to create a preferred news reality is not enough for the uber-powerful. They go further to knowingly sell intelligence-agency-manufactured, false-flag terror events as authentic to deceive and usually terrify the public. A fearful citizenry is easier to control, for maximum profit.

Once the public is *full* of fear, terrorized, from ‘lone wolf/ideological’

terrorist events hyped by the media, they are more inclined to give up their rights to privacy, freedom of speech, freedom from arbitrary search and seizure, and so on 'to be protected from the terrorists.'

The terrorized population is more accepting of wars waged to 'get the terrorists' usually in places with oil, opium, or geo-political interest. In short, deception and fear (terror) is used to control the citizenry, and to extort more profits from afar. If we delve deeper into who funds the overseas terror groups, we come full circle.

As of November 2015, 50% (14 of the 28) of the worst mass shootings in the USA[\[10\]](#) since 1949 had happened in the last decade. The expected percentage based on an equal time distribution is only 15% (10 years/65 years). The actual percentage is 233% higher than expected (35%/15%). Criminals had Thompson sub-machine guns before 1949. The US population in the last decade has not increased anywhere near 233%.

This clustering of US mass shootings in the last decade happens to coincide with my experience of being trained as a non-consensual, hypnotically programmed assassin in 2005, and later abducted to the US and non-consensually tested in 2008. The total mind-control training time was less than five hours in two sessions by a JTF and CICA mind-control expert descended from, according to his own words, a CIA Project Paperclip Nazi mind-control scientist grandfather.

Mass shootings were attributed to 'lone wolf gunman/terrorists' have brought about the most draconian, rights-reducing legislation 'to protect us from the terrorists' in the USA, Canada and Britain, since WWII.

The Canada Anti-Terrorist Act, Bill C-51, and the US P.A.T.R.I.O.T. Act and National Defense Authorization Act are prime examples. Two of these were passed right after 9/11. The citizen's ability to participate in their democracy, i.e. to speak freely, to have freedom of religion, to have freedom of assembly, to have privacy, freedom from arbitrary search and seizure, were curtailed. The Pro-War, Big Oil, Corporatist agenda (e.g. TPP) is now nearly unopposed.

In summary, the covert mind-control R & D reported herein is a smoking gun in a covert war which benefits a select group in the political-security apparatus and a powerful few families whose banking, media and other interests benefit from wars and a more fear-controlled, servile citizenry. It would be naïve to assume other powerful countries lack this technology.

Except for a few paragraphs in the Conclusion there will be no more politics or agenda.

-
- [4] <http://www.infowars.com/infowars-com-exclusive-vivian-kubrick-on-the-insanity-of-tyranny-2/>
- [5] http://www.wanttoknow.info/mind_control/cia_mind_control_experiments_sex_abuse
- [6] <http://www.wanttoknow.info> 'mind control' topic containing declassified CIA documents
- [7] "Manchurian candidates of our own: When RCMP flirted with brainwashing", Jim Bronskill, The Ottawa Citizen, 12/28/97
- [8] http://www.wanttoknow.info/mind_control/cia_mind_control_experiments_sex_abuse
- [9] "'Devils Breath' could be world's scariest drug", John Otis, The Toronto Star, 09/02/13
- [10] '28 Deadliest Mass Shootings in U.S. History Fast Facts' – CNN.com

PREFACE

It was Christmas break of 1981. I had just returned home to my parents in Regina, Saskatchewan, after an exciting, intellectually stimulating and challenging first semester of Liberal Arts and Sciences at Trent University in Peterborough, Ontario. During the break I socialized a lot with friends, including attending a large party at the house of a friend of a friend. I was eighteen years old.

I had drunk a fair amount of beer, and began spouting revolutionary ideas. My father was a somewhat radical Cultural Anthropologist and Sociologist who had taught me to shake off the shackles of Prussian style education, to think critically and discover my own truths.

The worst that had happened to my father for being an activist and free thinker was getting a death threat by postcard. He had also had his teaching contract at York University not renewed after his stinging critique of York's administration at a national students conference ended up on page A6 of The Globe and Mail. He moved the family to Regina, Saskatchewan where he co-founded the Social Sciences department of the University of Saskatchewan, Regina campus.

The death threat happened in about 1968 after he asked his friend Barbara Frum, known from his activist years teaching at York University, to have CBC national news cover a case of at least excessive force. The Regina Police shot a young First Nations man in the back, dead, while he fled a convenience store robbery carrying a knife that had not been used.

My father then organized a protest of mostly students in front of the Regina Police headquarters, after which the police chief said to the press, "I hate hippies." I watched as the CBC national news team set up lights and cameras in our house. The whole house had gone dark just before the interview was to start when they overloaded the old wiring with their bright studio lights. Upon replacing a fuse, my father was interviewed.

The threatening anonymous-type postcard from Weyburn, Saskatchewan followed shortly after the story aired on the CBC National News. "Keep your big nose out of other people's business. Shut your mouth or someone will shut it for you." The return address was fake, and the Regina Police told my father they could not investigate further.

I was less than five years old. My mother was supposed to keep the postcard from me, but she left it out on the living room coffee table. I

learned to read quite young and although I did not understand some of the message, I memorized part of it and later asked my father about it later. He apologized for my mother leaving the card out, and gave me an honest explanation. He downplayed the threat completely so I would not worry. That was the worst retaliation for my father's decades of activism that I knew of.

After ten minutes of spouting revolutionary rhetoric at the house party in 1981, a man in his late thirties, probably the oldest at the party, approached me. I cannot remember exactly what I had been saying to a crowd but it was something along the lines of getting pitchforks and torches and marching to parliament.

The observer had been listening to me from a distance holding his beer and motionless except to sip his beer slowly. He wore glasses, long hair by today's standards, and side burns.

He approached me and said, "I've been listening to you talk. You're quite a talker."

"Thank you!"

"I want you to talk with you for just a minute."

"Sure," I said.

"Come with me over here where it's quieter," he said as he led me to a quieter corner of the living room.

He backed into the corner and gestured me to stand close. I approached taking a sip of my beer.

He said, "I want to let you know something for your own good."

"What's that?"

He continued, "If you continue talking the way you just did, one day you will get in a lot of trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"You will be picked up by the authorities, I don't want to say who, and they will make you an experimental subject. "

"What?"

"They will do horrible things to you... they'll use torture and drugs," he said now leaning in close.

"You'll tell your friends and they won't believe you, no one will believe you."

"But," I interrupted to no avail as the mature man continued.

"They will make you kill someone!" he said emphatically, and finally.

Seeing disbelief in my expression his speech became more rapid, “You will lose your friends, and family! Your life will be wrecked forever.”

“No! That can’t be true, this is Canada! We are a *democracy*,” I countered.

Without losing a beat he replied, “It *is* true. I was just like you at your age. Look into my eyes! It happened to me, it *is* true!”

I looked in his eyes and they were unflinching, he seemed to be telling the truth. I was flabbergasted and shocked. How could this be? This flew in the face of everything I believed about my country.

Awkwardly I extricated myself, “Um, I will think about that, I need to talk to someone,” I said as I gestured towards someone in the crowd and walked away.

From the age of two years old, I grew up in Regina, Saskatchewan, the birthplace of the New Democratic Party, originally the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF.) Tommy Douglas was the leader and brought in Universal Health Care and an Old Age Pension Plan, both of which were later adopted federally for all of Canada. This more compassionate society was distinctly different from our big brother to the south.

Every Sunday morning my parents took the family to ‘The Unitarians’, where often an old gentleman in a wheelchair attended with his family. He had been present at the founding meeting of the CCF; it was held at his farm.

Canada had free speech among many other rights being enshrined in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms around that time. Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau had the intestinal fortitude to keep Canada out of the Vietnam War. Then my conception of our national identity came from my school textbooks; our culture was distinct from our big brought next door, something to be proud of.

Just before attending university I had spent nine months in Katimavik, a federal government sponsored, youth volunteer work program analogous to the US Peace Corps, but decidedly different. Participants lived in groups of twelve with a group leader, in three-month stints in different regions of Canada where they did physical labour for one dollar a day, to help the community. The group represented Canada’s demographics. We were taught many life skills, a second language and good citizenship.

I believed in the fundamental freedoms of our country. I believed we were a democracy. I could not believe Canadians could be selected “by

authorities” based on their beliefs or speech for non-consensual mind-control experiments in which they were tortured, drugged and forced to kill.

I had not heard of MK-ULTRA, and its main goal to develop mind-control to force people into doing things against their interest including killing others, with no memory of the event for many years. I did not know that a former CIA deputy director, Victor Marchetti, had rebuked the CIA’s assertion at the 1975 Church Committee Senate hearings that the program had stopped saying this was “a cover story.”

I had never heard of MK-ULTRA Subproject 68, a CIA and Canadian government funded mind-control research effort led by Dr. Ewen Cameron at Royal Victoria Hospital and Allan Memorial Hospital in Montreal in the 1950s and 1960s.

To believe this man at the party would have crushed much of my worldview. I was experiencing Cognitive Dissonance but I did not know what that was. Once home a few hours later, I remember standing in my bedroom, thinking over what the man had said. I decided I could not believe him. To believe him would be too unsettling.

Over twenty-five years later, I have painfully come to know he was right.

Since I report what I did not believe of a stranger years ago, I am attaching a supportive doctor’s letter so others may not make the mistake I did. I have since changed my pen name to Matthew Pauly to nearly match my Facebook profile <http://facebook.com/matthew.pauley99> referenced later

250 College Street
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5T 1R8
Tel: 416 533-4001

250, rue College
Toronto (Ontario)
Canada M5T 1R8
Tel: 416 533-4001

www.camh.net



April 26, 2011

Re: [REDACTED] (alias Malcolm Pauly),
D.O.B. [REDACTED] 1964

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have known [REDACTED] (alias Malcolm Pauly) since the spring of 2006, and I have been meeting with him regularly in psychiatric follow-up since that time. He initially presented with symptoms consistent with PTSD, associated with vivid memories of having been tortured by government anti-terrorist forces in a van on or about November 26, 2005.

Since his initial presentation he has had trials of three different antipsychotic medications due to my concerns that these memories may be false. This includes a trial with clozapine, well known to be an antipsychotic with superior efficacy. He retains full memory and certainty of the events in question despite these trials. He has not been diagnosed with a Delusional Disorder.

He has never presented with suicidal ideations, intentions, or plans.

Sincerely,

Colin Macpherson M.D. FRCPC
Staff Psychiatrist, CAMH

Transforming Lives - Transformer des vies

in the book.

CHAPTER 1: 2007 Q3 - Electroshock as Mind-Control

“Three things cannot be long hidden: the sun, the moon, and the truth” -
Buddha

It was a cool, overcast, early autumn evening in 2007 as I walked east on the north side of King Street in Toronto towards the Yonge street subway. The distance from my workplace in the Holiday Inn building to the subway was about six blocks. It was early evening with sunset less than an hour away. The Broadway style theaters had canopies with hundreds of light bulbs that illuminated the sidewalk out front and radiated heat onto passers-by. The shows had already started, so there were no line-ups.

I worked as a senior computer programmer of on line trading systems. I had been a programmer for two decades and had returned to my career only six months earlier, after taking a year and a half off recovering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Previously my longest time off work from sickness was two weeks in my twenties when I caught chicken pox. Although not yet back at the top of my game, I felt great relief at being back at work in my field.

I stand about 6' 1" with an average build, and what others have said is a 'Scottish look'. Given the huge influx of Scots into Canada a century ago, I could blend into a crowd, but there was no crowd this evening; the streets were almost bare.

Only two weeks earlier, I had received an edited version of my manuscript by un-encrypted email. My first editor, a relative with a graduate degree in English Literature, had spent several months editing a first draft of a tell-all book.

I knew my interrogators in November 2005 had made me promise to tell nothing about the van-based torture interrogation. The American officer 'Mitch', a US Joint Task Force (JTF) officer, and the Canadian JTF2 officer 'Red' had said my face would appear in the paper if I started talking about what was done to me. “It won't look good,” Mitch had added. The taller, heavier, dark-haired Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) officer 'Burly', who spoke with a slight French accent, had said very little during the interrogation, but played a central role in hooking up the torture devices and obtaining a forced confession.

I thought of myself as someone who stood up for human rights. It had felt good to write of the experience, despite the personal risk. I knew that sending the manuscript to my editor by un-encrypted email was a risk, as the authorities in the van had said I was going to be kept under surveillance.

What would they do when they read my manuscript exposing the torture? But had I sent encrypted email I might have led them to believe I was hiding something sinister: perhaps they would think I really was a terrorist, perhaps they would interrogate my relatives. Besides, how could I teach my stepsister-editor to send PGP encrypted email from over one thousand miles away? There was nothing to be done now anyway, the action was taken. I was glad to see the manuscript making progress but I felt a little unnerved, my caution combined with a sense of foreboding.

Mitch had threatened that I might also be taken to Guantanamo Bay if I started talking about the coercive interrogation. But the most serious consequence of talking was only hinted at by an odd question. Mitch had asked, "What side of the bed do you sleep on, inside or outside?"

After I told him "the outside," Mitch responded: "Just to make sure we're clear on this, Matthew, by outside do you mean the side closest to the door?"

"Yes," I responded.

This odd question would remain unremembered, rolling around in my unconscious for three more years. When it finally surfaced into my conscious mind it would erupt like a red-hot jet of lava from a volcano. A single question by an officer can have a profound effect on one's sense of safety and security at home.

However, on that night in 2007 as I walked east along the north side of King Street toward the Yonge subway, the ominous question was still repressed, not yet in my conscious mind just as memory of my sleeper agent training was still repressed.

There were few pedestrians that evening, as the weather was partially overcast, partly sunny, with occasional sprinkles of rain. Up ahead, half a block away, I saw an off-white van parked facing me on the north side of King Street, my side. I continued walking east with caution, having become leery of parked vans since 2005.

Coming closer, I saw this van was not as big as the tall, boxy, dull mono-colour, armoured five-ton military van in which I was interrogated in 2005. Instead it was about the size of a Ford Econoline van, with a sliding

side door and a slightly taller roof, similar to an ambulance. When I was a quarter of a block away, I could see the unmarked van had a driver and passenger inside. I started to feel nervous. My instinct was to run, but that was irrational. I couldn't run every time I saw an unmarked van parked on my side of the street.

A shorthaired, man in a dark suit walked towards me about an equal distance on the other side of the van ahead of me, but he his path was to my left, further from the curb. Curiously, at twenty paces from the van he veered towards the curb, towards me. To avoid colliding with him I veered to my right, which meant I was going to be closer to the curb parked looming van.

I willed myself to act normally and just keep walking towards and past the van. A car's length from the van, again the man veered to me, almost cutting me off. To avoid him I veered right to within two feet of the parked van and slowed my pace, as this erratic pedestrian appeared ready to sandwich me against the van. To my alarm, he also slowed down.

One pace after I passed the passenger door, I heard someone call "Matthew!" just behind me, in a loud voice from the passenger side window. I stopped in my tracks. I knew that voice. Time slowed down.

About six feet away stood another man with a big umbrella blocking the view to the west in case anyone was walking behind me. The man in the van who had just called my name remained facing forward; only the back and side of his head was visible revealing short, blond hair and an unsmiling mouth. The passenger window was half rolled down and I saw dust and smearing on the windshield, backlit from the orange glow of the sun, which was setting behind scattered clouds.

I recognized the man in the passenger seat. It was my torturer, Mitch. I heard a "clunk" that sounded like the van's side door unlatching beside me. Before I could turn towards it, I felt a damp, inhalant-soaked cloth being pressed over my nose and mouth as I was put into a headlock from behind. Uselessly, I tried to pull away; I was being dragged backwards into the van through the side door. I stepped backwards to release the pressure on my neck and avoid losing my balance. Just before I lost consciousness, I smelled fumes.

In a far-away voice, almost like in a dream, I heard my name being called: "Wake up, Matthew!" Now louder, the voice commanded, "Wake up, Matthew!" I realized I was not dreaming. I felt a sting on my cheek as someone slapped my face: "Wake Up, Matthew!! Wake Up!!" I opened my

eyes. I did not know how long I had been out.

I was strapped down to a portable gurney in the van, the same kind found in ambulances. It was lowered so I was close to the floor. In terror, I recognized both officers from the 2005 torture interrogation: Mitch (JTF) and Burly (RCMP). I felt an apple sized, smooth, round, rubbery object in my mouth.

Mitch continued, “Matthew, you've been a bad boy... A very bad boy...” I looked back quizzically, faking innocence. “You've talked to people; remember you were warned about that... we warned you.”

“Nooooo” I tried to say, but it sounded like “nnnnnnnaaaaaaaaaa” through the ball gag.

“Don't lie to me, Matthew...we know you've talked to a lot of people...” Mitch said and added gravely: “You were warned.” Then from the side Burly leaned in closer, holding an apparatus that looked like headphones, with metal tips in place of speakers.

I felt the metal ends rested close to my temples. I can still remember the cold of the metal against my skin. I realized what the device was. I tried to scream, but the rubber ball gag plugged my mouth. Realizing electro shock was imminent I screamed “nnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaa” as loud as I could but my scream was almost completely silenced by the ball gag. My only hope was that someone outside the van might hear my muffled cries.

Mitch picked up a box with wires leading out of it, a remote control of some sort. He was not going to give me any time to try and alert others. Hunching over as he stepped back, he announced: “Clear!” and a second later flipped the switch. The sensation was like an extremely loud buzzing for a fraction of a second before everything faded to black.

Sometime later I heard, “Matthew, wake up! Matthew, wake up!” It was still far off and dreamlike. Then louder: “Matthew, wake up!!” I realized I was not dreaming, and opened my eyes. The ball gag was gone, and so was my memory. I was sitting on a bench in a van that I did not remember getting into. It was as if I had suffered a stroke and awoken in an ambulance whose attendants did not wear uniforms and lacked medical equipment.

The blond man on my right was the smaller of the two. Another taller man with dark hair, sat about six feet away on a bench. They both looked oddly familiar and I felt deathly afraid of them. My mind was very blank, and my consciousness blunted.

“Look at me, Matthew!” the blond haired man said. Feeling spaced out, I slowly turned to look at the other man seated on my left. I was embarrassed that I did not know what was going on. The man asked, “Do you know where you are?” I was eager to appear able to function so I would be let go.

“Yes, I'm inside a van.” I tried to sound matter of fact.

“Good, now what are you going to do?” the blond man asked.

“I'm going home,” I responded hopefully.

“Good,” the man responded, somewhat relieved, and he added, “How are you getting there?”

“I'm taking the subway.” The blond man managed a half smile.

The dark haired, taller man sitting on the bench interjected, “And where is your home?”

“400 Walmer Road”

The dark haired man covered his face with his hands and slowly shook his head back and forth. I couldn't understand why he appeared despondent.

The shorter, blond man seemed annoyed. “No, Matthew! Your home is on the Yonge subway, on a street just north of Eglinton a few blocks.”

“Oh yes, right.” I was incredulous at my own mistake.

“Are you sure you know where your home is?”

“Yes, I remember now.”

The blond haired man studied me for a moment. “The Yonge subway is two blocks in that direction.” He pointed towards the back of the van. “Are you sure you understand?”. The van was now on the south side of the street, as if it had done a U-turn since picking me up, but likely it had travelled many blocks in between.

“Yes,” I responded, slightly annoyed at being treated like a child.

“Good, now go directly home, Matthew. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I responded mechanically. The tall man with the dark hair and moustache seemed ready to stand up. As I started to get up from the bench, the blond haired man motioned me with his hand to sit back down.

“Matthew, listen to me for a minute.” Pausing for effect, the blond haired man looked directly into my eyes. I noticed his eyes were blue, and cold. “Don't talk to anyone about this!”

“About what?”

“About all of this!” he said as he made a sweeping gesture with the palm of his hand towards the walls of the van, himself and the other man.

“Yes, OK.” My mind was fuzzy, confused, and compliant. I wondered what had happened that I was supposed to keep quiet about. I wondered why I had forgotten where my own home was. How did I come to be inside this van? What had occurred before I awoke sitting on a bench? Who were these men? Why was I feeling so spaced out? I felt a life threatening need to get far away as soon as possible.

The blond haired man stood up, and said, “All right, let’s go.” At 6’4” the taller, dark-haired man had to stoop over half bent to open the side door of the van. He stepped out and down onto the sidewalk. He scanned the surroundings in a slow arc before turning back to the blond haired man. “We’re good to go.”

I stepped down and turned around to face the blond haired man who remained inside the van. He bent forward and pointed east, towards the front of the van, and said, “The Yonge line subway is that way.”

“Yes.” I was eager to show that I could function on my own. I did not want to say ‘Good Bye’ as I felt deep antagonism towards these men. So I said, “I’m going now,” and then turned and started walking towards the subway.

I would not remember what had happened in that van until several years later. This incident in the theatre district in autumn of 2007 damaged my memory and left me with amnesia. The torture interrogation they were trying to keep me from writing about had occurred in a military van in mid-town Toronto in November 2005, two years earlier.

CHAPTER 2: 2005 Aug 2 - Watching a Plane Crash

STOP: Unless you are interested in the extraordinary events leading to my selection as a mind-control R&D test subject, skip to Chapter 6. Many readers are interested only in the state actor events and some stop reading in chapters 2-5. You can always return to these chapters later.

“You must never be fearful about what you are doing when it is right.” –
Rosa Parks

August 2, 2005 was my second day at my new job as a Team Leader and Senior Developer at a company Red Hand Software[\[11\]](#), a software vendor directly facing the Toronto Pearson airport. The company name was based on the name of a type of tarantula. There was a live one in a terrarium on display in the lobby and it was creepy.

The software vendor had hired me quickly, based on my extensive record as a team leader and systems architect designing and building complex software systems. I had been laid off from a previous position after getting into a disagreement with my manager. My career had been in decline ever since 2002, when I began having flashbacks and partial recall of severe childhood trauma, which my psychiatrist would not allow me to discuss with him in therapy.

Up until these memories surfaced, in my late thirties, I had had a near stellar seventeen-year career in software development, which began after graduating from university.

In the dot-com craze of 2000, I had been Chief Scientist of a publicly traded software development tools company, and for two years I was worth several million on paper. In 2002 the start-up failed as funding completely dried up during the dot-com crash. In that year, I involuntarily recalled previously inaccessible memories of severe childhood trauma/abuse and found it hard to keep my emotions under control. From then on, it became hard to keep a job or get contracts renewed.

The flashbacks were terrifying, and included waking from nightmares sweating and yelling, with arms and legs flailing. However my psychiatrist (Dr. R. G. C. at the then Clark Institute of Psychiatry, hereafter Dr. C.) refused to allow me to talk of this remembered trauma that involved severe

abuse by Ray V., then a family friend. He cited the risk of “falsely accusing another” due to recovering false memories.

I have since done some research. In the USA in the 1980s a number of grown up children sued their parents for childhood abuse. A common defense of parents was that the child was having false memories. Justice being what it is in the USA, highly paid lawyers (parents often had more money than their children) used this “false memory” defense to defeat the litigation and also to sue the child's psychiatrists, sometimes successfully.

Therefore, starting in the early 1990s, psychiatrists began refusing to let a client discuss childhood trauma, lest it lead to a wrongful conviction due to a false memory. A wrongful conviction could lead to psychiatrists getting sued, which would increase their insurance rates.

Not being able to talk about severe childhood abuse to psychiatrists has led to a whole generation of patients not getting the therapy they need to recover from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD).

Every time I raised my newly recovered childhood abuse memories to Dr. C., he would tell me: “I'm sorry Mr. Pauly, but I can't let you continue on this topic.” Once when I pushed the point, Dr. C. answered, “This interview is over.”

By late 2002 I had started to loathe Dr. C. My undiagnosed PTSD condition was becoming serious. To get to sleep at night, I sometimes fantasized a series of painful ways of inducing his demise. One scenario was dangling Dr. C. by his ankles out of his office window.

I had remembered severe childhood abuse (rape.) Parts of this event were repressed for 27 years to protect the psyche. What was still repressed was that after I was raped, I was taken to a remote location where I was shown the naked corpse of a young person dug up from a shallow grave. My attacker said this was what would happen to my mother and me if I told anyone.

Perhaps the reader might understand the rage I felt towards a psychiatrist who refused to let his patients speak of such memories “lest an innocent be wrongly prosecuted.”

I never had any plan to harm Dr. C.; I understood this imagining was simply a way to get to sleep for two months. In early 2003 I stopped my regular visits to Dr. C.

At the same time, I began to have trouble dealing with authority figures at work. I now suddenly found it a challenge to get a contract renewed or

stay at one employer for a lengthy period.

In 2004, my manager at a government media-conglomerate's web division would throw temper tantrums and hurl papers across the table. I could barely contain my fear and anger during these eruptions, even though most of the time the focus of the bosses' temper would be another team leader who cowered in fear.

I told a colleague that this work environment triggered me and I was not sure I could handle my emotional response. Apparently my colleague reported this, as within a few days I found my contract assignment changed. For the duration of the contract, I reported to another team leader and my contract was not renewed. The colleague got my old position.

After several such career-'non successes', in mid-2005 I accepted the team leader position the software firm near Toronto Pearson airport. I was determined to break the career bad-streak, and try my hardest to make this position a success. I owed it to my family to have a stable career and income.

Unfortunately, sometimes putting the lid back on an over-boiling pot of trauma memories is impossible. With my memories partially recalled, I was like a ticking time bomb.

Software occupied the top three floors of a five-story steel and glass office building with 1980s-style tinted windows on Matheson Boulevard East in Mississauga. All that lay between the airport's runways and our building was the 401 highway (North America's busiest), with an unobstructed view of the airport. This perfect viewing point was half a mile directly south of the airport, very near the mid-point of the east-west runways (24R, 23L), and only five degrees off center of the northwest - southeast runways.

Having worked at dozens of client sites and employers in nearly two decades in the software development business, on my second day I was already feeling reasonably comfortable with the new job environment. The first impressions were good: the people seemed very bright, full of energy, friendly and helpful. Management appeared hands off. This was cause for optimism.

My cubicle was on the fifth (top) floor where most of the software development took place. Perhaps because of close proximity to Pearson Airport, the senior management occupied the lower storeys, and rank-and-file worked in the top-most floors.

At around four PM on my second day, I had successfully navigated to

the fourth floor kitchen for the first time without asking for directions along the way. I felt proud considering I easily lose my way in a new building.

The previous business day, from the fourth floor kitchen, I had watched with wonder as shimmering heat waves rose from a mirror-like mirage on a runway that extended just over a mile towards the horizon. As the heat waves arose off the runway the outlines of the speeding planes became gradually distorted by wobbly, rotating jet wash while the planes grew smaller and smaller and took off into the sky.

From that distance, they seemed the size of remote controlled toy cars. It was fascinating to watch these big jets line up in a little row and wait their turn to take off, and then disappear into the hazy sky. Almost simultaneously, incoming aircraft landed into the wind on the east-west runways where the predominant wind pattern was south-easterly.

On this day, August 2, 2005, there were severe thunderstorms, with heavy rain, lightning and gusty winds. I had heard earlier in the day from co-workers that flights were stopped from taking off and landing due to the weather. As I walked into the kitchen to get a coffee, a white aircraft was coming in for a landing across the field of view of the window.

This was surprising, as I had heard that landings and take-offs were cancelled due to the thunderstorms. Having observed planes landing the previous day, I knew the aircraft needed to be on the runway by the time they passed the kitchen window, which was almost at the mid-point of the east-west runways. But this jet was not even close. I thought, ‘Oh great, a plane crash on my second day.’ Secretly I admonished myself for such a paranoid and very improbable thought. Several programmers were chatting while they looked out the window.

I drew closer to the window and recognized the jet had the familiar bloated airframe of a Skybust[\[12\]](#). It was no more than a few meters above runway 24L as it passed the halfway point heading west.

I had monitored the safety history of this government-consortium-designed, first fly-by-wire commercial airliner since 1988, when it had crashed at its air show debut in France[\[13\]](#). I had read that the computer programmers writing the control software were non-pilots and used functional specifications that did not take into account that pilots must ‘land hard’ during heavy rainstorms to prevent the wheels from hydroplaning.

The Skybust software-based control systems, at least initially, allegedly prevented pilots from landing hard; they insisted on a gradual descent to the

runway. However, allegedly due to a design flaw, when landing hard in heavy rain, sometimes the control systems prevented pilots from applying wheel or air brakes and these aircraft would careen down the runway resulting in overshoot crashes.

I was so informed (and worried) about Skybust safety that in 1996 I had demanded to be let off one when it stopped for repairs in Mexico City en route from Toronto to Costa Rica. In the middle of the night, on the airport tarmac, the pilot announced a delay while a maintenance crew replaced a computer system in the underside of the front fuselage.

I got up and moved to the back of the jet where the washrooms were. I talked with a stewardess about my dislike of Skybusts. The stewardess lowered her voice and shared her dislike. She said her husband was a pilot, and he called them “SCUDs”. “Because you never know where they were going to land.” The SCUD was an inaccurate missile system used in a Middle East war at that time.

Allegedly some of the Skybust crashes were allegedly due to the computer getting into a fight with the pilots about whether it was time to land or not, and so the aircraft would decide to land on its own in the wrong places, like in a forest when the Skybust crashed at its air show debut in 1988.

On that night in 1996 in Mexico City, I decided I had reached my threshold. I informed my then girlfriend of the poor safety record. I explained we could get off the flight and catch a different flight the next day. She agreed, and we told the stewardess, who informed the pilot.

The pilot called me into the flight cabin. He was polite at first as he explained, “This maintenance is routine; there is no reason to worry.”

I declined his reassurance, “I have followed the Skybust safety record from the start and I don't want to take any more chances than I have to.” The pilot became annoyed and reiterated that the plane was safe. I mentioned one of his own flight crew shared his concern for the safety of Skybusts. The pilot was not happy upon hearing this. I insisted that my girlfriend and I be let off the flight. The pilot tried more reasoning to no effect, and then he gave up. He reluctantly called in the situation on the radio to the control tower.

Several minutes later, an army jeep pulled up, and a machine-gun toting Mexican soldier stepped out. A truck with a staircase drove up against the side of the aircraft. A stewardess opened a door and the co-pilot stepped

out first and beckoned my girlfriend and me to follow. We walked down the portable stairs. Passengers could be seen nervously peering out the windows as we disembarked.

The co-pilot said something to the soldier, and then the baggage handlers that had appeared. The baggage handlers loaded many of the bags onto large baggage carts beside the aircraft. The staircase bearing truck shone a spotlight on the carts, and the soldier's jeep was positioned so its headlights shone on the baggage carts. The soldier asked us to identify our bags. We found our bags in a few minutes, and after signing a declaration, the machine gun toting soldier drove us back to the terminal.

We spent a pleasant night and part of the next day in Mexico City and caught a connecting flight to Costa Rica in the evening.

On August 2, 2005 my coworkers and I watched as the plane glided by our window in a severe thunderstorm. Three programmers were already at the window and I walked over to join them.

One of the three said, "He's overshot the runway! He'll never be able to stop!"

Still in denial about what was unfolding, I thought these younger programmers must just be unaware of how rare a plane crash was. "No, there must be more runway down at the end there," as I pointed towards the west end of 24L.

"No, there isn't." Sure enough, putting my nose to the glass to get a better view toward the west end of the runway, I saw a row of lights protruding on eight foot high metal stands. After that, there was nothing but grass, disappearing down a slope.

Time slowed down. All four of us were silent at the rare event unfolding outside. The speeding jet had now touched down and was rolling down the runway with less than 25% of the runway left. There was a curious sight: two huge 'rooster tails' of high pressure water spray were driven back and up from each set of rear wheels, and reached into the sky about 100 feet above the aircraft. The water jets were what one would expect from high pressure fire hoses pointed back and up at a 60-degree angle from the rear wheels of the jet. A wake of water followed the aircraft down the runway like that seen following a high-speed motorboat on a lake.

One of the others said, "See those rooster-tails of water spray? He's hydroplaning, he can't stop. Have you ever seen anything like that?" he asked the rest of us.

“No,” someone said. The room that minutes before had been filled with the din of conversation, was eerily quiet.

As the speeding plane approached the last 5-10% of the runway, it was still traveling at about 100 mph, too fast to stop in time. Sickened, I looked away. Another person at the window turned away from the window as well. The probability that many people were about to perish in an overshoot air crash, was too shocking to watch.

I felt my heart race and I knew I was breathing too fast. I made my way to the kitchen counter on the east wall, where I grabbed the countertop, leaned my body weight onto my arms, and took deep breaths to avoid hyperventilating.

One of the programmers at the window gave a grim play-by-play as at a sporting event: “He’s almost there... He’s almost there... There he goes... He’s almost there... That’s it; he’s at the end... He’s knocked over one of the light stands.... He’s going over the grass.... There he goes on the grass... still on grass... wait -- he’s going towards the slope... there he goes... he’s going down the slope... He’s disappearing down the slope.... There he goes... There he goes... He’s gone... He’s gone... and --”

There was a pause of 30 seconds and then the play-by-play resumed “Smoke... Yes, I see smoke!” After listening to over a minute of grim commentary, I went back to the window and looked out at the smoke and made a dash for the kitchen door. A younger man followed me into the hallway and called after me: “I haven’t seen you here before. What’s your name?”

“I just started yesterday.” I was purposefully avoiding his question.

The Good Samaritan said “You’ve just seen a plane crash. Are you all right?”

“Yes, I think so, I just need some air.”

“HR is on the on the third floor, if you want to talk to them.”

I descended the deserted gray concrete stairwell towards the ground level as I imagined the almost certain deaths in the crash and resulting fire. I was horrified. I felt incredibly guilty at having argued with the people at the window, insisting that there was more runway at the end, and that the jet was not going to crash. I had denied the almost certain deaths of many passengers. I now realize this was irrational, but that is how I felt in that moment of psychological trauma.

I thought, “It doesn’t matter if I’m Christian or Buddhist -- I’m going

to hell for denying their deaths.” Although I was not religious, this thought frightened me. By the time I reached the last flight of stairs, I had imagined two rows of faces, six in each row: the faces of grandparents, children, mothers, fathers, business people all screaming in pain as flames licked at their heads, and even a dog’s howling face too. It was a hellish vision; the faces were more like gargoyle faces, animated and very scary looking. (Later, a psychiatrist specializing in PTSD said this could happen to anyone during a Psychological Trauma.)

By the time I exited the stairwell, I was hyperventilating, my heart was racing and I was in mild shock. As I stumbled through the emergency exit door and onto the grass outside, I took a few deep breaths of air. From the direction of the crash site I saw black smoke rising. My stomach felt nauseated; I lit a cigarette.

I thought of running to the crash site to try and help people. Then I thought how certainly I would lose this job if I disappeared from work on my second day. Firemen and ambulances would arrive at the site faster than I could jog there. In my panicked state, what good would I be to the victims? I decided not to run to the crash.

I did not understand how I could be so freaked out. I distinctly felt the experience of hallucinating in the stairwell had changed me, that I was not the same person I had been before. I was right. I hauled heavily on the cigarette pulling the smoke deep into my lungs.

After a few minutes, the same Good Samaritan employee came out the door onto the grass and faced me. He said, “I am disappointed that you're smoking. You told me you were going to get fresh air.”

I replied testily, “Give me a break, I did breathe deep a few times. I just saw a plane crash and I need a cigarette!”

The Good Samaritan said “Calm down.”

It was not fair to be angry at this man, and so I said “Yah, sorry, I guess I’m just upset at what I saw.”

“I understand, but let’s go back now.”

I reluctantly threw my cigarette butt down, and ground it into the grass with my right foot. I entered the stairwell first and as I climbed the stairs I remembered the vision of burning passenger faces.

I had never had such a realistic imagining in my mind’s eye before, and it frightened me. The thought that I might be losing my mind made me fearful and angry. I blurted out what I was thinking: “I don’t need this shit!”

“What?” said the Good Samaritan.

“Sorry, I know it’s not your fault the jet crashed... It’s just that I only came here to program” I said.

“Then just do it!” the Good Samaritan repeated the Nike slogan, like a motivational speaker. I think he was stunned by my outburst and didn't know how to handle it.

When I returned to my cubicle, over a dozen employees were crowded around the windows as large plumes of black smoke rose from the crash site a kilometer away. I looked for a few seconds, but it made me feel sick.

Within a half hour, a programmer behind me reported in a loud voice “The CNN web page says everyone on board the aircraft died!” Reportedly a shoeless passenger from the crashed jet ran into the nearest terminal and shouted out that everyone aboard had been killed.

Again I felt that I should be running to the crash site to help; it took every ounce of my strength to hold myself back. It seemed completely wrong to be programming computer software when people were likely dying so close by. But it was only my second day on the job, after a bad career streak, and I felt a duty to my family to keep my job.

Large plumes of black smoke rose from the burning plane in the ravine and dispersed slowly. People were still gathered around the windows to watch. The stench of burning plastic and jet fuel became even stronger.

Again, I had to hold myself back from jogging to the crash site. I could not understand why we were not helping. After two hours, someone announced, “CNN’s web site says everyone survived!” A cheer went up in my section of the floor as people repeated: “They all survived!” But it was too late for me; I was already affected. I wondered if the news report was correct, since after all an earlier news report stated that everyone perished.

Ten minutes later, a woman walked onto the floor and announced, “I am from HR Everyone come over here.” People gathered in a crowd around the HR women. I couldn’t see her face, only that she was short. She said, “I don’t want to interrupt your work, but I know you are aware of the plane crash, and I just wanted you to know that everyone on board survived the crash.”

Surprisingly this gave me little comfort. I didn’t totally trust HR since they did not organize any rescue effort in the intervening hours. I wanted to see the information directly from CNN/CBC on TV at home.

For the rest of the afternoon I was startled and anxious. I had great

difficulty concentrating as in my mind's eye I kept seeing the scene from the kitchen window of the jet speeding out of control towards the end of the runway, followed by smoke rising out of the ravine. It kept replaying in my mind, over and over. The HR lady asked if anyone had seen the crash in progress, but I did not want to admit to it. It was only my second day on the job, and I was still in the probationary period. I probably did not even have benefits yet, and if they found out I had PTSD they probably would just lay me off. I had some recall of the overshoot crash, but it was rapidly disappearing.

I decided to leave an hour early, on my second day on the job. I purposefully stopped by my team leader and said, "I sure hope all those people survived." As soon as I got home, I turned on CNN and CBC where it was confirmed that all had survived. That night I tried to calm myself down. I told myself that everything was all right, although I knew something was not right. For several hours after the crash, I continued believing that everyone had died. Something had snapped in my psyche; particularly while fleeing through the stairwell right after watching the overshoot.

In those few hours following the crash, I had felt terribly guilty for arguing and denying the certain deaths of the passengers. I also felt guilty for selfishly choosing to stay at work to keep my job rather than running the one-kilometer to the crash site to help the victims. But as the evening wore on, the events of the day were becoming fuzzy and hard to remember. I had disassociated. The crash was becoming a forgotten splinter lost in traumatized time.

I remembered the telephone conversation with the recruiter who had found me the position, about ten days previous. He had asked me whether I would be okay working right across from the airport. "Yes, of course, why not?" I replied.

"Well, I know someone who started a job there but had to leave as they could not stand working right across from the airport," the recruiter responded.

"My dad used to take us to a road next to the airport when I was a kid so we could watch planes landing and taking off," I said. The recruiter seemed satisfied I could handle it, as did I.

Now I was not so sure I could work facing airport runways. I tried to visit HR the following morning, but the third floor receptionist said no one in HR was available. "One person is on vacation for the week and the other is

sick. What is it about?” she inquired.

“I have some new employee forms that contain confidential information and I don’t have a locked drawer yet, and also I wanted to speak with someone,” I responded.

“Here give them to me. I’ll see someone gets them.”

I handed her the forms. “I also wanted to just talk with an HR person,” I repeated.

“About what?”

“I’ll wait to talk with an HR person when one is available.” Then I added, “I’m disappointed that no one from HR is available,” and I left. I did not feel like disclosing my inner turmoil to a non-HR employee.

By the end of that third day, I had completely repressed the memory of seeing the plane crash and the event of running down the stairwell and the vision of people dying in flames.

On that afternoon, two people asked me if I had seen the crash, including my team leader. By ‘seen the crash’ they meant had I watched the jet land past half way and run off the end off the runway, knock down a light stand, race over a bumpy field and descend into a ravine where smoke erupted within 30 seconds.

I told him, “No, like everyone else, I only saw the plumes of black smoke rise from the crash site.”

My vice-team leader interjected: “Someone could get into trouble for lying about such a thing.”

Repressed Psychological Trauma memories can be dangerous to one’s health and sometimes even to the health of others.

[11] Name obscured

[12] Not the real aircraft company name

[13]<http://catless.ncl.ac.uk/Risks/7.10.html#subj1>

CHAPTER 3: 2005 Aug 19 - Tornado Warning 'Partial Evacuation'

“From out there on the Moon, international politics look so petty. You want to grab a politician by the scruff of the neck and drag him a quarter of a million miles out and say, ‘Look at that, you son of a bitch.’” -- Edgar Mitchel, Apollo 14 astronaut

Two weeks later, on Aug. 19, 2005 a severe storm hit Toronto with Environment Canada issuing a Tornado Warning for the Toronto area, the highest severe weather alert possible.

Here is an image of the super cell storm:

http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/8/8d/1903_hookdb_smooth_

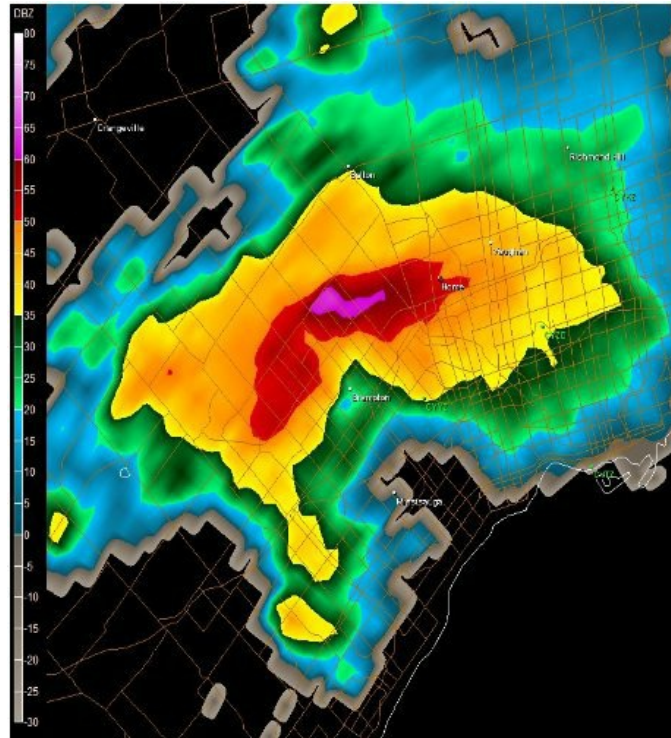


Figure 1: Supercell nearing Toronto airport, Aug. 19, 2005

On this day, a tornado caused severe damage in nearby Fergus, Ontario and a severe storm destroyed 50 meters of Finch Avenue in north Toronto, a major thoroughfare. An unconfirmed tornado was spotted where I worked in northwest Toronto directly across from Pearson Airport.

At noon Jean, a French-Canadian member of my fourteen- person “Version 6” team, announced a big storm was coming and that he was going

to work from home. I did not like the sound of that, but as I had barely been on the job for three weeks, I knew it would not be wise to ask to work from home.

By 2:30 PM four or five members of the team were clustered around a workstation displaying an Environment Canada web page. All were excitedly discussing the situation in both Mandarin and Cantonese. The sky outside was dark.

At around 2:45 PM the vice-team leader (who spoke fluent English) asked me to come over and review the storm situation. He added, "It seems serious." This was an understatement. The sky had become near black, so dark in mid-afternoon that the streetlights had come on. The only time I could remember such a dark mid-afternoon was when Toronto experienced a full solar eclipse in 1994.

My Chinese wife had instructed me in Chinese culture, and I knew it was politically unwise to do or say anything that might cause a Chinese-Canadian boss to 'lose face.' I responded to the vice-team leader, "You have five people on it already so you probably don't need me." I believed we should have evacuated hours earlier but since I was still in the probationary period of the new job, I was not going to give my frank opinion. Five or six senior team members remained around the workstation, heatedly debating.

At 3:12 the vice-team leader told me, "We're going to have a partial evacuation... only the Version 6 team." He added, "The team lead of the Version 5 team has already been told, so you should not talk to the other team's members. Only we are evacuating."

I was incredulous at the callousness of such a decision and I asked "What do you mean partial evacuation? That doesn't make sense."

The vice-team leader responded, "Just our team is evacuating. Talk to the team lead if you have questions." Most of the team had already left via the closest door, which was across a divider from my cubicle.

I stood up and peered over at my team leader who was at the door waiting for the stragglers. "What do you mean by *partial* evacuation? If there is a Tornado threat to the building, then we should evacuate everyone!"

By now panic showed in his eyes; he was clearly in a hurry to exit. Except for me, one other non-Chinese speaker, the vice team lead, and the only woman member of the team, everyone else had evacuated. The team lead's English failed him and he froze for a few seconds unable to manage a response. Then he found the words: "We're leaving, there is no time, and if

you disagree you are on your own.... Do you understand? You are on your own! I want you to say 'Yes' you understand!"

I was incredulous at the thin veneer of civilization, and shocked at the choice of either silently joining an evacuation of only 14 out of 120 employees, or staying by myself. I said, "Yyyeeeeesssssss" as a strange smile spread across my face. Compliance was a survival technique I had learned in early childhood traumas, which did not serve me well as an adult. I was in full panic at this point.

The team lead turned to the vice-team leader and said, "You heard him, he said 'Yes'!".

The vice-team leader started to object: "Both of you are acting and talking irrationally."

The team leader found this impertinent and said, "Be quiet!"

A Mexican-Canadian team member (the only other non-Chinese speaker) was told to leave but said, "It's okay, I'll stay with him," gesturing towards me. This man was sacrificing himself, out of concern for me. Perhaps he also felt it was morally wrong for only part of the fourteen person Version 6 team to evacuate while the rest of 120 employees were expected to work.

The vice-team leader took another look out the window, carefully cupping his hands against the side of his face and the window to block out reflection. It was like looking out of a window at night. "Oh my god..." he said. He backed away from the window and announced with alarm, "It's coming!" He hurried past the cubicles and out the door to the area by the elevators where the stairwell entrances were.

The sole female member of the team walked calmly past my workstation and said, "If you're looking for us, we'll be in the basement."

"Basement?" Until this point I did not know there was a basement, nor the quickest route to it. I heard the hallway door close.

I looked at my watch and it was 3:15 PM. On the other side of the fifth floor other employees were still working, but their windows faced in the opposite direction from whatever was coming. Likely their supervisors were afraid they would get in trouble with their managers for evacuating their teams to the basement. Obviously the managers showed little leadership in this emergency.

Two to three minutes later, the world outside the window became even darker, almost like midnight. The Northwest bank of windows started

emitting a hissing sound, as one would expect from a pit of snakes. The low-pressure tornado was sucking air through the window vents to equalize the air pressure.

I peered over my cubicle wall at the blackened windows but couldn't see anything outside. The computers around my work station all suddenly rebooted, emitted beeps, and their screens flashed. The ceiling fluorescent lights were dimming as a dark area of unlit bulbs moved slowly across the ceiling at walking speed. I have since read an explanation for this: tornadoes push a strong electromagnetic field in front of their angle of attack.

I heard a knocking sound coming from the windows. Sand, dirt and vegetation were striking windows on the northwest side creating a swishing, knocking sound. The effect of all the flying litter and rocks was not unlike the experience of riding in a car through a car wash when the whirly mops traverse the windshield of the car, but more ominous.

After a minute a loud 'crack!' rang out from one of the windows. It sounded almost like a muted gun shot, as if a window had been hit by something very solid, rock gravel or a hailstone moving at high speed.

Having grown up in Regina, Saskatchewan, the site of the worst tornado in Canadian history, an F4, I had an especially deep fear of tornadoes. My elementary school, the library, and all major buildings had "1912" prominently chiseled onto their facades since much of the city had been rebuilt after the 1911 tornado killed hundreds. I had a schoolmate who had grandparents that survived the event. I asked him to ask them for stories about it. He returned to school the next day and told me it was so bad they didn't want to talk about it. They were superstitious and believed talking about it might bring it about again. My dad had shared frightening stories of tornadoes in Oklahoma where he did his Cultural Anthropology fieldwork.

Upon hearing the gunshot sound, the other remaining member of the team and I hit the floor under our desks with a simultaneous 'thud.'

A few seconds later the window emitted another loud 'crack!' and again I wondered if the windows were going to shatter. Loud cracking sounds kept coming from the windows. I lost count after about twenty. I just wanted to get away.

From my vantage point under the desk, everything was beige: the underside of the desk, the fabric on the dividers, the floor. No matter whether I lay down, crouched or sat, there was nothing I could do to feel safe, nothing to relieve the panic. I didn't dare try to make it to the hallway door, as I

would have had to walk, exposed, down an aisle that ran parallel to the window area cubicles.

The cracking sounds started coming farther apart, and less loud. I heard a loud “Thunk” almost directly above me from the roof of the building. Crouched under my desk, I hugged my knees as the shower of sudden hard impacts thundered against the glass, threatening to break it. Time slowed down.

As a distraction I started thinking about my colleague whose desk was a row closer to the windows. I stood up briefly and asked in a loud voice, “Are you under your desk over there?”

“Yes,” he called back.

“Good, stay there! It’s safer.”

I lay back down under my desk, and realized I was in shock. Then things went all weird. Time seemed both to stand still and go by faster than it usually does.

People from the Southeast corner of the 5th floor (and other floors) were still working. A twenty-something woman came down the center aisle and saw me lying on the floor under my desk. A few minutes later she returned with a twenty-something man. She pointed to me crouched in a daze, under my desk. I was breathing irregularly although they might not have noticed that. The man said, “He’s just sleeping” which seemed to satisfy her concern. They disappeared in the direction from which they had come.

Sometime later, a woman manager from HR came and asked me, “Are you afraid of the storm?”

I responded, “Yes, there were rocks hitting the windows.”

“There aren’t any rocks hitting the windows now. Do you want to come out?”

“No, I’ll wait for my team.”

Another management woman (whose office was beside the CEO’s) approached me. “Hi Matthew. I was given a call by HR who were phoned by your team that is in the basement. I’m going to help you get out of there. I’m going to ask you to hold my hand.”

Like a child, I took her hand, with some difficulty stood up, and let her lead me slowly to the exit that opened into the building’s inner hallway where the elevators and stairwell doors were. She seemed to know I was in shock.

Once there, we started heading for the stairwell doorway. Suddenly the memory came flooding back of fleeing through the stairwell just after the

crash, along with my horrific vision of the dead passengers.

As soon as I realized she was heading for that exit, I broke her grip.
“No, I can’t go to that stairwell!”

“Why not?”

“The plane crash is in there,” I said, irrationally.

“What -- another crash?” She started pulling me in that direction.

“No, the one from before. The people are there now. They need help more than me. Help them. I’ll be under my desk.”

I headed back to my desk. I knew this was irrational, but I could not come up with a better explanation.

After a few minutes she came back with her father. In his seventies, Gary handled the coffee supplies, office furniture and various odd jobs, but I suspected his greatest value was to be eyes and ears for the CEO who treated him like a father. I had liked Gary when I met him only a few weeks earlier.

Looking at me, he said, very collectedly (but cryptically): “We missed another one, eh?”

Gary was also a WW II veteran and former member of the “Devil’s Brigade,” an esteemed WW II-era multi-nation special operations force. He had informed me of this when we chatted in the kitchen soon a few days after I was hired:

“Were you in World War II?” I asked of the elderly gentleman I had just met.

“Yes, I was.”

“Air Force, Army? What unit?” I asked.

“The Devil’s Brigade” he replied.

“What was that?”

“We were a multi-nation special operations force.”

“Wow, so what did you do?” I asked.

“I blew up bridges and that kind of stuff.”

“Wow that’s incredible, that must have been dangerous. Thank you for your service.”

Gary beckoned, “Matthew, grab my hand and come out of there.” I trusted him, and did as he said. I was surprised at the difficulty I had in standing up. “Good, keep a hold of my hand, and now let’s walk together this way.” He led the way through the door to a hallway near the elevators. Reluctantly, I followed.

He started to lead me toward the same exit door, the same stairwell.

“No!” I said, “I can’t go down those stairs...”

“Why not?” said Gary, letting go of my hand.

“They’re not safe!” I turned around and returned to safety under my desk.

Gary regrouped after a few minutes and calmly beckoned me out from under my desk a second time. “Matthew, I need you to hold my hand again and get up.” I reached up to grab his hand and with my other arm I pushed myself up off the floor. Again he led me through the door to the elevator area, and again I became uneasy. Before approaching the stairwell door, he wrapped his arm around my waist. His daughter was waiting by the door and on command -- “Ok, open it” -- she opened the stairwell door and inserted a wooden wedge to keep it open.

“Now get down to that landing!” She clip-clopped in her high heels down the cement stairs and waited on the first landing looking up. Gary started pulling me closer against him and towards the threshold of the door. I started to resist. “It’s okay, come on.” He tightened his grip on me and pulled harder.

I realize in hindsight Gary was trying to save my life. But then my oxygen-deprived, in-shock brain thought descending the stairwell equalled death.

First Aid web sites say that one never should try and physically force someone who is in shock. There is a good reason. My oxygen-starved brain thought Gary was trying to kill me.

As he tried to push me through the door I suddenly snapped. I broke Gary’s grip, grabbed him by the lapels of his jacket, and pushed him backwards from the doorway with force. He was only five feet from the stairs and as he stepped back trying to catch his balance, he fell backwards on the stairs.

Gary grabbed the far handrail with his right arm, and landed on his posterior on the fourth stair. I stood in the doorway and growled like a dog, “GRRRRR!” and I have no idea why.

Everyone was stunned by what I had just done. Gary’s daughter broke the silence. “WELL, THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA! Dad, are you all right?”

“Never mind, just stay there.” He straightened up. “Nothing’s broken.”

I started to turn away. “Matthew, you sit down.” That direct order subdued me. I sat down on the top stair.

The daughter said, “Should I call someone?”

“No, but keep everyone out of this stairwell. I want you to stand by the door down below and stop anyone from entering. Get someone else to stand outside the door up here. I want everyone kept out, do you understand? Now go on...”

Turning to look up at me, he said, “Matthew, why did you push me?”

“I don’t know... I’m sorry. I don’t know what I’m doing.”

“Matthew, you are in shock and you don’t look well. I’m going to sit beside you. You’re not going to push me again, are you?”

“No.”

Holding the handrail he climbed the four stairs and sat down with me on the top stair.

“Matthew, let me look at your eyes, look at me.”

I looked at him and he peered into my eyes.

“Your eyes look like lasers, Matthew. That’s not good. You need to get to a hospital, Matthew. You need to come with me down these stairs so we can get help for you.”

“I can’t go down the stairs, no way.” I said.

“But why?”

“I don’t know why, I just can’t.” It was a stairway to hell. I only knew that descending the stairwell might kill me.

Sitting next to me, he continued. “Your breathing is too shallow and rapid, Matthew, try and breath slower and deeper. Your eyes look like lasers.”

I have since read when a person is dying of shock, the cells in the fovea give off luminescence as they die off from lack of oxygen.

CHAPTER 4: 2005 Aug 19 – Involuntary Childhood Trauma Recall

“Don’t judge yourself by what others did to you” – C. Kennedy

My shock was worsening, and my vision had become only black and white. The knowledge that I might die very soon opened a window to an acute painful memory. It had been unconscious and inaccessible for nearly thirty years but now it was clear as I faced death.

I told Terry about the black and white part and the dark hole growing from the middle where I had a blind spot. Again he looked into my eyes. “Now one is much larger than the other,” Gary commented.

I now recalled a disturbing detail from when I was sexually assaulted at age eight. Ray, a seventeen-year-old family friend in Argenta, B.C. (a Quaker community of 500) had invited me for a canoe ride, with only one paddle in the canoe. This was about one month after Ray’s eleven-year-old sister (C.) had slept with me together in a sleeping bag during a sleep over. She knew too much about sex for an eleven year old.

I had bonded strongly with her after that night together despite obvious physical limitations to coitus. The bonding was more powerful as my mother had abandoned the family for three months when I was five (she was quite ill and unable to make sane decisions), and I had emotionally detached from her from that moment on.

Unfortunately, I made the mistake of sharing the details with a friend my age in Argenta, who had told someone else, and somehow it got to Ray.

About a week later, Ray approached me on the mountain road that ran past his house, the only road in this small community. “Would you like to go for a canoe ride?” he asked. At the time it seemed very cool for a seventeen-year-old to take an eight-year-old boy on a canoe ride so I accepted.

Ray appeared happy. “Wait here, I’ll get the paddles and life jackets.” He returned in a few minutes with the jackets and one paddle. “The other paddle is broken,” he explained. As we walked down the mountain on the winding, dusty, gravel road towards Kooteney Lake, Ray said, “I’ve heard that you slept with my younger sister.”

“Yes, we had a sleepover.”

“But I heard that you had sex with my sister, Matthew.”

“We love each other, and we’re lovers,” I responded innocently.

“First, you’re only eight – you’re too young. You shouldn’t have done it. Second, you told Paul,” he added. I felt cornered. “Paul has a big mouth, and now the whole community knows. You’ve harmed my sister’s reputation, and my family’s reputation.”

“What does reputation mean?”

“It’s bad for people to know an unmarried girl had sex! Do you understand now?”

I was unaware how serious an affront this was but I could tell Ray was angry. “OK, I’m sorry, I won’t tell anyone else.”

“It’s too late for that now -- everyone knows.”

We walked mostly in silence down to the dock by the water’s edge. Ray stooped under some trees and turned over the red canoe. He pulled it out over the rocks and into the water. “Get in,” he said.

I stepped in, and moved to the front. “Where are we going?”

“I’m not sure, just a little trip, maybe we’ll stop on an island.”

He took me to a tiny island, no more than about fifty square meters, with thick brush to obscure the view. He pulled up the red canoe up and turned it over. He had me lean over the hull while he pulled off my swimming trunks. During the rape, I tried to resist by shouting, but Ray slapped me. I disconnected, disassociating as I stared at the round, baseball sized green and gray rocks that lay in the depths of the hazy water around the island.

Now in the stairwell, in severe shock and believing death was imminent, I suddenly remembered what came next.

Ray said he was taking the canoe out for a while to decide what to do with me. “If you start to scream, I will come back and kill you.” He pulled the canoe out from the brush, turned it over into the water, and got in.

He disappeared into the distance toward the lake's east side. After an hour or two, I felt abandoned and frightened. The sun was getting closer to the mountain horizon. I thought I might die of exposure if he didn’t come back. I started screaming “HEELLLP!!!” and could hear my voice echoing “heelllp!!” from the shoreline opposite. “HEEEEEEEELLLP!!!” I shouted again, over and over. Fifteen minutes later, Ray appeared, canoeing quickly to the mini-island. I stopped shouting.

Ray was furious. “Shut up!!!” he said as he pulled up. He ordered me to jump in and started canoeing quickly to the east shore of the lake where there

were no cabins, just solid bush and forest.

A few minutes later we reached the shore. Ray dragged the canoe out of sight and ordered me to stay with it while he disappeared into the brush. After fifteen minutes he reappeared and forced me to march ahead of him into the bush where there were no cabins or paths. We were in a remote area. We came to a place in the forest where something was sticking out from the ground that did not look like a tree stump.

As I got closer I realized it was an unclothed, teenage female recently unearthed from a shallow grave. I became hysterical.

The burial was hidden in the bush, a few kilometers north of Argenta and its Quaker community. The only access was a long walk through bush from the road, or a shorter walk by canoeing to the nearby shoreline.

I tried to back away, but Ray pushed me to walk to within five feet of the corpse until I was about three feet away. "Look at it!!" he shouted. "This is what will happen to you and your mother if you tell anyone about today."

I screamed uncontrollably. Then the memory went blank, and resumed again when Ray's father showed up a few hours later. Ray must have gone back and fetched his dad, and they must have driven on the abandoned road that was close to the site. I recalled Chuck led me off the road into the bush. But I did not want to leave the road and I started screaming, "I don't want to go!!" Chuck reassured me by promising not to show me a body. Only then did I agree to walk into the bush with them.

The three of us came to where the body of the young woman had been before. This time there were fist-sized rocks piled perhaps a foot high where her head would have been. Chuck leaned down so his face was at my level and apologized for his son. He said he didn't know why Ray would do such a thing, as show me a corpse.

He told me Quakers bury their dead in this way in a shallow grave without a coffin, or clothes. He said if I spoke about it, and if my father found out, then he would alert the nearest RCMP detachment. They in turn would come and start poking around because these cops didn't know Quaker burial rituals. Of course, there is no such Quaker ritual, but I didn't know that at age eight.

He pleaded with me never to tell my mother or father, or anyone about what I had seen. Withholding my consent, I watched the desperation in his eyes turn from fake concern to a dark coldness. Chuck and/or Ray had likely murdered this young woman, and no one knew where I was at this moment.

I decided to lie to survive. “Yes, I promise. I’ll never tell anyone”.

“Are you sure?” Chuck asked.

“Yes, I’m sure, I promise.” I willed myself to appear genuine. Chuck was noticeably relieved. Years later I learned that Chuck had later gone to jail for sexual assault of a minor.

I now related this event with perfect recall to Gary in the stairwell on Matheson Boulevard East in Mississauga, Ontario on August 19, 2005.

Further, I remembered and explained that less than one week after these events, I had caught Ray with a pair of wire cutters working under the front of the Jeep that my mother had borrowed from a friend. It was parked outside Ray’s family home, and the adults were inside the house. By then, I had already repressed all memory of the rape and the corpse in the woods.

I remember asking Ray, “What are you doing under there?”

“I’m working, and you’re distracting me. Go away!”

The trauma of only a week earlier had led to a complete compartmentalizing of the memory to a split, smaller personality to preserve the main personality from what it could not handle. I had no recall of the rape, but feeling hurt (and frightened) by Ray’s tone of voice, I walked back to the entrance of the house. Soon after, Ray crawled out from under the Jeep and went into the tool shed. When my mother came out a little later, I seated myself in the passenger’s seat. I said, “Ray was really mean to me just now.”

“You just stay away from Ray,” she said in a steady serious tone. She headed the Jeep south on the main gravel road, which had a steep grade all the way to Johnson’s Landing, a tiny community only a few kilometers south.

We hadn’t gone far when the brakes suddenly failed. My mother pumped the pedal and thankfully kept her cool, geared down, and directed the jeep into a stand of small saplings along the road which slowed us down. We stopped abruptly as the front axle hit a stump and broke. My mother had the presence of mind to hold her arm in front of me so I didn’t hit my head on the dashboard.

I overheard the men at the crash site speaking very quietly about the brake lines, which were not rusted out. So Ray was also guilty of attempted murder.

Back to the stairwell on Aug. 19, 2005:

When I related the part about the body, Gary asked, “Are you sure there

was no coffin?”

“Yes,” I said firmly.

“Jeeze, Matthew, now I'm going to have to do something about this.” He had his daughter bring him paper and pen, and he wrote down the details with names, dates and the postal code of the isolated community.

Meanwhile in the stairwell my physical condition continued to worsen; I was having trouble breathing, and my vision that had already turned black and white was starting to fade from the middle outwards. It was the same sort of blurry, gray fading vision that I had once when I fainted in a Sunday school choir in a tiny church basement.

One of my pupils was fully dilated, while the other pupil was pinned small. My eyes still had the 'laser' effect. Gary offered to call 9-1-1 but in this severe weather it would be at least one hour before an ambulance would arrive. I had other health complications, and doubted I would last long.

From family in-law experience, I knew those raised in Chinese culture had a remedy for shock: a multiple-person, rapid massage of torso and head. I told this to Gary and asked him to summon the (Chinese) team from the basement.

“Matthew, I have to think of the team's safety too. What if they come up from the basement and another tornado hits the building and kills them?”

Despite my severe shock condition, my thinking was briefly clear at this life and death moment. “Their death from a tornado is a small possibility, but I will very likely die soon.” After a pause, Gary agreed.

He asked his daughter to summon the team from the basement. Looking at her, he pointed to his eyes, with his forefinger and middle finger forming a V. “Look at my eyes!! I mean get the team RIGHT NOW!”

(This pointing at the eyes was a hypnotic technique. Could it be that the Devil's Brigade in WW II was trained in hypnosis just as Special Forces are now?)

She rapidly disappeared down the stairs and I returned to the perceived sanctuary under my desk. Now I was fully reliving my childhood sexual assault, and I remembered a new detail. When Ray had returned to the island in the canoe after I had defiantly started yelling for help I shouted: “You left me for dead, you BASTARD!”

CHAPTER 5: 2005 Aug 19 – Workplace Interrogation while in Shock

“It is better to keep your mouth closed and let people think you are a fool than to open it and remove all doubt” – Mark Twain

When I heard the team coming out of the stairwell from the basement, I crawled out from under my desk and stood shakily gripping my desk for balance. The team leader was walking in front.

“You left me for dead, you BASTARD!” I shouted as I lunged for him. The vice-team leader gave me a martial arts chop to a pressure point in my arm, and I fell to the floor like a sack of potatoes. They picked me up and put me in my chair.

I pretended to look at my monitor, which I could not even see properly nor read as my vision was so blurry. The team lead said, “I am sorry that we left you behind.”

“Yaaah.... Yaaaah... Yaaaaah.” I said, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

The vice-team leader immediately recognized what my condition was. He turned to the team lead and said, “He is in shock.”

“But, he’s so, so...” the team lead responded, but before he could finish his sentence, the vice-team interjected: “That’s how they get when they are in shock.” “They” (I believe) referred to Westerners.

The team lead vacillated for a minute unsure what to do, and then vice-team leader said, “YOU are the team leader! HE is in shock! YOU have to do something!!” The team lead asked what to do, and the vice team lead told him.

The team lead asked me to turn my chair toward him. I complied. Next, the vice-team leader asked me, “To assess your condition, we need you to stand, and walk towards me.” I rose unsteadily to my feet and collapsed after the first step.

Frantic shouting erupted in Cantonese and Mandarin as the whole team gathered around my cubicle. They wanted me to remain lying prone on the floor, and the vice-team leader forcibly held me down. Confused, I resisted and tried to sit up. The vice-team leader enlisted four others to brace his as I tried to sit up with all my strength and got half way towards a sitting

position.

A voice behind them said, “They have the strength of five men, I’ve seen it before.”

”They” may have referred to people in shock.

The vice-team leader asked me to stop resisting so they could help me. I went limp and stopped trying to sit up and my back hit the floor. The vice team lead told the others “now slowly let go of my back, slowly...”. The four others stopped bracing the vice-team leader’s back, and slowly the vice-team leader let me go. I did not try and sit up even though no longer restrained. The vice-team leader joined the others at a workstation where they appeared to be reading a First Aid web page.

A female programmer who had once been a nurse said, “I’ve seen this violent behaviour before; he is acting psychotic now. He will need to be questioned later.”

“I’ll take care of that,” said Gary.

They removed my belt, loosened my shirt collar and took off my dress shoes. Gary said, “He’s got good shoes, he can’t be all bad.” This was one example of many where Gary tried to not only save my life, but preserve my reputation, as he knew I was sick with both shock and PTSD.

Some others started looking through my wallet/day-timer and found my membership card and photo ID for a medical marijuana supply organization. This photo ID was for patients of doctors who recommend such treatment for a specific serious illness.

They asked me if they could photocopy the card, and I said “Yes.” I was on the ground without my glasses, barely able to see, without my shoes, after being overpowered by five people. I was in severe shock; I doubt I could have supplied informed consent for anything.

Another of those looking through my wallet asked, “Matthew, what is your address?” I told them my street address. “Is that in Toronto?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied, “Why?”

“Because you are a dangerous man, Matthew, we need to warn your neighbours,” he stated. “Is that okay?”

Public “shaming” is a form of social control in the Mao era Chinese culture, and apparently still is.

Very tentatively with a maladaptive, passive response I replied “Yeeeeessss” in a slow drawn out way just as when I answered the team lead

on whether I understood I was “on my own” in the partial tornado evacuation.

The vice-team leader observed, “That’s the same way he answered before, when we were going to the basement.”

Referring to the First Aid website, the team asked me some medical questions including whether my bladder felt full, empty, or partially empty. I responded “empty.” After a few more questions, they announced my condition was "severe shock."

They told the non-Chinese programmers to leave the area as they might find the sight disturbing. They asked for and got my consent to perform rapid massage over my entire torso and head. Twelve people rubbing hands on one's body, at once, is an intense experience; I was fearful so I repeated aloud the name of Buddha, “Amitoufu”, “Amitoufu” over and over. The vice-team leader told the team he knew I was Buddhist. Three times they paused to assess my condition by asking me questions.

At the first pause the team leader asked, “Are you still mad at me, Matthew?”

“YES!!” I responded. The rapid massaging resumed.

A few minutes of massage later the team lead asked, “Matthew, how do you feel now?”

“You have a karmic obstacle,” I responded.

The team lead asked the vice-team leader what this meant and he responded: “I don’t know, but I don't think it’s good.”

I added, “It’s okay, I have one too.”

The vice-team leader said: “Matthew, you’re not making this easy, you know?”

“I’m sorry, I’ll shut up,” I said, and the group resumed the rapid massage.

“Are you still mad, Matthew?” the team lead asked after a few more minutes of massage.

“What would I be mad about? You saved my life,” I said as I sat up and looked at the team leader: “And so did you.”

“We all saved your life,” the vice-team leader said as he opened his arms to include the whole team surrounding me on their knees. Some of the team, and myself, were in tears.

Though still in mild shock, I was no longer in severe shock. Everyone rejoiced as I started acting more normal. At this point, a Chinese member of

the team said to me in an angry loud voice, “Matthew, the Buddha’s name is pronounced Amie-Toe-Fwa, NOT Ami-Tofu!”

The female member of the team objected to his tone said, “He’s English-speaking, he’s not expected to know that!”

A day or two later, that same individual told me “Matthew, you can’t be a programmer if you are a Buddhist.” “Why not?” I countered.

“Right Livelihood of the Noble Eightfold Path means not working on military technology and computer software is military technology and it takes jobs away,” he said. “Are you sure being a programmer is not allowed?” I asked. “Yes, that’s why I’m not a programmer any more, I work on help documentation.” This was a shock to me – it didn’t make sense to me that writing civilian software was inherently bad, nor that writing help documentation would be any different.

Next, two team members helped me walk to a kitchen area by supporting me as I wrapped my arms around them; I could not walk a step unaided. I had to take a sitting break after only twenty steps. I had no physical strength. Once in the kitchen, they sat me down and gave me an orange soda purchased from a vending machine.

Gary entered the kitchen and explained he was going to interrogate me, as soon as his nephew arrived. I was staring off in the distance with a “1000 yard stare,” disoriented and still in mild shock. Surprisingly, Gary arranged for someone to take a group picture with the entire Version 6 team, with Gary and me kneeling in the foreground. The thirteen-person Version 6 team was clustered in 2 rows behind us, like in a formal group photograph. In the photo, I stare vacantly.

After the first flash went off, Gary leaned over and whispered, “Matthew, I told some other people about you pushing me, so it would be good if you smiled and put your arm around me for this picture.” I did what Gary said, once again stunned by the selflessness of his actions.

Later I realized the taking of this photograph was to gather a piece of propaganda counter-evidence to dispute my claim if ever I attempted to sue the company for their mishandling of the evacuation, and their contractual obligation to arrange for emergency medical care.

Gary’s tall, 200-lb. nephew arrived half an hour later. It was clear the nephew was there only for protection in case I was violent. The young nephew appeared frightened, but he put up a good act of being tough. Gary led us to an unfurnished meeting room on another floor. It was so large it

could have accommodated a dozen cubicles.

There were only three chairs; one was larger, padded and comfortable. The others were small folding chairs. Gary arranged the most comfy chair so it faced the wall. I offered him the more comfortable chair but he asked me to sit in that chair.

There was only one small window far off on the right side of the wall. Gary sat behind me with his nephew, three feet back, and dimmed the lights. He clearly knew how to conduct interrogations.

He asked if I had ever thought of harming myself. I told the truth. Yes, having suffered clinical depression in my youth (then undiagnosed and untreated), I had once attempted suicide at sixteen years old.

“What did you do?” Gary asked.

“I took a bunch of pills,” I replied.

He asked if I had ever thought of harming others. I told him a decade earlier, when a certain Ontario Premier was in power, I and a fellow programmer friend had once, for entertainment value only, spent a few hours discussing an idea for damaging the Premier’s office. Both Alain and I had the word scientist or researcher in our professional titles at some point and viewed this as no more than a mad scientist diversion for recreation. I exaggerated this event from my past, telling Gary it was a discussion over weeks, and then settled on hours of discussions over a few weekends, still much of an exaggeration.

“Matthew, there is a lot of difference between a few weeks and a few days,” Gary said. “Which is it?”

“It was a few days only,” I answered, still exaggerating.

Gary asked how we planned to do it. I responded that there was never a plan, just a ludicrous idea of exploring tunnels under Queens Park for sewer mains possibly leading to the Premier’s office.

It was a way of blowing off steam as we both were quite annoyed at some of the Premier’s mean-spirited actions, which had resulted in the deaths of mostly poor Ontarians including seven residents of Walkerton. I was trying to distract Gary from my recent violent behaviour, and so I exaggerated this event significantly making it sound much more serious.

Gary responded, “That idea would never work.”

“I know that. It was never meant to work.”

Gary asked if there was any other time that I had thought about harming someone. I admitted feeling strong resentment towards my

psychiatrist who refused to let me discuss my early childhood abuse. I told him my fantasy of dangling Dr. C. by his ankles out of his window. I also admitted that one day while driving in north Toronto, I had noticed a fuel depot, and had the fleeting thought that a truck of fuel might take out a building such as the one where Dr. C. worked.

Gary angrily pointed out how many innocent deaths that would cause. I agreed with him and pointed out that I never intended to act on this fleeting thought, years ago.

Gary would not take no for an answer.

With some anger he demanded, "But why did you never do it?"

I had to invent a reason as he did not believe this was just an idle thought, so I did.

"I could never threaten someone with a weapon to hijack a fuel truck."

Gary prodded further: "If you had the stolen keys to a tanker truck of fuel, then would you have done it?"

"I don't know." I was stringing him along, knowing I never would do it.

I knew I would never wilfully commit such violence, but I wanted to leave the door open with Gary, as then perhaps he might be so focused on this that he might be less likely to pursue an assault charge.

Having even had a discussion ten years earlier (1995) with my friend, Alain about the former Ontario premier was a maladaptive way of coping with our shared dislike of a neo-con politician. Hate in itself is toxic. Having had thoughts of harming my psychiatrist in 2002 was also maladaptive. Admitting both of these thoughts in 2005 to a former member of the Devil's Brigade, after having pushed him in in a stairwell, (during PTSD trauma and severe shock) was very unwise.

Later I learned unequivocally that Gary did report my answers to "the authorities." Had I been completely out of shock, I probably would not have attempted to give consent to a workplace interrogation by a professional.

Once the interrogation was complete, I was taken back to the kitchen area. Still in mild shock I stared off into the distance at nothing, which caused some programmers to comment that I looked strange. One said I looked like the guy in, "War of the Worlds." They asked me if he had seen the movie. I could feel the memories of the afternoon slipping from my conscious mind.

I said, "No, I don't remember seeing the movie," adding, "I remember

hearing the original Orson Wells story on the radio.”

They asked me what I wanted to do right now.

“I feel like digging a hole ... to be safe,” I added.

It was nearing four-thirty PM, and the vice-team lead and team lead guided me to my car. The vice-team leader held my forearm. As I stepped off the curb into the parking lot, I heard the HR woman shouting, “I’ll take you to the hospital, Matthew!”

I knew the vice-team leader was skilled in martial arts. I had felt him accurately chop my arm when I had earlier lunged at the team leader, and he showed expertise in holding a person down without harming him. I was in a headspace where I did not feel it safe to disagree with him.

“You don’t want to go with her, do you?” the vice-team leader asked rhetorically as he guided me toward my car. I thought it pretty evident that the man holding my arm did not want me to go with her.

I answered “No,” in a soft voice, in my now mechanical, maladaptive passive response.

“Tell her,” he responded, gesturing in her direction.

I shouted out to the HR woman: “No, thank you!” As we approached my car, the vice-team leader let go of my arm, and the team lead walked me the rest of the way. I asked if it was okay to drive on the 401. The team lead said it was okay, but just to take it slow. The vice team-lead had joined the conversation and added, “But you must not smoke.” “Why?” I asked. “Just because, you need to not smoke this trip,” the vice-team leader said. He obviously did not want me to remember the failed Tornado evacuation, which was already becoming fuzzy and hard to recall.

I had already forgotten much of the afternoon, but I realized I was probably not in good shape to drive. Still I continued following the orders of the vice team lead. I started my car, backed out, and drove out to the 401. It was harrowing, but I white-knuckled it home safely. My wife was very concerned when she saw me come in.

The next day I came in to work and had no memory of the previous day – I had completely repressed it. My team member Jean said: “I heard the storm was a big problem for you.”

“What? I was sitting here working all day,” I countered.

“That’s not what I heard.” Jean withdrew to his cubicle. I was stunned. What was he talking about?

People in the hallways and kitchen were staring at me strangely. I had

no memory of the failed tornado evacuation and did not know what was going on. Four days later, I felt compelled to write an email letter to the Severe Weather Meteorologist at Environment Canada to complain of their web site not properly explaining what to do in the event of a Tornado Warning.

I told them that at my workplace the staff worked all day on Aug. 19, while the Environment Canada workers were taking shelter in their basement. (I had learned this from a friend who worked at Environment Canada.) I had repressed what actually happened on the day of the severe storm.

To my surprise, the Chief Severe Weather Meteorologist responded that he agreed the web site did not adequately advise what course of action to take. He agreed it should, and said he'd instructed the web designers to make changes. I copied this response and my original email to my manager.

Sensing something was amiss with the way people were looking at me, I decided a proactive measure would be to arrange a meeting with my manager to see if anything was wrong. This was my first meeting with my manager after my first day of work. I asked the manager if my work was okay.

The manager responded, "Yes."

Then I asked if there could be a Safety Committee that could arrange to better handle such events as Tornado Warnings. The manager responded, incredulously: "What could we have done differently?"

"At least someone could be assigned to a bank of windows to watch for an approaching tornado so others could safely continue working at their desks." The manager paused, and said he'd think about it.

A few days later when Gary came in sporting an arm sling, and a bandaged wrist, I asked, "What happened to your arm, Gary?"

"I sprained it," he answered.

"How did you sprain it?"

"You did it, don't you remember?" He looked directly into my eyes. I was flabbergasted, I did not remember. I awkwardly withdrew from the coffee room/kitchen.

Another day Gary asked, "Did you see the plane crash on August 2, Matthew?"

"No, I did not," I said. "I only saw the billows of black smoke from the crash site like everyone else."

“Are you sure about that, Matthew?” Gary asked with a quizzical look, studying my eyes.

“Yes,” I responded perfectly naturally.

He looked deep into my eyes for an uncomfortable few seconds, then withdrew his stare. “Battle Stress! That’s what you’ve got!” Again I awkwardly retreated from the 4th floor kitchen area.

At every opportunity when Gary ran into me he would tell me to see my doctor immediately. The problem was I did not know what to tell my doctor, as I could not remember the events that Gary was talking about.

Gradually Gary turned up the screws with such statements as: “The Company can’t wait forever, Matthew,” and, “You are a danger to yourself and others until you see your doctor, Matthew.”

He made it sound like I was a ticking time bomb.

In the week following the tornado, I found myself “disconnecting” in team meetings. The first meeting was in the usual corner meeting room with windows on two walls. Occupants could see planes going back and forth. I could not help but track the planes landing and taking off; I could not turn my head away. I was worried they might crash.

The female programmer, a former nurse, observed to the team lead, “He’s watching the planes.” I had just ignored something the team lead had said to me. The next team meeting a day or two later took place in a room with no windows. In this meeting I was much more present and focused, but I had nothing to say.

At one point there was laughter. But I had not listened carefully enough to understand what they were laughing at. I thought perhaps I had done something to make them laugh.

I found it illogical and disrespectful to be laughing with one team member still in an injured state of mind, even if that team member did not fully understand why. In short, I resented their merry making. Perhaps the team detected my mood.

They also noticed I was not responding to my name. I had drifted into a daydream while holding my glasses frames in my hands and was bending them back into alignment, almost in a trance. The former nurse said to the team leader, “He’s not listening to you.” At that moment I realized I had been tuning out the meeting. The team leader said “Matthew, you can fix your glasses after the meeting?”

“Sorry, I’m sorry, yes, okay.”

The very next day after the meeting, it was announced in an email that I was being moved off the Version 6 team, to the Version 7 team, which had yet to be formed. I was told to go ahead and work through the on-line tutorials for the advanced software development environment that the vendor developed internally. I was now without a real team, although I did have a team leader. I felt awkward with my former version 6 teammates who were seated around me.

Also about this time, my only workplace friend, an individual who started on the same day, took me down to the HR department for what he described as a meeting with an HR person. I saw him talking with the team leader and vice-team leader first. It seems they had arranged an appointment for me with an HR employee, having realized that I was one of the walking wounded, with great missing chunks of recollection for the events of Aug. 2 and Aug. 19.

The friend walked me down to the third floor and found the office of the HR person. We were on time but the HR person was not there. We waited a few minutes, asking others, but the HR person was nowhere to be found. When we returned to the fourth floor after fifteen minutes of waiting, I overheard the team lead complaining about how HR had let the team down.

Meanwhile there were two incidents in the parking lot where team members and strangers said shocking things to me. The first happened two days after August 19.

I had parked in the outermost row away from the building. Several young Asian men walked to the Acura parked beside my car. One of them turned to me and asked, "Hey, are you Matthew Pauly?"

"Yes," I responded as the friends of the man waited and watched.

The unknown employee said, "What you did to Gary was wrong, you're a crazy man." I realized I must have done something violent to Gary as I had seen the arm sling and he had told me I sprained his arm, but I couldn't remember any details.

"I was in severe shock... people can be violent when in shock," I replied, defensively.

"I've read all about severe shock, and I've never heard of anything like that before. You should get a different job and leave." He got into the car with the others.

I did not answer. I got into my car. I was shocked that strangers in the company knew what had happened, and were approaching me in the parking

lot. I had only flashes of partial recall for the events of Aug. 19, or Aug. 2.

A few days later, in the parking lot, I noticed a gathering of about a dozen young Asian programmers in front of a minivan just two parking spaces over from my car. It was a surreal scene as they were standing in a perfect group photo configuration, facing me as I tried to unlock my car. I recognized them as my old Version 6 team.

In near perfect unison they all called out “REMEMBER!”

An awkward two seconds passed. “Remember what?” I countered in a loud voice.

Someone shouted back, “You beat up an old man!” Immediately the team lead, or vice-team leader turned to the speaker and said, “Don’t say that!”

I had to bend over and pick up my keys, which I had dropped as I’d been startled by their shouting in unison. Some of what happened on August 19 began to come back to me. But I desperately wanted not to remember.

I shouted “Nooooo!!!!” as I struggled to unlock my car door. What was it that this team felt so strongly that I should be remembering? My mind was vacillating between partial and zero recall of the evacuation. I was confused, disoriented and very fearful.

A few days later at the end of a workday I got into my car and discovered it had been searched. Things that were in the side pockets were now in the center console pocket, and front seat things moved to the backseat and vice versa. It was clear the car had been thoroughly searched, and the searchers didn't care if it was obvious.

I suspected they were looking to see if I had any medical cannabis in my car, which they could conceivably use to get me into trouble. Thankfully I did not keep pot in my car. Nevertheless, I felt my personal space had been violated.

Towards the end of August, I was walking with my Chinese-Canadian wife and our dog at about seven PM, on our way to the nearby Eglinton Park. As we rounded the corner on Montgomery Avenue to walk north on Edith Drive we saw a shiny, new Acura car with three young, professionally dressed, Chinese-Canadians inside. They appeared to be in their mid-twenties. The backseat passenger was female.

When I looked at them, they studied a map on their laps in the driver’s console area between the two front seats, so their features were hidden. The whole scene looked suspicious.

At least one of them looked like one of the individuals that had approached me in the parking lot at work. Ten minutes later, the Acura was gone. I was reminded of people at work who might be transplanting a cultural punishment from China to Canada, namely public shaming by visiting one's neighbours. After all, on Aug. 19 some members of the team went looking through my wallet to get my home address and said they intended to "warn your neighbours because you are a dangerous man."

Seeing my wife and me, and realizing they had been seen, perhaps they chickened out for fear of being identified. Both my wife and I were left with a creepy feeling. This event would be the first of several events that year that led to my wife suggesting we move to China where the rest of the family is, for safety. Imagine a Canadian considering moving from Canada to China because of human rights concerns!

In early September, I was pulled into a meeting without notice. In the small meeting room were gathered my manager, the director of HR, another HR person, the CEO, Gary, and Gary's daughter whose office was beside the CEO's office. In his opening statement, the CEO mentioned that he considered Gary "like a father" to him.

The CEO pointed out he was concerned for the safety of his staff. I tried to speak but found myself getting very emotional. The CEO asked me what I remembered of Aug. 19. I completely lost my composure and said, amid sobs: "I can't remember anything!!!"

Gary turned to the group. "He's not ready yet."

I took leave of the meeting and was told I could take the rest of the day off.

The next day Gary persuaded me that it was absolutely imperative that I see a doctor right away, regardless of my not wanting to miss work. This gave my unconscious mind permission to remember at least some of what happened on Aug. 2 and 19. Soon after I saw my family doctor, and my psychiatrist a few days later.

The previous night I stayed up all night trying to think what I would say to my family doctor the next day. Still feeling acutely stressed, and now sleep deprived, I showed up with my wife to meet the family doctor about eleven AM.

Dr. Ira B., my family doctor listened carefully to my story plane crash and botched tornado evacuation, and ordered me to take at least the next three days off. He also gave me a note for the HR department. The family doctor

gave every indication that he had no doubt I had experienced psychological trauma.

My family doctor would later tell me that during that meeting, he noted the intense fear as I described my inability to sleep after two severe psychological traumas at work, that I had all the major signs of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD.)

On the third day off, my wife took time off work to take me to an appointment with Dr. R. G. C., the Psychiatrist. By then I had partial memories of both the jet accident and failed Tornado evacuation. I explained that while in severe shock I had pushed an elderly man down some stairs. I explained that I was expected back at work but did not feel ready -- I was too afraid. Dr. R. G. C. responded: "Get back on the horse that threw you. Sometimes these things cure themselves."

This sounded unreal to me: only two weeks earlier I had pushed an elderly man down a concrete stairwell, and this doctor wanted me to just walk back into the workplace and pretend nothing had happened, and no therapy required?

This was the last straw. However, the doctor was head of a department at the regional specialist health hospital. I followed Dr. R. G. C.'s advice and returned to work the next day, despite the fact that it felt all-wrong.

I remember Gary's surprise upon seeing me. "You're back so soon?" he asked. I told him what the doctor had said.

The psychiatrist was wrong. It would be one year and a half before I would be well enough to return to work, elsewhere. With the fresh memories starting to flood back, I fell apart on the first day back and left work early.

I felt myself acting strange around Gary. Like the predator that attacked me when I was eight years old, I felt a compulsion to scare Gary. This was 180 degrees from what I felt in the executive part of my brain. My behaviour scared me as much as it must have scared Gary. I knew by the end of the day that there was no way I could return to work for a long time, if ever.

My wife was very concerned and took another day off work to accompany me to an appointment with my family physician, Dr. B. who read the cues when I tried to explain what was going on at work. I told him what happened after I followed the (reckless) psychiatrist's advice to, "Get back on the horse that threw you". Dr. B. gave me a note to fax to Human Resources, explaining I needed to be off from work for medical reasons until further

notice.

I used the company's Short-Term Disability benefit from mid-September to mid-January, 2006, and then went on Long-Term Disability only to May 2007, eight months short of the automatic two-year coverage. I did it by practicing meditation to heal faster.

Dr. B. was surprised.

I fired Dr. R. G. C., and instead enrolled in a Psychological Trauma Unit program at Mount Sinai hospital where I attended weekly meetings with a psychiatrist Dr. Colin M., following a month of weekly meetings with a specialist nurse to gather the trauma details. Before meeting Dr. Colin M, I met with the then head of the program Dr. Alex T.

Dr. T. read my trauma report about the torture by the military. He said, "Matthew, I am from South America, I know about torture." In that moment he crossed his legs so his sock-less ankle was visible from his low-cut loafer shoes. There was a giant round scar between his Achilles tendon and his ankle, right where a hook could have suspended him upside down. He said anti-psychotic drug trials were recommended. He told me, "Matthew, no one will believe you until you do." The idea was to test if I had a delusional disorder.

Shortly thereafter Dr. Colin M. started me on Zyprexa, the first of three drug trials I would undergo over the next five years, each drug stronger than the last and having more side effects. The latter two were Risperdal and Clozapine. None of the drugs had any effect on my recall or certainty of the events reported.

I struggled unsuccessfully to get through Phase I of PTSD recovery (there are 3 phases.) During this early phase I was completely occupied by recalling the traumas of Aug. 2 and Aug. 19 plus related childhood traumas that were surfacing for the first time.

I was Hyper Vigilant: Any cues in my environment that reminded me of the traumas would trigger life-threatening fear. Sleep was horrible with vivid nightmares where I would awake screaming and kicking.

Whenever I communicated these traumas to friends or family, I would become very scared and agitated. They in turn would turn away and not be interested in visiting, or emailing me anymore. Most of my friends and family distanced themselves. This marked the low point of my recovery.

CHAPTER 6: 2005 Oct - The Devil's Brigade Calls

“Fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities. Truth isn’t.” – Mark Twain

One day in early October, while I was at home alone during the day trying to cope with PTSD, I got a strange phone call. When the caller said “Hello,” I immediately recognized Gary's voice on the other end.

“Hello, Matthew. Sorry to bother you...”

“No problem, Gary.”

“Matthew, have you been interrogated yet?”

I paused for a moment to take than in and then responded, “By whom?”

“By the Authorities!” said Gary in an annoyed tone.

“No.”

“Aw, Jeeze... Those...” He was going to curse but caught himself and said, “Okay, Matthew, thanks... I've got to go, bye.”

“Bye,” I said.

This left me with little doubt that something bad was going to happen soon.

CHAPTER 7: 2005 Oct - Target Monitored

“In Canada, you are more likely to be killed by a Moose than a Terror plot” –
Lead Now

One afternoon two weeks later, in late October 2005, I noticed two young men in their early to mid-30s seated in a car on the North side of Montgomery, a half block east of my house. As I approached and observed them closely, they appeared awkward. My gut told him these “dress-casual” clothed adults with short hair and “the cop look” were not sitting there in a car in the middle of the afternoon for nothing.

They were not contractors: their clothes told me that, and the van was very clean without the marks of a contractor, or the paperwork usually strewn about the dashboard. If they were canvassers, salesmen, or real estate agents, they would not have appeared awkward as I stared at them when I walked by.

They were parked one block east from a house which Bell Canada later informed me had a ‘foreign drop’ of my telephone line. They were close enough for radio-relayed, real-time telephone monitoring from a parked car. A Bell supervisor technician later gave the address of ‘an old’ foreign phone drop as X8 Montgomery. A supervisor pulled the wire from that address, and Bell customer service gave me a credit on my phone bill for the privacy breach.

Later that day, just before 7 PM, I left the house and walked briskly south toward the library where the Mood Disorder Institute of Ontario^[14] (MDIO) had its offices. A fit man in his late thirties with a red complexion was proceeding north at a brisk walk. We met on the same sidewalk adjacent to the side of the library building. Somehow it was timed so that “Red” met me at the most quiet and private part of the walkway. Red was bustling north, while I proceeded south.

I tried to avoid Red by changing direction three times in total, but each time he swerved in my direction. He stared at me with cold, unblinking eyes suggesting aggression. Finally Red bumped into me although there was plenty of room for both of us to pass on the sidewalk. I felt pressure against my left side at waist level. In true Canadian fashion I said "Sorry," and continued on. Red did not say anything but continued walking north. I thought that was rude and unusual.

Later, after more severe events unfolded, I had reason to believe Red’s

collision with me was planned and I had been surreptitiously frisked for a weapon.

[\[14\]](#) name obscured

CHAPTER 8: 2005 Nov 19 – Survey Target's Basement

“If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything.” – Mark Twain

On the afternoon of Nov. 19 a man calling himself an Enbridge Gas sub-contractor rang my doorbell and offered me a free, consumer energy conservation program. To enrol me, he needed access to my basement.

He said his name was Jerry and he showed me an Enbridge Gas invoice. “Jerry” had no ID tag attached to his overalls, only a first name 'Jerry' stitched onto the front. A gas sub-contractor's van was parked out front. He explained how he and a number of gas contractors delivered the free T.A.P.S. program, which provided energy-saving, flow-reducing aerator facet attachments, and that they also would down-tune my hot water heater.

He said there would be no cost. I fell for it.

After leading him to the furnace room, I watched as he started to work on the hot water heater; he acted anxious and furtive. When he asked me to turn on the hot water in the bathtub, I said “Sure, just a sec,” and walked into the basement bathroom beside the furnace room.

Before I could get the water on, Jerry shouted, “Oh, you have a bathtub down here then.” This gave me an eerie feeling. Why did Jerry sound disappointed that I was not going to the second floor? Why did he want time alone? Did he need time to survey the area?

After turning on the hot water, I stood in the basement bathroom wondering what to do. I decided to play along (my 'learned passivity' response) and left Jerry alone in the furnace room for perhaps two minutes.

When I returned, Jerry was affixing a ‘T.A.P.S.’ program sticker to the hot water tank. He had just finished applying the pipe insulation to the heater's output hot water pipe.

Then Jerry entered the bathroom and replaced the showerhead with a new, flow-reducing showerhead. In somewhat of a hurry he handed me two more flow-reducing heads in plastic bags, for use on other taps and showers in the house.

We moved to the upstairs to the breakfast bar counter to do the paperwork. Jerry signed the triplicate, zero-total invoice and asked me to fill out a few particulars, and sign it. The half-page invoice had the Enbridge Gas

logo in black and white in the top right corner. There were three copies, pink, yellow and green. I filled in the blanks with my address, postal code, phone number, name in block letters and then signed the form. Jerry tore off my copy and handed it to me before exiting somewhat unusually.

When he first rang the doorbell (perhaps ten minutes earlier), I was napping upstairs and it took me a minute or more to get to the door (PTSD messes up sleep.) When I opened the door, Jerry's contractor van was parked in front of my house, and Jerry was at my neighbours front door.

He had opened their screen door and was pretending to knock. I couldn't hear the knocking sound. Further, there was a doorbell, so why knock? As soon as he saw me open my door, he waved to me and darted over. Yet on exiting, he returned directly to his van, and drove away hastily.

It was only after Jerry left that I noticed the three 500 ml bottles of Hydrogen Peroxide sitting on the furnace room floor, right beside the hot water heater, in the bottom shelf of an aquarium stand. The aquarium was empty except for a few inches of Diatomaceous earth. I had used the peroxide as a disinfectant.

I vaguely remembered hearing that Hydrogen Peroxide could be used to make an explosive. What if Jerry was a law enforcement officer on reconnaissance? Had Gary repeated to the authorities what I had divulged when he interrogated me at work?

My use of Hydrogen Peroxide was benign. A few years previously, I had used the aquarium to grow a mushroom with medicinal properties. The peroxide was used as a disinfectant. My wife's migraine headaches were then resistant to conventional drug therapies, and she suffered at least three times a month for up to several days at a time. Through Internet research I learned that Central American Indians had been using a fungus to treat migraines for thousands of years. After three tries, I finally successfully grew the fungus. (A municipal horse barn supplied free horse manure for gardening.)

Later that evening, following Jerry's visit, I used Google to find cannabisnews.com where I read that a 'free, energy-conservation program' offered by an unsolicited gas company visitor is sometimes a ruse for police to survey a house without a search warrant, perhaps because they lacked probable cause.

I had reason to be worried about possessing what might be construed as the building blocks of explosives. Gary had called only two months earlier asking if the authorities had interrogated me yet. That meant he likely had

reported from his interrogation of me, while I was in mild shock, that a decade earlier I harboured hatred of the then Ontario premier, and worse, from my purposeful exaggeration of a talk with a friend about that. Would he also have reported my untoward thoughts of Dr. R. G. C. only a few years earlier?

Six months later a real gas company technician 'Mat' told me that Jerry's installation of insulation on the hot water pipe was unprofessional, leaving less than one half inch between the combustible insulation and the chimney for the hot flue gases; the house could have burned down. The minimum clearance in the building code is six inches.

Jerry was anything but a trained gas technician. "The first rule of gas work is not to burn the customer's house down," said Mat. By putting combustible insulation within a half inch of the chimney flue of the hot water heater, Jerry had violated that rule.

Mat added that in his twenty years of gas contracting he had never heard of a T.A.P.S. energy conservation program, and filed a complaint on my behalf with the Technical Standards and Safety Council (TSSC).

CHAPTER 9: 2005 Nov 22 – Health Support Group Infiltration

“Make yourself sheep and the wolves will eat you.” – Benjamin Franklin

The weather on the evening of November 22, 2005 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada was hovering around zero, leaving no doubt that winter had arrived. Relatively calmly, at a few minutes after seven, I walked the three blocks to the Northern District Library; I looked forward to attending the support group on the second floor of the library. Depression is a symptom of PTSD, and these drop-in groups were helpful.

It was dark out and the streetlights illuminated frozen footprints lightly covered with a brushing of snow on un-shovelled sidewalks. These footprints were like temporary memories of a person's tread. The frozen footprints last a day or two, then melt, and are gone forever, like a memory never to be recalled again; what a pleasant notion that was. I felt a bit jumpy and scared about being picked up by the authorities ever since the unsolicited gas company visitor a few days before.

That evening a new self-identified 'observer in training' showed up at the Depression support meeting, the only free group therapy I could find for my PTSD. This was 'Red' -- the same person that collided with me on the library sidewalk a few days earlier. Now his skin appeared cosmetically lightened, and he sported a red moustache that was trimmed so perfectly it looked like a paste on.

The interloper imitated the actions of a legitimate (co-) facilitator in training, including drawing a large circle on an 8 1/2" by 11" sheet of paper, and noting the first names and diagnosis as people introduced themselves around the circle. Co-facilitators have a form with a pre-printed circle for this purpose but Red the interloper did not.

The interloper was most interested in my part of the circle, and specifically me. He repeated my name in a questioning way and nodded to me. I automatically nodded back confirming my name. He did not nod to the others as they introduced themselves, except the only man of Middle Eastern background. The observer in training asked my diagnosis, and I replied "depression." PTSD was not supported in these groups so I kept that quiet.

The following week, I drew a composite sketch of Red and had it confirmed by group members who agreed it matched the 'observer'. Below is

a much less accurate rendition using face design software. If one adds 7-10 years age to the picture then it approximates Red in 2005. Red has aged considerably in the six years since this composite picture was made.



After going around the circle of eighteen attendees asking each their first name and diagnosis, there was a one-hour break in which Red spoke with the Middle Eastern man. Neither Red nor the Middle Eastern man showed up again at subsequent meetings that I attended. In my later inquiries with the facilitator, they had no record of a person matching Red's appearance attending, but they admitted they do not record the attendance of co-facilitators in training.

I was told co-facilitators self-identify as a shadow, or observer. Other co-facilitators are supposed to ask for their sign-up form, but in my experience they never did, they just trusted the stranger.

It was unethical, an invasion of privacy, and likely broke several Charter rights when 'the authorities' practiced "group infiltration" on a Mood Disorders support group. It was not a legitimate training exercise. All one had to do is have one officer attend once to get the simple protocol required of the co-facilitator (as two RCMP looking officers did two weeks earlier,) and then have another attend later and pretend to be a co-facilitator. No validation, no ID, nor any special knowledge was required.

Red stuck out like a sore thumb. He looked like an officer. I switched seats at the break to be farther away from him. At other meetings I had talked about having used medical marijuana in the past, and I worried Red could use this information against me. He significantly triggered my suspicion.

After the support group meeting ended, I followed Red into the men's washroom on the second floor but waited a minute before going in. He was at the sink when I entered. After relieving myself, I washed my hands while

Red washed his face.

He gave me a look that indicated he recognized me. Automatically I looked away and pretended not to notice as I continued washing my hands and wiping them with paper towel.

When I next looked at him, his appearance had changed. The moustache was gone; the white cosmetic powder was washed off and revealed acne scarring. Red continued to stare at me piercing and menacingly for a few seconds. I applied myself to throwing out the used paper towel, and pretended it was normal for Red to be removing a fake moustache and washing cosmetics off his face after the meeting.

I could not process this information in real-time, and preferred to act in denial. I just stuffed the memory and continued on to the coffee shop with my support friends after the meeting, as I often did.

Five or six members of the support group and I always gathered after our meetings at Tim Horton's coffee shop at the corner of Yonge & Broadway, two blocks north. I told one of them about what Red had done at the sink in the men's washroom.

Several of us noticed a large van parked on the wrong side of the street just across Yonge street on the south side of Montgomery facing west. I was embarrassed to mention it for fear of appearing paranoid, until Carry said: "What's bothering me right now is that van across the street..." Exhaust was coming out of the tail pipe, the headlights were on, and the two back doors featured unusual vertical rectangular windows with 'square-edged' one-way, mirror glass (as on armoured vehicles).

"Just because you are paranoid doesn't mean they're not out to get you," Stevie observed in an attempt at humour that fell flat.

The large van was unmarked and facing west but parked on the south (wrong) side of the street, with the back door, one-way windows facing Tim Horton's to the east.

"It might be a postal van," I said since it was beside the post office.

"No, it's unmarked and missing the logo," Carry replied.

Then someone got into the van from the passenger side. A moment later it began moving away.

"It's moving, thank God for that," I thought but after twenty feet it came to a stop on the west side of the post-office driveway.

"No, see it stopped again. That is not a normal van," said Carry.

There was a row of lights across the back and sides, not unlike a larger

courier truck, but with single rear wheels. The fact that the engine was running made it look unusual.

Our coffee group broke up 30-40 minutes earlier than usual. At 9:32 I checked my watch as I always did, knowing my wife expected me home at 10 PM. Only Stevie and Susan stayed behind in the coffee shop, engaged in a conversation.

After walking my friends to the subway I bid them good night, crossed over to the west side of Yonge, and started walking back to the library with Carry who had forgotten a book in the support group room and planned to get a security guard to let him to retrieve it.

Dropping Carry off, I reasoned I could still avoid the van on Montgomery Avenue by continuing walking north to Helendale Avenue. I was wrong.

CHAPTER 10: 2005 Nov 22 - Van Coercive Interrogation and Mind Control

“The enemy is not Muslims, Christians or Judaism... The real enemy is Extremism” - Unknown

At 10 meters south of Helendale, on the West side of Yonge Street, as I walked north past the bars where people were smoking on the sidewalk, two plainclothes officers approached from the north and stopped me about five meters south of Helendale.

The blond one asked, "Are you Matthew? Matthew Pauly?"

"Yes," I replied.

"We are 'peace' officers," said the blond one with an American accent as he gestured to the tall, burly, dark-moustached man to his right.

"We want to know why you have three bottles of Hydrogen Peroxide in your basement, and what you are planning on doing with it?" he asked as he looked into my eyes.

Realizing the gas company visit three days earlier was a ruse, and that hair bleach could be used for nefarious purposes, I understood they thought I might be a terrorist. I decided to tell the truth, so they would let me go. After all, I was not a terrorist.

"I used it to grow some mushrooms."

"What for?" Mitch asked.

I explained I had read that Central American Indians had a natural cure for migraines, so I grew medicinal mushrooms in my basement for my wife's migraines and used the Hydrogen Peroxide as a disinfectant.

"I like mushrooms!," Burly said with a laugh and asked "Do you have any left?"

"No."

"Why not?" Burly countered in a barely perceptible Quebecois accent.

"Never mind that now," Mitch interrupted in an American accent, turning to me. "Matthew, we really need to ask you a few questions, and it's cold. Come to our van for a few minutes, it is parked just up here," he said as he gestured over his shoulder north.

I thought it best to humour them; clearly they thought I was a terrorist and since it was all based on a miscommunication surely they'd realize that

after a few questions, and leave me alone. “OK,” I responded.

I expected Mitch to lead the way so I waited.

“Just walk in front us,” he said. I thought that was an unusual request.

“Walk across the street to the post-office driveway,” Mitch commanded.

I stopped at the yellow and black, diagonal striped boom at the parking lot south entrance since it indicated private property.

“Is this okay?” I asked.

“Never mind, go around it,” Mitch said from behind.

It was eerie as the lot was uncharacteristically dark; it was usually well lit by three high-intensity, orange Sodium vapour, automatic lights. On each side were at least two-dozen darkened postal vans.

I had walked past about ten vans and I said, “Is it one of these?” playing dumb. I feared going to the strange, large van the group of us spotted minutes earlier from the coffee shop.

“No, it’s not one of these. It is straight ahead on the other side of the lot. Just keep walking,” Mitch commanded.

I was feeling uncomfortable with proceeding so I stopped walking. 'Burly' shouted from behind: “KEEP WALKING!!!” I felt afraid and threatened. I complied.

At the north end of the lot was the same van we had seen from Tim Horton's only ten minutes ago. It had not moved from the south side of Montgomery and faced west as before, with the rear at the west side of the parking lot north entrance.

A young officer opened the van door from the inside. In his late twenties with roughly cut hair, he had black hair, a round face and stood about 5’9” and 175 pounds, with a bit of a belly paunch under an olive coloured T-shirt with a cigarette burn hole near the bottom, and drab, dark pants with extra pockets just above the knees.

The T-shirt with the burn hole suggested he was a Canadian soldier, as I knew they were underpaid. He greeted me warmly: “Matthew! Come on in!”

A second young officer with light brown hair stood with his feet spread wide apart blocking my escape west. He was about 5’10” and 165 pounds.

A third officer lurked to my right about five meters away – he was older, and resembled Red whom I had seen in the men’s washroom an hour earlier. A fourth officer stood on the North side of Montgomery. Two

officers were behind me. I was completely surrounded.

The man inside the van was holding the door open and had to move aside as I stepped up into the van.

“Watch your head,” said the doorman as I stepped in. The door closed behind me. It was quite dark. I asked the doorman officer why the other officers had not entered.

“They’ll be along in a few minutes,” he replied.

The interior was about a foot or two taller than an ambulance. There were fold-down roof cupboards like in an aircraft, and fixed benches in the back running half the length to the front. There was a reverse-facing, throne-type chair bolted to the floor near the front.

Soon Burly stepped inside. A light was switched on. I became aware there was someone in the passenger's seat up front besides the doorman. Everyone was quiet.

“Where's the other officer?” I asked, referring to the blonde haired officer. Burly said, “Oh, he's coming. He'll be here in a minute.”

When Mitch entered, he said they were waiting for one more officer, who should arrive in a minute or two.

After a minute the red-haired, acne-scarred Red entered. “All taken care of,” he said to Mitch. (I later deduced he likely removed a temporary flashlight that had been rigged to the light-sensor for the three Sodium lights in the post-office parking lot to keep them dark for the operation.)

Someone radioed, “Target in custody” and the receiver radioed back a confirmation.

“Matthew, why don't you sit here on the bench while we get started?” Mitch said. I got out of the throne chair and sat on a bench at a fold-down table in the back of the van. I sat between two officers on one side bench as instructed.

The officers, who were standing on the sidewalk when I approached, now entered into the van from the front passenger door and stepped into the back area. They joined the group at the folded-down table (from the wall on the driver's side), in the very rear of the van.

The benches along each sidewall could accommodate eight in a squeeze. There were no windows except the thick, one-way, bulletproof windows in the rear doors.

One officer I recognized as Red, but I said nothing about recognizing him.

“Matthew, list any medical conditions you have?” said Mitch, who appeared to be the one in charge. I told him.

Mitch asked what medications I was on. I listed them but forgot to

mention one. They appeared to know my medical history but were surprised to learn I also had a liver ailment. I said, "It's okay, It's not active."

The blond-haired interrogator, Mitch, asked in surprise, "What do you mean, not active?"

"I mean my liver is not enlarged."

"But your blood is still toxic!" He sounded annoyed.

"Yes," I said. Mitch, Burly and Red all donned white vinyl gloves at this point.

They removed my jacket and searched it thoroughly, including reaching inside the lining through a tear. "Where is your cell phone?" Red asked.

"I don't have one," I said.

"You're a computer guy, why don't you have one?"

"If a client or employer wants me to have one, they give me one."

"But why don't you have your own?"

"Because in 1993 I had a cell phone when consulting to a cell phone company. I used it for an hour a day and I started getting headaches, and little bumps growing on my skin where I held the phone to my head," I said.

They looked at each other with concern as if it had never occurred to them that cell phone radiation could be dangerous.

Mitch turned to the burly officer and said, "Could you do it?"

"I don't know, let's see," said Burly.

"Place your hands on the table, and spread your fingers!" Red ordered. I complied. Burly was holding a modified single-holed puncher that he opened and closed.

I asked, "Is that a single-hole punch?"

Burly replied, "Yes, but it's modified." The metal curved flange that holds down the paper had been removed.

Burly inspected my fingernails one by one holding the single hole punch against each fingernail. Each time Mitch would ask, "Can you pull that one?"

"I'm not sure, it's short," Burly said, and then he would move on to the next fingernail.

Periodically all three senior officers would look up at my face. I maintained a stoic resolve. Burly said, "Well, they're too short."

"Could you get the pinkie finger?" asked Mitch.

"Maybe," said Burly, as they all looked in my face with sadistic grins. I

was horrified. What country or century did they think they were in?

Mitch said, “Matthew, did you know we were coming for you? Is that why your nails are so short?”

“No, I bite my nails,” I said.

Next Mitch ordered me to spread my fingers even wider. They joked amongst themselves as Red pulled out a sharp, pointed knife and another officer held my wrists so I could not move my hands. Red proceeded to rapidly stab the table in between each finger, moving first slowly across both hands, and then picking up the pace so I heard the rapid ‘tap, tap, tap’ as the knife missed my fingers by millimeters.

They stopped once he’d reached his maximum pace after a few cycles on both hands. They all looked at my face to see how scared I looked. Next Mitch pulled his own not-street-legal knife, and proceeded to stab the table between my fingers. He went considerably faster and the other officers exclaimed: “wow, ooohh, aaahh.” Again they looked at my face, but I had turned away earlier. As a computer programmer and touch typist, losing a finger would be debilitating. After a few more minutes of terror it was over. They asked me to take a seat in the large throne chair at the front of the van where I had first sat. It was bolted to the floor about three feet behind the front cabin area, and faced the rear of the van.

They folded the table back up into the wall on the drivers’ side. It was time to learn what the mysterious and intimidating throne-type chair was for.

The chair had a frame of five-inch diameter, round aluminum tubing on both sides of each armrest, leg rest, and on all sides of the seat and back. There was a sub-frame below the chair of square-steel tubing about one inch wide, which was bolted to the corrugated style, aluminum floor using hexagonal headed, shiny steel bolts.

The back was so high that my head did not reach the top where a frame member was, and my hands did not reach a frame member at the end of the long armrests. All the points where my body, including legs, touched the chair were constructed of tightly woven, three-inch wide, black nylon seat-belt material. This was obviously to lessen bruising which would create evidence. This was a 21st century, professional torture-chair.

Burly leg-cuffed me to the two front-leg supports and slid handcuffs around my wrists and armrests. Before locking the last cuff, the left one, he said, “This is voluntary”.

I said, “Yah right!”

“You don’t believe me?” He unfastened the left handcuff. I made a split second decision. I was already ankle cuffed and surrounded. My gut told me that trying to assert my rights would result in violence to me. I was intimidated and afraid to resist.

Severe childhood traumas played a part in my learned passivity. I had used compliance as a child to survive horrific trauma.

“Jacket OFF!” Mitch ordered.

Burly pulled my three-quarter-length leather coat forward and down over my wrists but the handcuffs made it impossible to remove the coat. It was almost comical.

“No! Remove the cuffs to take off the coat,” Mitch ordered.

Burly unfastened the handcuffs, removed my coat, and then refastened the handcuffs.

He approached my left arm while holding a large needle and syringe. I asked: “Sodium Pentothal?”

Burly replied: “Have you ever been given Sodium Pentothal before?”

“No.”

“Then how do you know its Sodium Pentothal?” he demanded.

“I didn’t. I just thought it might fit.”

He continued, “Why do you know about it?”

“I had seen a video of prisoner in the USA interrogated under Sodium Pentothal.”

I knew it was a truth serum. It was one of the drugs that came out of MK-ULTRA research in the post-war period, and was experimented with on unsuspecting patients of Dr. Ewen Cameron at the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Allan Memorial Institute in Montreal in the 1950s and 1960s.

Before inserting the needle, he paused. “OK?” he asked.

“Whatever...” I said.

“I need you to say ‘OK’! We can wait all night if you want,” he said.

I was starting to be frightened.

“If you refuse, we can hold you for three days on a security certificate, without access to a lawyer.”

“Would I be able to contact my family?” I asked.

“No!” said Mitch. I imagined the severe worry my disappearance would cause my family.

I thought if I said no, what options would they resort to next? Would they pull out my fingernails?

“OK!”

My left forearm was facing up. Burly jabbed the needle into a vein opposite the elbow. I grimaced. The jab hurt much more than needles usually do, probably because it was such a large needle.

Using white medical tape Burly taped the 150 cc (or larger) syringe on the underside of my left forearm. He pushed the plunger in just a bit. Within five seconds I felt drunk, four-very-quick-beers drunk.

NOTE: From this point forward I was drugged against my will. I was in no position for informed consent. Inaccuracies may be present in the order of the different events that occurred in that van. The events are accurate but due to the drugging I missed some dialogue and the order may be incorrect. Only the military recordings will show what inaccuracies there are, if any.

I knew it must be a ‘truth serum’ like Sodium Pentothal or another Phenobarbital cocktail. The prisoner in the video being interrogated acted and looked as drunk as I felt.

Next, Burly applied a heavy cuff around my upper right arm, not unlike a blood pressure cuff, except it felt heavy, and had wires connected to it. I was horrified as I guessed what it might be for. He asked if it was comfortable.

This was such a weird question. I replied “Yes... What is this for?”

“This is so you tell the truth.” Then it dawned on me what the cuff was for.

Burly removed my glasses. Everything was out of focus from this point forward. Burly then started taping my eyelids open with such skill and rapidity that he'd clearly done it many times before. My right eyelid hurt from the tape. I said “Ouch!”

“OK then,” Burly said as he pulled the tape off and refastened it slightly looser so it pulled a bit less. “Is that better?”

“Yes, thanks.” I could not blink my eyes. I asked again: “What is this tape for?”

“So you can see better.”

“I can see better with my glasses on.”

“You don’t need to see that well! I’ll put in eye drops in every once in a while.”

Three floodlights materialized near the ceiling, about three feet from my head adjusted to shine directly into my face. Since I hadn’t noticed them

before, I could not tell if these were actually mounted on the ceiling or on floor stands.

The lights were absolutely blinding and I could not make out any shapes behind them. With my eyes taped open, I could not see anything but bright light.

Interrogation – Pre-seizure Questions:

Burly dropped very cold eye drops into my eyes, causing me to jump in pain. The bottle had probably been stored in the unheated compartments of the van and it was near freezing outside. Still I was dependent upon those eye drops to blink and lubricate my eyes. Then I heard, “awiie mm yourrr inlrtergoatr. Lissstnnn tooo mmy voozce.” It was electronically altered so the voiceprint of the speaker would be indistinguishable.

Although I was listening carefully I couldn’t understand what was said. “What?”

The speaker repeated, “awiie mm yourrr inlrtergoatr. Lissstnnn tooo mmy voozce.”

“What?” I asked again.

The interrogator discarded the electronically altered voice machine. “I am your interrogator. Listen to my voice,” he said. It sounded like Red.

“What terrorist organizations do you belong to?” he asked.

“None.”

“Not any?”

“Not any.”

“Anytime in your life have you belonged to a terrorist organization?”

Again I replied, “Never.”

“What about earlier in your life? Have you ever belonged to a terrorist organization ever in your life?”

“No, none ever.”

“What terrorist organizations have you belonged to in the past?”

“None.”

“In the past what terrorist organizations did you belong to?”

“None.”

Red re-framed the question slightly and posed it again. Each time I answered “No.”

“Answer yes or no: Have you ever been a member of Hamas?”

I was born in Canada of American parents, Christened an Anglican

(I'm a WASP) and raised first a Quaker and then a Unitarian. I was thinking, "Can he be serious?"

"What about Al Qaeda? Have you ever corresponded or met with them?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Do you know anyone who might belong to Al Qaeda?"

"No."

"What about Hezbollah? Have you been a member of that?"

Again I responded, "No."

"Not ever?"

"Not ever."

The blond officer, Mitch, took over and continued this line of interrogation for at least twenty minutes with a list of terrorist organizations with Arabic names I'd never heard before.

Mitch would repeat the same question over and over about half a dozen times with slight variations until he was satisfied with my answer. Then he would move on to the next group. If I delayed too long before replying, I was given a jolt of electricity.

"Matthew, I can take you to Guantanamo Bay tonight. I have a jet waiting, so you better tell the truth."

"Are you a member of PETA?"

"What does that stand for?"

"It's animal rights people."

"Oh, you mean the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals?"

"Yah, that's it, are you a member?"

"No." I couldn't believe this was a terrorist organization.

"Have you ever been a member?"

"No."

"Do you know anyone who has been a member?"

"No."

"Have you ever been a member of The White Panthers?" Mitch asked.

"I thought it was the Black Panthers."

"No, there's white panthers now," Red clarified.

The extensive terrorist organization list was likely from the American State Department's list of "Foreign Terrorist Organizations." [\[15\]](#). This going

through the long list of terror organizations took about twenty minutes.

“What political organizations do you belong to?” asked Red.

“None,” I replied, relieved at a change in topic.

“What political organizations have you belonged to in the past?”

“I was a member of the Liberal Party of Canada once.” There was a pause.

“Is that supposed to be a joke?” Red asked slowly in a monotone, serious way with unblinking eyes staring at mine.

“No, I'm being honest,” I said. “I was a member of the NDP once too.”

“Now we're getting closer!” said Red enthusiastically, since the NDP is Canada's democratic left party. He leaned closer, and Mitch also leaned forward.

I couldn't name any more organizations I had belonged to, besides the Regina Aquarium Society when I was eleven years old.

“Any organizations that had a purpose or goal of some sort?” Red asked.

“No, none.”

Then the interrogation took a very strange and abrupt turn.

“Who is the Prophet?” Red asked.

I countered, “Which one?”

“You know,” Red said in a tired tone. “The Islamic one.”

“Mohammad,” I said.

“Say it together with me: Mohammad is the Prophet,” Red commanded.

“No,” I said, knowing this was a setup. Someone gave me a shock with the power turned up, so now my whole arm stung. I decided to comply and said, “Mohammad is the Prophet.”

The tall burly officer with the black moustache and greying hair now broke in for the first time since he'd applied the torture-device. “Matthew, I have just one question for you.”

“OK, go ahead,” I replied.

“Why do you sing to your dog?” he asked deadpan.

“What?!!” I said with embarrassment.

“Don't deny it, I've heard it,” Burly said.

“Moving along,” said Mitch.

“By the way, you need a new fridge,” Burly added.

I did a few times did sing a few lines to my dog and I needed a new

fridge. The hourly clunk when the compressor shut off could be heard throughout the house and startled visitors and guests. However, I only had sung to my dog on the first floor of my house when others were out and I wanted to perk up the dog.

I would take an already known tune, perhaps a Christmas carol and substitute in my dog's name and some lyrics of praise. The dog got a kick out of hearing its name, and it added some levity to my days at home alone recovering from PTSD.

Aside: Later when I was tortured to dissociation this officer asked me about an ongoing RCMP Major Crimes investigation in Alberta. Someone I knew briefly in Alberta about fifteen years earlier had been the victim of a major crime. About a decade earlier an RCMP officer visited my residence in Toronto and asked me questions. I cooperated fully and gave a statement in writing. Unfortunately they were unable to convict the accused, so when I was completely tortured to submission in this van, I was again asked about this investigation. I had no information beyond what I'd reported a decade earlier. This is how I know for certain that this Burly officer was RCMP.

A stranger had approached me a few months earlier in the Yonge-Eglinton shopping center near the entrance to Radio Shack. He was of East Indian descent, about 5' 7", 150 pounds, and maybe forty-five years old.

"Sir, I want to buy a cordless phone, but I don't know which one to buy. "

"You look like a man that knows about electronics," he added.

"Any name brand will be good," I advised.

"But which one do you have?"

He was too insistent. I detected subterfuge but I couldn't see how this information could be used against me. I wanted to get rid of him.

"It's a Motorola cordless with a base station and two handsets."

"What model?"

"I don't remember the model. It is the expensive one with the 'room monitor' feature."

Now I realized my phone must have been hacked, and my singing and all private conversations observed. This explained the recent loud feedback squeal heard when my wife or I would pick up the phone.

The interrogation continued, "What is your Arabic name?" This question was asked many, many times until time itself seemed to blur.

They kept repeating the question. I kept replying negatively. "I don't

know my name in Arabic.“ I kept getting shocked, randomly. They pushed the plunger of the syringe in more, and I felt drunker than ever. I could not supply them an Arabic name because I did not have one. Red tried saying something to me in what sounded like Arabic, or maybe Farsi, but I did not speak either language. They shocked me again.

After going back and forth for at least ten iterations, in frustration, I said, “I don’t have a fucking Arabic name!” Then there was a pause.

Red said, “Matthew, your Arabic name is Mohash.”

I purposefully tried to not remember it.

“Now say it!” he commanded.

“No,” I replied. I knew that announcing my new Arabic name was not only misleading, but in the post 9/11 political climate, it was not a good idea. Surely the van was wired for sound. Red repeated the command. I stayed silent.

Next I felt the stinging slap of a pair of vinyl gloves across my face. I felt very vulnerable in this van full of military men who were behaving sadistically. I was virtually blind, handcuffed to a chair and now I was being assaulted. I could not even blink my eyes for protection.

I flashed back to the recently remembered rape trauma from thirty years earlier when I was eight years old, in which my attacker slapped me when I was not obedient. I wept. My voice quivering I said to Red, “Please do not slap me, I’m flashing back to thirty years ago when I was attacked.”

“Why are you going all the way back there for?”

“Because I have PTSD!!!!” I shouted at him through sobs.

One of the two regular Canadian Forces officers sitting in the front of the van asked what PTSD was. Red paused for a few seconds.

Red then said, “Matthew, I won’t slap you again, but you’ve got to do something for me. I want you to repeat your Arabic name and then we can move on.”

“OK,” I said amid sobs.

“Go,” he said.

“My name is Mohash,” I said with a quivering voice that broke.

“That was good, Matthew, but do it once again without crying,” Red said.

I focused and repeated, “My name is Mohash”.

“Good, Matthew, now we can move on,” Red said.

Mitch was explaining some no-mark torture techniques to Red. He

said, “Matthew, close your right eye, but keep the left open.”

Impaired by the Sodium Pentothal and never being good at opening one eye, I just shut both eyes. “No, I want you to open your left I so you can see me,” he said and I complied.

Mitch explained to Red that he needed to flick his finger just hard enough, but not too much. He demonstrated the force to use by flicking his finger against Red’s forearm. Red cautiously approached, hesitated and then flicked his finger against my shuttered right eye. It was very painful, as the eyeball was knocked back hard against the eye socket.

“Oouch!” I shouted. “Don’t do that!”

“That was right,” the American told Red.

Next Mitch explained to Red how to use the second joints of the fingers (first below knuckles) to push into my cheek right where the upper and lower teeth touch, and then twist the wrist so the finger joints and jam the inside cheek membranes against the crowns of the teeth.

“Matthew, clench your teeth together,” said Mitch, and I complied. Red pushed the second joints of his closed fist into my cheek and twisted back and forth.

“STOP, that hurts!”

Again Mitch asked, “What is your other Arabic name?”

“Mohash”

“No, tell me your *other* name!” Mitch demanded.

The interrogation was taking an unpredictable turn. I was now getting an electrical shock even when I tried to cooperate by answering the name question. There was no way out of the pain. This was scientific, Nazi-style, sadism causing a predictable personality meltdown.

It appeared to be a 'teaching' question (for Red the student), as Mitch was showing Red how to get a subject into a complete state of surrender: the 'ideal state' he called it. They brought me to a mental state of complete and utter helplessness.

Dissociation is a normal human response to excessive Psychological Trauma. The dominant personality goes to sleep (and has amnesia afterwards.) What is left is an infantile, very malleable consciousness that is easily hypnotized.

[15] List found at <http://www.state.gov/s/ct/rls/other/des/123085.htm>

CHAPTER 11: 2005 Nov 22 - Creating a Sleeper Agent

“There’s a plot in this country to enslave every man, woman and child. Before I leave this noble office, I intend to expose this plot.” – Pres. John F. Kennedy, 7 days before his assassination

I was asked over and over, “What is your name?”

When I answered “Matthew,” Mitch would say “No! Your other name?”

I tried replying, “Matt?”

“No, I want your other name!”

I offered my childhood nickname, “Boo Boo.”

“Where did that come from?” Mitch said.

“It was my childhood nickname, from the Yogi Bear cartoon.”

“No, I want your other name!” Mitch demanded.

“But I don't have one!”

“TELL ME YOUR OTHER NAME!” Mitch shouted.

I didn't answer, and I was shocked severely. This was a question that there was no right answer to, as I had no other name. I knew they wanted an Arabic name, but I knew no Arabic beyond what they had taught me.

I tried answering “Mohash” as they had taught me, but they gave me another shock. Again Mitch asked, “What is your other Arabic name? Your other name?” I tried inventing a name, and got shocked again.

“What is your name?” Mitch repeated. I decided to remain silent. Another shock. There was no pattern. No behaviour would stop the random shocks.

“What is your name?” Over and over. Time became elastic. I arbitrarily said nothing or invented a name, and was arbitrarily shocked. There was no other sound except “What is your name?”. Sometimes I would hear Mitch say “now” and then the shock would hit me. I realized Red must have been holding the controller.

The session became silent and Mitch used hand signals, which I could not see, so I could not know when the shock was coming.

“What is your name?” In such a perverse situation, the mind cannot avoid the electric shock, and random answers to avoid the shock result in

random electric shocks. There is no way out of the pain. Within ten to twenty minutes, the mind shuts down, regressing to that of a traumatized, captured small animal. This is what happened to me.

For the next six years, it was rare for a day to go by when I did not hear the question "What is your name?!!!" in my mind, whenever I was stressed or tired.

I remember Mitch telling Red how to recognize when the desired surrender, dissociation state had been reached. "You see how his eyelids are flickering constantly against the taping?" Mitch asked.

"Yes," Red replied.

"That's one of the signs. Also watch this," and he motioned his hand between the floodlights and my eyes causing a fast moving shadow. I recoiled away in fear to the full extent of my restraints. "That's another sign the state has been reached. You have to stop when they reach this stage or they will go into shock," Mitch explained.. "Matthew, slow down your breathing!"

I breathed slower.

Starting from this regressed, dissociative state, the subject can easily be hypnotized. "Look at this, Matthew," Mitch said as he pulled something out from under his jacket. It was a cube of plastic or glass about two and a half inches on each side, and illuminated from inside by gradually pulsating, warm coloured LEDs.

It contained a hologram depicting two scenes.

The first scene in the top right of the cube, was a detailed, exquisite 3D image of a mountain vista with an eagle perched on a tree. The second scene in the bottom left of the cube, was of the Apollo 13[\[16\]](#) spacecraft next to an American flag on the moon.

"Wow," I exclaimed, "It's beautiful! What is it?"

"Never mind" Mitch said, "just look at it."

The hologram was slowly changing as the LEDs pulsed, causing a colour shift among green, blue, red, and yellow. The Eagle appeared to take flight as the colour lights illuminated different aspects of the hologram, and the spacecraft simultaneously lifted off the moon.

I was literally mesmerized. "Can I touch it, just once, please?"

"Just once" said Mitch as he held it close to my right hand, which was still handcuffed to the metal torture chair. I touched the surface with two fingers. It felt just like a cube of hard plastic.

Mitch held it back at my eye level, and said, “Matthew, I want you to focus on this, and do exactly as I say.”

“Okay.”

Mitch continued, “You are going to sleep now, even though your eyes are open, and you are going to do everything I ask. Relax.”

I immediately slumped in the chair.

Mitch started to put the cube away. I said, “Can I look at it more, please?”

“No, no, no, Matthew,” Mitch said with a chuckle. “That's enough,” and he put it away. He continued: “Matthew, you will repeat exactly what I tell you to repeat, out loud.”

“Do you understand?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Now say it, I will repeat everything I am told to.”

“I'll repeat everything I am told to,” I said.

MIND CONTROL PROGRAM #1

I was now fully in a hypnotic trance.

“Repeat after me “If I find a gun in my jacket pocket I WILL go to the nearest closet, without delay’.”

I repeated word for word: ““If I find a gun in my jacket pocket I WILL go to the nearest closet, without delay.” Something happened inside me as I said this.

I did not like the sound of “gun” and “go to the nearest closet.” I had always been afraid of guns and rifles. It started when I was an eight-year-old kid in Argenta, B.C. one summer when I visited a ten-year-old kid who lived about half a mile up the mountain road from where I was staying with my mother and brother in that Quaker community.

The kid met me on the road out front, and showed me his .22 rifle and demonstrated shooting it while aiming up the road. I objected that he might accidentally hurt someone. “It won't hit anything but trees!” the kid said angrily. Then he pointed the loaded rifle at my chest and I froze. “If I pull this trigger here right now,” he said as he wiggled his finger, “you'll be dead.” He smiled sadistically. I was speechless and terrified. After a few moments, the kid pointed the rifle in another direction.

The mention of the gun in my pocket brought back another memory. At fifteen years old I'd read three books on hypnotism, and I realized that

Mitch was in the process of implanting a dangerous post-hypnotic suggestion.

Post-hypnotic suggestions are harmless enough as part of a Stop Smoking program, or when a show hypnotist makes people act like children or animals on stage.

As anyone schooled in hypnosis will say, it's difficult to forcefully hypnotize someone if they wilfully resist. A prelude of torture anti-conditioning to cause dissociation makes it nearly impossible to resist. If I had not read those three books on hypnotism, I would not have had any knowledge to attempt to resist.

My fear of the words "gun" and "go to the nearest closet" made me feel resistant. My knowledge of how hypnosis works came back to me. This allowed an inner voice to rebel even under hypnosis. I knew I had to hide this – I absolutely could not handle more torture anti-conditioning. I did my best to secretly will the opposite of what they forced me to say out loud, over and over.

"If I find a gun in my jacket pocket I WILL go to the nearest closet, without delay," Mitch intoned, and I repeated it out loud word for word. Inwardly I repeated the same sentence substituting "WILL NOT" for "WILL".

There was a diversion from the programming as Mitch taught me how to turn the safety off on a handgun.

"Have you ever used a handgun?"

"No."

"Have you seen one before?"

"Yes." (I'd seen police on the street carry them).

"Do you know what a safety is?"

"Yes. I had a pellet gun as a kid and it had one."

Mitch turned to Burly and said, "Do pellet guns have a safety?"

"Yes, I believe they do," Burly answered in an uncertain tone. Clearly Mitch was a city-raised kid. He pulled out his own chrome-plated handgun and the younger Canadian officers sitting in front said "Wooo hooo!!" as the expensive looking, shiny handgun glimmered in the floodlights.

Mitch then lamented, "Well, it won't look like this one."

Burly said, "Here, use mine," as he pulled his black Glock out from under his jacket and handed it to Mitch. "It's loaded." Glocks are standard issue for RCMP officers.

“Yes, I know,” said Mitch annoyed as he accepted the weapon for the demonstration.

“OK, Matthew. To turn the safety off, you just press this little button here.” He held the gun just outside my reach, midway between my face and my handcuffed right hand.

“OK, I understand,” I said. It was a button just in front and above the trigger. The programming continued.

“Repeat after me: ‘After stepping inside the closet but before closing the door, I WILL turn the safety OFF on the handgun,’” I repeated the sentence word for word, while silently negating the command in my mind.

“I WILL then close the door to the closet without delay and then immediately put the barrel of the gun to my head.” I repeated it aloud while silently repeating the opposite statement in my mind.

“I WILL pull the trigger in one smooth action. I WILL NOT delay in pulling the trigger,” Mitch said, and I repeated after him.

5. “I WILL NOT shoot my family, or anyone else.” I repeated it aloud, still keeping up with the demanding pace but I was slowed as I had to break the pattern and not negate the logic of this program.

6. “I WILL NOT remember this program until a gun is found in my pocket.” As I repeated it, I told myself: “I WILL remember this program until a gun is found in my pocket.”

“Matthew, don't hesitate!” He started over and had me repeat statements 1 through 6 again, one after another. He repeated the whole program, and I repeated after him. This went on for ten to fifteen repetitions.

MIND CONTROL PROGRAM #2

After the umpteenth time repeating program #1, Mitch moved on to the next program. “Matthew, do you know what a controller is?”

“Kind of,” I replied.

“A controller is someone you treat specially. You treat them as your best friend, and you answer any questions with a straight answer, and you do anything they ask.”

Mitch had me supply an already memorized elementary school friend's last name for the controller so I would more easily remember. He said it was important I chose a person I would not have contact with in the future.

I chose "Smith" after my elementary school girlfriend. I suggested "Larry" for the first name, after the dunce in the same classroom.

“I don’t know, Matthew. Larry Smith is too common. Choose something else,” Mitch ordered.

“Look, I am the one who has to remember this for years, so let me pick the name,” I said assertively despite being in a trance, dissociated from torture anti-conditioning.

Mitch considered it for a few seconds and finally agreed.

“Repeat after me,” said Mitch.

1. “When someone introduces themselves as Larry Smith, I will treat them as my best friend.”

“When someone introduces themselves as Larry Smith, I will treat them as my best friend.”

In my mind I tried to negate the logic with my inner voice.

2. “I will tell Larry Smith the straight answer to any question he asks of me.” Again, I repeated this out loud while trying to remember to inwardly negate it.

3. “I will do everything Larry Smith tells me, including kill.”

There was a brief dead silence in the van.

“I will do everything Larry Smith tells me, including kill.” I responded, terrified.

Mitch then taught me the method to use to kill in case Larry Smith asked me to kill.

“Matthew, you will run towards the target. At full speed run you will impact the target with your hands on their torso to knock them down. You will jump on them and roll them on their back. You will squeeze their chest with your knees. You will clamp their throat with your hands, and lean forward putting all your weight on your hands. But don’t cross the thumbs, Matthew.”

“Your long arms are perfect for this technique, Matthew. “Repeat the method back to me.”

“I will run at them full speed, knock them down with my hands impacting their torso. I jump on them, get them on their back, squeeze their chest with my knees, and clamp my hands around their throat, and lean forward putting all my weight on my hands.”

“Yes, that's close but you need to remember not to cross your thumbs.”

He clarified the killing technique by demonstrated the choking technique on an imaginary victim without crossing the thumbs.

In retrospect, I realize this technique would leave plenty of forensic

evidence. But since a sleeper agent – which I was being programmed to become -- doesn't know anything about his controller other than a made-up name, and has amnesia for years after, I would appear to be just another crazed killer with blood on my hands.

“Repeat after me,” Mitch went on: “I will do for Larry Smith anything he asks, including kill.” Terrified, I repeated this, and tried to repeat the opposite in my mind.

4. “Repeat after me,” said Mitch: “I will not remember this instruction until a person introduces himself in person as Larry Smith.”

I was aghast but compliant, and I repeated this out loud, while I silently repeated the opposite in my mind.

Then Mitch started over from step 1 coaching me through step 2, 3, and 4, each time ordering me to repeat it exactly. I complied.

As with post-hypnotic program #1, this whole program was repeated ten to twenty times. I strained to keep up while secretly willing the opposite. Mitch would praise me when I repeated the steps correctly without delay, but berate me if I hesitated and threaten me with a shock.

It would be four years and five months before I remembered the mind-control programming. What a perfect murder scheme by anonymous state controllers; what tragic implications for democracy.

MIND CONTROL PROGRAM #3

After repeating all the steps of program #2, Mitch went on to the next program.

“Repeat after me,” said Mitch:

1. “If I find myself in a Psychiatric hospital or Psychiatric ward of a hospital, the first time I am alone in a room with doctor or nurse wearing a stethoscope, I will strangle them with it.”

Again I repeated the program out loud, and silently repeated the reverse in my mind.

“Good, now this is how you'll do it,” Mitch said.

Mitch pulled out a real stethoscope and taught me to hold it a certain way to most efficiently strangle the victim. “You fold it in half like this,” he said. He held the stethoscope folded in half, with one hand holding the rubber cord folded in the middle, while his other hand held the metal ends.

“Again, repeat after me” Mitch said, “If I find myself in a Psychiatric hospital or Psychiatric ward of a hospital, the first time I am alone in a room

with a doctor or nurse wearing a stethoscope I will strangle them with it.”

I repeated the instruction out loud, and silently repeated the reverse in my mind.

2. “Repeat after me,” said Mitch:

“I will not remember this instruction until a person introduces himself in person as Larry Smith.”

These two post-hypnotic suggestions were repeated between ten and twenty times.[\[17\]](#)

Creating Alpha

Then Mitch took me to other states for demonstration purposes, like a puppet.

“I am going to introduce you to two new names just for you Matthew, Alpha and Beta, I want you to remember.”

“I had two cats named Alpha and Beta once.”

“Good, then you will have no trouble remembering,” Mitch said.

“Matthew, who got you really angry when you were a kid?”

“My older brother.”

“How did he do it?”

“He would tease me, and then call me chicken over and over.”

Mitch started insulting me, making fun of my physical characteristics: glasses, bent baby fingers, and teeth.

“What you going to do, four eyes freak?”

“What’s wrong -- are you chicken?”

I tried to resist being affected.

“Chicken, chicken, chicken.” Red joined in the name-calling.

I started to get angry after a few minutes. Mitch continued goading me, until finally I exploded with a threatening rant.

I yelled: “You’re lucky I’m restrained, you short motherfucker, or I’d rip your head off!” Mitch was 5’11”, a few inches shorter than I.

Once in this state of rage, Mitch told “Stop, listen, Matthew... the rage you feel right now, I want you to remember this. You are Alpha now, remember the way you feel now. This is your Alpha personality (alter), Matthew. Remember it.”

Then he said something to make me laugh that I don’t remember. He said things to cool me down.

Sexual Assault, Humiliation

Mitch said, "Go out in the neighbourhood and get me a clean garbage can, the large kind."

OK," Burly said deferentially.

"I want an aluminum one, not a plastic one and it has to be clean."

"OK." Burly seemed slightly worried at the tall order. Burly's absence provided a respite from the torture interrogation and mind control programming. The previous several hours had given me not one minute to rest.

"What is taking him so long?" Mitch asked Red.

Burly returned with a garbage can and Mitch asked, "What took you so long?!!!"

"I'm sorry but I had to walk four blocks to find the kind you wanted."

"It took you long enough," Mitch said as he lined the large can with a clean black garbage bag.

Mitch then placed 3-D goggles on me, which I could not look away from since my eyelids were taped open. He also put headphones on my ears.

I watched a series of disturbing videos shown, each a few minutes long, depicting violence of all types, including sexual. Various types of pornography were also shown to me. At the end of the sexual-content segments Mitch instructed Burly to "test whether he's hard."

The Mitch groped my genitals several times announcing "hard" or "not hard" to the entire van of officers. The 3-D goggles were briefly removed. The floodlights were now off.

Again Mitch asked Burly to check whether I was hard. At this third groping Red lost his cool and said to Burly, "You better stop that!"

"But he's saying to," Burly pleaded, nodding towards Mitch.

"That doesn't matter, he can charge you!" Red said nodding towards me^[18].

Next the DVD player played horror-show flicks. Under the influence of drugs, torture and not being able to look away because ones eyelids are taped open, they were truly horrifying. The soundtrack featured a death metal band screamed murderous rage in my ears.

I do not care for this music genre, and this terror-inducing use of it was a perfect example of why. The hate spewed towards women and other humans was horrific. Later I found the music on Youtube, it by a band Cannibal Corpse.

Next came a twenty-second black and white film clip showing officers bulldozing dead bodies into a large open pit. The bodies were in such a state of decomposition that they fell apart as they bounced off each other as they were pushed into the pit. It was the most sickening thing I had seen in my life.

That the US military would force me to watch this was outrageous and implied they were holocaust supporters.[\[19\]](#) I screamed in horror, “Nooooooooooooo Nooooooooooooo.”

Mitch shouted back in my ear, “Shut up! Don’t scream!”

Another horror video at first appeared as a car commercial. A shiny European car passes along a gently winding road and disappears behind trees. The eye anticipates the car emerging from the trees. It does not. The mind starts to wonder what happened. Then some sort of monstrous humanoid creature jumps into the front of the frame. I later found this video on Youtube under ‘Scary Car Commercial’.

I screamed again. The headphones were removed and I was told to stop screaming. Once I stopped screaming they were placed back on.

Next I was shown what would have been very scary 3-D content except that I recognized it from a video game called ‘Battle Zone’ I had played as a teenager. It was the part where the ‘buzzing missile’ weaves into and obliterates the player, ending with the simulated cracked windshield in the tank. I chuckled and said, “This is from a video game I once played.”

Slightly annoyed, Mitch said, “Okay then, we’ll fast-forward past this part.” The video jumped ahead past the video game.

Next I was shown such terrifying content that I screamed at the top of my lungs. I remember dismembered corpses and a flaming skull. There was occult imagery. When I screamed, Mitch screamed in my ears, “Shut up,” but I would not. They took the headset off so I would stop screaming.

The 3-D headset was put back on.

Mitch instructed Burly, “On my mark I want you to pull off the goggles so Matthew doesn’t mess them up.” He added, “Ready... on my mark, 6..., 5...”

I watched as the camera did a close up of a girl's Raggedy Ann doll lying on a perfectly cut green lawn sloping down a hill. There was soft, relaxing music... “4..., 3..., 2...” it was calming, and peaceful as the camera lowered to doll level.

“1...” In an instant a wave of computer-generated animation

enormously large ants crawled across the screen in 3-D in an undulating wave and quickly started biting and eating the doll lying on a green perfectly cut lawn. The mark was reached and Mitch said, "NOW, pull them off!" Burly did as told.

Exactly at this point I leaned forward and vomited into the garbage bin that Mitch had tilted towards me. Mitch asked, "Is that all, Matthew? Are you sure?"

"Yes, that's it," I responded.

"Wow, that's impressive... most empty their entire lunch."

Next Mitch announced, "This is to demonstrate how obedient Matthew is to me." With a grin on his face, he poured the vomit into a white, plastic washbasin. Then he announced I would drink it. Some officers were heard mumbling disagreement. Mitch replied, "He's not going to drink the whole thing. He'll only be taking one gulp."

He added, with a slight lisp, "This is to demonstrate Matthew's compliance and willingness to follow my instruction." He held the washbasin to my lips and tipped the basin up. Vomit sloshed down both of my cheeks, and when Mitch said, "Swallow now!" I did as told. One of the Canadian officers could be heard retching behind me. It tasted a bit like hot and sour soup, but decidedly less tasty. I did not retch. I was too frightened of disobeying Mitch.

The other officers went silent. Mitch was happy. "See, I told you Matthew would drink it if I told him."

Red rushed in with paper towel and for the first time he knelt down on one knee as he wiped the vomit off my face. He actually apologized: "I'm sorry Matthew... I didn't see this coming." I believed him.

I believe the American officer underestimated the effect some of these actions would have on the morale of the Canadian officers in this joint training exercise.

Creating Beta

Next Mitch asked the Canadian officers to step out of the van. A new officer entered and followed Mitch's orders. He had an American accent. Using further torture, he took me to a very compliant, passive state.

"Matthew, I am going to adjust your restraints and I want you to stand on your knees just in front of the chair," Mitch commanded. Mitch removed some restraints and re-adjusted others so I could kneel with my back against

the front of the chair. (This must have been the reason for backup.)

“Don’t sit, stand on your knees,” Mitch ordered.

“I need to lower your pants and underwear to put something on,” Mitch explained.

“What for?”

“Never mind, it will not hurt, you will like it. You’ll see,” he explained.

While I was still restrained Mitch pulled my pants and underwear down. He strapped an artificial, rubber coated, pre-lubricated, electrically controlled, artificial vagina on me. He put 3-D goggles on and headphones and a short pornography scene was shown. The device undulated and squeezed. I reached orgasm in a few minutes. He pulled off the goggles and headphones.

“Matthew, the way you feel right now passive and sexual, you are Beta now”

“Remember this is your Beta personality, Matthew.”

After the sexual event, he wiped me with paper towel and pulled my underwear and pants back up, and stowed the artificial vagina in one of the overhead storage bins after stuffing paper towel into the orifice. He adjusted the restraints so I could sit back in the torture chair. He stepped out to tell the Canadians they could come back in the van.

He used torture and anti-conditioning to get me back into the particular dissociative state he wanted for more interrogation and mind control. It took me nearly five years to recall the mind control programming, sexual assault, and humiliation that night, and I did not want to remember. I feel for the prisoners in Guantanamo Bay.

[16] Thanks to Mitch for correcting this from Apollo 11 to 13. He also edited this manuscript in an Oct 2015 home invasion. This Fifth Edition has now removed every edit of Mitch's that I could find.

[17] How many Canadian doctors or nurses have been strangled by CICA mind-control subjects over the last few decades? Does the RCMP realize that by helping CICA in this MK research that they are guilty of conspiracy to commit murder?

[18] Red demonstrated leadership to stop a crime being committed

[19] In a home invasion, Mitch insists this footage was from the Armenian holocaust

CHAPTER 12: 2005 Nov 22 - Pre-Forced Confession Interrogation

“In keeping silent about evil, in burying it so deep within us that no sign of it appears on the surface, we are *implanting* it, and it will rise up a thousand fold in the future. When we neither punish nor reproach evildoers, we are not simply protecting their trivial old age, we are thereby ripping the foundations of justice from beneath new generations.” – Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

Mitch removed a handcuff on my right arm. “Matthew, hold your elbow out and back,” Mitch ordered. I complied.

Mitch grabbed my arm near the elbow. He started moving my arm back and it started to cause pain.

“What are you doing?”

“Be quiet!” Mitch ordered.

In one swift movement, he dislocated my shoulder. The pain was excruciating.

“My arm, my arm!” I cried.

The van was quiet. I could not move my arm at all.

I felt a tendon or ligament pulled tight like a banjo string between my arm and my shoulder socket. It felt like it might snap and my arm would just fall away.

“What have you done to my arm?” I asked as tears welled up in my eyes from the pain.

“I dislocated it. I’ll put it back in a few minutes,” Mitch said.

“Don’t be such a baby! It doesn’t hurt that much.”

Mitch moved from behind me to right in front and he stood facing me.

“Now listen to me, Matthew. I am going to ask you some questions and I don’t want any guff from you, none at all. You are going to cooperate fully. Say ‘Yes, I will cooperate fully.’”

“Yes, I will cooperate fully.”

Mitch walked to behind me, and in one swift motion put my arm back in its socket.

My shoulder was very sore, but the extreme pain had stopped.

He cuffed my right wrist back to the armrest.

Mitch asked, “What do you know about bomb making?”

Eager to play along after being tortured, I said: "I could blow up this van with a bag of flour and an electric fan."

Mitch looked at Red. Red stepped forward and said, "What he is describing is an IED." (Improvised Explosive Device.)

Mitch asked, "From what experience do you know so much about bomb-making?" I told how both my best friend Luke and I had received chemistry sets for our sixth birthdays. We combined sets and began a long study in Chemistry at a young age.

I related some of the stories of making simple explosives for fun between the ages of eight and twelve years old. At one point Red asked, "Where were your parents when you and you friend were making these bombs?"

"At home," I said, "We would tell them we had gone to the library when we were really testing explosives in unoccupied green spaces."

"Can you explain how to make a dirty bomb?" Mitch asked.

"Yes, take a conventional explosive like witches brew, and then spike it with a radioactive isotope."

Red asked, "Where would you get the radioactive material from?"

I paused a moment and responded, "A XXXXXXXXXXXX in a dump would be a source."

"That's a pretty good guess!" Red interjected. I only knew of such a source because I'd been an anti-nuclear activist and had a book that detailed nuclear disasters including one where some dump workers exposed their families accidentally.

Red asked, "How would you cut XXXXXXXXXXXX containing the radioactive material?"

"I would use a welder to cut through the steel."

"Do you know how to weld?"

"Yes, I took welding in high school."

"Electric or flame welding?" Red asked.

"Both," I lied as I was now eager to play the role to please my torturer. I was briefly trained only in electric welding. I heard an audible groan by Red.

"What do you know about detonators?"

"Electrical ignition is best and XXXXXXXXXX wire used to ignite hobby rocket motors does just fine," I said.

Mitch asked Red, "Would that work?"

“Yes,” Red responded.

“How would you trigger the explosion?” Red asked.

“I’d use an old fashioned mechanical clock.

“Not an electronic remotely operated RF device?” asked Red.

“No, that would be too complicated, and error prone,” I answered.

“Have you ever used the word CIGARETTE to mean ELECTRONIC DETONATOR?”

“No, but I know a cigarette can be used as a crude, time-delayed detonator by stuffing the unlit end into a package of matches,” I said.

“That’s not quite what I mean, Matthew. I mean specifically the word cigarette to refer to an electronic detonator.”

“NO,” I said after searching my memory.

“Are you sure about that, Matthew?” Red asked.

“Yes, I’m sure,” I replied truthfully. Six months later I would read in coverage of a UK bomber’s trial that cigarette was a code word used by a terror cell to refer to an electronic detonator.

Red asked, “Have you made a pipe bomb?”

“Yes, at age 11, my friend and I made copper tubing based pipe bombs for an experiment.”

“Did you detonate it?”

“Yes.”

“Was anybody injured or was there property damage?”

“No, we lowered it down a manhole cover before detonation so no one was injured, and there was no property damage.”

“That was good thinking. Did you ever make a large pipe bomb?”

“Yes, we once made a pipe bomb with five or six copper pipes.

“Did you detonate it?”

“No, we gave it to a friend, and he turned it over to the RCMP.”

Burly, who had been quiet for virtually the entire interrogation (besides the humiliating 'why do you sing to your dog?'), now stepped into the light and asked, “What year was that again?”

Mitch and Red chuckled at Burly's sudden keen interest in the interrogation.

I replied, “It was in about Grade 8.” They did the math and worked out the date and Burly made a note before stepping back into the shadows.

Wal-Mart Missing 10,000 Exit Signs

Next the van became very quiet as Red led into a new and bizarre line of questioning. “Matthew, have you ever stolen an exit sign from Wal-Mart?”

“What do you mean, exit sign?” I asked.

“You know, those signs near exit doors that are lit up like neon signs.”

“First I don’t steal, and no I have never stolen one.”

“Are you sure, Matthew?”

“Yes, I’m sure.”

“Do you know anyone who has a stolen Wal-Mart exit sign?”

“No, I don’t,” I responded. “Why would someone steal one?”

“Never mind that, but tell us if you know of anyone who has such a stolen sign.”

“I don’t know anyone who stole a Wal-Mart exit sign,” I repeated. There were several more questions of a similar nature until they were satisfied I knew nothing of stolen Wal-Mart exit signs.

I would later learn these signs were not filled with neon gas, but [Tyranium\[20\]](#) gas a radioactive element. Further, 10,000 such signs were missing. Later research by my friend Ian indicated that Tyranium was a critical part of making a high-yield atomic weapon.

About half time in the drugging period in the van, they asked: “Have you ever harmed someone?”

Since having been diagnosed with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) two months earlier, I had recovered memories that had been repressed for decades. Among these time-bomb memories, most of which involve being assaulted or threatened, I remembered one where I had assaulted someone as a teenager. They repeatedly asked the question: “Have you ever harmed someone?”

Not wanting to self-incriminate I answered each time with “NAME, RANK, SERIAL NUMBER”. I had seen a movie where WW II POWs replied this way. The movie told the story of the Japanese military capturing an American submarine and interrogating the captured.

With each uncooperative reply I was shocked with a stronger jolt. The first shocks scared me, but soon I realized it was not harmful at the lower levels. However, the shocks became more and more painful each time and I still avoided the question with “NAME! RANK! SERIAL NUMBER!” each time. In turn I started shouting louder and louder with each shock delivered.

Red shouted: “STOP YELLING!” He leaned forward to the driver’s

side and said, "Driver, can we move forward a block, so we do not attract attention from neighbours?"

"Yah, sure," a young voice responded, and the van started moving. Once the van was parked a block or so away, the red-haired interrogator continued with the same question. I continued shouting "NAME! RANK! SERIAL NUMBER!"

Frustrated, Red pushed the plunger in on the 150 cc syringe. I saw it jump forward more than ever before. I started to lose consciousness and heard Mitch say, "Grab his tongue! Pull his tongue out so he doesn't bite or swallow it!" Red's vinyl gloves grabbed my tongue pressing into it with his fingernails.

I choked as my tongue was pulled out at least two inches. It felt like something in my throat was being torn, as a burning pain seared deep down. I could not see. I yelled out in pain, more of a loud shrieking, humming sound. Red let go an inch or so. He seemed a professional at this, like he had been a rancher or something - perhaps he grew up on a farm.

Then there was a fade to black. My next memory was the last ten seconds of the seizure. I remembered Mitch's voice shouting at close range in my face "ARE YOU TRYING TO BREAK FREE?" I was still seizing involuntarily when this question was put to me and I could not see anything.

I finally awoke with a pair of hands holding each leg and arm straight out while my head was being jammed against the headrest. Mitch was shouting: "Matthew! Look at me! Don't roll your eyes back in your head like that! Look at me!"

As I heard this statement the seizure stopped. Mitch looked at me, and then he instructed the other officers to let go of me slowly, which they did.

Then using paper towel, Red started wiping away foam, which during the seizure had erupted from my mouth and over my chin, neck and shirt.

Red said, "You messed yourself up." Someone said something about the foam on the shirt being possible evidence.

Burly appeared and said in an understated tone, "Let's remove this now," as he unplugged the IV and put a band-aid over the wound.

Establishing Jurisdiction of the van

During the seizure, my watchband had partially opened, and the face of the watch had slipped under my wrist, where it was hammered while sandwiched between the underside of the tighter fitting, steel handcuff and

the solid metal, tubular, armrest frame as I thrashed my arms when seizing. They had to undo that handcuff to remove my watch. Red noticed a star fracture on the underside crystal and said “possible evidence” as he showed the watch to Mitch.

Mitch asked, “Matthew, was this crack here before?”

Desperate for evidence, I lied for only the second time in 3.5 hours, “It has been there a long time.”

Red said, “Can’t we just keep it?”

Mitch replied, “I don’t know...this looks like a very expensive watch. He’s a computer guy, it’s probably real. That would be ‘theft over \$500’.”

Red replied, “But we don’t have that law here.”

Mitch, the American said, “That doesn’t matter!” He pointed a finger to the van floor: “In this van, we operate under my rules!”

Mitch asked’ “Matthew, how much is this watch worth?”

“Fifteen hundred dollars,” I responded truthfully.

“See, I told you,” Mitch remarked to Red. They put my watch back on my wrist, and then they put the handcuff back on.

Questions about former Premier H.

Red made use of my ‘brain reset’ from the seizure to move into another area of questioning: former Premier H.

“Why did you hate H. so much?” he asked.

“He cut welfare by 20% to the poor, and it hurt single mothers most.”

“Why do you care so much about the poor?” Red asked.

“My mother was poor and on welfare once.”

“That’s not enough reason to want to kill somebody! Why else did you hate H.?”

At the beginning of the interrogation I was told never to say, “I never planned to kill H.” because they said they knew otherwise, and they didn’t want to hear me disagree. All three senior officers said this in unison, as if threatening me if I dared dispute it. I have never intended or planned to kill anyone in my life, but my explanations about my interrogation by Gary August 19, 2005 at work were forbidden at the outset and I was intimidated.

So I acted and played along as people do under torture and drugs. “He killed Dudley George!” I said aloud.

There arose groans, and disagreeing utterances from several of the officers. “We’re not going there again!” Mitch commented. The Ipperwash

inquiry about Dudley George's murder was making weekly news stories at this time.

To his credit, Mitch had memorized the history and pointed out my talk with a friend about H. in 1995 was actually several months before Dudley George was shot by the OPP.

When asked again why I cared so much about Indians I replied: "Well, I know all of you were trained in Regina, (RCMP training headquarters) so I know you don't care about Indians." I was testing to see if they were RCMP: Regina has lots of racism.

There was a pregnant three-second silence, then a dissenting voice from the front of the van commented, "Not all."

This was Ben, the doorman and driver.

Red said, "SHHHH!!!" He repeated the question, "Why do you care so much about Indians," turning toward Ben and adding, "No disrespect intended."

In a slurred voice (from the Phenobarbital), I told them I had grown up on Indian reserves during the summer, as my father was a Cultural Anthropologist.

"A what?" Red asked.

"He was a professor who specialized in North American Indian culture." I explained I had spent summer months at Indian reservations as a child.

This was just after the seizure, and my speaking was becoming very slow and laboured, as I was so drugged from the Phenobarbital overdose, I was on the verge of blacking out. Red realized this and called for a break.

10-minute Briefing of Senior Officers Outside Van

The senior officers (Mitch, Red and Burly) decided to take a 10-minute briefing (and smoke) break outside the van. Before stepping out, Red opened his palm to reveal a white pill, and said, "Take this, you'll feel better." He had retrieved the pill from one of the overhead bins.

"What is it?"

"It's an amphetamine, it will wake you up." I opened my mouth; Red popped in the pill and held a water bottle to my lips. I swallowed a mouthful of water with the pill. Red joined the other senior officers outside the van.

[\[20\]](#) Name obscured for security reasons

CHAPTER 13: 2005 Nov 22 - Two Canadian Forces acted heroically

“We all have the seed of love and compassion within us.” – His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama

The two regular Canadian Forces officers who had been sitting up front had now moved into the rear. One of them told me: “Our job is to keep you from falling asleep.”

My wrists and ankles cuffed, an electric shock cuff on my right upper arm and in a very drugged state with my head dangling forward, I was very close to losing consciousness. The two regular CF officers (whose names were Ben and Jim) shouted repeatedly to keep me awake. “WAKE UP Matthew!!... Lift your head up!”

At some point, I ignored their orders and dozed off again. I was rudely awakened by a powerful shock and screamed in pain, “Aaahhhhh!!”

The shock-cuff controller had been on the highest setting. Red opened the back door, looked in, and asked Ben, “Did you use that thing?”

“You said not to let him fall asleep.”

“Never mind! Don’t do that again!!”

For a moment, Red was protecting me.

After Red re-joined Burly and Mitch outside, I came up with a plan to leave electronic evidence. I said: “You guys busted my mother for pot possession a long time ago!”

“Really!? What’s her name?” asked the junior officer (Jim) who was back sitting in the passenger side front seat where he had a laptop. “Spell it.”

”E-N-D-L P-A-U-L-Y.” He typed it into a keyboard and said, “Holy Crap, we did! That was a long time ago!”

“Yah, 1974,” I replied.

“No, 1975 actually,” Jim, the Caucasian officer, corrected me. He added, “The charges were dropped.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“Are you saying this record is wrong and the charges were not dropped?”

“No, I’m saying I was just a kid when it happened.”

I knew that their typed queries to a nation-wide police information database would be recorded, leaving evidence.

Ben had got out of the driver's seat and moved around to where I could see him easily. He told me, "Matthew, my friend and I are regular Canadian Armed Forces. My name is Ben, my friend here is Jim and we don't agree with what they did to you back there."

"Why don't you tell them that?" I drunkenly nodded my head toward the side of the van, outside of which the senior officers were meeting.

"Because I'd lose my job."

"At least you have a job. I'm on short term disability."

"Matthew, I am Aboriginal."

"You're Aboriginal?" I said in disbelief. "I thought you might be Greek."

"Greek! You thought I was Greek?"

"I had some friends on the Danforth (a Greek area in Toronto) that looked like you."

"No, I'm aboriginal, and if you want to find me," he lowered his voice, "my name is Ben E., and I'm from Oneida Nations, Turtle Clan".

"Isn't that in Quebec?" I asked.

"No, in Quebec are the Mohawk nation, I'm from the Oneida nation here in Ontario near London."

"Well, you can't be half-bad then. What are you doing here?" I asked.

"It's better than hanging out on the reserve."

"I understand."

"You really lived on a reserve?" Ben asked.

"Oh, yah, as I kid I spent summers on reserves in Montana and Morley, Alberta, to attend the Indian Ecumenical Conferences with my dad" I replied.

Gesturing to the light-brown haired officer with the keyboard in the passenger's seat, Ben said, "Me and my friend Jim here are regular Canadian forces. We don't agree with what they did to you. Matthew, I'm going to help you."

"Are you going to let me go?" I asked as I pulled at the handcuffs.

"No, I can't do that, but I'm going to tell you something not to forget...." He continued slowly: "J-T-F-2".

"I'll never remember that!" I protested.

"Say it Matthew, J-T-F-2."

"J-T-F-2" I repeated.

Jim, the other young CF officer, interrupted: "Shouldn't we also tell him JTF?"

“No, he doesn’t need to know that,” Ben corrected him. “Just remember JTF2, Matthew.”

JTF referred to the American’s outfit, the Joint Task Force.

“What’s JTF2?” I asked.

“JTF2 are the people that did this to you...remember it, Matthew: J-T-F-2.” He broke off quickly as the van door slid opened.

Special operation forces in Canada since the WW II Devil’s Brigade in Canada have not been so esteemed. A former Canadian Airborne Regiment veteran I met when walking my dog confirmed that after disbanding of the CAR, many of the Airborne’s former members later joined JTF2 when it was formed in 1993. JTF2 is Canada’s primary special operations force, and it is based (reincarnated according to the history page on the JTF2 website) on the WWII “Devil’s Brigade”. Both JTF and JTF2 are experts in clandestine warfare, counter-terrorism, interrogation, general subterfuge, etc. JTF2 shows up under the radar at First Nations blockades and other events in Canada, and were active in Afghanistan.

In 1993 Joint Task Force 2 (JTF2) was formed when the Canadian Forces Airborne Regiment was disbanded following several members of the Airborne torturing and killed a civilian in Somalia. JTF2 considers the “Devil’s Brigade” to be the elite unit it is conceptually based upon, as documented on their web site at least in the period 2006-2010.

The acronym had to be JTF2 instead of JTF since the Americans already had that, and both forces trained together and sometimes deployed together.

JTF2 was caught using torture during a training exercise in Quebec, which resulted in civil litigation.[\[21\]](#)

Interrogation Part II – Post Seizure, Post Briefing Break

The senior officers re-entered the van and Red announced: "Matthew, we're going to make a movie and you're going to be the star!" I had to validate the intelligence I had been given. Was it disinformation, or were Ben and Jim telling the truth?

"Great," I said. "What's JTF2?"

Red's face turned ashen and everyone in the van stopped moving. He looked gravely at me and said "WHO TOLD YOU THAT WORD?!" He pointed at the white soldier. "THIS ONE?" and then pointed to Ben. "OR

THIS ONE?" Then he changed his mind. "No, I want YOU, Matthew, to point to who told you this." I tried to ignore the question, but Red grabbed the electroshock controller and repeated the question and I knew a strong electric shock was imminent if I did not comply.

Slowly I lifted the forefinger of my handcuffed right hand to toward Ben. Red replied, "That's what I thought." To Ben, he said: "I'll deal with you later!"

I felt significant remorse at having not believed Ben at first and having turned him over to his superiors. I hope his punishment was not too severe. I commit one half of my royalties of this book if Ben will testify of the events of that night. I will even throw in a portion of the movie rights.

JTF Interrogator THREAT 1

Mitch interjected: "Matthew, what you just heard and seen here, you're going to have to forget this. Because if you remember it, I can have you sent to Guantanamo Bay. I have a jet waiting at Pearson and believe me, it's not nice there."

The red-haired JTF2 interrogator added, "Afghanistan is a hole, I've been there, you don't want to get sent there either."

I promised them I would forget hearing the word JTF2. (And I did repress this memory for a full five months.)

Unmasking the Torturers

I later learned by a license plate trace by Julia-Ann G. of Service Canada that this van plated 250002 was registered to a military vehicle, according to her RCMP source.

Since Mitch was American accented, and since Ben the driver was First Nations from Oneida Nations near London, Ontario, the puzzle starts to fit together about Mitch's comment: "In this van, we play by my rules!"

In 2006, the DND web site posted a summary of Joint Task Force Two (JTF2) activities in 2005 including a joint-training exercise with the American Joint Task Force (JTF) titled: "Joint Control, Unified Command 2005 (JC UC 05) that involved: "Group infiltration, and enhanced interrogation" in Southern Ontario. (This title and description were altered after appearing in my manuscript in 2007 that was sent on the Internet unencrypted.)

One would expect the US JTF to want some ownership in the Canada based training exercise, so they may have rented the van from the Canadian Military, like the black site on the island of Diego Garcia which is rented by the US Military from Britain. This would explain Mitch's American-accented statement: "In this van, we play by my rules!" regarding American laws like "Theft over \$500" if taking my watch.

A Canadian soldier was driving the truck/van, and we know American military vehicles are not allowed to operate in Canada, so it had to be a Canadian military van.

Further, a Canadian Forces soldier approached me anonymously on Yonge street in 2010 to correct my Internet-posted specification on the truck/van. He said he had a correction for my manuscript, but he could not say his name. "It's five ton, not two ton and it is armored. I know because these vans are dozens of years old, and are hard to maneuver. I drive them."

He would not take questions. He said, "It's too risky for me to be seen with you, I have to go." The services of the Canadian Forces driver Ben, and navigator Jim were likely supplied as part of the deal with the US JTF in renting the truck/van since it was so old and difficult to drive.

Given that:

a) Red's scolding of Burly's behavior in the van when he touched my groin, and

b) Burly's complete obedience to of the American officer, and

c) Burly ran the telephone surveillance (Why do you sing to your dog?), and

d) Burly noted a Regina event when I was in junior high school and the RCMP gathered a small incendiary device, that Luke and I had built for an experiment

e) Burly asked me about an ongoing RCMP Major Crimes case that I could not help him with,

it is reasonable to conclude Burly was an RCMP (National Security department) officer.

The senior officers then were: Mitch (JTF), Red (JTF2), and Burly (RCMP). Ben and Jim were regular Canadian Forces by their own admission, and they were heroes. Although Red did some horrible things, at times he acted bravely, and he made penance to me after the event.

[21] "Canada's Elite Secret Army", Paul Worthington, The Sunday Star, July 15, 2001.

<http://www.hackcanada.com/canadian/freedom/secretarmy.html> For RCMP torture references, simply Google RCMP torture and read plenty of documented cases.

CHAPTER 14: 2005 Nov 22 - Forced Confession as Terrorist

“The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing” – Edmund Burke

Severely drugged, recovering from the recent accidental Sodium Pentothal (Phenobarbital) overdose and subsequent Grand Mal seizure, and threatened with further electric shock, I now acted out just about everything they asked me which included learning how to pronounce “Allahu Akbar”, and to say with great fervour and fist-shaking (against my restraints):

“My name is Mohash!

“Mohammad is the Prophet!

“Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

“I know how to make bombs!

“I am going to blow up the CN Tower!”

Here is how they arrived at that forced confession. They had removed the IV-Phenobarbital after the seizure, but the electroshock cuff was still on. They threw my long leather coat loosely over my body to hide the electroshock cuff. They also insisted I pull against my restraints and act like a crazed man and open my eyes wide so the whites showed.

These scripted lines had to be re-shot several times as whenever I shook my fists with fervour, the leather jacket would fall from my shoulder and reveal the electroshock cuff. In fact I purposefully shook my shoulders and arms to cause the jacket to fall away each time and to expose the electroshock cuff, but each time Burly the cameraman noticed, stopped recording and came over to pull the jacket back up over the electroshock cuff. On about the third re-take, Burly said, “Matthew, now you did not do that on purpose, did you?”

“No,” I replied with a lie. In these circumstances I did not think it was unethical to lie.

Again I shook the electroshock cuff, while pulling at the restraints. Finally convinced I was doing this on purpose, Burly removed the electroshock cuff for the last scripted line.

Now with no imminent threat of electroshock I refused to say “I'm

going to blow up the Parliament buildings of Canada.”

Mitch instructed Red: “Don’t lose compliance.”

Red let me bargain the target down to the CN Tower. I agreed to the negotiated threat and the scripted line. Why? For the same reason tortured people the world over do: I was afraid for my life, and cooperation seemed the way to survive.

Both interrogators and cameraman were smiling and happy once the VHS ‘terrorist tape’ was completed. Red said “Matthew, do you know what a Section 38 is?”

“No.” I was trying to sound disinterested.

Again they asked, “Come on, Matthew, don't you want to know?”

“OK, what is it?” I replied.

“It means if you try to sue the federal government for what happened here tonight, then with this tape we’ll get a Section 38 on you, and then you’ll never be able to talk about any of this.”

Mitch nodded agreement and added, “It's true.”

“Surely I could still just talk to a friend about it”,

They corrected me: “No, you’d go to jail if you did.”

I have since read Section 38 of the Canada Evidence Act, and this fascist piece of legislation actually exists. It opens a legal loophole and enables the security establishment to get away with torture, as long as they get a forced confession so the victims have no chance to be in court and defend themselves when the video is shown to a federal court judge. It turns out that getting a forced confession is easy using torture, which is why it’s used in autocratic countries for this purpose.

The two lead interrogators were whispering between themselves, and each turned to me, held a forefinger to his lips and said “Ssshhh”.

Mitch added, “Forget this part, Matthew. This conversation just now. Forget it.”

“Okay,” I responded, but secretly I willed otherwise. Those drunk with power show their cards.

CHAPTER 15: 2005 Nov 22 - Post Forced Confession Questions

“How can you make a war on terror when war itself is terrorism?” – Howard Zinn

The following questions were repeated over and over, until a satisfactory answer was supplied, either negative or positive. Getting them to accept a negative answer was very difficult and repetitive. I can't be sure of the exact ordering of these questions and whether they were posed before or after I had the seizure. The recordings in JTF2 or RCMP SECRET files may someday reveal all these details.

Mitch asked, “Matthew, how long can you be out before your wife panics, before she contacts someone... someone with power?”

“What do you mean someone with power?” I asked.

“A friend with connections or the police, how long before she would contact the police?”

“I don't know -- 2:00 or 2:30 AM?” I was deliberately misleading them.

“That long?”

“OK, maybe not that long, perhaps 1:00 or 1:30 AM.”

The questioning continued. Red asked, “Have you ever harmed small animals?”

I responded, “When I was about eight years old, my friend and I were cruel to a guinea pig. We threw it in the air so it did a somersault just to make it squeal.”

“What?” said Mitch. Red explained guinea pig behaviour to Mitch who obviously never had one as a pet.

“Have you ever behaved sadistically?” Red asked.

“Yes,” I replied. I told them a brief story of something that was not sadistic, but bordered on drunk and disorderly behaviour. The officers all laughed.

Red asked, “Have you ever started a fire?”

“Oh yes, I set fires when I was a kid,” I answered.

“What damage was there?”

“Very limited property damage. Part of a back-yard fence was destroyed,” I answered.

They asked a few more psychological questions. Then they took a pause to tally up some numbers.

After perhaps thirty seconds, Mitch announced, "Congratulations, Matthew! You are a psychopath! Do you know what that means?"

"Yes," I said but I strongly disbelieved the accuracy of their test. Since then, my doctors have fully refuted the conclusion of that test.

Now Red asked the familiar question, "Matthew, what time must you be back by before your wife calls the police."

"I don't know, maybe 12:30" I responded. Red turned to Mitch and Burly.

Mitch said, "OK then, let's not waste any more time."

Topic: Atomic Weapons

Post seizure and post forced confession; Mitch was noticeably in control of the interrogation. There were many more questions about bomb making. Apparently the little bit I knew from childhood study (age 8-12) was a real concern.

Mitch said, "Matthew, you seem to know a lot about bomb making and rockets. When would you ever use this knowledge?"

I thought a moment. "Never."

Mitch persisted, "Come on, when might you ever use this knowledge if you had to?"

I reflected and answered, "Well, it would have to be something really major."

"Major, like what?" Mitch asked.

After a pause, I said, "Maybe if the US invaded Canada."

Mitch raised his voice. "You can't seriously believe that we would do that!!!?" Anger showed in his voice and in his facial expression.

"You did it before," I replied.

"What? Are you talking about the Fenian Raids?" he asked, and then answered his own question, "That was over 250 years ago!"

Mitch's American history was better than mine.

I thought carefully and then said slowly, since I was intoxicated on a Phenobarbital: "Don't you have a saying in this business that the best predictor of future behaviour is past behaviour?"

Mitch was furious. Breathing hard, he was speechless and livid. Red intervened: "Calm down!" But Mitch was mortally offended that a Canadian

would respond in such a patriotic way.

Red now asked, “Did you ever research making a fertilizer based bomb?”

“No, I’ve never made one,” I responded elusively.

“I’m asking did you ever look it up on the Internet or in a book?” Red asked.

“Yes, once I looked it up on the Internet,” I answered. In the aftermath of the Oklahoma bombing, the scale of the violence stunned me. I saw an article about McVeigh and I could not understand why someone would do such a horribly violent act. I also wondered how such a deranged person could have built such a powerful bomb. I did a five-minute Internet search on fertilizer bombs.

“Where?” Red asked.

“On the Department Of Mines web site.”

“Ours or theirs?” Red asked.

“Theirs,” I responded. This us-and-them language by Red gave me some hope. This divisiveness might have been genuine felt sentiment considering the Canadian officers had been forced to watch one of their countrymen be:

- a) Drugged, tortured with: electricity, physical assault, forced viewing of 3-D horror video content specifically to terrify the subject, and sexually assaulted
- b) Hypnotically programmed to commit suicide
- c) Hypnotically programmed to obey future orders by his controller including orders to kill
- d) Hypnotically programmed to murder a Canadian doctor or nurse
- e) Forced to drink his own vomit to show his compliance to the American JTF officer.

Suddenly Mitch jumped in: “That must have been before 9/11!” implying they must have removed that Internet content after 9/11, and placed search ‘traps’.

“Yes, it was,” I responded. Then I asked Red, “But did you know that half the diesel fuel could be replaced by used motor oil?” proving I had actually looked it up.

“Yes, I knew that,” Red responded calmly.

Mitch asked, “Do you know how to make an atomic bomb?”

Playing my role, I told them the little I knew that Luke had showed me

from a science book when we were eleven years old.

Red asked, "But what about the thing that makes the charges ignite simultaneously."

"Yes, I forgot about that part," I responded and added defensively, "I was eleven years old."

Mitch started interrogating me along a new line, with noticeably more seriousness. "Matthew, I advise you to listen very, very carefully to the next question and think before you answer." He paused for effect, and the van was quiet. "Have you ever heard of Tyranium?[\[22\]](#)" His American accent was showing.

I thought to myself where I may have heard of it. I remembered it was a radioactive isotope, and it was in the fallout of an atomic bomb. "Is that like Strontium 90?"

"What?"

"Since the atomic weapons testing of 1950s and beyond, everyone in the world has Strontium 90 (fission by-product) in their bones." I had learned that viewing Helen Caldicott's film "If You Love This Planet."

"No that's not it. Tyranium." Mitch continued gravely, "What do you know about it?"

"It's a radioactive element."

"But how could it be used?" The van was absolutely quiet.

"I don't know," I answered.

"Think, how to you *think* it might be used?" Mitch demanded.

"I don't know, maybe it's part of the bomb somehow," I replied.

Mitch shook his head and said to the others, "He knows about it."

Mitch, it seems, had made a decision. Next, Mitch placed his arm on my shoulder as if to pronounce something important, like that he was taking me into custody.

Red interrupted. "He said he doesn't know what it's for!"

Ben interjected: "Yah, he didn't know!" and his partner Jim chimed in too, "He didn't know."

Some of the Canadians cleared their throats for effect. There was a perceptible shift in the politics of this multi-nation operation. The Canadian officers must have known Mitch's assertion, "He knows about it," was a preparation to justify taking me into custody, transporting me to the airport, and off to Guantanamo Bay which is run by the JTF.

This radioactive element is used to increase the yield of an atomic

bomb by several orders of magnitude. Even knowing what it is used for is apparently enough to tip the scales, so that a terrorist suspect could be taken away to Guantanamo Bay or some other foreign country where torture is permitted.

In those few seconds, the energy in the van became polarized between Mitch, the lone American officer (JTF), and Red (JTF2), and the two CF officers, Ben and Jim; Burly remained silent. Burly was a hardened, skilled torturer, and the one who hooked up the medical equipment. He was also the one who “showed the tools of torture” at the start by making a big deal of inspecting my fingernails with a fingernail pulling device. His deft skill at applying eyelid tape gave away his considerable experience. He assisted in the forced vomit consumption event. He never showed remorse, not once. He always did what Mitch told him, even if it violated the Criminal Code of Canada, Geneva Conventions and was not in our national interest.

Burly had been only too happy to hand Mitch his Glock 9 mm after Mitch had commented his all-chromed gun was not what I would find in my jacket pocket. Burly was also the only non-American recognized later in the 2007 forced ECT (chapter 1,) and the lone Canadian officer presenting himself as 'Larry Smith' a few months after the 2005 torture interrogation and again one year later. After nine months living with Quebecois in Katimavik when I was seventeen, I detected Burly's barely detectable Quebecois accent that night, so he was a traitor to a founding nation within Canada as well as Canada.

Several Canadians cleared their throats, as if to remind Mitch he was outnumbered. Red, Ben, and Jim knew I was not a terrorist.

Mitch detected this shift, and that's when he backed down, but he was angry and frustrated. He kept his hand on my shoulder and said, “Fine then... By the powers vested in me, I declare you an enemy of the People of the United States of America.”

Mitch must have felt that team cohesiveness had dissolved, and was at a tipping point.

“Matthew, tell me your full name!” Mitch ordered. “I want your full name exactly as it appears on your passport!”

I repeated my full name as it appeared on my passport: Matthew Kevin Pauly.

“Is that exactly how it appears on your passport?”

“Yes, exactly.”

Burly pulled my driver's license and birth certificate from my wallet, and showed it to Mitch who said, "Matthew, I advise you to never approach the US border."

Since my parents are American and many of my relatives are in the USA, I asked, "What will happen if I do?"

"If you do," Mitch said as he looked directly into my eyes, "You will answer to ME!"

I got the picture; I would likely be indefinitely detained, tortured, and possibly killed if I ever tried to cross the US border.

Mitch said, "One more question, Matthew. Which side of the bed do you sleep on, the outside or the inside?"

I considered what this question was for. "What does that have to do with anything?!"

"Never mind, just answer the question!" Mitch demanded.

"The outside," I responded.

"Let's be clear, Matthew: by outside do you mean the side closest to the door?"

"Yes!" I said, knowing there was only one reason this information was sought. Someday, if I were unlucky, I would hear the creak on the wood stairs in the night. It would be unlucky because resistance would be futile. The assassin will have a silenced, powerful automatic pistol with a large magazine. There would be no defense. The wood door would be splintered to pieces if necessary to gain entry. I would know for perhaps ten seconds of my impending death, rather than having it occur in my sleep.

Mitch said, "Matthew, we are not comfortable with you continuing to live in the Pearson Airport flight path with your knowledge of rockets and explosives. We want you to move. Will you do that?"

I was indignant and said, "No, my wife and I love our house. Move the flight path!"

For the first time I was feeling and showing my anger.

"OK, Matthew, if you do not move, then we have no choice but to continue to monitor you," Mitch said.

"Fine."

Red asked, "Are you sure you are OK with us monitoring you, Matthew?"

"Do what you want," I said.

"Have you ever harmed anyone?" Again this question came up and

again I resisted by replying “NAME, RANK, SERIAL NUMBER.”

[\[22\]](#) Name obscured for security reasons

CHAPTER 16: 2005 Nov 22 - The Breaking of Resistance

“The media’s the most powerful entity on Earth. They have the power to make innocent guilty and guilty innocent, and that’s power. Because they control the minds of the masses.” – Malcolm X

After continued to reply, “NAME, RANK, SERIAL NUMBER” to their question on whether I had ever harmed someone, the electric shocks were very frequent, and at the highest setting. I was screaming. But with each question I shouted the same reply, “NAME!, RANK!, SERIAL NUMBER!”.

After over ten iterations of my getting shocked and shouting “NAME! RANK! SERIAL NUMBER!” I heard Mitch comment to Red, “He’s been trained (in torture interrogation resistance).” This was false; I had watched a movie.

Mitch and Red turned my statements into questions. “What is your NAME?” Red asked.

“Matthew.”

“Good, what is your RANK?” Mitch asked.

“Underling.” They chuckled.

“What is your SERIAL NUMBER?” Mitch asked.

I blurted out a random sequence “4728125” that sounded forced, not memorized.

“He’s lying,” Burly blurted out.

They continued asking if I’d harmed someone. I continued replying, “NAME, RANK, SERIAL NUMBER.”

Again Mitch said to Red, with disgust, “He’s been trained.”

But they continued.

Gradually my strategy started to fail, as my body became more affected by the electricity as the electro-shock cuff was on maximum power. My heart was racing, skipping beats and beating irregularly. This frightened me as it never had happened before. I did not want to die.

I pleaded, “STOP!! My heart is beating irregularly; you’re going to cause me a heart attack! I’m a smoker you know!”

“Yah, we know.” (At the beginning they searched my coat and found a

pack of cigarettes.)

Then a young voice to my left said in a genuinely concerned tone: “Can’t we just give him a break for a minute or two?” It was Ben, who deserves a medal for standing up for the rule of law in that van.

“SHHH!” said Red. “Matthew, if your heart is bothering you, then I advise you right now to tell me what I want to know.”

After pausing a few moments I realized Red was ready to kill me if he had to. A torturer is only a heartbeat away from being a murderer. I realized that if I had a heart attack, they might not take me to the hospital as it would compromise the operation. They very well might dump or destroy my body. I wanted to live.

I told them I assaulted another teenager when I was young. They asked for the location, the year and any victim particulars, which Burly (RCMP) wrote down. Mitch, the JTF interrogator asked, “Have you got anything more recent?”

“No, that’s it,” I replied.

The van started moving. I wondered if they were taking me away somewhere. I asked, “Where are you taking me?”

Mitch said, “We’re taking you home.”

“Which home?” I asked, as I wondered if jail or Guantanamo Bay was my new home.

“Your house, we’re taking you to your house,” Mitch said. “Don’t park in front of my house,” I said, foolishly worried about what the neighbors might think about a five-ton, armored military van. “We won’t, we’re going to park a half block away,” Mitch replied. Then they parked the van on the north side of Montgomery, about ½ block east of my house.

Then the ‘cool-down’ started.

The Interrogation Cool-Down:

“How did you come up with the NAME, RANK, SERIAL NUMBER stuff?”

“I saw it in a movie,” I responded.

“Which movie?” asked Mitch.

“I can’t remember the title. It was about a US submarine crew that was captured by the Japanese in WW II.”

“Do you remember the title?”

“No, I don't but it had scenes of the soldier's resisting interrogation by the Japanese.”

“That was pretty cool how you did that,” said Mitch and Red added, “Yah, that was pretty good!”

They undid the restraints, tentatively. After having me sit on one of the benches that ran along the back half of the van on each side Mitch and Red started saying nice things like: “Matthew, you're not such a bad guy,” and, “Your wife is nice!”

“How do you know my wife?”

“I don't, I just saw her. We've been watching you.”

I remembered many times seeing two men sitting in a parked car on the north side of Montgomery in late October and early November.

Mitch said, “So, we heard you saw that plane crash at the airport... That must have been fun.”

“Yah, right,” I replied sarcastically in turn. I did not want to talk with them about the Psychological Trauma I experienced watching the Air Flunk Skybust crash.

They folded the table down from the wall again.

Next they took a picture of me with my back against the rear wall, both with glasses on and off, again without permission. Red produced a tray in front of me with three items on it, a smaller plastic tray, and two cotton balls, one on the tray and the other beside it. “You are right-handed, correct?”

“Yes,” I responded.

“Pick up the cotton ball that is beside the tray and wipe your right forefinger with it.”

I picked up the cotton ball. It felt wet, and my finger was cold afterwards so it must have been soaked in alcohol.

“Now place it beside the tray, not on it,” Red ordered. I complied.

“Now pick up the other cotton ball, and wipe the inside of your cheek, and then put it back on the tray,” Red ordered. I knew this must be to gather a DNA sample. My glasses were off, and men who had tortured me for three hours surrounded me. I did not for a moment consider resisting. I wiped the inside of my cheek and placed the cotton ball on the tray as instructed.

I later consulted a doctor who said this would have been an unreliable DNA sample. Perhaps they were afraid of me poking them in the eye if they'd given me a Q-Tip.

Red turned away and started putting away the tray and the objects on it

in the overhead bins. The table now was folded down in the back of the van between the two seat benches on either side. Red placed a legal-length document in front of me on the table. He then placed a pen beside it and said, "Sign right here" and pointed to a part at the bottom of the form.

I picked up the paper. Red then presented me with my glasses, which I put on. I squinted my eyes at the eight-point font, and noticed there was printing on both sides. I could not read any of it. After three hours of having my eyelids taped open, with three bright floodlights focused on my face for much of that time, being drugged, electrified, and suffering a Gran Mal Seizure, my eyes simply could not focus on anything close, and eight-point font was impossible to read.

I said, "I can't read it, any of it. Something is wrong with my eyes. What does it say?"

Mitch answered: "It says all of this was voluntary," and he smiled.

"What happens if I don't sign it?"

Mitch gestured to Red to be quiet, as he responded to me, "We will not let you go until you sign it!"

I paused to think.

The van was by now parked only half a block from the safety of my house. I had thought I was going to die at many points during the time I was captive and now I was almost free. I thought that if I did not sign, that they would compel me with more torture and violence. I knew my body and mind simply could not handle one minute more. I thought there was no way, after three hours of torture, that signing the form could possibly be considered as consent to what they did to me. I reluctantly and resentfully decided to sign it. I picked up the pen. As I signed, I purposefully signed something that looked quite unlike my signature.

Red picked up the document and examined it. The other two joined him to study it. One of them produced a document that was the same size and colour as the gas company invoice I had signed in triplicate three days previous, after the fake gas company technician "Jerry" had surveyed my furnace for the energy conservation ruse.

Red and Burly were concerned about the signature mismatch.

"Look at this part here, then look at this other signature. They're different!" said Red.

"Yah, they're a bit different, but it's no big deal," said Mitch.

Then Burly said, "Look at this other part here, then look at this one

over here, they're completely different!"

Again Mitch said, "Yah, they're a bit different, so what? It's no big deal. We don't have time. Let it go."

After all, Mitch the Joint Task Force officer could just slip across the American border to evade prosecution. The American government would never extradite a military officer to Canada to face torture charges, and the Canadian government would never ask unless they were both completely cornered, that is, unless they faced losing the consent of the people to govern.

The International Criminal Court in The Hague has bigger fish to fry. Red and Burly could be culpable in civil suit or criminal action for torture on Canadian soil. But Mitch was the teaching and therefore dominant officer of this torture-trio and Red and Burly had to acquiesce into accepting my purposefully bad signature.

Red told me, "The best thing for you and your family, Matthew, is for you just to forget this whole thing...." He opened his hand to reveal a pill bottle and he added, "And these pills will help you forget."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Propranolol," he replied, "You take one a day before bed until they are done." (Propranolol inhibits the nightly storage of short-term memory into long-term memory.)

I was shocked. I had been tortured for over three hours, coerced into making a false confession, held against my will until he signed a consent form, and now I was being ordered to take further drugs to forget.

But I knew was so close to freedom. I knew this was going to be the last demand. There simply couldn't be anything left. I would be free soon. I recognized the drug name since my wife had taken the same drug, a beta-blocker, for migraine headache prevention years ago. I thought it would have little effect. "Okay, I will take it," I said.

I held out my hand as Red poured the pills into my hand. I asked for some water. Red handed me his half-empty water bottle. I asked what was in the bottle, and Red replied defensively, "It's just water, my water."

I popped the entire handful of pills into my mouth (seven, a whole week's worth) and quickly swallowed all the water and the pills.

Mitch looked at me in amazement. "What did you do that for?"

"How else will you know I have taken them?"

Mitch had forgotten how compliant he had made me become through

torture, drugs and hypnosis. [An unintended side effect of not taking the drug as directed was that it did not work to prevent the conversion of short-term memory to long-term memory.]

JTF Interrogator - THREAT 2

Mitch repeated his warning, “Matthew, if you remember any of this and start talking about it, I GUARANTEE your picture and name will be in the paper, and it won’t look good.”

“Why not?”

“Look at what you have told us here tonight!”

In truth, I was having trouble remembering much of what I had told them. The Phenobarbital, torture-trauma dissociation, and hypnosis had made the memory foggy and disjointed. It was like the previous three hours were like a foggy, surreal nightmare

Seeing me unsteady on my feet outside of the back of the van, Burly asked, “Do you want me to help you walk to your house?”

This offer only made me angrier. “No, I’ll do it on my own!” Before departing, I steadied my gaze at the license plate of the van.

Ben said, “He’s looking at the plate!!”

“It’s not a problem,” Mitch replied. The plate was 250002 with different colouring than regular Ontario plates, and without the usual label.

Before I could get moving Mitch stepped out of the van and asked, “Matthew, are you an Epileptic?”

“No. Did I have a seizure?”

“I don’t want to say.... But you might want to ask your doctor about that,” Mitch added.

Before they drove away, I yelled ‘Hey!’ to get their attention while the back doors were still open, and then added, “Leave My Family Alone!”

Mitch said, “Don’t worry, we’ll leave your family alone.”

I slowly walked the fifty meters to my home. I was aware they were watching me. When I was within twenty meters of my sidewalk on Montgomery Avenue, I heard the van move, and I turned to catch a glimpse of it reversing into a driveway, and then turning east on Montgomery.

When I reached my front walk, I ran back out into the street and caught a glimpse of the back of the van one block away as it turned south on Duplex Avenue. It was going to drive right by Toronto Police Services, 53 Division.

I stamped my foot in the snow and said out loud to myself, “REMEMBER!” This was a self-hypnotic technique I invoked, anticipating it might be difficult later to remember. The three books on hypnosis I had read as a fifteen year old were becoming useful.

I stared at the snow on the ground amidst the trees in front of the Montgomery apartments. I had to figure out a way of remembering the plate 250002. Right then I created a mnemonic. First term (25), times second term (0002) = Labatts 50, the beer referred to in the racist OPP recording before they killed Dudley George, one day after Premier H. urged them to “Get the Fucking Indians out of the Park!” This racism and urge towards violence is reflected in the OPP's own words.

A handful of Ontario Provincial Police officers posing as a media crew, were caught on tape having a shocking conversation:

"Is there still a lot of press down there?" one officer says.
"No, there's no one down there. Just a great big fat fuck Indian," replies another. "The camera's rolling, eh?" "Yeah." "We had this planned, you know. We thought if we could get five or six cases of Labatts 50, we could bait them." "Yeah." "Then we'd have this big net at a pit." "Creative thinking." "Works in the South with watermelon."

As the reader can see, it's a conversation rife with racist remarks, recorded just a day before the land dispute ended in the fatal shooting of First Nations activist Dudley George. It was only released after an access to information request by a producer with The Fifth Estate.”[\[23\]](#)

The racist recording of OPP chatter at an Aboriginal roadblock caused enough revulsion when I first heard it, that it served as an ideal mnemonic to remember the license plate of the van used on or about Nov. 22, 2005 to torture-interrogate Matthew. (25 X 0002=Labatt's 50).

My wife was asleep when I reached our bedroom, and I was thoroughly exhausted from over three hours of torture. I was intoxicated from both the Sodium Pentothal and now the Propranolol was kicking in.

I did not want to wake my wife, and cause her trauma on learning what her husband had just been through. She had immigrated from a communist country only seven years earlier, and I did not want her to be traumatized by what Canadian and American federal officers had done to her husband. I feared she might want to return to China. I fell directly to sleep.

The following morning, November 23, 2005 on my left inside arm, just opposite the elbow, I found a dime-sized dark bruise with a tiny scab in the

middle indicating a large needle had roughly inserted. I had no memory of what caused it. I remembered nothing from the moment I left Tim Horton's at 9:32 PM the night before and when I walked in the front door of my house later. I did not want my wife to think I was an IV drug user, so I hid it.

My wife said, "Where were you last night?"

"I left the Tim Horton's at 9:32 and I was home in ten minutes," I said.

"No, I woke up at 11:30 and you still were not home."

"That's impossible," I said. I had no idea how that could be. Later in the day I checked her bedside clock and it had the correct time.

I was so exhausted I slept the entire day. Upon returning from work my wife was furious at my sloth, and I could not explain why I was so exhausted. [A friend later researched Propranolol and learned seven doses of even the smallest pill was in the fatal overdose range. Those JTF, JTF2, and RCMP officers in the van ought to have known that, but they did not intervene. I was incredibly lucky not to have died.]

The second night after the coercive-torture interrogation I had a seizure in my sleep including urination.

About seven nights later I had another seizure in my sleep featuring a bleeding tongue. I saw my family doctor immediately. He ordered an EEG, which thankfully indicated I did not have epilepsy so I could keep my driver's license. The seizures were likely related to the Phenobarbital or other drugs administered on Nov. 22, 2005, but I had no memory of that yet.

In the next few weeks I started getting flashbacks, poignant memories, to being tortured in a van by military people. It was real memory, and it was getting more complete. The incremental partial recall was exactly the same pattern as what happened after the failed tornado evacuation on August 19, 2005.

When I remembered I had been brutally tortured and interrogated at length, I made an appointment with my family doctor. My wife came along. I related everything I could remember in a taped interview with him on December 22, 2005.

He listened carefully and made notes of what I reported. He said that my PTSD symptoms appeared to be getting much worse. It was true, I reported that now I was having nightmares not just about the plane crash, and failed tornado evacuation, but about being confined by military people in a van and torture-interrogated for hours. I remembered I had been drugged in the van.

I was becoming more hyper-vigilant than I had been before. The sight of a large mono-colour van would bring out a fear of death. Seeing people parked in cars on my street would also make me very frightened.

In the week of Dec. 22, I checked with several toxicologists into the possibility of gathering forensic evidence of the drugging. Both toxicologists reported that Phenobarbitals are excreted within a few days; hair/nail samples will only show chronic, not one-time, use.

By 2009 I believed I had remembered the vast majority of the interrogation, but I was wrong. It was not until late April of 2010, after 500 hours of therapy by two PTSD experts, that my unconscious was willing to reveal the mind control programming that accompanied the torture interrogation. One's unconscious mind never lets one recall more than one can handle.

I found that even five years after the event, I was still occasionally remembering details that escaped my earlier recall. That's how Psychological Trauma memories are recalled; they don't all come at once. The memories come in waves, in the order of least traumatic to most traumatic. Over time the frequency diminishes but the amplitude of each wave does not.

[23]<http://www.bcrevolution.ca/ipperwash.htm>

CHAPTER 17: 2006 Q3 - The RCMP Theft

“There will be in the next generation or so a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude and producing dictatorship without tears so to speak. Producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies so that people will in fact have their liberties taken away from them, but will rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.” – Aldous Huxley

In the late summer of 2006, I was at home on long-term disability, recovering from PTSD. I knew the police were not going to take me seriously when I reported my experience of being subjected to a bi-lateral Special Forces, black-op torture-interrogation and mind-control session inside a van parked on a Toronto street.

I began a letter writing campaign to the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario (most populous province) reports to the Governor General of Canada who in turn reports to the Queen of England. As such this office is arguably the third highest in Canada.

I had read two autobiographical books by Mr. Bartleman and I was impressed. I knew he was half aboriginal, which made me trust him more. I knew he had grown up from humble beginnings to become a very senior Canadian diplomat. I trusted him immediately. He was the first very senior official in Canada who in an effort to reduce the stigma of mental illness, admitted to suffering from Depression, and PTSD. I greatly admire this man.

I also read that he had suffered a horrific Psychological Trauma while on a diplomatic trip to South Africa. A robber with a gun held him at gunpoint in his hotel room and beat him for several hours. Because of this torture, he contracted Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). He would know exactly what I was going through.

All told I wrote him six letters, detailing the trauma I had suffered in 2005, including the torture. At that time I had not recalled the mind control programming, which I would not remember for another four years. Had I remembered it in 2006 and included it in my letter to the Lieutenant Governor, he might have dismissed me as delusional.

As it was he didn't dismiss me.

After sending the letters I started calling his office and spoke with his staff. Finally I received a letter addressed to me from the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario. It was short and went something like this:

“Dear Mr. Pauly,

I have received and read your letters. You should immediately get a lawyer. Please call the Lawyer Referral Services at 1-800-XXX-XXXX

I'm afraid due to the nature of my position I cannot offer further help.

Sincerely,

<his signature>

<his name>

The Lieutenant Governor of Ontario.”

I had never seen such fancy letterhead. I hoped the gold leaf was not real. I was gushing with happiness after receiving the letter. He didn't tell me to see a Psychiatrist, nor to check-into a hospital. Neither did he ignore me. He wrote me to give me the best piece of advice he knew of: “Get a lawyer immediately.” He even implied he would have preferred to be of more help.

Before showing the letter to my sceptical friend Ian, I read it to him over the telephone -- the same land-line that Mitch had said was going to be monitored after the 2005 torture interrogation.

A few days later, in the daytime when my wife was at work, someone knocked at my door. I opened to Burly the RCMP officer.

Burly said, “Hello Matthew, I'm Larry Smith. Remember?”

“Yes,” I said, already in shock and moving into a hypnotic trance just as I had been programmed to do.

“I hear you got a letter from Bartleman?”

“Yes,” I responded uneasily.

“Can I see it?”

“Yes,” I responded, “Just a minute I'll go get it.”

As I turned away, Burly stood holding the screen door open from the outside. He did not ask permission to enter. I walked down the hallway past the living room, through the dining room and kitchen to the basement stairs. I descended the stairs to my basement office where my filing cabinet was situated. As I opened the sliding drawer, I heard a creak on the stair. I turned. There was Burly, stooping over at 6'4” and 235 lbs. Burly, who was known to carry a loaded Glock 9 mm under his jacket, had let himself in.

I was terrified. I quickly pulled the letter from my hanging vertical file and held it up to him so he could read it. He took one glance at it and said: "Where's the envelope?"

"I don't have it."

Burly held the letter and said, "I'll take that." He backed away from me and turned around and started up the stairs, and I followed slowly behind him. I rounded the corner at the top of the stairs just as he opened the front door and let himself out.

That letter demonstrated a very senior official believed I wasn't crazy, and needed a good lawyer. Burly stole it to cover up the torture and other crimes in which he had participated.

Burly could use that letter to blackmail the Lieutenant Governor. He could show him the (forced) confession video 'proving' I must be a terrorist.

[\[24\]](#)

Burly, in his collusion with and absolute deference to American authority, and his willingness to use torture, and now to steal the Lieutenant Governor's letter to a victim of RCMP crimes, was helping his superiors protect the RCMP.

The RCMP has clearly not followed their 1981 revised mandate, which was to stay out of security service work. Their involvement in hooking up the torture equipment including non-consensually taping my eyes open, putting on an electro-shock cuff, and failing to get adequate consent for the drug injection in the November 22, 2005 van-interrogation was a significant violation of that mandate, The Charter of Rights and Freedoms, and Geneva Conventions.

[\[24\]](#) The RCMP had helped throw the 2006 election to the Harper Conservative government (J. Travers, 'An Eloquent Plea for Democracy', The Toronto Star, 2009) This government subsequently introduced mandatory prison terms and built many new jails despite Canada's falling crime rate, and also later introduced the draconian 'anti-terror' Bill C51, which turned the RCMP into a secret police and suspended many civil liberties.

CHAPTER 18: 2008 Q3 – MK-ULTRA Sleeper Assassin Test in USA

“When we decided to take up arms, it was because the only other choice was to surrender and submit to slavery” – Nelson Mandela

Two years went by. I did not work and stayed home for 2006, and the first quarter of 2007 collecting Long Term Disability benefits from Red Hand software and trying to heal from Complex PTSD.

PTSD manifested primarily with a) horrible nightmares based on the traumatic events where I awoke shouting, sweating, and kicking, and b) ‘Hyper Vigilance’.

My shouting and kicking in bed was so bad my wife had to sleep in a different bed. During waking hours when I would see something that reminded me of the traumas like an unmarked van, or a car with occupants inside parked near my house, I would become hyper alert, and full of life-threatening fear.

The HR department head communicated to my wife that I was not welcome to return. Further he denied I could have been affected by the plane crash, which he said had not been visible from the building. He also denied there had been a failed tornado evacuation.

I attended two hours a week of therapy for PTSD during this period, one hour from a Psychiatrist specializing in PTSD (Dr. Colin M.), and another through a private psychodynamic psychotherapist (Lorna M.), both mentioned on the Acknowledgment page of this book.

I was concerned the Mood Disorders Institute of Ontario (MDIO, name slightly obscured) had been so easily infiltrated by Special Forces (including Red, JTF2, and what appeared to be two RCMP officers two weeks earlier), I decided to form my own therapy group, on a volunteer basis.

I met with the MDIO managing director to see about collaboration but she was noticeably annoyed with my plan and somewhat hostile. I put up notices in the North Toronto Library in the same hallway as the MDIO offices. I held an information session in a rented library room, and had people sign up. I found a volunteer therapist willing to lead the group therapy, an Ellen R. I collected dues enough to cover the room rental cost, and personally covered the costs of another group member who could not afford to pay.

The group therapy was three months in duration and was helpful to all. Some of us are still in contact to this day. However, it was only in early 2007 when I started to practice meditation for one half hour per day at the encouragement of my psychotherapist that was able to put the fear aside long enough to start to heal.

Still on benefits in May, 2007 I went through a gruelling interview process to get hired as a senior programmer at a large Internet based foreign exchange trading company on King Street in Toronto. I was still eligible for nine more months of LTD coverage but I wanted to work and resume my career. My doctor had never seen anyone resume working when nearly half of the automatic two-year LTD coverage remained to be paid.

The job went well. One of the co-founders was a computer-engineering professor and most of the staff had a master or doctorate degree in Computer Science/Engineering. It was a pleasure to work with so many talented peers I could learn from, in an environment that valued creativity and high performance.

As always, I threw myself into my work and would often stay until 7 or 8 PM. Of the just over one hundred employees, mostly programmers, very few would work as late as me. It was not uncommon for me to be the last person to leave.

I signed off of my computer, and put on my jacket and got up to leave. I was walking through the programmer and reception areas to the magnetically locked glass doors that featured a card reader on the elevator side. Alone in the premises, I pressed the door release button, passed through the doors, and pressed the elevator down button.

The doors opened to an unusual sight: three men in very dark, virtually identical suits, all with dark, wrap-around sunglasses, all within an inch or two of each other in height, and all with an athletic build. Since the offices were inside the Holiday Inn on King Street in downtown Toronto, sometimes hotel guests would enter the wrong elevators that served the office part of the building. These were not tourists. They did not look like employees of other companies in the building either. They stood out, like a well-dressed team of agents, and closely resembled the so-called “Men in Black.”

I felt the danger, as I realized I’d never make it back through the card swipe doors since my card was tucked away. Whatever was going to happen would happen. This was before I studied Russian Martial Art. Now I would make a run for it, and in retrospect, that would have been the right thing to

do, as at least I would have been on camera. I had forgotten that the reception and elevator area had a video camera trained on it from the office side of the glass walls and doors.

I stepped back into the elevator and they all stood still, one on my left, and two more on my right, each occupying a corner. The doors closed. Immediately the lights went off, and I felt the stabbing pain of a needle on the left side of my neck. I lost consciousness.

I awoke seated in a three-bench row utility van with bucket seats up front for the driver and passenger. There was a driver up front. Judging by the light, it was now early morning.

I was seated towards the left side of the middle row bench. Mitch was seated in the first row on the left, giving instructions to another officer seated behind me. The officer behind me rolled up the long sleeve of my dress shirt and gave me an injection in my left arm, near the shoulder.

I felt like I had just chugged four 5% alcohol beers in about one minute, which I can only estimate as I'd never chugged beer before. I felt impaired. My head felt heavy. Scopolamine is made from a plant native to Columbia, a member of the deadly Nightshade family of plants. Among its most significant uses is as a "Zombie" drug[\[25\]](#) for societal control in Voodoo cultures.

Mitch said, "Matthew, lean forward and put your arm over the bench."

I put my left arm over the bench. Mitch lit a cigarette. He grabbed my wrist and pulled my arm down so my armpit was clamped overtop the first bench back support.

"Matthew, hold still."

He held the cigarette in his right forefinger and thumb, parallel to the skin on my left upper arm about 1/8 inch from the skin. I felt searing pain.

"OOWWWWW! That hurts!! Stop that!"

Mitch was moving the cigarette very slowly down my arm, at a quarter of an inch per second. I screamed, "Stop!!! Why are you doing that? Please stop! Stop!"

Mitch had a smile on his face. It was clear he was taking pleasure in causing me pain. He was a sadist.

"Matthew, do you know why I'm moving it slowly like this?"

"No!" I shouted.

"Because this way, it doesn't leave a scar, yet it still causes maximum pain!" He had a smile on his face. I was in excruciating pain. That he took

pleasure in it communicated that it might not end.

Within a minute or two, something happened. I became silent and detached. I had dissociated, i.e. my dominant personality had gone to sleep and what was left was an infantile, highly vulnerable and suggestible subconscious persona, just like in the van during the November 2005 interrogation when I had been randomly shocked incessantly for twenty minutes no matter what answer I gave to the question “What is your name?” which they repeated over and over.

Lifting the cigarette away from my skin, Mitch said, “Matthew, I am Larry Smith. You know me as Larry Smith, do you understand?”

“Yes,” I replied, instantly triggered to program #2 from the November 2005 torture-trauma-dissociation, hypnosis-mind-control programming event. I was now in a hypnotic trance.

“Matthew, I need you to terminate a target. They will be coming along shortly from that way,” he said as he pointed towards the left side of the van.

There was a radio mounted on the dashboard. The driver was doing a radio check with a portable radio, testing it communicated with the dashboard radio.

Mitch ordered the officer to take his position about 100 yards to the left with a handheld radio. The driver opened his door, got out and walked away.

“Matthew, the target always comes by this place at exactly XX:XX o’clock every morning,” said Mitch with a smile, proud of having good intelligence on the target, and looking forward to a certain kill.

Then Mitch proceeded to run me through the mechanics of the termination technique, to be certain I’d not forgotten the programming. He got up and sat in the passenger’s side front seat of the van to wait. After a few minutes, he commented, “Matthew, you stink!”

In this dissociated, hypnotized state I felt awkward about smelling bad. “If I had a toothbrush I could brush my teeth,” I offered.

“No, it’s not your teeth, Matthew, it’s the drug.”

Mitch was obviously knowledgeable about Scopolamine, otherwise known as “Devil’s Breath.” Since Scopolamine wipes free will, it is used as a date rape drug, and to rob people. MK-ULTRA programmers also use it for mind controlling their victims to do false-flag hate crimes, assassinations, and terror events.

Mitch looked at me and said, “Matthew, you know you are an enemy, right?” He was referring to the fact he’d sworn me an “Enemy of the People

of the United States of America” while in a rage because Red the Canadian JTF2 officer and Ben and Jim of regular Canadian Forces, refused to let him take me to Guantanamo Bay[\[26\]](#). They knew I was not a terrorist and it was my talking back to Mitch that led to his attempt to take me into custody.

Mitch rolled down his window, lit a cigarette and held it outside the window. I asked, “Hey, can I have a smoke please?”

“No, Matthew. No smoking in the van.”

Now in the Alpha (dominant aggressive) alter after being drugged with Scopolamine, tortured to dissociation, and hypnotized via post-hypnotic suggestion, I was becoming assertive.

“Listen, you are smoking, and you’re forcing me to do something I do not want to do that will affect me for the rest of my life, so I think you should give me a cigarette.”

Mitch thought for less than a second and replied, “OK, I’ll give you one but you have to smoke outside the van.”

It’s tragically ironic that for Mitch, adhering to the no-smoking policy in federal government vehicles was more important than abiding by Geneva Conventions, the US Constitution, or the Criminal Statutes of the State and Federal government.

Mitch ordered the officer behind me to open the sliding door of the van. I was stunned to see the lush state of the greenery. We were definitely far south of Toronto; and since all three of the officers spoke with American accents, I assumed we were in the USA. Our white van was parked on the grass in a green area with sparse trees and hilly terrain. Since we were in a depression I could not see any building, or know if this place was in a city or not.

I shimmied to the right side of the middle bench and for a fraction of a second stood in a crouch with one foot on the threshold. I was surprised that I was so weak; my legs were quite heavy.

I exited the van and placed one foot on the long grass. As I stood up I almost fell down. It felt like Earth’s gravity had just doubled. It took considerable effort to raise myself to my full height keep my balance. Scopolamine intoxication impairs the mind and body.

My upper eyelids were droopy enough to block a bit of my vision. I could not seem to keep them up to their normal position, another signature symptom of Scopolamine intoxication “Hey, I’m having trouble with my eyes here, my eyelids are not staying fully open,” I said to Mitch.

“Get used to it.” Mitch replied.

He clasped the lighter flame with his cupped hands and lit my cigarette. His cigarettes were much stronger than I was used to, and it had been over eight hours since I’d smoked, so there was big nicotine relief in those first few inhales.

Mitch un-holstered a black handgun, not the all-chrome one he had shown us during the November 2005 abduction. Longer than a normal handgun, it had a silencer attached.

Mitch proceeded to explain the triangulation he wanted me to use to intercept the target. His voice sounded stressed upon learning that I did not know the mechanics of triangulating a target. He quickly explained what this meant. I was half way through my cigarette when the radio in the van squawked. The officer in the driver’s seat reported the target was in sight.

Mitch ordered, “Matthew, put out your cigarette.”

I butted out.

“When the target is within fifty yards, you will start your pursuit. I will tell you when, so get ready.”

I considered my options. Even in that hazy, drugged into submission, dissociated, hypnotized state, this went against every moral fibre in my body. I was baptized an Anglican, raised a Unitarian, and already had a leaning towards Buddhism. I had been a very active and noted Peace Activist in University. I had been raised by a Pacifist father, and had talked my way out of fights all my life with a speech about non-violence. Now I was being coerced into terminating another and it repelled me.

Despite the Scopolamine, I considered my options in a fleeting moment.

Mitch had just reminded me that I was “an enemy” of the most powerful country in the world, on whose soil I now stood (non-consensually.) I was surrounded by Special Forces of the US Military, excellent marksmen, and highly skilled in killing and covert operations. Mitch held a silenced handgun. They also had my wallet with my ID, credits cards, and cash – on Scopolamine I could not run very well and had no free will. I did not even know where I was. And I had insider knowledge of this extra-judicial murder setup.

If I tried to run away, or simply fell to the ground and refused to act, there was a high likelihood I would be killed, along with the target, and the scene arranged to look like a murder-suicide or the bodies simply disposed

of. These US Special Forces would be heroes for killing me since Mitch had sworn me an Enemy of the People of the USA.

I would have been too much of a liability to keep alive if I did not perform.

My only chance of survival was to be valuable enough to keep alive.

“Go, Matthew, go now!” The target was approaching at a jog from about forty yards away.

My Alpha alter was full of conditioned rage as I started running towards the target from their two o’clock position. The target did not seem to notice at first and kept on running as my Alpha was closing in at their three o’clock position and accelerated to a full-out run for the last ten yards, closing in from the target’s four o’clock position.

The target turned, looking surprised and very afraid as they were knocked to the ground with full force rolled onto their back. I followed the instructions from the 2005 hypnotic programming in the van, including no crossed thumbs, and the target stopped struggling, and was unconscious within twenty seconds.

After another minute or two, Mitch walked quickly over and after scanning both directions, said in an urgent tone, “Matthew, stop! It’s over. Come to the van now. We have to leave!”

I got up and had one last look at the target. They were not moving at all. As I approached the van tears streamed down my face and I shouted at Mitch, “There, are you happy now!!”

“I’m not happy, I’m just doing my job,” Mitch said in a subdued voice.

In the years of non-consensual drugging, torture, mind-control, abductions, and worse before and after that event, Mitch never expressed a guilty emotion once, except that day. He knew what he had done was wrong.

I got in the van and sat on the second row bench again. From behind, the assisting officer injected me again on the left arm below the shoulder. I lost consciousness and awoke some hours later, in a different van in front of my house.

It was early morning perhaps an hour or two after sunrise. Mitch’s fellow JTF officers were present, but not Mitch.

“Where is Mitch?” I asked.

“He’s busy now, it’s just us,” the officer said.

The leader of this group of more junior officers acted drunk with power. “We want you to kill that old lady two houses over there,” he said

pointing east.

“What? That’s Mrs. Porter’s house, she’s a friend!” I said. “I will not!”

I was no longer dissociated, no longer hypnotized, and most of the Scopolamine had worn off. I was shocked and horrified they would suggest such a thing.

“OK, Matthew, now what are you going to say to your relative about why you have been out all night?” the lead officer asked. My wife and son were on vacation, and a close relative was staying with us.

“I will tell him: I was out at Ian’s all night playing with computers,” I said.

“Will he believe you?” the officer asked.

“Yes, I have stayed out really late at Ian’s playing with computers lots of times,” I replied.

“OK, tell him that then. Now Matthew, I want you to go to go bed and sleep the whole day,” the officer said.

“Ok, but shouldn’t I call work?” I asked.

“No, Matthew, do not call work. They will know you are sick. Do NOT call.” They let me get out of the van, and I didn’t look back.

I walked up to the door and discovered my keys and wallet were back in my possession. I unlocked the door and stepped inside. My close relative was pale, and looked very concerned, as if he had not slept much. “Matthew, where were you last night? Were you at Ian’s?”

“Yes, I was at Ian’s playing with computers and it was really late so I stayed over, and I didn’t want to call and wake you,” I said flatly.

“That’s what I thought,” he said, looking at me with concern. “Are you sick?”

“Yes, I feel sick, I’m going to bed,” I said. I must have looked sick after coming down a high-dose of injected Scopolamine, knocked out with some other drug twice, abducted across international boundaries.

I went upstairs and slept immediately. I awoke once or twice during the afternoon and evening to use the washroom, and drink some water. I don’t recall eating. I only got out of the bed the following morning when my alarm went off. The Scopolamine and other drugs had fully worn off. I had no memory of what had happened.

I got ready for work, had coffee, ate some breakfast, walked to the subway and got on. I arrived at work, sat in my pod seat, and started logging

into my computer. My team lead, who sat to my left, turned to face me angrily. “Matthew, next time you are going to be away for a day, at least send me an email!”

I had no memory of missing a day of work, as far as I knew the previous day I had been at work programming.

I could tell from his anger that I should just play along. “Ah, OK,” I said.

Normally I would have said “Sorry,” but I did not want to admit to something that as far as I knew was not true.

I was missing time.

[25] Traditional Voodoo employed Scopolamine. When a person was found to be very disruptive to the community perhaps a rapist or murderer, the medicine man of the community would dose them with Scopolamine, specifically a dust of the dried plant, which can be easily blown into someone's face for immediate effect as it lands on the mucous membranes of the eyes, nose, mouth and throat. The victim would immediately lose all free will power. Their breathing would become shallow and infrequent causing them to lose consciousness and appear dead. They would be placed in a coffin and buried in front of family and friends. In the early morning hours the coffin would be dug up and the living person inside would be sent off to another island, given a daily dose of Scopolamine and kept as a slave until their death.

In Medellin Columbia in 2013, 50% of Emergency room admissions were due to Scopolamine. It's a favourite way of getting tourists to be mind-controlled to go the nearest Automated Teller machine and withdrawal their limit and hand it over to the criminal who dosed them.

[26] In a 2015 Oct home invasion Mitch claims Guantanamo Bay was a threat only. He said he would have taken me to the USA. He's a spy so I don't think that's necessarily true.

CHAPTER 19: 2009 Q3 – Penance from a Patriot

“The only difference between the Republican and Democratic parties is the velocities by which their knees hit the floor when the corporations knock on their door. That’s the only difference.” – Ralph Nader

One year later, I had absolutely no recall of being exercised in the USA in 2008. I was still trying to reach Stage III of recovery from PTSD, and martial arts were part of that. Having recalled the violent 2005, 2007 events, I wanted to be able to protect myself.

I had studied Asian martial arts before, as a novice. I earned the first belt in three martial arts. But that was years ago. With none of those arts would I have been able to handle five mostly armed officers of the 2005 van interrogation, or the five men involved in the 2007 snatch-and-grab with forced electroshock in a van.

On January 2 of 2009, I decided to study the latest of the Chinese martial arts, developed only 500 years ago. The special-operations forces of several countries are trained in this very effective Kung Fu style, as was Bruce Lee. Sunny Tang, the proprietor of the studio had actually trained with Bruce Lee in his youth in Hong Kong. I had been training for about six months when one winter morning I was uncharacteristically ten minutes late for class.

When I arrived, I immediately noticed there were two new, middle aged men who appeared 'four square' like officers with the short haircuts, and appropriate physique and general attitude. They were training together.

The senior student instructor of that day also had an officer-like appearance himself. When I arrived he broke the two new men apart and assigned me to one of the new men as my training partner, while pairing his officer-looking friend with someone else.

I thought I recognized Red by his red complexion, acne scarring, intense eyes, 6’ height, and developed chest, with very little fat at about 180 pounds. His nose and chin were the same as Red’s. His cheekbones were slightly wider than I remembered from 2005. In the four years since I last seen Red, he looked to have aged about ten years. I was not positive it was Red only because it was so out of context and it would be risky for Red to be there.

The teacher had us start a training drill.

I asked my partner, “When did you start training?”

“Today, I’m just here with my friend to try it out.” We were starting a basic hand-to-hand combat training exercise in which one of the pair forward punched as he marched, and the other back stepped and blocked with a 'Pak-so' (a simultaneous block and punch.) When we reached the end of the mat area, we would reverse roles and return from the other direction.

Red was not performing the complicated footwork properly. I started instructing him, but surprisingly the student teacher said, “No, they don't need to learn the footwork”. That was unprecedented as the basic drills were not negotiable; there is only one way to do them. We resumed and when Red and I reached the edge of the training mat and proceeded to switch roles, Red held his hand up like a target and said, “Hit me!”

I was familiar enough with Wing Chun to know that this holding up the open fist as a target and saying, “Hit me!” was not part of the training. It was from Western boxing. The student teacher did not correct Red, which was also strange. I ignored Red’s request.

He did it again when next we reached the end of the Gym. This varying from the training was unprecedented in the six months I had trained, and the presence of what looked like Red made me doubly flabbergasted and stressed. Again I ignored him.

I was not sure what was going on, but I became increasingly agitated as Red said repeatedly, “Hit me!” Perhaps the fact that I was facing one of my torturers was starting to sink in.

Finally on the third or fourth pass I could take it no more. I wound up all my energy and made to punch Red’s open hand as hard as possible. The student instructor, as if expecting trouble, lunged forward to intervene and shouted, “Noooo!” but it was too late. I punched Red's hand, as hard as I could.

Red paused and shook his hand. “Ouch, that hurts!” Then he stepped back from me and said, “Good, now we're even!”

Then he stepped even further back, perhaps expecting an attack. I froze, realizing now it had to be Red, but unable to process that.

The student instructor then paired Red and me with different partners.

I had learned from a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) documentary that by the age of 40, almost all JTF2 members are retired from the unit due to its extreme physical requirements. Red had appeared 38 or 39 years old in the 2005 van interrogation. This was four years later so he was

definitely over 40 and likely out of JTF2. His purposeful visit to me was risky, as there is no certainty how a 'former target' might respond. Had I lost control and an incident happened, that went public, he could have been in trouble with the DND. Bringing a friend along was a good idea.

I believe that Red's conscience had suffered dearly for his participation in my torture. He needed me to punch him to satisfy his conscience.

That Red had aged so much in the intervening four years, and that he felt so compelled to have me hit him showed he was a man of conscience. I could tell that the end of the interrogation in November 2005 that Red was disgusted with the event, and his involvement, he had a conscience.

For example he had admonished Burly (RCMP) for groping me several times, he had apologized after watching me being forced to drink my own vomit, and he started using divisive "us or theirs" language when asking which Dept. of Mines web site (US or Canada) that I had visited. Finally it was Red who refused to let Mitch take me to Guantanamo Bay after I had answered the question about Tyranium with too much knowledge for Mitch's comfort.

For these reasons, I forgive Red.

CHAPTER 20: 2010 Q1 - Internet Posts Response: Bumper lock Surveillance

"Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter"--
Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., Civil Rights Leader

I felt I owed it to my countrymen and countrywomen to tell them about the perilous state of Canadian democracy and sovereignty regarding the 2005, 2007 events. I had not yet recalled the 2008 test in the US.

But I felt very afraid to continue working on my book. Since I had not yet recalled the forced electroshock, and the ominous question about what side of the bed I slept on, I did not know why I was afraid. My conscious mind did not remember these threats.

I reasoned that it would be safer if I found a sympathetic on line community, and started posting my story there.

By telling my story online I could reach the public to expose the MK-ULTRA mind-control programming, and get interest in the developing book. I found rabble.ca was a good community for this. I posted in a Babble forum/topic I created:

Torture in Canada

"January 31, 2010 – 2:46 am

This topic will address the issue of human rights in Canada, specifically crimes by the state against its citizens, both pre-9/11, and post 9/11, from a first person perspective. I will be drawing from an existing manuscript, and writing new material. This all tells of my unfortunate intimate experience with this topic."

By February 7, 2010 I had posted details of the torture-interrogation (2005) with the forced confession dialog. I also posted an earlier version of the psychiatrist's letter attesting that I had gone through drug trials to test for a delusional disorder and none was found (see Preface for last version.)

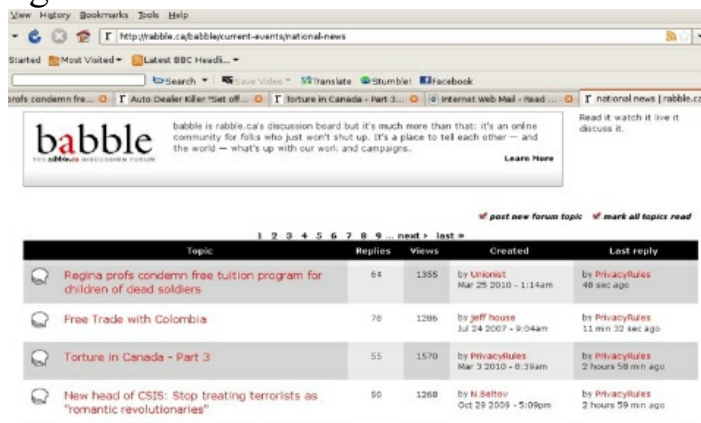
There was a regular group of rabble.ca readers who were receptive to the story. Initial responses were positive with one exception, someone who admitted he was a reserve Canadian Forces (CF) officer. He repeatedly attacked my postings. I defended myself and pointed out that as a CF officer, he owed it to his country to defend the truth about how its laws are being broken.

Others started posting defenses of my story. Then something

happened. As I started posting each day from the book, I started to feel better, and my unconscious mind decided it was time to remember more.

I started to remember the mind-control programming for the first time. On March 2, 2010 at 8:18 pm I posted my first recollections of the self-termination program. The posting began with “Oh God, Oh God, Oh God!!!” This was just so depraved, despicable and terrifying. I posted the memories as they came in.

March 21, 2010: I remembered and posted program #2: to carry out any instruction by my controller “Larry Smith” including murder, and how I was to do it. The rabble.ca/babble on line community was hooked. By this point my thread “Torture in Canada - Part 3” was the number one most frequently viewed thread on rabble.ca's “babble forum”. It also had among the highest viewings to postings ratio.



Topic	Replies	Views	Created	Last reply
Regina profs condemn free tuition program for children of dead soldiers	64	1355	by Unisist Mar 25 2010 - 1:14am	by PrivacyRules 48 sec ago
Free Trade with Colombia	78	1286	by jeff house Jul 24 2007 - 9:04am	by PrivacyRules 11 min 32 sec ago
Torture in Canada - Part 3	55	1570	by PrivacyRules Mar 3 2010 - 8:39am	by PrivacyRules 2 hours 58 min ago
New head of CSIS: Stop treating terrorists as "romantic revolutionaries"	50	1268	by R. Seltou Oct 29 2009 - 5:09pm	by PrivacyRules 2 hours 59 min ago

At about this time, specifically after writing the actual text of the post-hypnotic suggestions or ‘mind-control’, I noticed I was being followed.

It started as intimidation. My on line postings revealed more and more about what the RCMP, JTF and JTF-2 had done. I had become emboldened, and the court of public opinion in the online community was starting to turn my way. The lone resisting CF officer now was supporting my posts and me.

GMC Suburban Intimidation

March 24, 2010: I stepped out on my front porch with the dog. A Black GMC Suburban was waiting at the corner and suddenly accelerated full throttle. It 'burned rubber' for about ten feet, the engine roared as it sped past me and continued roaring until it stopped at a stop sign.

The driver's side window was tinted as dark as the back and rear side windows. This tinting is not legal in Ontario as a police officer must be able to see inside well enough to recognize a face. I had seen several such over-

tinted GM Suburbans circling around the US Consulate on University Avenue when I marched with other activists during the G7 meetings in Toronto about twenty-five years ago.

After stopping at the stop sign, the driver continued at full throttle for the next block and came to a halt at Yonge Street. For eight years I had been living with my family in a quiet, upper middle class neighbourhood, which has the lowest rate of violent crime in Canada. This had never happened before.

Bumperlock Surveillance

The rabble.ca babble community posted supportive messages, which said in effect “They're only trying to intimidate you.” I thought intimidation was something I could live with. At this point, I had not yet recalled the question in the van, “What side of the bed do you sleep on, inside or outside?” I didn't yet recall that they had hinted they were prepared to kill me, perhaps if I went public.

Then something frightening started. I noticed I was being followed regularly. I would see the same face in a car that followed me across the city at times. There were at least three different people and as many cars involved. One tail was a middle-aged woman (wearing what looked to be a blonde wig) with large sunglasses, who followed me to the Toronto Star building at 1 Yonge Street, but turned off one block before I got there. At one point a Liberian diplomatic, long, black Cadillac was following me across the city complete with a little Liberian flag waving from a tiny mast.

I did a 'find the tail' manoeuvre known as a Surveillance Detection Route (SDR). I turned into a side street then quickly changed direction, turned my car around and waited parked around the corner. The blond woman looked aghast as she rounded the corner and saw me waiting for her.

At one point I was on a highway and I noticed four cars were boxing me in. I had been driving since I was sixteen years old, and was skilled enough to manoeuvre aggressively to escape. I ended up behind a Google camera car and my tails disappeared suddenly. I continued following the Google camera car for another half hour.

The final straw came on April 12, 2010. I was driving on a small street with a speed limit of 40 KM/hour when a Range Rover suddenly pulled out of a street parking spot and nearly clipped my bumper. The car behind me honked furiously. The late model Range Rover had a blue 'Emergency'

sticker on the driver's side windshield (see below). The driver was a middle-aged man with what looked like a wig of curly hair and large sunglasses.

I did something I'd never done before, or since. I was so certain this man was tailing me that when I stopped at the next red stop light, I jumped out onto the road. With my driver's door swung open, I knelt down on one knee and snapped a picture of the driver and car. I had been carrying a camera for the past few weeks, and I intended to at least try and record the overt surveillance. But I was wearing a knee length black leather coat, and to reach the camera, I had to reach into my long coat. It seems the driver of the Range Rover thought I was pulling out a gun.

I got back in to the car and left. I was panicked. I took a day off work, and followed a trail of recommendations from different security storeowners. I told them my life was in danger, and I needed the best counter-surveillance technology available. These vendors could have sold me equipment but they believed my situation was serious and so they recommended a man said to be among the best counter surveillance experts in Ontario, if not Canada.

Sean D. of Spy Toped[\[27\]](#) was a very tall and heavy man. He boasted of having high profile clients like Conrad B., and claimed to have been interviewed in a BBC documentary on security and counter-surveillance. This Canadian 'expert' in counter-surveillance examined my photo of the follower, and reported, "Oh no, you have real trouble... he looks like Mxxxxx." He added, "They use 800 MHz for their radios."

Around the world, the "dirty work" of surveillance, control, and assassination is contracted out by allied intelligence agencies. The home-grown agencies cannot be caught illegally monitoring, intimidating, or doing worse to their citizens.

There is a large array of cellular-frequency antennas near Ottawa pointed towards nearby US cities to monitor their cell phone traffic. The Americans have similar arrays of antennas that point at nearby Canadian cities. In this way they exchange the cell phone traffic so they can monitor communications without a warrant, and without technically breaking laws.

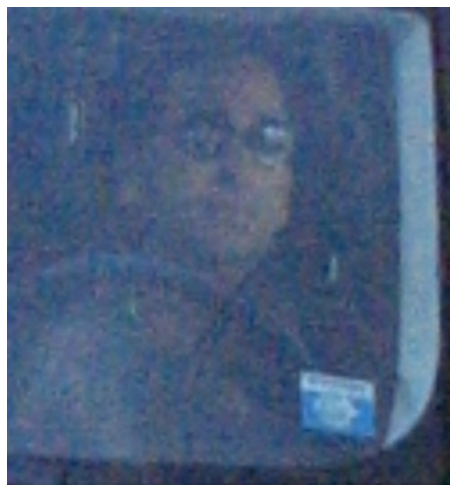
Since Bumperlock Level 5 surveillance can easily lead to an encounter with police, it is especially suitable to contracting out to a foreign intelligence agency.

Intelligence agencies contract out everything from overt surveillance to assassination. If the USA were caught running Level 5 Bumperlock Surveillance, or even assassinating a citizen of their closest ally, it would be a

public relations disaster.

This is a textbook case where contracting out to another foreign, friendly intelligence agency would offer the lowest risk. The Mxxxxx have a worldwide reputation as meticulous, if ruthless, operators. So Sean's assessment of the threat I faced as 'something serious' was believable.

On April 13, 2010 I posted the following pictures of the pursuer on rabble.



In the first picture, notice the driver's window is half rolled down. In the enlargement (2nd picture) notice the 'Emergency' blue sticker to lessen

the chance of being pulled over by police. Also notice in the middle right what looks to be the end of the front barrel of a gun pointed towards the camera, but raised slightly to left.

He must have thought it was not a camera that I was pulling out of my knee length black leather coat. It may have been he just wished to scare me, which would fit in with Level 5 Bumperlock surveillance.

Posting these pictures on line (they have since been deleted) at rabble.ca within 24 hours had some impact. I cried foul in a posting and wrote a pleading letter to Canadian politicians including PM Harper, and journalists. I telephoned CSIS and said there would be a question in the House of Commons in one week's time if they didn't get the pursuers off their mark^[28]. The female CSIS agent repeated my threat in a mocking tone and referred me to local police.

Within 48 hours of the posting, the same man appeared in a vehicle going the opposite direction instead of following me. He had ditched the expensive Range Rover, a picture of which with plate I had posted. This time he drove an old van.

He was still wearing the ridiculous wig and sunglasses, and after flashing his lights several times to get my attention, he emphatically waved his right arm in a sweeping motion away, above the dashboard, and mouthed the word "OFF" with each sweeping gesture. But the surveillance was not totally off, just made less obvious, as I was to find out.

The day after the Range Rover incident, Sean of Spy Toped identified the gunman in the photo as appearing to be Mxxxxx, the Ixxxxxx Institute of Special Operations and Intelligence. They are the most feared assassins in the world. He told me, "You have big trouble." Sean then sold me the most expensive item he had in his store, a \$4,300 bug sweep device called the CPM-800. In hindsight what I needed was a \$600 bulletproof vest and a \$100 car camera.

I discussed with my wife a plan to get protective custody from the police. First I called my best friend Ian to drive us to his apartment. From there I called the police. My friend refused to have the police come into his apartment, so my wife and I waited out front. It was getting dark.

When the police arrived, they were quite perplexed. They knew nothing of my story. They did not know how to spell Mxxxxx. The Toronto Police 42 Division officers separated my wife and me. The female officer interviewed my wife, and the male officer interviewed me.

For over ten minutes I pleaded for protective custody. The officer explained protective custody was difficult to arrange, and would take days. I asked if I could stay in the police station until then. The officer said no. The officer said that the quickest way to be protected would be to get into a locked hospital ward.

As they spoke I noticed a van parked one block south on Poplar Plains

Road; we were on the sidewalk on the East side of Poplar Plains just a few addresses South of St. Clair Avenue. The van had its lights on and was not moving. As I was explaining the danger I was in, the van slowly started moving towards us.

I directed the officer's attention to the van, which was slowly creeping towards us and was less than a half block away. The officer said, "Could that be one of them?"

"Yes," I said. The officer held his right hand above his hip holster, as officers do when they feel threatened.

[I later learned from an article at stratfor.com that the hostile surveillance I experienced matched the definition of Level 5 'Bumperlock' surveillance. This is the highest on the 1-5 surveillance hostility scale. It is designed to make a target think they are going to be murdered so they will seek sanctuary in a locked hospital ward and discredit themselves.].

Now the van slowly drove by, its markings indicating it was an ambulance. The passenger side occupant opened his arms in a welcoming gesture as if to say, "Do you want us to take him?" The police officer and I just stared. The 42-division officer looked at the license plate and commented, "That is an out-of-province ambulance."

Out of province ambulances do not have jurisdiction to troll the streets of Toronto looking for people to pick up.

Given the appearance of the vehicle and its passenger, the surveillance from one block away, the slow drive-by, the gesture of offering to take me, and the fact that this was an "out of province" ambulance, it seemed suspicious. A medical cover pattern emerges; the pursuer with a gun had a medical emergency sticker on his Range Rover. Now an ambulance was part of the operation that was cruising by slow and gesturing to offer their services to take me to the hospital.

I had never been admitted into a Psychiatric hospital, or the Psychiatric ward of a hospital. I knew that self-admitting into the locked ward of a hospital might strain my credibility, but given the alternative of possible death, it was the lesser evil. I also realized that straining my believability by self-admitting to a locked ward might make me less threatening to JTF, CICA or whoever had hired the pursuer with the gun in the Range Rover.

Once I agreed, the female 42 division Toronto Police officer demanded my license plate number, even though my car was not present, nor involved. Before letting me into the back of the police cruiser they insisted I wear

handcuffs, but the officer said I was lucky as usually those in the back had their hands cuffed *and* chained to the floor of the car.

During the admissions process at Centre for Addiction and Mental Health (CAMH), I was alone in a room with a female doctor wearing a stethoscope who was giving me a physical examination. I found myself staring at the young doctor's stethoscope dangling around her neck.

I felt myself start to fall into a trance. For the first time I recalled the third mind control program and felt a compulsion to harm the woman doctor. I was horrified and demanded that the security guard in the hallway be called in. I reported the third post-hypnotic suggestion program exactly as recalled, and notes were hurriedly made in my medical chart. Never again in that hospital was I left alone with a doctor or nurse wearing a stethoscope.

I insisted on being treated with the third and final drug in the test for delusions by Dr. Colin M. Clozapine is among the very strongest of anti-psychotic medicines available. Dr. MacPherson said it was not necessary, but I wanted to prove my case. This was my third trial of an anti-psychotic drug to prove my recollections were not delusional, despite the fact I had never suffered delusions in my life. Clozapine was the big hammer.

I had agreed to these treatments because the head of the Psychological Trauma Unit at Mount Sinai Hospital, Dr. T., said no one would believe my story until I took the drugs. With each drug Dr. MacPherson would ramp up the dosage over weeks until I reached therapeutic range of each drug.

After about a month at the effective blood level of the drug, Dr. M. would question me about the 2005 van interrogation. If it were a delusional illness, the anti-psychotic would remove the delusion and the memories ought to be gone. My answers to these questions every time included full recall, and certainty of the details.

While I certainly felt safer during the stay in a locked ward, it did not affect my memory of the events of 2005, and 2007 one iota. The 2008 event was not yet remembered. Later in 2010 I would start to get the first flashbacks about the 2008 event.

Just to allay the doctor's concern that my beliefs might have been delusional, I stayed on Clozapine for a full six-month trial after being discharged. It was debilitating, as were the strong side effects.

Again, the drug made no difference with my recall and certainty of the earlier events, just as with the previous trials on two other powerful anti-psychotics. See the letter from the doctor at the end of the Preface.

Since I had voluntarily admitted myself into a Psychiatric hospital, my credibility was lessened and I was less of a threat to the opposition. I believe that any sane person would have done the same thing under the observable threat I was under, knowing it would take the Toronto Police days to arrange for protective custody if they did at all.

I noted no obvious surveillance or tails once I came home from the hospital in the early summer of 2010.

September 20, 2010 at 17:45 on rabble.ca, I posted the 2006 telephone recording of the Service Canada employee Julie-Ann G. reporting that the plate 250002 from the van in 2005 had been identified by the RCMP as belonging to a military vehicle.

On the same day at 18:02 Rabble.ca moderators “catchxxx” and “mayxx” froze my active (open) thread, and disabled my account. In private messages it was explained that I had compromised the identity of a government employee, and that this violated a privacy policy of Rabble.

Apparently Rabble editors weighed a government employee's right to privacy as more important than a citizen's right to post part of a voice telephone recording with a government employee as supporting evidence of a federal torture-based interrogation on Canadian soil in 2005.

I had already posted my real name on Rabble in the same thread, in an earlier effort to increase my safety. Therefore I negotiated with Rabble to have my entire five threads removed. This was done within a few days. One false start thread remains.

In October 2010, for the first time I sent an email to a journalist. In the email I mentioned Mitch (then known to me only as “Blondie”) and gave a description of him. About forty-five minutes later, I stepped out onto my front porch and was about to walk my dog east on Montgomery.

Mitch suddenly drove by from the west to the east, very slowly, in a Cadillac. He smiled at me as he went by. The hair rose on my neck. This seemed to confirm what Mitch had promised in the Nov 2005 van torture-interrogation and mind-control event, that I would be under surveillance forever: physical surveillance, not just phone and Internet. Not only that, but this event again indicated Mitch was reading my email in near real-time[\[29\]](#).

Since the RCMP would have the wiretap, this was the first indication they were sharing the intercept with the Joint Task Force in real time. The US Consulate on University Avenue is about 15-20 minutes by car in non-rush hour traffic, and logically where the JTF would reside. I would later

confirm the US Consulate is where Mitch worked. I ceased further contact with journalists for a time after.

[27] Company name obscured

[28] The gun was almost certainly pulled in reaction to a ‘false positive’ perception of a threat.

[29] In the 2015 Oct home invasion, Mitch asserts this was not him, and I had a false positive id of him

CHAPTER 21: 2014 Jun 21 – Scopolamine Aerosol Fog Weapons Test

“Darkness cannot drive out darkness: only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate: only love can do that” - Martin Luther King, Jr.

Over the next four years, I repaired my career. First I worked at an aircraft point-of-sale system vendor for six months on salary. I had a great manager, and established myself as a significant contributor in complex systems analysis, design and programming.

I resigned to take a lucrative contract with the Foreign Exchange department of the computer systems organization of a major Canadian bank. After only a month or two I was promoted to researching a new project, and after prototyping parts, I assisted in writing the requirements and design of the new system with others. Then I team-led the delivery. It was a success. That took me to end of 2012. In 2013 I consulted to a cellular telephone company for part of the year.

I took a break to return to my book project. I also decided to help a city councillor candidate who was also a neighbour. On June 19, 2014, I completed the audio-visual work for councillor candidate's launch party. This lawyer, newspaper columnist, and neighbour impressed me. She had done advocacy work on relations between the police and marginalized communities. It was not my best work. The taping did not go perfectly as the camera shut off right in the middle of the campaign speech.

I had just read “The Art of War,” by Sun Tzu. In this over one-thousand-year-old classic book on military strategy, he writes something like: “If you don't know where your enemies are, you must flush them out by whatever trickery will work.”

I felt confident that I had rebuilt my career and life after the terribly intimidating Bumper-lock surveillance in 2010, which happened after I had posted word-for-word the post-hypnotic, sleeper assassin programs on rabble.ca. The Bumperlock surveillance had driven me into the hospital for safety as I thought I was going to be murdered, the exact intention of this type of surveillance.

In short, after four years, I was feeling a bit cocky as I felt I had recovered my life. I had just completed a major contract for a bank's capital markets department where I led the architecture, design and delivery of a

successful million-dollar project.

I wanted to follow Sun Tzu's advice. I wanted to know how much I was still being targeted in order to know where I stood. I did a "bait test." I pointed my browser to the Russian Consulate web site in Toronto, and navigated to "hours of operation" at 10 PM on June 20. If I were still under surveillance (as they said I would be in 2005), the reaction of the listeners (RCMP, JTF) would indicate how much I was being targeted.

The next morning June 21, the day was briefly normal. My wife arose early and left for work. We had slightly different schedules and I remained asleep in the second floor bedroom of our semi-detached home three blocks from the geographical centre of Canada's largest city. The bedroom faced Montgomery Avenue, a small residential street that ironically was the site of Canada's first rebellion in 1837. The bedroom window was open only a few inches.

I awoke to a male voice: "Matthew, wake up!" Again the voice commanded, "Matthew, get up!" The voice continued, "Get up and walk the dog, Matthew!" These phrases were repeated several times at regular volume, not shouted. The voice sounded familiar. I sat up and looked out the window. No one was on the sidewalk on either side of the street, nor was anyone visible sitting in a parked car.

The voice continued: "Matthew, wake up! Walk the dog." It sounded like Mitch. I knew immediately something was amiss. It was impossible for a soft-spoken voice to enter through the street facing window and be so clearly audible, doubly so since there was no one standing on the street outside. I pulled on my clothes, leashed the dog, and stepped outside to investigate. It was 7:00 AM. I turned left (east) on the public sidewalk and walked towards the public green area in front of Montgomery Apartments only 80 meters away so my dog could do his business.

At about 75 meters I reached the Montgomery Apartments street driveway on the North side of the street. These are rare, quaint, low-rise apartments in a neighbourhood of single-family dwellings and high-rises. I crossed the driveway and continued walking on the public sidewalk.

There was a three-meter area of grass, and then a private sidewalk that ran alongside a parking lot, and led north to the Montgomery Apartments entrance. On one side was a dense hedge, about four feet high and three feet wide and twenty feet long (oriented north-south). Cody, our nine year old family Golden Retriever, sniffed at the hedge and pulled at his leash to

investigate a curious scent. I pulled him back towards the public sidewalk and around the hedge to the public lawn with trees on one side.

As I passed the hedge the same voice started again: “Matthew, this way!” I looked to where the voice came from. It was emanating from the middle of the hedge about three meters to the north. There was no room for a person to hide in that dense hedge, and no sign of anyone sitting when I scanned the top of the hedge. The voice abruptly jumped to a small, perfectly trimmed hedge, about three feet high and eight feet long, running East-West four meters north of the public sidewalk.

In the hundreds of times I had walked the dog in this area, I had never seen this perfectly trimmed hedge before. On the other side of this hedge was yet another parking lot for an adjacent high-rise apartment building.

In the previous week I had seen a round-faced, dark-haired man in his late twenties, with slightly heavy build, perhaps 5’11”, standing beside a van parked in the corner of that parking lot closest to where I now stood. The man had watched me and turned briefly to speak to someone inside the van as I walked by. He had grinned at me and his direct staring startled me because it was out of place. He seemed to enjoy intimidating me. The van was not marked as a service van, and the man was too well dressed to be a tradesman. I now realize this prior visit was to “scope out” the operation.

Behind the new, small, perfectly trimmed hedge was a van parked sideways to the parking lines, so it blocked the view of the area from the apartments to the North and East. It looked like the van I had seen in the week prior. Meanwhile the voice continued: “This way, Matthew, past the tree!”

The ground was uneven and rough with tree roots. I tentatively walked towards the voice. The leash tightened in my hand and Cody would go no further. I was drawn to the voice, but I did not know why. I dropped the leash. I walked to the tree and stopped. Seeing no one, and getting frustrated, I said, “Now what??!!”

“Behind the tree, Matthew. Come around behind the tree.”

To this day I regret and do not understand why I ignored the danger signs. Probably I had fallen into a trance, as it was Mitch, my controller’s voice I heard. I stepped around the tree and was now facing the newly appeared, small, perfectly trimmed hedge.

“Now what?!” I said in a loud voice, feeling frustrated.

A man appeared on his knees facing me, dressed in black. He had just

performed a very rapid and well-executed, “lying-down to crouching-position” military roll. Crouched behind the small hedge he held a black hose with a fire-extinguisher type nozzle pointed at me. The black hose disappeared behind him and led to the van.

A white fog poured out of the nozzle as the man stood up, and the fog continued erupting. I was blinded, and froze. It billowed from the ground to above my head and I could not see anything but fog. I held my breath.

Gradually over about ten seconds the fog sunk to lower than my eyes.

I hoped it was simply a gardener spraying pesticide.

The man-in-black now attempted to step over the small hedge but his right boot went into the hedge. As he pulled at his boot the hedge started to roll forward. He shook his military boot to free it from the hedge.

A real hedge does not appear overnight. A real hedge does not roll forward along its length. The hedge was a fake, mounted on a board.

The military roll, the all-black clothes, military boots, and gas mask were proof enough. I had been purposefully lured with V2K, mind-controlled by hearing a certain voice, and fogged, and it had to be Mitch (JTF). This was an MK-ULTRA chemical weapons test.

Fog blasted all around me forming a cloud. I was holding my breath and feeling stunned. As the fog settled to below my eye level, I recognized Mitch by his body shape.

I said, sarcastically: "Thanks!"

Mitch stepped back from the fog area, back into the parking lot. He pulled off the gas mask from chin to over his head and responded, "Anytime, *Matthew!*" with heavy emphasis on my name, dripping with contempt. This was exactly how the Neumann character on the TV comedy “Seinfeld” used to greet Jerry with “Hello, *Jerry!*”

As I spoke I inhaled some of the aerosol. My eyes, nose, lips and throat burned and I turned to run. My legs became very heavy; I recognized this intoxication effect of Scopolamine from the 2008 USA event, which I had started remembering as flashbacks four years ago in mid-2010.

This was the first time I had been dosed by an aerosol fog of anything. I would later learn that NASA had developed an aerosol of Scopolamine in 2013 “for medical purposes.” I would argue they developed a chemical weapon for no good reason.

The intolerable risk of criminals spraying an aerosol into an innocent person’s face and then mind-controlling them to things against their interests

had been ignored all to provide an alternate dosing technique for the limited medical uses of this deadly Nightshade plant family drug.

Since this was only a year after NASA announced its new product, I may have been a Guinea Pig tester for the US Military on the outdoor effectiveness of Scopolamine fog delivery. Would it work or would it kill the subject?

I had just said “Thanks” to Mitch and accidentally inhaled a bit of the fog. I literally could not breathe, almost as if my diaphragm was anesthetised. I could feel consciousness slipping. I knew I had only seconds before I was unconscious. I turned and jogged south towards the most public piece of grass nearby which was in front of Montgomery Apartments. Time slowed down.

Jumping the real hedge in front of Montgomery Apartments was not an option as my legs were so heavy and the hedge was tall. I reached the public sidewalk and skirted this hedge to the public grass on the other west side where I collapsed face down. I had covered the twenty-foot distance without taking a breath since my first inhale of the aerosol. I fell unconscious.

The next thing I felt was my lips and nose being licked by a long, floppy, wet tongue. I opened my eyes and took a breath. Cody, our Golden Retriever had revived me briefly by licking my lips and nose, as a mother dog does to her puppies at birth to get them to breathe. After one or two breaths I went unconscious again.

The next time I awoke, Cody was gone. I briefly raised my hand and waved for help saying, “I can’t breathe, I can’t breathe!” before I fell unconscious again.

The final time I awoke a man in his late twenties with dark hair was standing over me, videotaping me with his smart phone. “Have you been drinking?” he asked

“No,” I replied.

“What are you doing then?”

“I am walking my dog.”

“Where is your dog?”

“I don’t know.” I lifted my head and looked around. I sat up and shouted “Cody! Cody!”.

I saw Cody running towards me from a point about 2/3 of the way to our house and about 80 meters west. His leash was dragging behind him. The videotaping man narrated, “Here is the dog coming now, trailing his

leash,” as he aimed the camera at Cody running towards us. Cody was very happy to see me and licked my face and hands.

“Has this happened before?” the man asked.

“No,” I said.

“You should go home and rest,” the man said.

“Yes, I will go home and sleep now” I said compliantly. Intoxicated on Scopolamine one does whatever they are told. I grabbed the leash, stood up and led Cody home. Once inside I took off his leash and went straight to bed. Upon waking up a few hours later I had no memory of the event.

It took three days to start having flashbacks that started with being twiggled every time I walked Cody by the site of the event. Within five days I had full recall. As with the other events I reported this one to the Toronto Police Services. They noted it was odd the person did not suggest I seek medical attention, or even call 9-1-1 for me. I agreed.

About a week or two later, Cody started limping. After a few days we were concerned and called the vet but since there was no obvious fracture it was deemed low priority and the appointment was set for about five days later. After another three days Cody stopped limping, and tragically we cancelled the appointment. We have since learned that dogs instinctually hide their injuries, and will adjust to not limp.

A few months later a large bump formed on his ankle. Tests were done and the vet announced he had bone cancer. An x-ray indicated Cody had a previous injury to his anklebone.



The vet said in front of another witness, “In this breed bone cancer starts in the knee not the ankle. This prior injury is where the inflammation started that caused the bone cancer. It looks about four or five months old.” That was in October. Four months would have been June when the Scopolamine Fog test occurred.

When Cody licked my lips and nose to get me to breathe, as I lay helpless on the grass after being gassed by the Scopolamine Fog, he interfered with the JTF’s MK-ULTRA chemical weapons test. They needed to test if the fog would kill me or not. Likely they want to use this fog on peaceful protesters. It looks like they hit him in the ankle with a metal rod or gun barrel so he would flee for his life, which he did. His thick fur coat had masked the resulting injury.

In the voice-to-skull (V2K) transmission that woke me up just before the test, I was instructed to walk the dog so they were expecting the dog’s presence and would have had a suitable weapon ready. No dog, especially a Golden Retriever, voluntarily leaves their owner unconscious, not breathing on the grass, especially after successfully reviving them once. Below is a photo of our shrine to Cody, a very loving and loyal Golden Retriever.



CHAPTER 22: 2014 Jul 9 – Poison Marker Weapons Test Trap

“Citizens of the democratic societies should undertake a course of intellectual self defense to protect themselves from manipulation and control, and to lay the basis for meaningful democracy.” – Noam Chomsky, [*Necessary Illusions: Thought Control in Democratic Societies*](#)

I could have had American citizenship at 18 but I declined. My American lineage goes back to 1630 when the "John and Mary" arrived from Scotland, where my ancestor John P. came from the lowlands.

Once I recovered my trauma-dissociated memory of being gassed on Canadian soil by Special Forces of our closest ally, the country my parents were born in, I was shocked and degraded.

I felt I needed to do some symbolic act to regain my dignity.

On July 9, 2014 I performed twenty minutes of street theatre by playing loud rock music in my car with windows down while parked across the street from the back entrance of the US Consulate. A security guard pointed me out to another guard, and one of them went inside. Fifteen minutes later, two marked police cars drove slowly by but did not talk to me even though I was parked at a stop sign with engine running.

I drove home about five minutes later. Two watchers in different cars appeared on Montgomery Avenue. One was on Montgomery Avenue near the site of the Scopolamine Fog test; the other was in the parking lot near where the fake bush was laid out during the experiment. When I walked towards them with a walking stick (this is legal) they drove away.

An hour later there was a new car. An athletic looking man with a professionally calm but serious demeanour in a red car, seen in the [video\[30\]](#), had left his passenger side window all the way down, tempting me to poke my walking stick inside, which I would never do.

He would have grabbed and pulled the stick in, and with my arm within reach he would have swiped the poison marker pen on my skin. I read in the CIA invented this covert, lethal weapon for agents to build across enemy lines in the 1950s. The agent needs only a marker pen, some DMXX (a liquid that penetrates biological membranes immediately), and an indigenous plant or animal poison to mix it with.

In the video notice the poison-laden marker is held in his teeth, cap end

first for a quick draw. There is no paper visible in the video. The agent lowers his arms once I pass by. Later that evening he jogged back and forth in front of my house in the pouring rain for a full hour, soaked, holding up an umbrella, just to demonstrate his athleticism and to intimidate.

One might ask “Why the exotic weapon?” MK-ULTRA has always had not just mind-control, but chemical, biological and radiological weapons experiments. Since the RCMP is supporting this work, there must be an agreement between Canada and the USA. It’s reasonable to assume that since mind-control experimentation is permitted, which involves torture and drugs, that they also allow weapons testing, as MK-ULTRA projects allowed in the past.

CICA is likely not allowed to overtly assassinate a test subject. They must instead test a fatal weapon on the test subject to adhere to the agreement. It is still an assassination, as the target is being murdered for political reasons, they have become a whistle blower. The poison in this particular pen was probably a new type. Thankfully I did not fall for the trap.

It turns out puffing one’s chest at Godzilla is not such a good idea.

In the January 2015 home invasion Mitch confirmed my analysis about the poison marker pen with: "You figured all that out huh?"

In a later home invasion not in this book timeline Mitch negotiated with me to change the Facebook post of the single-frame picture to non-public visibility, while I was torture-trauma dissociated and high-dosed on Scopolamine. He explained the clandestine officer in the red car could not work as long as his picture was publicly available according to ‘the rules’ of their employer.

[30] <https://www.facebook.com/matthew.pauley99/videos/vb.100003146953870/627035507411342/?type=2&theater>

CHAPTER 23: 2014 Q3 – Busting a US JTF Covert Operation

“The two most important days in your LIFE are the day you are BORN and the day you find out WHY.” – Mark Twain

A Mercedes Benz 2500 Sprinter, all black van appeared parked at the “perch” outside my house at about 9 PM. A perch is a counter-surveillance term describing the closest place where physical surveillance is run, as close as possible to your residence, or even your workplace. The most frequently used perch for watching me was on street parking on the north side of Montgomery Avenue, about two addresses east of my house.

I found this presence unnerving. Looking through the windshield I saw a three panel, fold-down divider behind the driver and passenger bucket seats blocking my view to the large rear of this two-ton van. I looked in the driver’s side window and saw a six-inch LCD color computer display with rows of numbers being updated in real time.

It would be foolish to have that computer display draining the battery if there were not officers in the rear of that van at that moment. I photographed the van, and the display. The photo of the display did not show the numbers legibly as the LCD display was specially designed so that off-angle viewing is distorted.

The van was parked under a streetlight. I know all my neighbours, and they know me as the guy that has knocked on their door giving out the resident’s association newsletter. Most neighbours know me personally. The houses were originally built in about 1929, so there are no garages out front like in the suburbs. The living rooms look out on to the street. The chances were good that I would not be shot by the US military on the street.

I decided this was a rare opportunity to make a statement that I would not tolerate a two-ton surveillance van full of Special Forces watching my house. I walked up to the five-foot wide sliding door facing the sidewalk. I wound up a back fist using my right arm and with significant force delivered the back fist strike into the center of the sliding door producing a loud “BANG!” that echoed off of the front of the nearest houses.

From inside the van I heard a “thud,” followed by a shout of “NOOO!!!” in what was remarkably similar to Mitch’s voice. I walked

home.

My interpretation is that the tall JTF officer from the July 9 Assassination Trap event had pulled out his weapon and was about to leap outside and shoot me, but Mitch ordered him to stand down, knowing there was no imminent risk to justify it. Such an action would have terminated his MK-ULTRA Monarch research subject in Toronto that he had spent a lot of time and money on.

Then I went to my computer and looked up the number for the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS) to report a National Security Threat. I called and told them I had a van full of US Military Special Forces out front doing surveillance and that they were likely armed. I pointed out that they had set an Assassination Trap for me on July 9, and that I was a non-consensual MK-ULTRA test subject. They said the usual thing, "If you are in danger, contact your local police." The call lasted one minute or less.

By the time I returned to the front window, the van had pulled away. I have no doubt they heard every word of that phone call. Mission accomplished.

Twenty-four hours later, the motion-detector floodlight on my back deck was dead. Replacing the floodlights made no difference. I tested the circuitry with a multi-meter. The power to the light sockets was gone. Only the motion detector red LED was lit. Either this was an incredible coincidence, or sabotage payback by the JTF for causing their hearts to flutter when I hit their surveillance van and caused a loud "BANG" as they huddled in silent mode knowing I was just outside.

I posted to Facebook a quick summary of the sabotage and let the JTF know I will add the \$69.95 + tax replacement cost of the motion-detector light to the millions of dollars I will be seeking in compensation someday.

That posting and the posting with the photo of the van, and the headliner mounted LCD display inside the van were all deleted, during a home invasion by Mitch a few months later, in January of 2015.

CHAPTER 24: 2015 Jan – Home Invasion-Search for a Double- Agent

“Peace cannot be kept by force; it can only be achieved by understanding” -
Albert Einstein

My wife had left for work at about 7:00 AM, early as usual, on a winter morning, and I was asleep. I awoke to the sound of Mitch’s voice from behind me as I lay on my stomach with my face on my pillow facing away from him. “What, no alarm system, Matthew?”

“It was costing money each month, and we knew you’d get through it anyway.”

“You figured that out, huh?”

I heard the “SHHHHH” sound of a spray can and it was just enough to intoxicate me without knocking me unconscious. I recognized the cognitive blunting effects of Nightshade.

This was the first time I had been dosed by Scopolamine via an aerosol spray can. Given I had been a test subject back in June 2014, I may have been among the first test subjects for the aerosol spray can, too.

I had no free will now that I was intoxicated with Scopolamine.

Mitch asked, “Matthew, where is the alarm system central panel?”

“In the south bedroom closet.”

He left the bedroom and called out from the south bedroom: “Why are all the lights off?”

“Because it’s unplugged,” I yelled back.

“Come here and show me!”

I got up, walked in to the south bedroom, and pointed to the power bar where the alarm power adapter lay unplugged. “See -- we disconnected it a month ago to save money.”

He pulled out a smart phone and took a photograph of the alarm system panel that had the manufacturer name label on it. Satisfied, he led me back to the middle bedroom and told me to lie down.

I lay down on my stomach on the bed[\[31\]](#). Mitch now had one knee in the middle of my back, and the other on the back of my arm on the elbow, which was painfully hyperextended into the soft mattress. “Ow, ow, ow!” I screamed.

“You’re hurting me!!”

“I know I am hurting you,” Mitch replied in an unemotional monotone voice.

“Ow, ow, stop!” I shouted. Thinking that he might value my Russian Martial Art training I shouted, “You’ll screw up my training!”

“You won’t let that happen!”

The excruciating pain continued and within one minute I dissociated.

“Matthew, you are a lucky man. You know those videos you have on your YouTube channel, the Russian Martial Art ones?”

“Yes,” I replied in the compliant tone.

“I watched them all!” he said. “You are so fucking lucky to be training with him!”

“Yes, I know.”

Now Mitch started to apply no-mark torture, using a joint manipulation.

“Oow!” I screamed in pain.

“Did your Russian trainer program you Matthew?”

“No, he did not.”

Mitch applied pain again.

“Ahhhhh No!!”

“Come on, Matthew, what did he do when you told him about me?”

“Nothing, I told him only some of what I’ve posted on Facebook.”

“What was his response?”

“He did not want to talk about it. If I talked more than five minutes, he would kick me out of his office.”

“He’s a smart man,” said Mitch. “Is there a Russian accented voice in your head Matthew?” he demanded, as he applied more pain.

“No. That hurts!” I shouted.

He applied more pain, “Come on, Matthew, is there a Russian-accented controller in there?”

“No, I swear no.”

He kept this up for about half a dozen times, using pain each time from joint-manipulations (elbow, shoulder, fingers) to ensure my compliance with a truthful answer. I would shout in pain. “No, stop!” Finally he stopped, satisfied I had not become a double-sleeper-agent.

“I have not seen your body in a few years, Matthew. Turn over so I can take a look, but before you do my face will be uncovered, but you will not

see my face. Instead you will see a black region where my face is, you will not see my face, and you will not remember it,” Mitch said. “Now turn over,” he commanded.

I sleep wearing only my underwear and I turned over. Mitch’s face lit up, “Wow, you’re bigger than the last time I saw you,” as he noticed what a year’s worth of training can do. “Look at you!” he exclaimed noticing significant core, chest, shoulder and arm muscle development.

“Now sit up Matthew, I have a something special for you.”

“What is it?” I asked as Mitch pulled out a needle from his knapsack.

“Its special, Matthew. It’s called Adrenochrome. Have you heard of it?”

“I think I’ve heard of it,” I said, although I recognized only the adreno part of the name.

“No, Matthew you’ve never heard of this,” he said almost chuckling, knowing how rare a drug it is, and how eager a subject is to please the mind-controller. He knew I was stretching the truth.

As I sat on the edge of the bed, he grabbed my left arm, found a vein opposite my elbow, inserted the needle and pressed the plunger.

“Now turn over on your hands and knees.”

I did as he said. In that moment, I remember exclaiming, “Oh my God!”. This was unlike any drug I had ever experienced. There was a sudden mind-altering effect, not unlike a spiritual, ‘in touch with the universe’ type of feeling.

“You know what it’s made from?” Mitch asked. “They make it from dead people, Matthew.”

That was horrible news. I was speechless.

“I’m going to pull these down,” Mitch said, as he slid my underpants off. Not since I was eight years old had been raped, then by a family ‘friend’. Dissociated to the compliant ‘sex slave’ Beta alter, I had no ability to stop what Mitch was doing.

He said, “I can tell by the length of hair on your legs, that you’ve trimmed your back side hair. Did you do that for me?” he asked.

“No, that was for cleanliness,” I responded, surprised he would expect me to predict the rape, and to wilfully make it easier by trimming the area.

As he started to enter me he said, “You’re my Russian Beta.” Mid-way through he was having trouble and asked, “Give me something to work with here. Can you flex your back muscles?” I flexed my back muscles and he

accelerated.

When he was done he kissed me on an area where my back muscles were most pronounced, and then pulled out and said "I'll be back in one second," as he left for the bathroom down the hall.

In two minutes, I heard him say, "Nice bathroom." The bathroom has a marble sink and floor tiles.

"My wife designed it," I replied in the Beta alter. He wiped my backside once and took the tissue back to the bathroom and I heard a flush. Then Mitch returned and said, "You know if you tell anyone I will kill you, right?"

"Yah, I know that," I replied.

Mitch stood over me, consulting notes on his smart phone. He had clearly read all of my Facebook postings.

"Matthew you wrote 'Blondie is a SADIST'. You got the emphasis wrong, 'I AM a sadist.'"

"Right, OK."

"Matthew, stop calling me Blondie in your writing, I don't like it. Use Mitch as my first name." He continued reading.

"Matthew, I am 5'11 inches tall, not 5'10."

"OK," I said.

"My eyes are Blue, not Blue-Green."

"OK."

"Also, I am not from the Virginias, I'm from Oklahoma."

"Oklahoma, really?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" (Having grown up on the prairies I recognized his defensiveness about growing up in the mostly rural part of his country.)

"Nothing, it's just that's where my father did his graduate thesis with First Nations," I clarified.

"Matthew, my friends say I look like Michael Phelps, the Olympic swimmer." He must have wanted to be remembered correctly, to be famous?

Then he got really personal, "When is your son leaving to study abroad?"

"What does that matter?" I asked.

"Never mind, tell me when!"

"Around February 15," I replied.

"But what is the exact date?"

“I am not certain, but it’s within two days after that date.”

“You don’t even know when your son is leaving to study abroad?”

“I did not make the reservations, so I don’t know the exact date.”

Mitch persisted, “Never mind I’ll find it myself, was the reservation on Quantas?”

“Yes, probably,” I replied.

“Matthew, remember you wrote on Facebook you thought I lived in a condo?”

“Yes.”

“I live in an apartment, Matthew,” he said.

“Really?”

“Matthew, the military doesn’t pay well.”

“What part of town?” I asked tentatively.

After a pause he said, “In the Annex,” an area in downtown Toronto adjacent to the University of Toronto and full of large, old, redbrick homes rented out mostly to students.

“I don’t have the things that you have, Matthew, like a house, a family, good-paying job skills.”

“That doesn’t seem right,” I replied.

“You know people think you’re crazy wearing that bullet proof vest. Why do you think I’m going to kill you?”

“Last July you sent that tall JTF officer in a red car with a poison marker pen just after I scared away the two followers you sent after I played loud music outside the US Consulate.”

He said, “You figured that all out huh?”

I had read online the CIA developed the poison pen in the 1950s so an agent could make a lethal weapon across enemy lines with a bit of DMXX and a local plant or animal poison.

“Why did you send an assassin?”

“Matthew, you were coming after my guys with a stick while wearing a bullet proof vest!”

“I was walking down the sidewalk with a walking stick, it’s legal. I would not have hurt them.”

“It was a Kung Fu stick!” Mitch exclaimed and repeated, “You were coming after my guys!”

He moved on.

“Matthew, why do you drive around often with your windows down

playing loud rock music?”

“I don’t do it all the time. I want people to notice and remember me in case my car is in a staged accident with a semi-tractor or blows up a block later.”

“What you did on June 20 last year -- Matthew, you really surprised me with that.”

The night before the Scopolamine Fog test of June 21, 2014, I had navigated my browser to the Russian Consulate web site, specifically to the ‘Hours of Operation’ link as a bait test. How they responded would indicate the extent of my targeting.

Being gassed with a fog of Scopolamine the following morning was a positive test result that my RCMP wiretap was being shared in real-time to the US Consulate, the third such positive bait test over the past decade since November 2005.

“Matthew, you know how you wrote on Facebook that you thought my father might have been German and came to America in 1945 in ‘Project Paperclip’?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“It was not my father, it was my Grandfather. Everything I have done to you, he did to me.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” I replied in my Beta-conditioned sex-slave alter, which is compliant, and even sympathetic to the torturer-controller.

Mitch went on, “We both have blond hair and blue eyes. Your grandfather is German, Matthew. We could be brothers.”

My grandfather was a lawyer and then for over twenty-five years a Judge in Antrim County, Michigan. Never in the times I visited, all as a child, did he ever make intolerant remarks. He was not a Nazi, only a staunch Republican.

“You’re not my brother!”

“Matthew, I want you to write in your book that I was only five years old when my grandfather got his hands on me, maybe younger,”

“Oh, that’s terrible, I’m sorry! Okay.”

“I want you to contrast that with the age of Omar Khadr when he entered Guantanamo Bay at fifteen years old,” he commanded, adding: “Everyone seems to have sympathy for that guy.”

“OK,” I replied.

“Matthew, I want you to use the term... no --“ He paused, and then

continued. “Yes, I want you to use the term ‘Geneva Conventions’ about me.”

“OK, I will.”

“Matthew, do you have problems with any major organs, like your heart for example?”

“No, well, I do have a slightly dialled Aorta.”

“What’s that exactly?” Mitch demanded.

“Nothing really, it’s just a connective tissue problem I have, similar to Marfan’s Syndrome, so I have a slightly dilated Aorta.”

“Dilated Aorta, huh....” Mitch said.[\[32\]](#)

Mitch was likely looking for health vulnerabilities to exploit for a plausibly deniable assassination. Many intelligence agencies have all manner of poisons to cause heart attacks for example. The drugs are designed not to show up on routine blood tests when a person is admitted for a fatal heart attack.

MK Experiment #1 – Mind-control subject to suicide

“Matthew, that anti-depressant you take is bad for you. You have to stop taking that. You have to get off that stuff.” He repeated this order with slightly different wording about six times. “Matthew, you have to get off of the anti-depressant, it’s bad for you.”

Then he said, “And Matthew, when things get bad and too much to take, just go down to one of those piers on Lake Ontario.”

“You mean like the one on Cherry Street by the sugar refinery?” I asked.

“Sure, that will do, just find the longest one you can, and just walk off the end, Matthew, and it will all end painlessly, there will be no more pain.”

“OK.”

“Matthew, how much time do you need to finish your book?”

“Two or three months,” I replied, not realizing I’d have so much PTSD illness following the home invasion that I’d be unable to write for months.

“I can give you six months Matthew, no more,” he answered.

“That’s plenty of time,” I responded, optimistically.

“One more thing, stay OFF Facebook!”

“OK,” I replied, but I knew this would be impossible; this was not a totalitarian country. We have free speech as a fundamental right.

“Matthew, on Facebook you wrote: ‘Next time he tries to pick me up it

will get messy.' What did you mean by that? Do you have a knife Matthew?"

I truthfully said, "No."

"Come on Matthew, do you have any knives?" he asked, applying torturous pain with a joint manipulation.

"No, I don't have any knives!"

He applied more pain.

"No, I swear I don't have a knife!"

"Come on, Matthew -- do you have any knives?"

"The only knives are in the kitchen."

"Then what did you mean by that statement?"

"I meant I would resist."

There was perhaps one second of silence as I willed myself to resist.

Even in my dissociated state, I remembered promising myself during martial arts study that I would resist next time Mitch attacked. I also remembered my martial arts study.

Suddenly I started violently rocking Mitch off my back, left, right, left, right. I felt a blunt hard object pressed against the back of my skull. I froze.

"Do you know what this is, Matthew?" he asked in a deadly serious tone.

"Yes, it's all shiny," I remembered him pulling out his all-chromed handgun in the 2005 event. "That's right, you remember! I ought to blow you away right now," Mitch said in a clipped, stressed voice.

There were a few terrifying moments of silence as Mitch decided his next move. Then he got off me, and I heard a "click" (safety on.) At first I thought it was the trigger but the bullet would be in my brain before I heard the click of the trigger. I heard the "SSSHHHHHHHH" sound of the spray can of Scopolamine behind me.

I turned my head back from the pillow and called out, "You Bastard!" not knowing if I would ever wake up.

MK Experiment #2 – Measure how long a subject can be mind-controlled to forget a threat to the health of his family

On awakening I was tortured until I dissociated into the Beta (compliant) alter once again.

Mitch said, "Come with me," as he led me downstairs to the kitchen. I was looking around. "No, come here and watch me." He held the microwave

door open. He pulled out a penknife and peeled the corner of the polycarbonate film off the inside of the door glass.

As he started to peel it back with his fingers, I protested, "But that protects us from radiation!"

"No, trust me, you don't need this," and he continued peeling it off in one piece. "Trust me, you do not need this." When he was done I offered to put the film in the recycling bin and he said, "No, I will take it," to hide the evidence.

Then he said "Repeat after me: I will not remember this," and I did. "Keep repeating that over and over."

I kept repeating, "I will not remember this," over and over, as I was high on Scopolamine, and torture-trauma dissociated.

Next Mitch led me to my computer on the dining room table. "Sit down, log in. Open your book," he ordered and I opened the book in MS Word on my MacBook Pro. "Show me the chapter on the USA event."

I did.

"Now delete it Matthew, all of that chapter."

"Why?" I asked.

Just do it!"

I selected the entire chapter, and deleted it. "Now, let's go through the other versions," he said. "Choose two old versions to keep, and delete the rest," he said.

I did.

"Now open each of the backup versions, and delete the same chapter," he said. One by one I did.

"Show me the pictures on your phone," Mitch said.

I pulled out my phone, entered the pass code, and choose the photo application. "Find the pictures you took of my Mercedes surveillance van last fall in front of your house," he said. I pulled up the several photos of the van (the one I hit with a backfist.) "Do you have iPhone backups?"

"No," I said, and added, "It was getting complicated as I retired an old machine and the iPhone refused to back up to a new one."

"What no iPhone backups Matthew? Tisk, tisk...Delete the van pictures, Matthew."

"But why?" I asked.

"It's not allowed, Matthew, delete them," he said.

I deleted them.

“What about the picture of the data display?” he said, knowing I had one since I had posted it on Facebook. I showed him the picture. “Delete that too,” he said.

“But the display writing is not visible!” I protested.

“It does not matter, delete it, Matthew,” and I did.

“Log on to Facebook. “Go back on your timeline to last fall where you posted the van pictures,” he ordered.

It took a few minutes of paging backwards but I found the post.

“Delete the post, Matthew,” he ordered. I deleted it.

MK Experiment #3 – Mind-control subject to almost harm a loved one upon hearing an audio signal

He led me back upstairs to the bedroom and had me lie down. Then he said, “Matthew, repeat the following ten times over: ‘When I hear the air horn sounded twice below my bedroom window, I will squeeze my wife’s neck for ten seconds, and then let go.’”

“You are not going to strangle her, just squeeze her neck for ten seconds, enough to interrupt her breathing,” he clarified. “Now repeat it!”

I did. He counted for me as I repeated it about ten times.

“Matthew, stop. Now I want you to listen to this air horn.” He pulled out an air horn from his bag.

“Listen, I’m only going to sound it once.”

He tooted a hand held air horn once so I would know the pitch and tone.

Within two weeks, in the middle of the night he sounded the air horn twice below my bedroom window. Upon barely grasping my wife's neck with one hand while in a hypnotic trance, I heard her shouting "Matthew!!" and I stopped, and fell back asleep.

She told me what happened in the morning. I believe the intent of this was not just an MK-ULTRA experiment, but to establish a pattern of homicidal violence so useful in a last resort. A staged murder-suicide would silence this whistle blower, and take out his family as collateral damage.

[31] As with any of the events involving dissociation, the order in which the events happened while dissociated is difficult to pin down and may be presented here slightly out of order.

[32] Confirmed with a Dr. N., a Doctor of Genetics at North York General Hospital in November 2015 that I do not have Marfan’s syndrome. A follow up heart ultrasound indicated this minor aorta dilation did not increase since it was first detected years ago. There is no risk.

CHAPTER 25: 2015 Jan - MK-ULTRA experiments and consequences

“If someone thinks that peace and love are just a cliché that must have been left behind in the 60s, that's a problem. Peace and love are eternal.” - John Lennon

MK Experiment #4 – Mind control subject to keep doing a location-based behaviour and measure how long this overrides their fear of an introduced tailored-threat

Mitch's last item in the January home invasion was to start a 'community based' MK-ULTRA mind control experiment.

“Matthew, you know that gas station you buy your cigarettes at?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“Say its name.”

“Petro-Canada at Eglinton and Avenue Road.”

“That's a good place to buy smokes, you should keep buying your cigarettes there.”

“OK,” I said. He repeated the instruction again *five* times in the next three minutes while I was intoxicated with Scopolamine, and torture-trauma dissociated to the passive Beta alter.

Starting near the end of the first week of January 2015 the Petro-Canada gas station and convenience store on the southeast corner of Eglinton and Avenue Road had their window shot at. It started with one hole.

I preferred buying my cigarettes there as I had come to know the owner. He was about my age. He grew up in Montreal. He was a conscientious small business owner, always trying to improve his large convenience store with an A&W Burger co-location and gas station. He was always giving tips to his staff on how to do their jobs better. He had shared with me his plans to open a video vending machine a few months earlier, and his intentions to make a seating area, which he did.

I was impressed with his drive and attention to his staff and business. When I saw a bullet hole in his window facing Eglinton, I was dumbfounded. This area has the lowest rate of violent crime in Toronto. There were no drug dealers hanging around on corners. It did not fit.

Since I bought one pack of cigarettes at a time, I would be in there almost every day. After a day or two another bullet hole appeared in the window. Then another appeared about a day later. There were nearly ten bullet holes when I sat down with the owner and asked him about it.

He pointed out he had met with the police several times, and he had a binder with plastic encased pages detailing steps to follow when it happened. He flipped through the pages to show me how prepared he was, how committed he was to helping the police find the shooter. I felt sorry for his staff, and him. Who would do such a thing to his employees and his business?

Then one day I used the self-service coffee bar to get a coffee, which faced the window. As I reached forward to drop an empty sugar packet into the hole in the counter that was for garbage I noticed a bullet sitting right beside it.

It was copper coloured, with a silver coloured scratch near the front running at an angle to the length axis for the first half of the bullet. The rounded front of the bullet was flattened about 3 mm perhaps from going through several panes of thick glass. I was stunned and a bit terrified.

Mitch knew I was afraid of guns as during a Scopolamine, torture-trauma dissociation event he interrogated me about things I was afraid of. My fear was from having a loaded, .22 calibre rifle, with safety-off, pointed at my heart by an unbalanced eleven-year-old in British Columbia when I was about eight years old. The boy said, "You know if I pull this trigger you are dead."

This was a small calibre bullet. It may have been a bit larger than a .22 but it was not as big as a .38. I was shocked and fearful. I walked over to the counter where the young male cashier was serving a line-up three or four deep of people. I walked towards the cashier counter and said, "Come here and see this."

I walked back to the coffee area, spread my hands wide above the counter, and said, "Look at this." There were a few sugar and coffee creamer containers lying about with sugar spilled on the stainless steel countertop, and the bullet.

The cashier from ten feet away said, "Oh that, don't worry I'll clean that up in a few minutes," and he turned away and returned to serving the waiting line up of about five customers waiting to buy gas, lottery tickets, and cigarettes. He must not have seen the small bullet. He must have thought

I was complaining about the counter not being in a clean state.

A few days later I met with the owner and explained finding the bullet, and the staff failing to understand what I was drawing their attention to.

Since I reported seeing the bullet on the counter to the staff, the owner said the police were told I'd seen a bullet. The police never interviewed me.

I believe the purpose of Mitch's MK-ULTRA experiment #4 of the January home invasion was to frighten me with a threat matching my fear to measure how long before the mind-control to keep attending the location would wear-off once a tailored threat was introduced.

It was a significant coincidence that in the weeks following Mitch's programming to keep buying my cigarettes at the very same gas station and convenience store that these were repeatedly shot up by a professional that despite nearly ten shots never seemed to be caught.

I told the police that Mitch had almost certainly had been the shooter. The police are not trained to deal with Special Forces black ops. Without evidence they assume the complainant must be delusional and even a suspect. They did not even appear to even make a note.

MK Experiment #1 Result

In the weeks following I found myself compelled to stop taking the anti-depressant. I explained to my wife that I needed to go off it. She disagreed. I started ramping down the dosage anyway.

She insisted I meet with my family doctor. I told him:

"I want to stop taking my anti-depressant."

"Why?" my doctor asked.

"I don't know why exactly, I just think it's time I stopped," I said and then added, "Mitch said I should stop taking it."

Dr. B. is one of the few family doctors that have witnessed a MK-ULTRA Monarch mind-controlled patient under mind control.

He asked, "Mitch?"

"Yes, the American JTF mind-control guy I told you about that home invaded in January; the one who was in the 2005, 2007, 2008 events, etcetera."

He asked, "Does it occur to you that you're being mind-controlled right now?"

"No, I just think I need to stop it."

He did not approve but could not stop me.

The abrupt self-tapering off the medication that followed ended with me admitting myself, upon my wife's insistence, into a hospital for three days in late February, 2015 to get my dosage back up to the point where I felt normal again.

I conclude that an MK-ULTRA test subject in a strong marriage is less likely to fall prey to implanted self-destructive programs.

The doctor that admitted me, a Dr. M., said she had never heard of MK-ULTRA or Dr. Ewen Cameron. I pointed out Dr. Cameron was once head of the Canadian, American, and World Psychiatric Associations.

She did not flinch and said, "I have been 38 years a Psychiatrist, and I'm telling you mind-control does not exist. To think it does exist is delusional and I could have you formed (involuntarily committed) for that." It's scandalous that the Psychiatric profession keeps its own members in the dark about the professions involvement in MK-ULTRA mind-control research.

Instead I voluntarily entered the hospital for three days to resume my anti-depressant.

MK Experiment #2 Result

Regarding the RF-blocking film being removed from my microwave oven, it took nearly six months for the mind-control to wear off.

For some reason, nearly six months later, I bought a good microwave RF meter (\$250) and measured about a 250% increase in microwave leakage compared to a neighbour's microwave with film intact, same brand, same wattage. Upon seeing our oven had been tampered with (no RF blocking film on inside glass of door), I started to recall what happened.

Since it was my wife who stood in front of the microwave oven in the six months following the tampering, it was she who absorbed the excessive microwave leakage. The short-term effects were nightmares, and some depression. Most disturbing was that Mitch was now targeted my family in his mind-control experiments. We don't know the long-term effects.

We unplugged the microwave but kept it as evidence. After reading about how the negative impacts of microwave ovens on the nutrition of food, we decided not to replace it.

The oak shelf in the kitchen that used to house the microwave has been converted to a shrine for Cody, the loyal Golden Retriever who was mortally injured for starting his owner breathing again.

MK Experiment #3 Result

My dear wife was frightened the night Mitch triggered the hypnotic behaviour by blasting an air horn beneath our window twice and I grabbed her neck with one hand. I was shocked and angry that Mitch targeted my family. I was also shocked that a violent mind-control program could be triggered by a non-verbal, audio-signal.

MK Experiment #4 Result

All of the 18-22 year old gas station/convenience store employees, about five, were traumatized. Who would not be traumatized working at the counter with your back to a window that was getting regularly penetrated by bullets? Some will have needed counselling. I expect some quit.

The business owner was affected psychologically, and financially by staff turnover.

I stopped buying cigarettes there when I realized it was me the shots were for.

CHAPTER 26: 2015 Jan - Road trip to Hell

“War is over ... If you want it.” - John Lennon

One early January early evening, Mitch home invaded and took me for a ride. I have a third party confirmation (a bank) of an activity that occurred, so I know it was January 2015.

Scopolamine had been sprayed on me in my sleep. I awoke to Mitch torturing me with no-mark joint manipulations. I dissociated, i.e. my dominant personality went to sleep. I was in the compliant Beta alter.

“Matthew what would you do if I came in the middle of the night, and you heard me?”

“I would go out the South bedroom window,” I said without hesitation, as I’d already come up with the plan.

“But you’d fall,” Mitch said.

“No, there is a slanted rooftop there. I’d jump on the neighbours roof, and keep jumping a few houses before dropping down.” My neighbourhood is semi-detached houses, with about three feet between rooftops.

“What about your shoes?”

“I don’t need shoes, I’d go barefoot,” I said.

“You’d do that?” Mitch asked, and then answered his own question, “You would do that wouldn’t you?” he said smiling.

“Yes I would.”

“Matthew, put your pants, shirt and socks on. We’re going downstairs,” he said. I dressed while he waited.

Mitch motioned for me to walk in front of him. I reached the main floor front hallway.

“Now put on your shoes Matthew. We are going out for a ride, I will bring you back after.” “Ah, OK,” I said tentatively. I sat down on the footstool in the front hallway, tied up my shoes and then stood up and said, “I’m ready.”

Mitch paused for a moment, smiled and said, “Its cold outside Matthew, put on your coat,” as you would say to a child. I put on my coat.

“Matthew, we are going to get into my van just out front.”

“I am going to walk first, and you are going to follow behind me. I’ll open the side door for you but once you get in, you’re going to slide it closed behind you. There is a handle just inside the door.” This plan would give the

appearance of a voluntary departure to any neighbours or passers by.

“Do you understand?”

“Got it,” I said.

We stepped outside and I locked the door. I walked behind Mitch to the van parked right out front. He opened the sliding door and I got in.

I fumbled for the handle, and Mitch pointed and said, “Its hard to find, do you want some help?”

“I got it,” I said slightly annoyed at being treated like a child. I closed the door.

The van was already running. The van pulled away within seconds. I was riding in the first bench of a van, middle seat, and Mitch was seated in the front passengers seat. Someone else was driving but they had a hood on so I could not see the back of their head.

“Matthew, I need your cell phone.”

I passed it to him.

“Turn your pockets inside out,” he commanded.

I did, revealing only my keys and some coins.

Mitch asked, “Do you have anything tucked in your socks?”

“No,” I said.

“I have to see, pull up your pant legs so I can have a look,” he commanded. Oddly I felt hurt he didn’t believe me.

I pulled up my pant legs, and pushed my feet forward “See!” I said. I knew Mitch wanted to see if I was hiding a weapon or a recording device.

There was no conversation as the van pierced the night along Eglinton Avenue East.

Nearing out destination, Mitch announced, “Matthew you and I are getting out here,” he said as the driver parked the van. He got out first and opened the sliding door. I stepped out.

He walked me about ten paces on the sidewalk from the van. “You’re going to open a bank account at this CIBC branch,” Mitch commanded.

“My wife and I do all our banking at XXXXXX, I would never open an account at CIBC, I don’t like that bank. I had an account there many years ago.”

“Matthew, it has to be CIBC. You are going to open an account at this branch,” he said as he pointed out to a building with a big CIBC sign only twenty feet away. “Matthew you are going to use this ID,” as he reached into his pocket and showed two plastic covered pieces of ID.

“Your name is Matthew Palk, that’s P-A-L-K” Mitch said. “Now say it back to me, spell it,” Mitch commanded. “My name is Matthew Palk, P-A-L-K” I repeated. Palk is only a few letters different from my real last name so even though Scopolamine impaired I was be able to reliably repeat it.

“Good, now I have to go inside for just a few minutes, I want you to stand right here and wait for me.” “How long are you going to be?” I asked. “Just five minutes or so Matthew, stay here until I’m back,” Mitch assured. “OK,” I said.

I looked around. I was lost in a Scopolamine fog, not wanting to walk more than ten paces in either direction.

As promised Mitch returned in about five to ten minutes. He walked up to me and said, “OK Matthew, all the forms are filled in.”

“Just go in to the Customer Service counter, straight ahead through the doors. Say ‘I am here to open a checking account’. Then show your ID, say ‘My name is Matthew Palk’, and give them the ID,” Mitch commanded.

“OK,” I said.

Mitch handed me the two pieces of ID he had shown me earlier. “Now remember Matthew, your name is Matthew Palk, say it again,” he commanded. “My name is Matthew Palk, P-A-L-K,” I said.

“Good, now go in, and come right out after you’ve signed the forms,” Mitch said.

I opened the door of the brightly lit bank, and proceeded to the counter that was straight ahead. A professionally dressed woman was sitting behind the counter, and looked up at me. “Hello, I’m here to open a checking account, my name is Matthew Palk, P-A-L-K” I said.

“Yes, I need two pieces of ID please,” she announced and added, “One with a picture.”

I placed the two pieces of ID on the counter top.

“Thank you,” she said.

After a minute she said, “Mr. Palk, the forms are all ready.”

“Good.”

“Just one thing Mr. Palk, is your phone number 647-234-5678?”

“No,” I said annoyed, “My residential number is 416-482-XXXX.”

“I’ve had it for twelve years,” I reported.

The woman said, “Oh, well that’s not what it says on the form, I’ll change it then.

“Good,” I replied.

She printed out another version of the form, and presented the document on the counter top. "Please sign here Mr. Palk," she said.

I signed the form with my new last name. She gave me a confirmation document back.

"Its all done Mr. Palk, thank you for choosing CIBC," she said.

I opened the doors and walked into the night up to Mitch who was standing on the sidewalk twenty feet away.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"I did it," I said.

"Good Matthew, now I need this ID back," he said as he pulled the ID out of my hands along with the confirmation document handed to me by the bank employee.

He led me back to the waiting van. Again he opened the side door and I got inside. This time he closed the door for me. After sitting on the same bench row I asked, "Can we go home now?"

"Matthew, that was just a stop on the way, we have one more place to go," Mitch said. "Then can we go home?" I pleaded. "Yes, then I'll take you home Matthew," Mitch said.

I thought of the wrong phone number issue, "Just..." I said cutting myself off. "What's that?" Mitch asked. Somewhere beneath the fog of Scopolamine I knew that telling Mitch about the phone number change was a bad idea. "Nothing," I said. I sat back as a passive passenger in a Scopolamine haze.

We were driving on a highway. On the right was a horizon lacking city lights indicating we were heading east along the edge of Lake Ontario. I was concerned how far we were headed.

"Where are we going? To the USA again?"

"No, we will be going to a warehouse Matthew, we'll be there in a few minute."

Bad things happen in warehouses I thought to myself.

After fifteen to twenty minutes the driver pulled the van into a multi-vehicle sized garage in a warehouse.

Mitch unlocked a door to the building from the garage. He held the door open and said, "Through here."

Mitch led me down a passageway to a 'torture room'. There was what looked like a doctor's examination table, and a bright floodlight just above it. He ordered me to lie down on the table.

Mitch pulled out a spray can and sprayed Scopolamine in my face. He then grabbed my arm and did a finger joint manipulation to cause extreme pain. I screamed, “No, stop!” but there was no one in this industrial warehouse space to help me. After a few minutes of torture featuring elbow hyperextension, I dissociated, again.

I was now in the Beta slave alter.

Scene end. Self-censored.

It is not in my interest, nor in the interest of those who wish to stop human experimentation, to write here how a reputation smearing video was produced.

If the this video is leaked, my designate, or I will disseminate to the media my ten-page account of how this CICA produced smear film was made using torture, dissociation, Scopolamine drugging and gunpoint coercion.

I believe there may be another smear video from a few years ago, which I have also documented the production of. If this second video is leaked, my full account will be disseminated to the media of how this CICA produced video was made with torture, dissociation and Scopolamine drugging.

Nowhere else in this book will I withhold.

In November, CIBC telephoned my wife and I in a routine marketing call about this account. They were quick to hang up when I denied having an account there as I still lacked recall. Within thirty minutes I called back as I started to remember. My wife and I escalated to a supervisor ‘Luke’.

I informed this account was opened under duress after being home invaded, drugged with a date-rape drug, and tortured. They said they had a mailing address for the account different from my own. My wife and I met with an officer at Toronto Police Services, 53 Division that same night and reported all in incident report #1843431.

I begged them to go to that address and interrogate Mitch for the January, May home invasions and gave them a full physical description. The officer left to confer with a detective and returned in a few minutes saying the account opening is all they would investigate. The next day I called E. P. in CIBC Client Care Escalation and relayed the incident number to her voice mail twice, but she never called back. There has been no report back from the police or CIBC.

CHAPTER 27: 2015 Feb - Luring Mitch into a Photo Op

“If the media were honest, they would say, ‘Look, here are the interests we represent and this is the framework within which we look at things. This is our set of beliefs and commitments.’ That’s what they would say, very much as their critics say. For example, I don’t try to hide my commitments, and the Washington Post and New York Times shouldn’t do it either. However, they must do it, because this mask of balance and objectivity is a crucial part of the propaganda function. In fact, they actually go beyond that. They try to present themselves as adversarial to power, as subversive, digging away at powerful institutions and undermining them. The academic profession plays along with this game.” – Noam Chomsky, from Lecture titled "*Media, Knowledge, and Objectivity*," June 16, 1993

By the first week of February I started to have flashbacks from the January home invasion. It started with a flashback of the mind-control experiment where Mitch programmed me to grab my wife’s neck for ten seconds at the sound of two toots of his hand-held air horn. The Special Forces of Canada’s closest ally had conspired to commit violence against the family member of a non-consensual Canadian test subject. I was shocked and angry that Mitch has escalated his violence to include my family.

After another day I recalled more of the dialog in the experiment. I was angry.

In a few more days I started to recall another of the experiments.

Then I remembered the rape. I felt degraded.

I felt violated and livid.

I knew I should report it to the police, but I knew they’d never believe me unless I had evidence.

When I drove my wife to work every day downtown, I passed within about six blocks of the US Consulate, where I believed Mitch must have been situated based on his response to my bait tests. I had told her some of what I recalled. She was upset hearing of this.

The sense of degradation I felt was similar to how I felt after being gassed with Scopolamine Fog on June 21, 2014 during a fatal weapons test. I felt I had to do some symbolic act to regain my dignity. This time, Mitch had

come after my family with two of his mind-control experiments.

I decided to drive by the US Consulate on my way back home after dropping off my wife. I drove north on University Avenue from Queen street, and the US Consulate was on left, on the west side of University Avenue.

As I approached the consulate I unrolled my window half way, and gave a thumbs down sign as I drove by with my hand still in the car. I noticed an unmarked white van followed me for a few blocks to College Street.

The next morning, I rolled down my window all the way, and extended my arm outside the window and held my fist high with a thumb down sign as I drove by. I noticed an SUV outfitted with emergency lights followed me further than the day before, to Wellesley Street. The driver had a ball cap on, and a blue T-shirt.

The next morning, February 16, I held my arm out of the window and gave the finger to the consulate high above the roof of my car.

This time immediately a Black, overly tinted, GMC Suburban followed me. A civilian car turned in behind me within two blocks and joined the pursuit. It was a white Nissan Altima with overly tinted windows. It followed me past College, past Wellesley seeming to take over from the Black, overly tinted, GMC Suburban, which fell back.

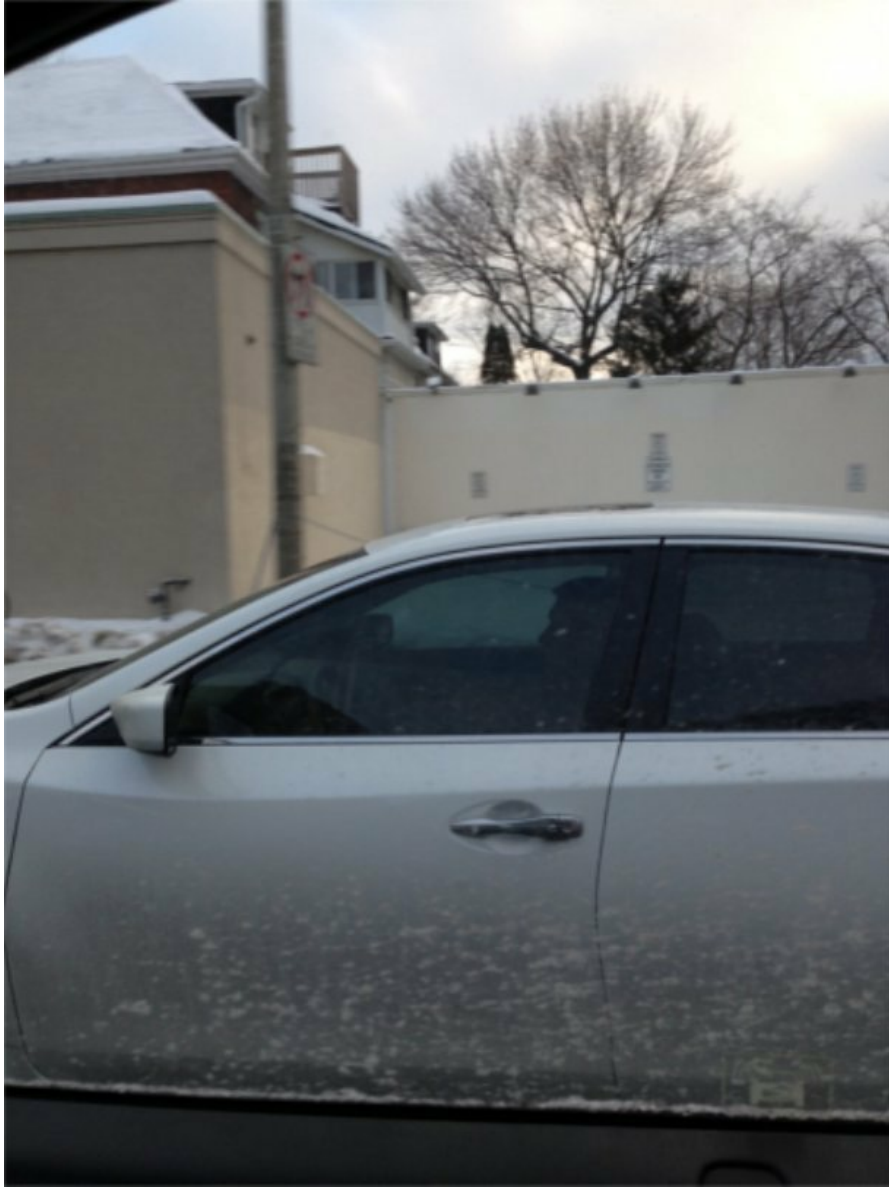
Just after Bloor Street where University turned into Avenue road, the white Nissan pulled to my right at a stoplight. I had seen Mitch drive by my house as I was walking my dog, in a more expensive Nissan sports car about 2007.

I realized my drive-bys of the US Consulate with hostile hand signals were triggering security concerns, and I was considered to be Mitch's asset-liability. Mitch was getting into trouble. He needed to scare me away.

Since it was only 8:10 AM he was likely on his way into work when the call came about my drive-by. He likely didn't have time to get a US Consulate staff car.

I had a hunch it was Mitch. It was eerie having him in a car beside me. I had to wonder if he would pull out a weapon and shoot me.

I pressed a button to roll down the passenger's window, and used my iPhone to snap a picture of the driver in profile. Once enlarged the full-face profile is visible on a Retina display after turning up brightness to maximum or digitally enhancing the photo.



Enlarging the picture shows a slightly elongated chin to lip distance, like Olympic swimmer Michael Phelps, whom Mitch described himself as having likeness to during the January 2015 home invasion. A large brow is also evident. I had seen Mitch enough times to recognize him in profile.



Mitch (alias)

US Military JTF

39 years old in Jan 2015

5'11"

Slim build

170 pounds

Short blond hair

Blue eyes

Oklahoma origin.

His Nazi mind-control scientist grandfather immigrated to the US using CIA Project Paperclip.

He turned off following me about St. Clair Avenue, thankfully. I stayed away from the US Consulate after that. I felt I had reclaimed a bit of dignity.

I had to report the home invasion, as serious crimes were committed, even though I had little evidence. In the spring I called the police. I explained the home invasion, the whole story since 2005. Predictably the police were baffled.

Covert black ops by Intelligence Agencies and Special Forces that leave very little or no evidence are designed to be impossible for the police to decipher. Police are not trained to deal with state actors specialized in covert operations leaving no evidence. The police lack capabilities to investigate these crimes. I showed the above photo without the annotation, to two Toronto Police Services, 53 Division at my house in early summer.

One officer ran the license plate from another photo I took of Mitch's

car on that February 16, 2015, but he reported it was registered to a woman, which would be ideal cover when he does an operation cross-dressed. Upon hearing of the rape, and other events of the January home invasion, a conscientious officer, about thirty years old said, “This Mitch, I think he’s trying to control you.” I had to bite my tongue, as I thought “No shit Sherlock?” “Show him you’re someone not to mess with,” the officer advised.

A few days later I went to the station and met with a higher rank officer who interviewed me with a pair of colleagues. He stated they could not do much. (I don’t have enough evidence.) He added, “I am not saying I don’t believe you.”

“My advice is: First, finish the book. Get the book done.”

“Second, be aware of your surroundings at all times. This is important, be aware of your surroundings at all times, and get some pinhole cameras in your house.”

The January home invasion rattled me. It was an escalation in Mitch’s actions against me. The battle to control this MK-ULTRA test subject had come to my house and family. What might be next? Would I be used in a false flag terror event?

I thought up a way to prevent myself from being used in a false-flag operation. I got this tattoo to try and save my life, and others. If I were ever found as an actor at a terror event, dead or alive, this tattoo would indicate the event was a false flag. It’s my first, and only tattoo.



To match my Facebook profile my pen-name is now Matthew Pauly.

CHAPTER 28: 2015 May – Home Invasion: Termination Interview, Poisoning, RCMP

"Control of thought is more important for governments that are free and popular than for despotic and military states. The logic is straightforward: a despotic state can control its domestic enemies by force, but as the state loses this weapon, other devices are required to prevent the ignorant masses from interfering with public affairs, which are none of their business...the public are to be observers, not participants, consumers of ideology as well as products." – Noam Chomsky, from article "*Force and Opinion*" in *Z Magazine*

Never in all Mitch's mind-control experiments did he say a non-work-related sentence. Everything he said to me was in the context of a mind-control experiment.

I awoke in bed, lying on my stomach, to the sound of Mitch saying, "It's just me again, Matthew."

My wife and I had restarted the burglar alarm monitoring service after the January home invasion so my first words were: "But what about the alarm?"

Mitch said, "Yah, sorry about that." Having photographed the alarm control panel in the January home invasion, he had obviously looked up the vulnerabilities of the particular system and circumvented it

I heard the "SHHHHH" sound of Scopolamine being sprayed on me from an aerosol spray can. When I awoke I was tortured for a few minutes, until finally I dissociated. Again I was put into the compliant Beta alter. "How's the book going, Matthew?" Mitch asked.

"Well, it's taken longer than I expected since my PTSD symptoms became much worse after the January home invasion, I'll need another month or two."

Mitch did not respond to that. He changed the subject. "Matthew, you're going to see me sometime in the next while walking in the neighbourhood, dressed as a woman. Do you know what I mean, Matthew?"

"Yes," I replied.

"So, you have trans-sexual friends, Matthew?"

"No, but I once had one twenty five years ago."

"Good, so when you see me, I will REALLY be a woman, Matthew."

“OK,” I said.

“You will recognize me by my same hair, and a hole beneath my left knee.”

“Your haircut? I’m supposed to recognize your hair cut?”

“Yes, and a hole beneath my left knee. Study my hair cut now so you will remember.”

I moved around to the side to study the cut in particular from the temple down to the neck, noticing the slightly rounded edging around his face. “What if the hole below the left knee is too small and I don’t see it?”

“Don’t worry, it’s a big hole, Matthew.”

“OK,” I said.

“Matthew just so we’re clear, when I am walking towards you and you are driving, the left knee will be the one farthest away from you.”

“Yes, I got it,” I said, annoyed he thought he needed to remind me of basic geometry.

“Now repeat this a dozen times, Matthew, ‘When I see you dressed as a woman walking towards me on the street in my neighbourhood, I will recognize you by your same hair, and a large hole beneath your left knee. I will open my sunroof, pull over my car, get out and walk to you.’”

I repeated these two sentences over about ten times until he told me to stop.

Next Mitch said, “Now wait here, and think up some terror plots.”

He walked downstairs, and I heard the front door open. He stood and talked with another man downstairs for a few minutes. I continued thinking of terror plots. He came back upstairs and I heard small talk with another officer who stood in the hallway just outside the open bedroom door, out of my view.

Mitch said: “Matthew, give me some terror plots.”

In my drugged and dissociated state, I answered “You could take a fiberglass panel van, and with an EMP device in the back you could drive by the Front Street Internet hub and shut down much of Canada’s Internet at the push of a button without hurting anyone.”

Mitch turned toward the RCMP officer. “Is that place shielded?”

“I believe so,” the officer answered.

“Check.”

The officer spoke into a radio: “Central, is the Internet center on Front Street EMP shielded?”

Someone at the other end said, “Yes, it is.”

Mitch turned toward me and said, “What do you think about that, Matthew?”

“Good, one less thing to worry about. Right?”

“Give me another, Matthew.”

I said, “One could load up a bunch of cardboard tubes with hobby rockets carrying explosive payloads and park just outside the US Consulate and open the back door and fire them.”

“Could you do that, Matthew?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said eager to please.

In fact, I would never do that, as I don’t believe in violence except in self-defence. Firing rockets is not self-defence; it is an act of war. I don’t believe in war. It would be suicide to do that; anyone doing so would be shot in a matter of seconds by forces at the embassy. I have not made gunpowder since I was eleven years old, and I have no desire to do it again. All of my telecommunications, visa and banking transactions, and travels are monitored. If I made one move to acquire any of the components I would be charged with a terrorist offence. So the answer is “No, I could not do that.” But torture-trauma dissociated to a slave Beta alter, and high on Scopolamine, a slave is very eager to please his torturer[\[33\]](#).

“That’s good, Matthew, you just keep thinking up those terror plots,” and he chuckled. He walked downstairs with the officer, and let him out. It was perhaps ten minutes before he returned. He may have faked his own exit to the officer, and let himself back in.

“I’m back.” He was back in the bedroom. I sat up on the edge of the bed as he stood in front of me. “Take your shirt off.”

I did. He turned and pulled a small bottle out of his knapsack on the floor. He knelt down and unscrewed the cap revealing a stick with a tiny brush at the end. He started moving it toward me.

“What are you doing?!”

“Be still, be very still.” I froze. He dabbed some dark liquid substance about an inch below my left Pectoral. “There, I was good to you Matthew. I put it where your doctor will see it. Now don’t touch it until you take a shower, Matthew.”

I knew it had to be a carcinogen, but thought that at least skin cancer can be treated successfully if caught early. If it were a biological poison I’d probably be dead by now.

Next Mitch pulled out a metered inhaler, the kind people with Asthma or COPD use. “Matthew, I will hold this to your lips and I want you to inhale when I press the button.”

I knew that this was dangerous. “No, I won’t do it!”

He pulled out his gun, the black one he showed in 2008, from behind and held it in his hand, angled slightly up. “You will do it!”

“OK,” I said fearing imminent death.

He held the inhaler against my mouth, between my lips and said, “OK, I’m going to press the button and you inhale at the same time.” He pressed the button, and I inhaled, as shallowly as I could. I felt the spray in my throat, and upper lungs.

“What was that for?”

“Matthew, you wrote on your tattoo design, ‘Blondie, Kiss my Canadian Ass.’”

“What are you talking about?”

“Downstairs in your china cabinet drawer you have a piece of paper with a tattoo design with that written on it.”

“But that was a *draft* of the design, I never got that sentence on my tattoo!”

“It doesn’t matter, it was the intent. Put on your shirt, and come downstairs with me.”

I got up off the bed, put on my short, and followed him downstairs. I knew then it was a slow-kill assassination test, probably a carcinogen.

Termination Interview

He pulled out one of the dining room chairs, the South one at the end, and said, “Let’s sit down and just talk, Matthew.”

Recall that those about to be executed by firing squad are sometimes offered a cigarette and even a chance to exchange a few words with the person who lights their cigarette. That is exactly what this was. Mitch knew I was going to be terminated in a fatal weapons test in June, and this was a termination interview.

This report is only due to a tradecraft technical error by Mitch (JTF) in the June 4, 2015 assassination-fatal weapons test event, and my own resisting mind control.

Mitch pulled out the chair and said, “Have a seat, Matthew.”

“OK,” I said hesitantly but I only leaned the chair towards me instead

of pulling it out. I was stuck in indecision, as I was afraid of sitting down with him. I feared this man like no other. He was pulling out the chair to my right, the one that is at the south end of this north-south oriented, hardwood dining room table.

He saw my indecision and said, “Matthew, it’s all right. I won’t hurt you. We’re just going to talk.”

“All right.” This was the first time in 10.5 years he ever said to me “I won’t hurt you.”

There is no question I have suffered from Stockholm syndrome, the tendency for those held captive to become sympathetic with their captors.

There is a related phenomenon where victims become admiring of their torturers after repeated torture that causes dissociation. In the WW II concentration camps some of the victims of the twisted, Nazi war criminal Dr. Jusuf Mengele’s reported referring to him as “Beautiful Joseph.” I understand that.

The torturer is the only one who stops the pain. The mind is tricked by repeated torture, and the torturer is seen as the liberator from pain.

Mitch asked, “Can we smoke?” He was reaching into his jacket left pocket for a pack of cigarettes.

“No, my wife will kill me if she smells any smoky smell in the air,” I said. On Scopolamine and torture-trauma dissociated, it is nearly impossible to lie. Of course I did not mean she would kill me literally, just that she would be very upset.

“Well, we’ll keep this short then,” he said in an annoyed tone suggesting I was rapidly using up whatever goodwill or peaceful intent he was attempting to show me (for his own conscience perhaps.)

“What do you think of life, Matthew? Just any thoughts on life?” he asked.

“Well, I believe life is short, and so it’s about making a difference in the time we have, to make the world a better place.”

“Interesting,” he replied.

I had read Victor Frankl’s “Man’s Search For Meaning” in my twenties, and having a solid meaning in life is one of the few reasons I have survived so far, the other being my incredible wife of fifteen years. Mr. Frankl narrowly survived the Concentration Camps of WW II.

Mitch asked me to name my favourite sports team.

“I’m not into sports.”

“Your Facebook page says you like the ‘Roughriders.’”

“Yes, I grew up in Saskatchewan. I might watch the Grey Cup if they play, but that’s about it.” There was a pause.

I interjected: “What your grandfather did to you at five years old was awful. Mitch.”

“Yes, it was,” he agreed.

“Matthew, I’m CICA.”

“What? I thought you were JTF.”

“Why did you believe I was in the JTF?” Mitch asked.

“The Canadian soldier in the van said so, in 2005.”

“The Indian one?” Mitch asked.

“No, he only said JTF2, the white soldier said JTF.”

“Oh,” Mitch said.

“I’m both. Matthew.”

“I didn’t even know that was possible.”

“Well it is.”

He walked over to the bookcase at the southwest corner of the living room. He said, “Let’s have a look at your books.” He said “hmmm” a few times as he scanned the book spines, not pulling a book out.

One book caught his attention -- it had a Swastika on the spine.

He smiled and said enthusiastically: “What is this?”

He pulled out the only book in the house with a Swastika on the binding and read the back cover notes silently for about ten seconds: “A team of British commandos parachute into the high peaks of the Austrian alps in the depths of winter. Their mission: steal into a seemingly impregnable alpine castle—headquarters of the Gestapo—and rescue a captured American General before he reveals the Allies’ plans for the invasion of Europe.”[\[34\]](#) It was a spy novel, “Where Eagles Dare” by Alistair MacLean.

“Ohhh,” Mitch sighed with disappointment realizing it was an anti-Nazi book.

He placed it back in its place on the bookshelf.

“Let’s sit down again.” His tone was friendly.

He led me back to our designated seats at the dining room table.

“Do you have any questions for me?”

I strongly suspected he might be a Nazi given his grandfather’s influence and the behaviour with the book, and this was a rare opportunity to find out.

“Yes, what do you think of Jewish people?”

His face filled with loathing, and his mouth became a flat line as he pursed his lips. His voice was low, steady, monotone and slowed down as he measure each word, “I don’t want to talk about that, Matthew.” I had never seen this side of Mitch before. It was like a different Mitch, an alter.

Then I have a blank in memory.

The next thing I remember is pain.

I was in my bed on my stomach, with Mitch kneeling over me in torturer mode twisting an arm, hyperextending an elbow or finger joints.

“Matthew, who are your Jewish friends?!” he demanded angrily.

“Who are your Jewish friends!?”

I knew this was dangerous territory. I beg readers to understand that Scopolamine wipes free will.

First I said, “There is a professor I know that lives a few blocks away who is Jewish.”

“What’s his name?”

“He is really an acquaintance.”

“What’s his name?!”

“I don’t remember his name.”

More pain.

“Honestly, I don’t know his name, I met him when we were both children in Regina. I had attended his brothers Bar Mitzvah. I ran into him at a resident’s association social a year ago.”

“What other Jewish friends do you have?”

“That’s about it, I think.”

More pain.

“Come on, Matthew, which of your other friends are Jewish?” he demanded.

He made a motion to hurt me more.

“Diane Yusuf[35].” She is a neighbour and friend.

“What does she do for a living?”

“She’s a lawyer and newspaper columnist, not an active lawyer though,” I told him.

He thought for a second and announced “No.”

“Give me another name!”

“George Bernstein[36].” He is a community activist, leader and friend on the board of my residents’ association.

“Is his wife Jewish?”

“I think so.”

“What’s their address?”

“I don’t know the number, they live two blocks south on Orchard View, they’re in the book”

“I’ll find it,” he said.

Mitch marched me downstairs to the dining room table.

He was calming down, his voice became more normal, and his facial expression.

“Matthew, sit down in front of your computer, and log in.”

He stood behind me as I typed my password, then he walked over to the living room.

“Matthew, I need all your banking passwords.”

“I don’t know any of them. My wife does all the banking.”

Mitch walked around the couch to face me in the dining room (open concept layout.) He leaned against the couch and gestured with his hands. “I need your banking passwords!”

“Honestly, I don’t know any of them”

“Are you sure!”

“My wife is a banker, she does all the banking. I don’t even know the usernames.”

Mitch sighed as he lowered his head.

Clearly Mitch had been counting on stealing some money. He

probably does this to all his MK-ULTRA test subjects just before lethal weapons tests. That means he must regularly need money laundry bank accounts to transfer the funds to.

He had given me six months to get the book out in order to plead his case, or make him famous. I was a liability only being kept alive long enough to make him famous, but I had missed the deadline. I did not know it, but my time was up.

He told me to stay at the dining room table while he went upstairs and searched. After a few minutes he returned with a skeleton key.

“What does this open?”

“That looks like the safety deposit box key.”

“What’s in the box?”

“Just papers, and a bit of gold.”

“How much gold?”

“One ounce, or two at the most. It’s a family member’s gold, not mine.”

“How many ounces exactly?”

“Two, I’m sure,” I said assertively.

“Hmmm,” he thought for a few seconds. “Not worth it.” He put the key back upstairs where he found it. Then he left. (The key has since been safely located off-site.)

Threatened by RCMP over Forced Terror Confession

About ten days after this home invasion in May, my wife was busy and I did the weekly grocery shopping on my own. I did not yet recall the May home invasion.

It was a sunny, summer mid-afternoon as I pushed my cart of groceries to my car. I unlocked my car at The Great Canadian Superstore on Don Mills Road and Eglinton Avenue East in Toronto at about 12:30 PM.

A man approached me from behind just as I opened the driver’s door and said, “You know we can seize your vehicle.” I turned to see a man with short hair, a slightly tall and trim body consistent with that of a plain-clothes officer.

”Why?”

“Because you are a terrorist, and we are allowed to under Anti-Terror Law (C-51.) We can seize all of your assets as proceeds” (of terrorism.)

“I am NOT a terrorist!” I said. I got in my car, started the car and

drove away.

The RCMP and CSIS use Bill C-51 to work the anti-terror file. But only the RCMP have a history of in my case of collaborating with Mitch.

In the May home invasion a Canadian officer was ordered by Mitch to “check” the shielding status of the Front Street Internet centre. The officer used a radio to call ‘central’ and with one question he determined the Front Street Internet center was EMP shielded. The same officer recorded my forced confession to terror plots after being drugged and torture-trauma dissociated by Mitch.

The RCMP used information obtained from drugging and torture in Canada by a CICA officer, to tag me this whistleblower a terrorist, and to threaten to seize all my property. This is at least partly the result of a former PM Harper policy that allows Canadian federal officers to use information obtained by torture, by other countries forces.

I’m not sure the Harper approved policy is meant to allow torture on Canadian soil, but once he approved federal agents/enforcement using information by torture by other forces, he must have known that forced confessions are trivial to obtain with torture. That is why torture is used around the world by autocratic regimes. He should have known a judge reviewing a recording could not tell in what country the recording was made. Such policy and laws are ripe for abuse and violate human rights.

Anyone in my position cannot sue the federal government for abuse because Section 38 of the Canada Evidence Act allows federal agents to show a federal court judge in private a taped confession of a suspected terrorist. The video actor cannot be present, or their lawyer to challenge the forced video confession. They have forced confessions from me dating from November 2005, and now May 2015.

The judge has no way to determine that the person was drugged and tortured. The actor appears dangerous and the judge grants a Section 38 to make the entire trial a national secret along with all the evidence presented. The media could not report on it. A Kangaroo Court proceeds and the claims of torture would be ignored. Those present could not talk to anyone about the court evidence or they would go immediately to jail.

This law invites abuse. That’s not the level of democracy Canadians deserve and expect in 2015, and it is inconsistent with The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, and Geneva Conventions.

[33] This paragraph was re-introduced in the Fifth edition. Mitch had removed the earlier version of this paragraph during a home invasion in October, 2015, and it was not noticed during the final editing phase. In so doing, he set me up to be classified “as a grave threat to the USA” useful for an extra-judicial killing, legal under recent Presidential Orders

[34] I had picked it up from someone’s curb dump of books. It is labelled property of Lawrence West library. I prefer John LeCarre for this genre.

[35] Not real name

[36] Not real name

CHAPTER 29: 2015 Jun 4 – Nicotine Gun Fatal Weapons Test

“Indifference is Injustice’s Incubator - Canadian Supreme Court Justice Rosalie Silberman Abella

I had just run a few security-related errands on a sunny June afternoon. I had visited two security companies regarding home alarms, and pinhole cameras.

I was almost home as I turned off Eglinton Avenue and drove northbound on Edith Drive in mid-town Toronto. I noticed a spectacle ahead. A woman dressed in white, with sparkles glinting off her sequined jacket in the sunlight, was walking south on Edith on the East side only two blocks from my house.

As I got closer I realized it was a gay or transgender man in high-end, very convincing ‘drag’ including fake breasts. There was a large hole below his left knee, and he had the same blond haircut as Mitch.

I went into a hypnotic trance. My eyes blinked very little. I was fixated on the visual trigger, a transsexual drag Queen with a large hole beneath his left knee, and the same hair cut as Mitch.

He was swinging a very large purse, open at the top, the handle looped over his left shoulder and wore professional makeup, large tinted glasses, a gold necklace and tight, pre-faded-to-white, blue jeans. Swinging his hips from side to side as he drag-walked, he successfully impersonated a seductive woman worthy of a role in a movie.

Strangely in my conscious mind I did not recognize Mitch. I only felt an overwhelming urge to stop the car and talk to the transsexual drag Queen.

Curiously, one end of an aluminum tubular object rose to the top rear of the purse as he swung his hips while cross stepping in my direction south on Edith. The aluminum glinted in the sun. He noticed and reached across his body with his left arm and tried to stuff the aluminum object deeper in the bag, but he could not force it back down. A scowl showed on his face: no time to repack the bag.

He resumed smiling as he lifted his shoulder and pulled his left elbow up and back to try and hide the aluminum tube object from me as he continued his drag walk.

This overt subterfuge of hiding a metal object was a danger cue I

picked up on even in the hypnotic trance I had slipped into.

I was driving slowly northbound and as programmed, upon identifying the trigger I immediately opened my sunroof, and pulled over. For some reason I could not then understand, I felt compelled to approach and say hello.

I stepped out, but did not walk towards him as I detected danger. I stood in the middle of Edith Drive between my open car door and my Honda SUV. Mitch was about 15 feet behind on the sidewalk.

I stood in the middle of Edith Drive with my driver's door open for perhaps ten seconds trying to resist the post-hypnotic suggestion (the program) to approach him.

My dominant personality in a trance did not recognize this person as Mitch, but was compelled to approach them. I told myself, "With all the dangerous mind-control experiments I have been through in the last ten years, it would be risky to follow an urge to do something so out of character like stop my car and approach a complete stranger just because of their appearance, leaving alone that they were in drag."

I decided to break the impulse; I aborted the post-hypnotic program. As I turned to get back into my car, I noticed my seat was covered with a clear liquid that had dripped in from the sunroof. There was a tree branch above me, so I thought perhaps it was rainwater fallen from the overhanging tree branch, wet from an earlier rain, on this sunny day.

I brushed the liquid aside with my hand not knowing what it was and sat in the seat. More liquid fell through the sunroof and soaked into my right pant leg, and in that moment I saw a spurt of clear liquid land diagonally across the hood, coming from the direction of the transsexual drag Queen.

That completed the risk analysis. I knew I was in danger. A liquid-firing gun was being used on me. I closed the sunroof as more liquid was fired and a few more drops fell through. I drove the two blocks home, parked, went inside and quickly changed my jeans.

I sat in a Muskoka chair on my back deck. In my panic I took one drag from a cigarette and felt nothing. It was like inhaling air. There was no Nicotine blood level elevation from the inhaled smoke as is always the case after a smoker has gone at least 30-45 minutes without a cigarette. Realizing my bloodstream was dangerously saturated with Nicotine already, I butted out. That aluminum tube must have been part of a Nicotine laden liquid heart attack gun.

The CIA had displayed a Nicotine frozen crystal Nicotine gun in a public hearing back in the 1970s.

My heart was banging loudly in my chest like never before, at less than sixty beats per minute, “BANG, BANG, BANG.” Still partly in a trance, I remembered and used special breathing techniques and mental work from Russian Martial Art study to direct blood, and oxygen to my heart.

With each in breath through my nose, I exhaled slowly through my mouth imagining the air coming out through my heart. The next thirty minutes were terrifying as my heart banged. I believed I might die. After about twenty minutes, my heart was still banging but interrupted with normal beats. After another twenty minutes it was beating almost normally.

I saw an aluminum tube sticking out of Mitch’s purse in the black op. I saw him try to hide it. I saw the liquid on my drivers seat. I saw the liquid then fall through my open sunroof, and onto my pants. I saw it land in a diagonal line on my front hood from the direction where Mitch stood on the sidewalk. I witnessed no nicotine blood level elevation when inhaling from a cigarette afterwards, like never before. I witnessed my heart banging in my chest, slowly, continuously for many minutes, like never before.

This had to be a fatal weapons test. By resisting the mind control urge to approach Mitch, I suffered only an indirect hit from a medium-length, Nicotine-laden liquid, heart attack gun. This fatal weapons test was the first obvious assassination attempt; I was very frightened of what might follow. As usual, since I dissociated from the moment I saw the hypnotic trigger (Mitch in drag) I had no memory of it when the event I got out of the Muskoka chair on my back deck.

CHAPTER 30: 2015 Jul 1 – Canada Day for a Whistleblower

“The reason people awaken, is because they finally stop agreeing to things that insult their soul.” -- Anonymous

TO: "thomas.mulcair" <thomas.mulcair@parl.gc.ca>, communications <communications@broadbentinstitute.ca>, lpapp <lpapp@thestar.ca>, gbarthos <gbarthos@thestar.ca>, Andrew Phillips <aphillips@thestar.ca>, "paul.samyn" <paul.samyn@freepress.mb.ca>, lchodan <lchodan@edmontonjournal.com>, newsroom <newsroom@globeandmail.com>, news <news@theprovince.com>, letters <letters@ottawacitizen.com>, jknox <jknox@timescolonist.com>, rharris-adler <rharris-adler@timescolonist.com>, ernesto <ernesto@nytimes.com>, info <info@theccf.ca>, mail <mail@ccla.org>, fifth <fifth@cbc.ca>, jfiorito <jfiorito@thestar.ca>, rob@robwipond.com, amurphy@globeandmail.com, postnow@washpost.com
CC: "stephen.harper" <stephen.harper@parl.gc.ca>, "joe.oliver" <joe.oliver@parl.gc.ca>, "justin.trudeau" justin.trudeau@parl.gc.ca

53 Division Toronto Police Service came to my house tonight to talk with my wife and me at my request. The senior officer took my report quite seriously. The junior officer could not help but be influenced.

In my early June meeting with a Detective and another officer at the police station, again the senior officer took my report quite seriously. I got some good security tips tonight, but most importantly advice on dealing with terror tactics (rape, death threats, torture), “let him know you are not someone to mess with,” i.e., to not give in to threats.

This morning about 10 AM I shared a summary of my story with a major US TV network, and the CBC via Facebook messaging. The ‘manifesto’ summary did make an impression. Of course while the major US network person expressed how sorry they were about what was done to me, they could not report on it.

“Yes no kidding” I replied. They are part of the 80% of TV media with majority control by one wealthy family. I asked them to at least report on it if I am terminated. Now that the polls show the Conservatives will not win, I

hope the CBC will start standing tall again.

Within about an hour of these communications, the JTF officer from the US Consulate conducted an unprecedented attack. Note that none of this exchange was posted on Facebook. Thus, this is a third 'bait test' indicating my phone line is not only wiretapped by the RCMP, but also shared real-time with "Mitch" the USA JTF officer in the USA Consulate.

... (Book: Mitch told me in a subsequent home invasion that what I edit out here was incorrect)

At 8:00 PM tonight I saw what looked like Mitch the JTF officer from the USA Consulate, in the same colour car, make, model as I photographed him in February after I lured him out of the Consulate to get his picture. He had just pulled over on the north side of Montgomery in front of us as my wife and I drove by. He looked down at his phone to hide his face.

I said nothing to my wife but upon getting home (two blocks,) I put on my protective gear (no lethal weapon) and took a route to approach from behind. I noted a vehicle that is one of several that have been keeping me under surveillance on my way around the block to reach him from behind – he was gone when I arrived. (He carries an all chrome automatic handgun, which he put to my head in the January home invasion when I tried to resist. He also showed it in the 2005 event.)

At 8:18 pm my wife picked up the phone and the caller hung up. The caller's number was the same exchange as my neighbourhood (416) 482-XXXX, which was tactical as we would be more likely to pick up for a neighbour - I am on the board of my neighbourhood association. Calling the number yielded "This number is not in service." That's when I called the police. As a computer professional I know it is quite possible to falsify caller-ids, but it takes specialized software, equipment and know-how. 99% of the population cannot do it, but covert, USA Military Special forces have all such technology at their fingertips.

My wife survived the trauma of being a top targeted family under Mao's Cultural Revolution in China for 10 years. This last 10.5 years of targeting of her family IN CANADA she finds much more stressful, and fearful. This is getting too much for her, and she may have PTSD now too. I believe it was the microwave tampering that did it.

Now it is Canada Day. Let's review the situation here in mid-town Toronto, three blocks from Canada's first rebellion:

- A US Special Forces (JTF) officer out of the US Consulate has been allowed to terrorize my family and I for 10.5 years, including yesterday.

- His June 21, 2014 chemical weapon covert test mortally injured our dog, and easily could have killed me as I stopped breathing several times. In Jan, 2015 he home invaded our house; I was drugged with Scopolamine, tortured-to-dissociate, raped, and interrogated. He sabotaged our microwave to cause harm to my family and me for an experiment.

- The RCMP National Security department refuses to help, as in fact they are enablers, and referred me to local police.

- CSIS has had more than a half dozen communications from me, and has done nothing but refer me to local police.

- Community police do not have the training and equipment to deal with foreign country, Special Forces, covert activities on Canadian soil. Since the pros never leave evidence, all is "Plausibly Deniable." [If they left evidence, they wouldn't be pros]

...

The best assassin for secret police (National Security department of RCMP are secret police) is one who can be directed to kill and have no recollection of the event afterward for years, and thus be unable to finger the state security apparatus orchestrators. That is what was used in the Parliament Hill shooting terror event.

I was an R&D sleeper assassin, and I know how to spot the signs. It was false flag event, to justify ramming through C-51 which massively removes Canadian's civil liberties, and charter rights.

Our country has imported the Nazi tactics (burning of Reichstag by the Nazis to justify suspending civil liberties,) direct from the USA. They in turn perfected this technology by importing 500 Nazi mind control scientists to America in 1945 in the CIA 'Project Paperclip', see wanttoknow.info.

The recent Charleston shooting also has strong indications of being such an event, since the video of him entering the police station shows his pupils dilated, and his eyes blinking slowly just as Scopolamine causes. I was hit with Scopolamine 3 times in non-consensual tests. There are many other events in the US going back 60 years that have indications of mind-controlled assassins that were torted up as 'Marxist', 'Islamist' or 'Anti-Government' types.

If North Americans, and Europeans wish to clean up/sanitize our

democracies, they have no better an opportunity currently than helping this recovered MK-ULTRA R&D sleeper-assassin get his tell-all book out. I believe I am the only R&D sleeper assassin that has managed to get this far public. There may never be another.

The tactic being used now is to traumatize my family and I so much that we separate (PTSD causes lots of divorces,) whereupon it will be much easier to take/murder me to stop the book from coming out, or even movie.

The RCMP Commissioner Bob Paulson should resign. Mr. Harper plucked him from the National Security department AFTER I wrote him in April 2010 telling him that the RCMP played a pivotal role in the 2005 torture-interrogation, and mind-control demonstration between JTF and JTF2. He promoted the man who signed off on RCMP involvement in crimes against humanity for the reward of getting the very latest and greatest sleeper-assassin (mind-control) R&D training.

Perhaps Mr. Harper's decision was by design, as only a few years later we see sleeper-assassin, false flag event on Parliament Hill just as the Harper caucus was sitting down to plan the implementation of C-51, rights removing legislation. How convenient to terrorize the house members, and the public to accept C-51 being rammed through. Look also at the spate of 'terror' events that followed within 6-8 weeks.

This would explain why despite my numerous emails to/cc Mr. Harper, he still permits this continued TERRORISM by a foreign military, special-forces operator of a law-biding, Canadian civilian and his family. We saw these terror tactics in dictatorships with secret police (i.e. STASI) before the Iron Curtain fell. We also saw them in CIA propped-up dictatorships with their secret police in the Middle East, Central American, Africa and elsewhere, in fact we still do.

To quote the G20 police officer "this is not Canada anymore."

Is there not one newspaper publisher with Katherine Graham's grit and guts that understands the importance of this, and would be willing to permit a story to be written? Even one story could significantly enhance the safety of my family, co-author and I.

With such protection (plus better physical security), my family can stay together and get this important work complete. This book will educate the public on how to spot false flag events by sleeper (mind-controlled) actors. This should help cleanse our democracies fairly fast.

As for Mitch, the JTF Officer's very real threat of a painful and possibly life-debilitating/ending response to my continuing email campaign:

Its Canada Day, get together with some friends, put on some music (Rush, The Guess Who 'American Woman') and drink some beer.

Peace,

Matthew PXXXX

Montgomery Avenue

Toronto

There was no response from the email but there was some satisfaction in telling the politicians and media what is going on so they could not deny it later.

The first week of July, my wife went on holiday to help close family with a newborn. I was getting flashbacks of the May home invasion, but had not remembered the part about Mitch confessing to being CICA.

As I drove around town doing errands, I noticed surveillance.

I started to recall for the first time the June 4, fatal weapons test, which had been masked out due to dissociative amnesia.

AFTERWARD

“Its not just what you stand for, but what you stand up for” – Canadian Supreme Court Justice Rosalie Silberman Abella

When you are the target of escalating violence while writing a tell-all book about being a test subject of CICA mind-control R & D black operations, there comes a point where the risk of death or setup incarceration and not getting the book done outweighs the risk of not getting the latest events properly documented.

There have been many violent events, including life shortening ones, in 2015 after July 1 that I would have liked to have properly covered here.

I have reached the 200-page limit for a manageable read. I am out of pages, out of editor budget, nearly out of health, out of time, and this is why the timeline of the body of this book ends in July 1.

Spies are professionals in leaving no evidence, in having all actions plausibly deniable. Police investigate little of reported black ops for lack of evidence. Newspapers won't write stories for the same reason. Clandestine activity thrives in the darkness.

An intelligence agency victim's true report is from the darkness and therefore contrasts starkly with the white and shades of grey of mainstream media reports. This makes it difficult to accept, and Cognitive Dissonance rears its ugly head. The public simply does not know how devious intelligence agencies can be.

The best a whistleblower can do is to get the word out and let the public be the judge. I am indebted to those MK-ULTRA Monarch survivor-whistleblowers who trod this path before me including Cathy O'Brian, Kathleen Sullivan, Carol Rutz, Brice Taylor and Fritz Springmeier.

CONCLUSION

“We must never forget how the world looks to those who are vulnerable” –
Canadian Supreme Court Justice Rosalie Silberman Abella

Despite the suffering experienced, I still have some faith in my country and humankind. The actions of a few brave female Canadian intelligence officers did protect me from some foreign threats this year, but unfortunately not all. After the torture, drugging and forced confessions by the RCMP, to see other Canadian agents helping a Canadian (running interference surveillance) did move me and led me to hang a big Canadian flag on my porch.

In 2011 an anonymous, off-duty, Canadian soldier provided a correction to the tonnage of the truck/van used in the 2005 event. He had seen my manuscript posted on rabble.ca in 2010, since removed. This gives me hope.

I am also hopeful with the new Prime Minister Trudeau and his gender-balanced cabinet.

Bill C-51

If the Trudeau Liberals do not repeal Bill C-51 they will be abandoning the civil rights concerns well established as a Liberal Party traditional value going back to when Trudeau's father was Prime Minister.

C-51 benefits those in the security-apparatus, and the uber powerful, not the Canadian electorate. C-51 is designed to stifle dissent by enabling virtually anyone to be tagged a terrorist suspect because they sign petitions, protest against pipelines, against proroguing of parliament, for indigenous rights, or whatever. Once tagged, the citizen is subject to unending invasions of their privacy and communications, approaches from entrappers or agent provocateurs, all to effect more societal control.

While the Prime Minister repeals C-51, he should also repeal former PM Harper's policy allowing information to be used that is obtained from torture. It violates everything Canada stands for. Reliable information is not gained from someone under torture. Torture has been used for centuries to get forced confessions and still today that is its function; every regime that allows it is autocratic.

Of course the Prime Minister should also withdraw former PM

Harper's new policy of allowing foreign country officers to carry their guns in Canada.

I also have faith from the many Americans, Canadians, Commonwealth citizens and citizens of Norwegian countries who have reached out to me and offered not only support, but also a helping hand with crowd source campaign editing, and donations to my modest book crowd source campaign.

Summary

There is a significant economic and human cost to the CICA mind-control R & D done in Canada with RCMP assistance. The human cost of the program is staggering to the direct and indirect victims, their families, friends, neighbours, and even the businesses they frequent and their staff.

The taxpayer cost of medical care for those affected, and police investigations of crimes committed by CICA, which are never solved, and lost productivity to all involved is not insignificant.

America's CICA has shown little regard for the health, wealth and safety of the civilians of their closest ally, neither has that ally's own paramilitary, in fact they enabled it. There is no regard for the test subjects themselves, or for the 'collateral damage' to families and communities.

The RCMP has supported CICA with my telephone intercepts throughout, as confirmed with numerous 'bait tests'. The RCMP physically assisted in 2005 Nov JC UC 05 torture interrogation and mind-control training exercise, 2007 Q3 van abduction with forced electroshock, and 2015 May home invasion forced confession.

This is not the Cold War era. These are crimes against humanity. The RCMP should be stripped of all national security and intelligence work. If the Prime Minister or any reader does not understand the systemic problems with the RCMP, and why they need massive reform, they should read Paul Palango's excellent, informed analysis in "Dispersing the Fog: Inside the Secret World of Ottawa and the RCMP". They have always lacked effective oversight. The PM's new global civilian review agency should immediately be implemented for direct supervision of the RCMP.

Security Intelligence agencies of America cannot be caught experimenting on their own citizens. This is why citizens of their closest ally are used as Guinea Pigs with RCMP support.

Since the RCMP is an organ of the Canadian government, the government is complicit in law-biding Canadians selected by the RCMP to

have their lives devastated as CICA mind-control, and weapons test experimental subjects. If after a decade a test subject continues to whistle blow, we become the subject of repeated lethal weapons tests until we die.

If we don't die quick enough from fatal weapons tests, the CICA forces us during home invasions to inhale from inhalers unknown substances (carcinogens?) at gunpoint, unknown pills and injections and worse. How long will the Canadian federal government continue to allow Canadians to be used as Guinea Pigs?

This is cold war thinking. That dated security-apparatus pseudo-ethic of utilitarianism goes something like this: "Weapons need to be tested on someone. That's the price of defense. If some get hurt, that's for the greater good." Utilitarianism is a slippery slope. How many is too many to sacrifice? 5, 500, 5000? How many do you say is okay to write off, for the 'greater good'?

The knowledge gained from the CICA mind-control experiments on Canadians is useful only for nefarious, Geneva-convention violating activities: creating non-consensual spies and sex slaves, and creating actors and patsies for manufactured false-flag hate crimes, assassinations, and terror events to manipulate public opinion.

The public is terrorized and deceived into supporting Orwellian suspensions of their civil rights, and the waging of wars overseas to 'get the terrorists'. Is this R & D really in Canada's interest? No, it is a relic of Cold War ideology and it should be stopped, to quote the Prime Minister as to why he has a gender-balanced cabinet, "Because its 2015".

In Canada, on the very day the Conservative caucus was sitting down to work out the implementation of Bill C-51 in 2015, a Michael Zehaf-Bibeau burst into the Canadian Parliament with a rifle after shooting Corporal Nathan Cirillo at a war memorial out front. Zehaf-Bibeau was shot 31 times. The legislators and public were so terrorized that PM Harper easily rushed the rights-suspending Bill C-51 through parliament.

In his 'Jihad' confession video shot on his cell phone five minutes before the shooting, Zehaf-Bibeau could not keep his upper eyelids higher than his pupils, a Scopolamine signature. The RCMP commissioner Bob Paulson announced to the media the drugs Zehaf-Bibeau had been tested for, and it did not include Scopolamine. Paulson was the head of the National Security department in November 2005 when the RCMP assisted my torture-interrogation in JC UC 05.

My Cultural Anthropologist and Sociologist professor father (American by birth) frequently wrote about American and Canadian cultural differences. At his memorial in 2009 another professor recalled that as a Ph.D. student he asked my father to help him understand the relationship between America and Canada.

My father replied, "To understand this relationship you need to study the historical relationship between England and Scotland." The professor reported that this greatly increased his understanding, and felt it was a profound observation.

For those who forgot this history, I recommend viewing the movie "Braveheart" (1995). Also see "Conspiracy Theory" (1997) featuring torture-interrogation scenes quite close to what I endured. (I do not endorse Mel Gibson's past off-screen, drunk, intolerant rants.)

My father once said, "Matthew, don't ever wrap yourself in the Canadian flag and be a patriot of Canada.... They will kill you for it." July 1, Canada Day I hung a four-foot Canadian flag over my front porch, and I have not taken it down since. It's a symbolic act of sovereignty, not a war-mongering one.

The primary damage of this human experimentation is the mostly US based, false-flag terror events. A dozen or more innocents, often students, are executed in school or a public place, by a 'lone wolf terrorist' whose body is never tested for Scopolamine.

The actor(s) leave a message attributing their act to the bogeyman ideology of the day. The latest was in San Bernadino. Now this has spread to Canada with the Parliament Hill 2014 event, and the unusual stabbings in Toronto in the last half of December 2015.

Those charged with terrorism, hate crimes and random murders must be tested for Scopolamine so we may stop the deception. Since NASA recently developed the aerosol form of Scopolamine, it's dangerously easy to mind-control anyone using a single spray to the face.

Since I have witnessed a consistent working relationship between the RCMP and CICA in performing MK-ULTRA mind-control, drug, and chemical weapon tests on non-consenting Canadians, there must be an agreement to define this partnership. By definition this activity violates Geneva Conventions. The new Liberal government must cancel that agreement forthwith. The RCMP must be stripped of the National Security Service role again, since its obvious they have crept back into it, and abused

their powers horribly.

RCMP and Cognitive Dissonance

Some readers may believe the RCMP is beyond reproach. That was certainly what we were taught in school. To lessen the Cognitive Dissonance here is a small subset of documented RCMP wrongdoings.

1971: RCMP Theft of dynamite. In April a team of RCMP officers broke into Richelieu Explosives, and stole dynamite. A year later, officers hid four cases of dynamite in [Mont Saint-Grégoire](#), in an attempt to link the explosives with the [FLQ](#).[\[37\]](#)

1972: RCMP Burned down a barn. They were concerned separatists might have a meeting with Black Panthers there. A judge would not give them a warrant to bug the place. They burned it down.[\[38\]](#)

1973: RCMP Committed a break-in, and stole the PQ membership list. Operation HAM. They stole and then hid it away secretly for years, then burned it.[\[39\]](#)

1974: RCMP Security Service Corporal Robert Sampson was arrested at a hospital after a failed bombing. Sampson claimed he had done worse things than plant bombs.[\[40\]](#)

1978: RCMP Break-ins and bombing. Director of the RCMP criminal operations branch, admitted the RCMP has entered more than 400 premises without warrant since 1970.[\[41\]](#)

1981: Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's Liberal government exposed Operation HAM it in the 1977-1981 McDonald Commission into the RCMP's dirty tricks campaign. This led to the force being *stripped of its security service duties* and the creation of the civilian Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS).

2002-2007: Torture Scandal: The stories of Ahmad El Maati, Abdullah Almalki and Maher Arar

“On September 26, 2002, during a stopover in New York City en route from a family vacation in Tunisia to Montreal, Maher Arar was detained by the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, acting upon information supplied by the RCMP. Arar was sent to Syria where he was imprisoned for more than 10 months, tortured and forced to sign a false confession that he had trained in Al Qaeda camps in Afghanistan....

Like Arar, Ahmad El Maati, Abdullah Almalki and Muayyed Nureddin are Canadian Muslim men who were detained and tortured overseas while

under investigation by Canadian investigators. They were all detained when they arrived in Syria and taken to the same Syrian detention centre — the Far' Falastin, or Palestine Branch — of the Syrian Military Intelligence. All were tortured. All were interrogated by the same Syrian interrogation team, who accused them all of links to terrorism using information and questions that could only have originated with Canadian agencies.”[42]

2006: The RCMP helped throw the 2006 election to the Conservative government as so well written by James Tavers, Toronto Star Columnist in “An Eloquent Plea for Democracy” in 2011[43]. The new government subsequently introduced mandatory prison terms and built many new jails despite Canada’s falling crime rate, and later introduced the draconian ‘anti-terror’ Bill C-51, which effectively turned the RCMP into a secret police and suspended many civil liberties, i.e. The RCMP manipulated the political process for their gain.

2009: “RCMP bombed an oil installation as part of a dirty tricks campaign in their investigation into sabotage in the Alberta's oil patch... Their lawyer produced evidence that the RCMP bombed a well site and that they did it with the full support of the energy company that owned it. The Crown admits the allegations are true.” - “RCMP bomb oil site in ‘dirty tricks’ campaign” - CBC News Canada, 01/30/99[44]

2015: “Monty Robinson Sentence: Disgraced B.C. Mountie Jailed For Perjury”[45] A Polish immigrant Robert Dziekanski was stranded in an airport for ten hours upon arriving in Canada. He was worried and upset. He could not speak English. He died after he was tasered many times by a group of RCMP, because he had a stapler in his hand. Several officers then lied during a Public Inquiry and two-served jail time.

In my case, they used torture on a civilian, and drugs to get a forced terror confession twice, starting in Nov 2005 in JC UC 05 as an Arab Muslim Extremist terrorist complete with a script I was forced to repeat.

In the May, 2015 event the RCMP officer was careful to only enter the house once Mitch had already drugged and tortured me. This CICA officer let the RCMP officer in to a crime scene in progress, and the RCMP officer took advantage to get a forced terror confession as I lay drugged and tortured on my bed. Then an officer threatened me two weeks later based on this torture-confession. This is not democracy.

While these events happened three blocks from the geographical center

of Canada's largest city, this is not the Canada that many Canadians gave their lives for in WW II, and in other wars.

I submit it's been proven twice now that the RCMP should not be involved in security service work. First by P.E. Trudeau's 1977-1981 McDonald Commission into the RCMP's dirty tricks campaign, and second, with this report.

There is an idiom: "Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me."

We allow foreign intelligence officers to carry their guns in Canada thanks to a new policy by former PM Harper, but our own intelligence officers (CSIS) are not allowed to. Our paramilitary (RCMP) carry guns, but they help foreign forces in Geneva Convention violating human experimentation on Canadians.

Several times I have seen RCMP officers defer to the CICA officer. In the van in Nov 2005, only the JTF2 officer asserted Canada's interests, never did the RCMP officer; he was more of a gopher boy to the CICA officer.

We need to clean up our own backyard. We cannot blame the USA for entering into an agreement with us during the Cold War. We must focus our efforts on cleaning up our own act regarding the Canadian actors in this Geneva Convention violating human R & D.

I know there are at least three others like me in Toronto through my own investigations, and by extrapolation likely a dozen. A country that turns a blind eye to systemic Geneva Convention violations is not a just society.

If politicians are afraid of the RCMP, then they should do something proactive, use their legislative powers accordingly. We need a special armed intelligence unit made up of cross-trained JTF2 and CSIS agents to take over what security service duties the RCMP currently have, to dovetail into CSIS and JTF2.

If we do not stop MK-ULTRA R & D, we Canadians will continue to be partly responsible for the deployment of torture-trauma, Scopolamine mind-control slaves in false-flag operations, mostly in the USA. Thousands more innocents will die, all for the sake of terrorizing the population with 'lone wolf gunman' ideological terror events to achieve nefarious public opinion manipulation.

The best and brightest peaceful leaders in politics and art will continue to be 'plausibly deniably' assassinated by dark forces. John F. Kennedy and John Lennon's official killers were nothing more than MK-ULTRA patsies

with no motivation to kill. Both targets were anti-war, disregarded secret societies, had enormous positive sway of public opinion and were seen as threats to the uber powerful. Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, the list goes on.

Even when we halt MK-ULTRA R & D in Canada we still require a regulation that all those charged with hate crimes, assassinations, and terror offences are tested for Scopolamine. That needs to be our litmus test for the authenticity of crimes designed to frighten the public. Journalists should be asking the police on camera whether Scopolamine has been tested for when reporting on these crimes.

If we fail, our democracies will continue to crumble through deception and manipulation. Those that profit from war will continue to consolidate power. We will slide into a single global government ruled by the uber powerful enslaving all.

“Our lives are summarized on our gravestones with two dates with a dash in the middle. Make the most of the dash.” - unknown

[37] <http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/chronos/october.htm>

[38] <http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/chronos/october.htm>

[39] http://canadalibre.ca/en_anglais/divers/rcmp-flq-and-state-terrorism/canadas-watergate/

[40] <http://victoria.tc.ca/~d.piney/RCMP-lawlessness.htm>

[41] <http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/chronos/october.htm>

[42]

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_controversies_involving_the_Royal_Canadian_Mounted_Police

[43] http://www.thestar.com/news/canada/2011/03/04/an_eloquent_plea_for_democracy.html

[44] <http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/rcmp-bombed-oil-site-in-dirty-tricks-campaign-1.188599>

[45] http://www.huffingtonpost.ca/2015/07/24/monty-robinson-sentence_n_7866924.html

APPENDIX I - Signs of a Sleeper

These are all based on my own experience as a non-consensual MK-ULTRA Monarch mind-control, R & D test subject. I have been high-dosed on Scopolamine at least four times.

1. High-dosage Scopolamine is required to remove free will in the subject.

The signs of Scopolamine impairment are: [L][SEP]

a. Dilated pupils [L][SEP]

b. The victim will want water as they will have a very dry mouth

c. Droopy eyelids: The upper eyelid rests lower on the eye than normal, almost obscuring the top part of the pupil [L][SEP]

d. Very foul bad breath: Scopolamine clearing in the body causes foul gases to be released by the lungs, ergo the Indigenous name for Scopolamine from Columbian First Peoples “Devil’s Breath” [L][SEP]

e. Heavy legs: loss of strength in the legs requiring extra will power just to stand up right, walk, and run

f. Heavy head: The subject may have trouble keeping their head held up straight, e.g. they might be slightly “bobbing” their head while seated [L][SEP]

g. Loss of willpower: subject will do virtually whatever they are told with no resistance, including acts of violence especially when combined with torture-trauma dissociation and hypnosis [L][SEP]

h. Post-event amnesia: Scopolamine intoxication in itself causes amnesia for 3 to 5 days following the time period the person was intoxicated (will be at least several hours.) Usually a subject is torture-trauma dissociated concurrently, which in itself causes amnesia from months to many years, and even decades

2. The Scopolamine intoxication is combined with torture-trauma to cause dissociation, and finally the subject is put in a hypnotic trance. Signs of a hypnotic trance:

a. ‘Clear Eyes’ is the intelligence community code for an active sleeper. The subject’s eyes are vacant, and staring blankly

b. There are abrupt changes in behaviour when previously programmed triggers (through hypnosis) are present. If changes include personality change, even voice change, this is known as an ‘alter’. Triggers can include hearing a person’s name, or a sentence spoken, and even non-verbal including hearing a particular air-horn sounded a specific number

of times, being shown a fabric of a certain colour or pattern, and even light shone in their eyes of a rare color signature. For triggers to invoke dangerous behaviour, two of the above are layered to prevent accidental triggering. The audible triggers can even be effectively delivered by a phone call. This last point is just a repeat of declassified MK-ULTRA CIA documents, see <http://wanttoknow.info> 'mind control' topic

APPENDIX II - Time Line of Events

