

Exhibit K – General Media

From the 1976 Senate Church Committee Hearings Report

The FBI was not just 'chilling' free speech, but squarely attacking it. The tactics used against Americans often risked and sometimes caused serious emotional, economic, or physical damage.

The acts taken interfered with the First Amendment rights of citizens. They were explicitly intended to deter citizens from joining groups, "neutralize" those who were already members, and prevent or inhibit the expression of ideas.

The FBI has attempted covertly to influence the public's perception of persons and organizations by disseminating derogatory information to the press, either anonymously or through "friendly" news contacts. The impact of those articles is generally difficult to measure, although in some cases there are fairly direct connections to injury to the target. The Bureau also attempted to influence media reporting which would have any impact on the public image...

Many of the victims were concededly nonviolent... and posed no threat to the national security.

- (1) "Counterintelligence" was a misnomer for domestic covert action;
- (2) Its purpose was to maintain the existing social and political order;
- (3) Its techniques carried a serious risk of physical, emotional and economic damage;
- (4) Legal restrictions were ignored;
- (5) Its goals were to prevent or disrupt the exercise of First Amendment rights
by:
 - (a) Propaganda by the use of "friendly" media;
 - (b) The reprinting of bogus mailings, pamphlets and fliers, many of which were anonymous;
- (6) The illicit use of informants;
- (7) The creation and use of fictitious organizations;
- (8) The use of hostile third parties against targeted groups;
- (9) Disseminating derogatory information to friends, family, associates and employers; and
- (10) Interference with and abuse of the judicial process.

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US Electromagnetic Weapons and Human Rights By Peter Phillips, Lew Brown and Bridget Thornton

A Study of the History of US Intelligence Community Human Rights Violations and Continuing Research in Electromagnetic Weapons

Completed December 2006 - Sonoma State University Project Censored - Media Freedom Foundation

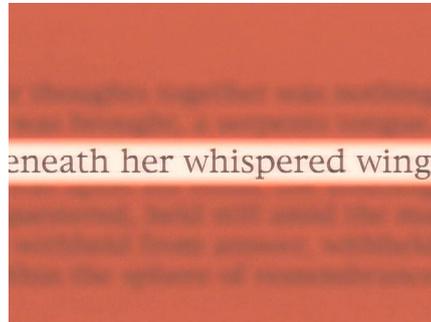
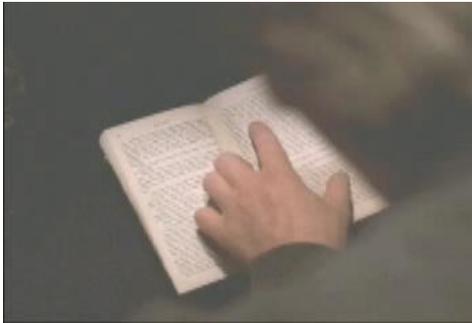
Under the first civilian CIA Director, Allen Welsh Dulles, the Company began to push forward with its agenda of manufacturing consent from the American people for a new state of perpetual war industrialization. Dulles was a well-connected individual, a successful spy for the OSS in Switzerland during the war, related to three secretaries of state, and the chief advisor to Dewey when he ran for President in 1948. Dulles had access to the highest echelons of policy making and his influence was global in scope, counting among his close friends Henry Luce, publisher of Newsweek. Relying heavily upon established circles of contacts within the nation's media elites, Dulles recruited key members of the media to work directly for the CIA under **Operation Mockingbird**. Mockingbird was a psychological information campaign against the American people. In a campaign that would lead to acceptance of blanket secrecy for "national security", "the Red Scare" became the excuse for spending vast sums of money on weapon systems and an increase in covert operations both in foreign countries and within the United States. In the 1950s and 1960s, movies, news articles, books, radio and television programs were carefully laced with anticommunist messages and images designed to produce an acceptance of the policies being promoted by the defense elite's propaganda machine.

"Among the executives who lent their cooperation to the Agency were William Paley of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Henry Luce of Time Inc., Arthur Hays Sulzberger of the New York Times, Barry Bingham Sr. of the Louisville Courier-Journal and James Copley of the Copley News Service. Other organizations which cooperated with the CIA include the American Broadcasting Company, the National Broadcasting Company, the Associated Press, United Press International, Reuters, Hearst Newspapers, Scripps-Howard, Newsweek magazine, the Mutual Broadcasting System, The Miami Herald, and the old Saturday Evening Post and New York Herald-Tribune. By far the most valuable of these associations, according to CIA officials, have been with The New York Times, CBS, and Time Inc."³⁰

One of the engineers of this deception was a former head of the stay-behind network, Edward W. Barrett, director of the Interdepartmental Psychological Strategy Board (IPSB) and, not coincidentally an editor at Newsweek. Barrett was seen as being very effective in his efforts to manipulate public opinion. At the same time, CPD was a "non-political group of citizens of the western coast" and launched a media campaign in favor of the urgent reinforcement of the national defense.

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The Mothman Prophecies



There are the early accounts of the Point Pleasant, West Virginia citizens who report have seen a red eyed flying creature. There is the book by John Keel. There is the film 'The Mothman Prophecies'. And there is the growing mythology that is a product of all three.

From [Peter Rogerson's review](#) of "Mothman: The Facts Behind the Legend", "The so-called TNT, the disused ordnance depot and manufacturing plant area, had become a sort of playground for local youths, for sex and drag racing and such, like a sort of permissive zone outside the town limits." By now, I know the trappings (no pun intended) of MC well enough that I just did a search on 'Point Pleasant'+ 'sex' and knew that an inkling of the real truth behind the mythology would quickly pop up, if the suggestive aspects of the film weren't enough to expect as much. And that quickly lead me to the review.

Anyway, in view of Rogerson's actual facts, it's pretty clear that the sightings were probably an effort to scare people away from the area and to break up the activity going on there and in other parts of the town and more importantly to experiment and apply some of the ever evolving techniques of so-called 'mind control' in a nice out of the way region of the country (that may have been related to a counter culture movement that was flourishing in the western Virginia area in the mid sixties). MC is always dressed up in mythology, indirection, fiction and other forms of subterfuge like act of God, mysticism and alien and ghost mythology. Keeping the public incredulous and half believing such things is a major component of the old black art of MC. Another aspect of MC is to terrify and the reports of a fearsome, red-eyed, car chasing, dog mutilating 'creature' fit that template well.

I believe that there are two possibilities concerning John Keel. One is that he was a targeted individual at some point prior to 1966 and incorporated that experience, which he did not fully understand, into a growing fascination with UFOs, ghost and parapsychological phenomena. Many, perhaps most targets, are pummeled cruelly and relentlessly over their sins, even to the point of suicide. After all, that appears to be what MC is designed to do, as well as to be extraordinarily resistant to being legally or

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factually pinned down in any way. It also makes optimal use of ignorance. So Rogerson's words, "Mothman Prophecy seems an ideal post 9/11 story, with its sense of vague menace and apocalyptic imagery of urban breakdown and some coming event of mass destruction." and "Keel's vision of terrorism and urban collapse" appear to support that possibility.

The other more likely possibility is that Keel were part of the pro-MC network from the start and went down to Point Pleasant to deliberately assist in weaving a legend around the events there and to add mystical spin and lies to cloud the actual truth. If so, he certainly succeeded. In either case, the events there are and always will be clouded in mystery and myth and MC is better covered thereby.

In any case, it is certain that director Mark Pellington's and screenwriter Richard Hatem's version of Keel's version of the events in Point Pleasant most certainly IS a prime example of contemporary creative media MC. Its conformity to the events in Point Pleasant is minimal at best. For example, there was no Washington Post reporter or author named Leek, both characters loosely conforming to John Keel, himself. Mary Kyle, the Point Pleasant reporter, was transformed into a police officer, and many of the details were modified. For example, the number of people killed in the bridge collapse was changed from 46 to 36 in order to adorn the number with religious numerology overtones (i.e. 666) and to drop clever lines like "36 people died" (i.e. bad people). Other hints at such numerology pop up here and there within the film as well (see below).

Also, there was no prophecy involved. Occasionally, MC insiders will attempt to emulate prophecy by planting suggestions, signs and other phenomena and later spin those events or engineer other events that relate back to the earlier ones so as to appear to have been predicted by them. Miss Kyle's recurring dream of finding herself surrounded by Christmas presents while drowning may actually have been an example of artificially induced dreaming, perhaps an effort to hammer her for accepting improper gifts or other things of value as part of the nefarious psychological warfare going on there. Recall that Christ, Christmas and Santa symbolism is common in MC. She did not dream, "Wake up, number 37." [more numerology] as portrayed in the film. One must begin to wonder if 'based on' is a meaningful term at all in modern filmmaking.

Some of the many known attack tactics that are still being applied as part of contemporary MC are included in the film, some of which were probably also applied in and around Point Pleasant. Those include:

A pattern melted into a steel grille, loud beeping noises, creaking and howling sounds, manipulation of images on television screens, mysterious phone calls with no answer or mechanical sounding voices on the other end that, when analyzed, appear to have characteristics of electrical impulses, 'men in black' running around doing weird things and asking weird questions, a phone ringing that is not plugged in, a car that shuts down for no apparent reason, migraines, perception of hearing voices, induced hallucinations and the ability of persons unseen to literally read one's mind and recognize words that one is reading from a book.

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Although many of the phenomena appear very different, they may all be myriad variations upon one single known technology - the ability to focus energy upon (and measure the presence of energy within) highly localized points in space from a distance, which can be rapidly modulated, scanned, steered, etc.

Standard creative media symbolism and suggestions in the film include:

"A little after 6" (numerology), "This'll really make them sweat.", "Big house" (a euphemism for prison), making out "in the closet", "There's something wrong with me", red tumor in the brain scan, "The universe points at you and says, ah, there you are.", "She was drawing angels.", ruin in the drawings, "Parties are demonizing each other.", suggestion of communication through the wire, cat picture on the wall, "Smallwood" - a phallic suggestion and a derivation of the name "Woody", "Ohio state line" (prominently displayed in the film 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind' as well), "She's my gal" mural on the wall, 6302 address (numerology), "Year old reports" - "Embarrassed to be bringing it up", "really weird feeling", making out in the back seat, blood from girlfriend's mouth possibly suggestive of fellatio, bleeding eye possibly suggestive of marijuana smoking, a look in the mirror, "not my reflection", cat scan, Indians shooting buffalo pictured on the wall, "like dreams", Christmas presents, letting herself sink, "trapped in hellish death realms", "They cause disasters. Why would they need to?", burdened statues, "If there was a window washer up there and a car crash happened, I'm sure he could see it.", "Have you ever tried explaining yourself to a cockroach?", A child figure that peers suggestively, Christmas celebration, "Do you remember the last time you were happy?", "This is your wake-up call.", the bogus name "Indrid Cold", mirror symbolism, death by exposure to the cold, an image in a mirror that doesn't match the original, flashing red light on the phone, "Crossroads of America", "One day I started hearing voices", "We're not allowed to know", dilated eyes on the bridge, "36 people" (numerology), Jesus, "Your father lived in a green house on Monroe St. You don't remember how your mother looked.", "Ok, you got my attention.", Cherry Flavored Chapstick, "A broken smile beneath her whispered wings." (cut to a police car speeding toward the camera). "It depends who's looking."

Finally, the catastrophic collapse of a steel bridge that leads to scores of deaths is a rare thing, certainly when there is no known aggravating factor. Also, people who find themselves targets in MC operations even today discover just how ruthless their persecutors are willing to be, as long as they need suffer no consequence themselves, other than their time and genius. In view of those facts and the conjunction in time with the other events in and around Point Pleasant that are clearly MC oriented, it is reasonable to assume that the bridge was brought down intentionally. If so, a mass murder, a crime more profound than any other activity that went on in that small town still remains to be solved. Perhaps they were experimenting with ways of frightening an entire region into conformity and filling both the town's inhabitants and numerous other people with a belief in psychic, ghost, angelic and other phenomena that would persist long after. After all, the film does clearly suggest religious symbolism and numerology,

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suggesting that the moth 'creature' were actually a winged angel or that there were an angelic component to the events in Point Pleasant, which surely there was not.

Vonage



Vonage commercial featuring a man in a lobster costume who hands out flyers and gets trapped in a revolving glass door. The flyers are symbolic of protest literature. The color red is symbolic. Lobster is symbolic of being cooked or dipped in boiling water or someone living within a shell that has floated around in other media. Being trapped in a revolving glass door is symbolic of being trapped in the system of clandestine harassment.

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Marilyn Manson - Vow



I came to cut you up
I came to knock you down
I came around to tear your little world apart
I came to shut you up
I came to drag you down
I came around to tear your little world apart
And break your soul apart

From the NMDB archives of the television series NCIS

(I'm hopeful that the actress will follow through on her excellent idea.)



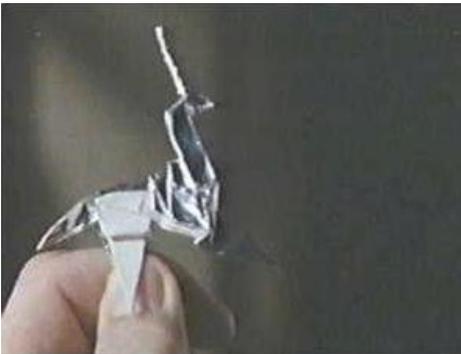
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The film “The Sweetest Thing”



A street theater harassment metaphor from the film ‘The Sweetest Thing’ in the form of laughter and ridicule in the context of a semen stain on a scarf. The title itself is a play on words.

The film “Blade Runner”



A sexually suggestive unicorn left at a doorstep, a match stick man with a woody, laughing clowns, little pirate bear and nazi replicants, and an alcoholic cop that goes to erotic bars and takes small bribes, fish and snake (sexual metaphors), oysters (sexual metaphor) and boiled dog, precious photos, butterfly and playing doctor, a “confidential committee against moral abuses”, a test that provokes an emotional response, a tortoise (shell metaphor) trapped on its back and left to bake in the sun, replicants that are virtually identical to humans, city speak - gutter talk, 'Gaff' (Webster's - A metal hook fastened to a pole, used to land large fish, a hoax, a trick, harsh treatment, a metal spur for the leg of a gamecock), blade runner agents tasked with the job of hunting down and killing replicants, freezing and boiling metaphors, unending rain and tears in rain, 'How long have I got?', a wasp crawling on your arm while watching television, implants and other people's memories, chessboard metaphors, 'Quite an experience to live in fear, isn't it? That's what it is to be a slave.', 'Nothing is worse than having an itch you can never scratch.', nails through a martyr's hands.

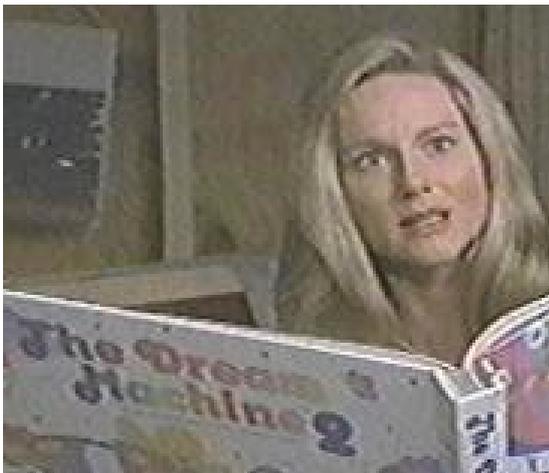
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The film ‘The Truman Show’

The premise of the film is a man who has been under constant surveillance for his entire life without his knowledge or consent, a game in which his entire society conspires to take part – reflective of the reality that targeted individuals endure.



A camera view from the viewpoint of Truman himself symbolizing the astonishing ability to effectively see through the eyes of targeted individuals. Notice the eye shaped opening.



‘The Dream Machine’ symbolizing the ability to influence dream content that is one of the more astonishing tools in the MC arsenal.



The words "Stand by all extras..." coming through on Truman’s radio symbolizing the work of cooperating individuals within the creative media and of group stalking harassments, frequently mocking, ridiculing, goading and ‘triggering’ targeted individuals in clever ways over the airwaves and in public places with embarrassing surveillance information.

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The film ‘Being John Malkovic’



The astonishing technological capability to effectively see through the eyes of targeted individuals, presumably via surveillance of the optical centers of the brain, possibly involving implants. In the film, numerous uninvited persons get a ride behind Malkovic's eyes.



Puppet metaphors and a puppet's dance of despair symbolizing the ability to control the lives of targeted individuals and make their lives a living hell.

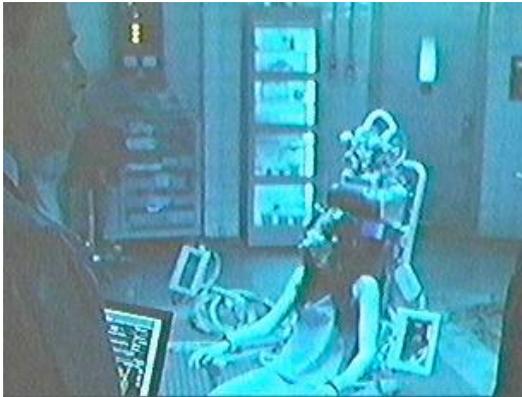


Malkovic seeing himself everywhere in different guises probably symbolizing being 'mirrored' and entrainment.

A caged monkey metaphor. The low ceilinged 7 1/2th floor symbolizing the restricted living space of being a targeted individual and of the 'space between' within which MC deniably operates and of the number 7. But where are our formulaic provocative, sexual insinuations or insinuations implying threats to children? The monk and nun humping the wall that separates and imprisons them (religious figures being frequent symbols of 'entrainment' foci for trained delusion and entrainment - John Nash's persecution being a case in point). The puppetmaster gets beaten up for directing the humping in a public place. The silly premise about being imprisoned forever within an infant's mind. Etc.

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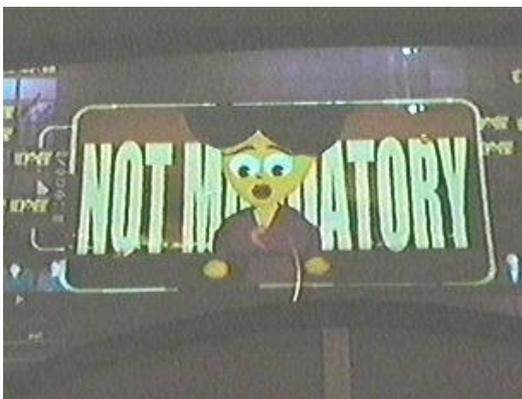
The film ‘Serenity’



A rough metaphor for the non-contact, leave-no-trace technology of thought surveillance.



Serenity is ‘programmed’ to react violently to a code displayed on a screen, which symbolizes the psychological training of targeted persons to react emotionally to clever and clandestine references to their less angelic behaviors and attitudes (i.e. triggered). The name ‘Miranda’ was chosen to be symbolic of ‘Miranda Rights’ or rather the deniable lack of Miranda and other rights as part of MC persecutions.



And here is the trigger. The octopus that pops out of the animated figure’s shirt is a frequently used metaphor for the long, gasping arms of American intelligence that MC represents also employed in the film “A Beautiful Mind” and elsewhere. Octopus was also supposedly a method for viewing people using their own TVs dating back to 1948, the year that Orwell’s 1984 was published which also has a TV camera premise.

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The film “12 Monkeys”



"Yet, among the myriad microwaves, the infrared messages, the gigabytes of ones and zeros, we find words, byte-sized now, tinier even than science, lurking in some vague electricity. Yet, if we but listen, we hear the solitary voice of that poet telling us..." and so on - a rough metaphor for all of the techniques of clandestine messaging and an appeal to listen to what the MC network has to say. If creative media MC artists are anything at all, it's vague. We also have the usual supporting propaganda - the guy bent on destroying humanity, a kidnapping, the pimp, the muggers, games (a vague metaphor for the hardball game of MC itself that pops up every so often), "omens and divinations", "vials full of the wrath of God", "No way to confirm anything. Hee hee", a spider symbol (repeated in 'The torture and death Exorcism of Emily Rose), writing on the wall and the monolithic monkey symbol, mysterious disembodied voices, the monkey poisoned and dying fast in a too-small cage, "it's in the tooth, Bob", prisoners in cages, a mental institution, "I wanna get well", "Get with the program", "It's an advertisement. Not really a special message to you, Mr. Cole." (a denial of the tactic of creative media MC triggering/mirroring, which can indeed be personal), "You can't hide from them. They can find you anywhere. Anytime." etc., etc. An interesting and strategically intended mention of 'Casandra complex', a state of mind that any targeted individual knows quite well – utter powerlessness, being hurt and used, while the public is slowly being sold on a very oppressive future that cannot be proven.

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George Orwell's 1984

It is one of those interesting words that have two contradictory meanings. Applied to an opponent, it is abuse; applied to someone you agree with, it is praise. - Orwell on 'Duckspeak'

The following first pages from '1984' contain a kind of code. In fact, the entire book refers in the context of fiction to a certain reality, which a countless number of modern day examples do as well. That kind of code was referred to obliquely in 'A Beautiful Mind' as "The computer can't find a pattern, but we're sure it's code." and as "embedded codes in newspapers and magazines" and in 'AI: Artificial Intelligence' as "there is an imprinting protocol consisting of a code string of **seven** particular words" and as "This imprinting is irreversible." that are fairly telling.

*It was a bright **cold** day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the **glass doors of Victory Mansions**, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.*

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous



*face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and **at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours**. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for **Hate Week**. The flat was **seven flights up [good]**, and Winston, who was **thirty-nine [no good (i.e. righteous-not)]** and had a varicose ulcer [??] above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several*

*times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift-shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. **It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move.** **BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU**, the caption beneath it ran. **[The picture above is on the radio dial in the film '12 Monkeys'. Same approach. Same pattern. 37 -> 777]***

*Inside the flat a **fruity voice** was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of **pig-iron [iron is a phallic metaphor - "Any old iron." in 'AI: Artificial Intelligence' and Steven King's ghost in a pig mask performing fellatio in 'The Shining' to cite two typical implied, always implied, definitions]**. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a **dulled mirror** which formed part of the surface of the **right-hand wall**. Winston turned a switch and **the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the***

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window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasized by the **blue overalls which were the uniform of the party**. His hair was very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin **roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades** and the **cold of the winter** that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, **the world looked cold**. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a **harsh blue**, there seemed to be **no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere**. The blackmoustachio'd face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. **BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU**, the caption said, while **the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own**. Down at streetlevel another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word **INGSOC**. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant **like a bluebottle**, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was still babbling away about pig-iron and the overfulfilment of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received and



transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it, moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. **There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment**. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire

whenever they wanted to. You had to live -- did live, from habit that became instinct -- in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized. **[The picture above also appears on the radio dial in the film '12 Monkeys'. Same approach. Same pattern.]**



["Sabrina, my courtroom day begins at 9:30 am."

"Sorry, your honor.."

"Which was 17 minutes ago."

(From The Execution Exorcism of Emily Rose. I'll spare you all of the 3:00's.)]

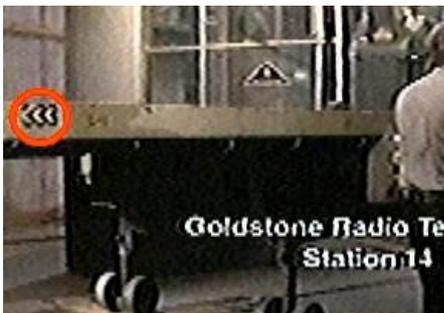
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Winston kept **his back turned to the telescreen**. It was safer, though, as he well knew, **even a back can be revealing**. A kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered vast and white above the grimy landscape. This, he thought with **a sort of vague distaste** -- this was London, chief city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania. He tried to **squeeze out some childhood memory** that should tell him whether London had always been quite like this. Were there always these vistas of **rotting nineteenth-century houses**, their sides shored up with baulks of timber, their windows patched with cardboard and their roofs with corrugated iron, their **crazy garden walls** sagging in all directions? And the bombed sites where the plaster dust swirled in the air and the **willow-herb** straggled over the heaps of rubble; and the places where the bombs had cleared a larger patch and there had sprung up **sordid colonies of wooden dwellings like chicken-houses**? But it was no use, he could not remember: nothing remained of his childhood except a series of bright-lit tableaux occurring against no background and mostly unintelligible.



The Ministry of Truth -- Minitrue, in Newspeak* -- was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous **pyramidal structure** [I include the old illuminati sign in pure speculation of what Orwell might have been hinting at] of glittering white concrete, soaring up, terrace after terrace, **300 metres into the air**. From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the **three [good] slogans of the Party**:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH



The Ministry of Truth contained, it was said, **three thousand rooms above ground level**, and corresponding **ramifications below**. Scattered about London there were just **three** other buildings of similar appearance and size. So completely did they dwarf the surrounding architecture that from the roof of Victory Mansions you could see all four of them simultaneously. They were the homes of the four Ministries between which the entire apparatus of government was divided. The Ministry of Truth, which concerned itself with news, entertainment, education, and the fine arts. The Ministry of Peace, which concerned itself with war. The Ministry of Love, which maintained law and order. And the Ministry of Plenty, which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv, and Miniplenty. [Photographs from 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind'. Was the inclusion of the name Goldstone intended to be reminiscent of "renegade and backslider" Goldstein? (Orwell's words)]

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The Ministry of Love was the really frightening one. There were no windows in it at all. Winston had never been inside the Ministry of Love, nor within half a kilometre of it. It was a place impossible to enter except on official business, and then only by penetrating through a maze of barbed-wire entanglements, steel doors, and hidden machine-gun nests. Even the streets leading up to its outer barriers were roamed by gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed truncheons.

I've been curious about the eerie similarities between the novel and modern day MC persecutions for some time. Now I understand why. Ironically, Orwell was an 'inner party member', himself, probably part of the fledgling postwar intelligence 'brotherhood'. Not really the libertarian champion that he is so widely regarded as being, as a simple surface reading of the novel would suggest. I expect that he had no idea that his book would become the libertarian bible and the novel was probably just one early example of the kind of strategic mirroring of the clandestine neurotechnological and social slave system that is more viable today than ever, which has withstood any legal challenge for six decades or more, and whose common denominator is forever avoiding any outright and unambiguous admission that it exists at all, while perpetually hiding behind the invisibility of electromagnetics and in plain view via implication and fiction. After all, is that tale really so different from any number of modern incarnations from 'The Devil's Advocate' to 'Close Encounters' to 'The Final Cut' to 'Blade Runner' to 'A Beautiful Mind', each with its own unique context and structure?

Certainly, when Orwell speaks about hate week and the viability of hatred as opposed to love, he means it. When you understand that the novel mirrors a reality, you'll find that it is quite relevant to that reality, as are the films '12 Monkeys', 'Close Encounters', 'The Matrix', 'The Game', 'A Beautiful Mind', 'Blade Runner' and numerous others. It is exaggerated in some ways. For example, we still can't be simply dragged off to prison without at least a good excuse. It is understated in others. For example, the Winston and Julia characters are at least able to find some privacy together, while alone in the woods. Today, a targeted individual can go nowhere at all at least within the continental US and be free from the surreptitious surveillance and harassment presence that may include remote pain induction and truly constant babbling of one form or another. The inaccuracies are a product both of the casting of the reality into the form of a novel (no single reflection of it is entirely accurate), the flexibility of that medium of insinuation, and other reasons like changes in the technologies and modes of application over time.

The passage about the Ministry of Love refers more or less to the very real impenetrability of so-called mind control (MC) and that it often concerns itself with sex. 'War is Peace' reflects the fact that the 'war' is ongoing in the media, in the minds of targets and their persecutors (even within the hidden electromagnetic spectrum), but to all outward appearances it is peace and does not exist at all. 'Freedom is Slavery' reflects that slavery of the mind in which one is free to move about, but is psychologically caged and tortured. 'Ignorance is Strength' reflects the way of keeping targets ignorant of the machinations happening around them (including the surveillance of themselves before it is ultimately revealed, if ever) and the strict avoidance of straight talk in favor of 'signing', targets and the public ignorant of the actual machinery of MC (which is known

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to a relative few) and incredulous about the emphatic claims of targeted people themselves.

The more perceptive may spontaneously wake up to the code embodied in the text. For targeted people, its perception can be trained in via surreptitious means. I know I was oblivious to Orwell's role as an insider until recently after being immersed in the trappings (pun intended) of MC (particularly the media aspect) and studying them for years. MC long ago absorbed the media, though you may never feel its presence at all, or more precisely, be aware that you have already felt its influence upon your culture, which often comes in the form of puns, jokes, clever wordplay and so-called subliminals. These days, many artists and filmmakers, after simply sensing the patterns which are by now everywhere, may just be building on the patterns (bouncing around monkey, cat and other metaphors), sensing and assuming a righteous purpose behind them and finding it all too easy to ignore, disbelieve or disregard MC's Constitutional and lawful transgressions. Cooperating may by now be a great way to get ahead in life and it may be by now all but impossible to get a noncooperative script even produced. The dissenters on the other hand get stuffed into the institutions, silence and fear and are excluded from the media, most never really understanding what hit them, why they didn't get that job, why they had to wait so long for service in the shop, why the police or their representative refused to act upon their complaint, why they're sitting in jail (ref. – Twilight Zone episode 'Valley of the Shadow' in which Mr. **Redfield** is told that the nearly empty hotel is too full to accommodate him). It's a kind of moral mafia. People who are knowledgeable about the thought surveillance and other surreptitious technologies and tactics involved continue to pretend and speak as though those are still a long way off and within the realm of science fiction or imagination. They will as long as possible.

According to prolific and published MC writer, Alex Constantine:

Operation Octopus was in full swing by 1948, a SURVEILLANCE program that turned any television set into a transmitter with a range of 2.5 miles..agents of OCTOPUS could pick up an audio and visual image with the equipment..

Interestingly, 1949 is the year that 1984 was copyrighted, a book with a central premise of television screens that monitor the citizenry. Although Mr. Constantine made no connection between those two details to the best of my knowledge, I do.

Alternatively, Octopus itself (and the TV screens premise of 1984) might be a kind of sheer disinformation, released at about the same time and in complement to each other, with the true surveillance holy grail being remote thought surveillance itself, information from which can always be employed in a limited fashion in terms of what information is bounced back at targets so as to create the illusion that the surveillance is limited to TV screens. In fact, when I knew very little about my own situation, I believed only that some sort surveillance of my computer screen was in use, because my persecutors would at first respond both to its content and to noises that I would make within my home. I believed that I at least enjoyed visual privacy and privacy in other places away from home - an illusion that was probably useful to my persecutors/surveillors. And one that

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ultimately proved quite false.

Interestingly, Howard and Goldsman saw fit to include a clever reference to 'Umbrella' and 'Octopus' in their biography of John Nash, 'A Beautiful Mind', a film that borrows from a biography that suggests only schizophrenia as the source of Nash's problems, but true to form, insinuates something else entirely, practically screams at you between the lines. It in fact insinuates a reality that I and other targeted individuals know all too well to be a reality - a clandestine surveillance presence and a collection of clandestine harassment, communications and psychological methods that disguise their influence as being delusion and schizophrenia (or ghost, ESP or religious phenomena) that justifies itself primarily in the creative media.

Although Orwell did include the name 'thought police', he did not clearly include its presence within the novel. But he did say within the appendix:

There are therefore two great problems which the Party is concerned to solve. One is how to discover, against his will, what another human being is thinking, and the other is how to kill several hundred million people in a few seconds without giving warning beforehand.

I read 'kill' as metaphorical (mostly) and the number a bit exaggerated, but Orwell may have provided some insight into those millions of 'alien abduction' reports – they were most likely being punished for their crimes and sins and in such a way that no one need ever be responsible for the punishment (or the suspension of presumed Constitutional protections) or disclose the psy-ops arsenal itself, which would be a legal mess. Brilliant. Orwell justifies the system by hinting at what society would be like in a thousand years without it – a slow devolution. He might be right. What happens when the children of the sixties enter political office? And their children. And theirs. Anyway, Orwell hinted at thought surveillance not once but three times in quick succession within the text:

Winston was struck, as he had been struck before, by the tiredness of O'Brien's face. It was strong and fleshy and brutal, it was full of intelligence and a sort of controlled passion before which he felt himself helpless; but it was tired. There were pouches under the eyes, the skin sagged from the cheekbones. O'Brien leaned over him, deliberately bringing the worn face nearer.

'You are thinking,' he said, 'that my face is old and tired.'

Then why bother to torture me? thought Winston, with a momentary bitterness. O'Brien checked his step as though Winston had uttered the thought aloud. His large ugly face came nearer, with the eyes a little narrowed.

'You are thinking,' he said, 'that since we intend to destroy you utterly, so that nothing that you say or do can make the smallest difference -- in that case, why do we go to the trouble of interrogating you first? That is what you were thinking, was it not?'

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Although the pain had brought the sweat out on his forehead, the worst of all was the fear that his backbone was about to snap. He set his teeth and breathed hard through his nose, trying to keep silent as long as possible.

'You are afraid,' said O'Brien, watching his face, 'that in another moment something is going to break. Your especial fear is that it will be your backbone. You have a vivid mental picture of the vertebrae snapping apart and the spinal fluid dripping out of them. That is what you are thinking, is it not, Winston?'

The O'Brien character also says to Winston,

We will meet in the place where there is no darkness.

which probably also hints at the surveillance of thought (or at least surveillance in general and the proverbial room 101 - itself a probable pictograph of a human head in a vise or trapped between walls. I don't read it as 'one nobody won', since Winston obviously lost to big brother in the end, as all targeted persons ultimately do). In any case, wartime expenditures for the military in WW2 were enormous and unlike the atomic bomb, a technology for surveilling thought could be kept perpetually secret and would undoubtedly find itself woven into some pretty weird strategies to both exploit it, keep it secret and to hide it in plain view indefinitely.

These days, the complaints of targeted individuals are so cliché and old that you could probably illustrate every aspect of MC within legitimate mainstream news and many people would not believe it at all. More precisely, it doesn't really matter how many people believe in it, since they can never really verify or do anything about it anyway and 'inner party members' never talk for a variety of reasons. Nothing disturbs the status quo.

And then there are interesting passages like:

"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St Clement's." That was a rhyme we had when I was a little boy. How it goes on I don't remember, but I do know it ended up, "Here comes a candle to light you to bed, Here comes a chopper to chop off your head." It was a kind of a dance. They held out their arms for you to pass under, and when they came to "Here comes a chopper to chop off your head" they brought their arms down and caught you. It was just names of churches. All the London churches were in it -- all the principal ones, that is.'

Certainly reminds me of the way that I thought I was a free man one day and was in hell the next (and every day since). 'Head' is probably readable as phallic. 'Oranges and lemons' is probably suggestive. And some targeted persons do report that churches are involved. I would expect them to be.

And then there is:

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It's a beautiful bed, if you can get the bugs out.

Mic bugs?

Also according to Alex Constantine:

Psi-Tech. was founded in 1989 by a clique of former intelligence officers.

It [remote viewing] is a very structured technique. Founder, Ed Dames, says "I have been involved in a lot of very very deep, dark black occult projects". He is qualified for covert military operations spiked with classified psychotronics.

He joined the army in 1967. He worked with three "elite units". His familiarity with advanced technology involved highly advanced espionage hardware which he called "boxes in the sky that look down and through buildings .. and he said.. "there are agents underground and sophisticated technology"..

"THE PSYCHIC SPY UNIT" , Dames admits , " has provided services to the CIA , NSA, DIA, DEA, NAVY, AND AIR FORCES.....under watch of an ARMY BOARD.

Ed Dames claims the Taos hum is a 17Hz time beacon, that pumps pulses of gravity into space as an invisible light-house for time-travel and ET's. Psi-techs' telepaths claim discovery of a breed of alien from Mars, connected to a remote civilization called "THE FEDERATION".

That last quote may convince some that so-called remote viewers like Dames are kooks and crazies themselves embedded in the usual aliens disinfo/code/mystique. That is not the case. It may help to throw many people off the reality. What it is is pure code talk (newspeak/duckspeak). It is, in fact, an admission of the claims of numerous targeted persons (including the pain, harms and deaths they have suffered), just in a language that no-one can prove is a language at all, except by cross-reference to other similar uses of its implicit and flexible dictionary. Clever. In that lingo, targeted people like me are the 'aliens from Mars', Dames and people like him are 'the federation', 'pumps pulses of gravity into space as an invisible light-house for time-travel and ET's' is translatable roughly as all the forms of clandestine harassment (technological and otherwise) by which we 'aliens' are persecuted, 'psychic' is readable as neurotechnological. The observant may note the use of the 'time travel', 'aliens'/ETs and other metaphors in 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind' or '12 Monkeys' play on the time travel premise (which in the case of some targets may be an outright cultivated delusion or a predictive or assisted capability). Gravity roughly translates as ridicule / mirroring / chastisement and other mind gaming. Interestingly, that use of code may satisfy that human need to share a secret - to be able to express it (albeit in veiled form) - and thereby give the secret a pressure outlet of sort. But of course it has a practical purpose too or Mr. Dames would not have spoken at all, just as those and other referenced films have a practical purpose. It is an example of hiding in plain view. Interestingly, the film 'Doctor Strangelove' includes the quote "Tell Dames to get Premier Kissev on the hotline." I don't know if

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that is coincidental or not (since that film precedes Dames joining the army), but I do know that all of the names in that film have meaning (from Colonel Puntrage to General Turgidson).

Oddly enough, the film 'Constantine' probably contains some triggers and mirrors for Mr. Constantine, himself (at least by virtue of the title of the film). Being one of the best and most prolific writers in the field (and probably a target – reportedly dead of a bruised knee), he made himself a bulls-eye for some of that semi-transparent ridicule too on the one hand and is ignored in the mainstream press on the other, though it can be considered a kind of semi-transparent badge (of honor or dishonor is your call). Now you know a bit of what they are suggesting when they put the demon in the mirror that the Constantine character is attempting to fling out the window. I'd also expect a few veiled references to the Constantine who was responsible for the rise of Christianity in the transforming Roman empire too, though I haven't looked at the film closely enough to be sure.

You will be turned into gas and poured into the atmosphere. Not a name in a register or a memory in a living brain.

The Colbert Report's Tek Jansen series is a small part of my own 'dissolution' and being a fat man riddled with bullet holes about whose demise the crowd roars with laughter to use Orwell's own terminology within the first chapter. Before you disregard that claim or that the Teddy Bear in Spielberg's AI: Artificial Intelligence is aimed primarily at me (however generally applicable it may be in a more general way), just ask yourself – Who else is critically analyzing Spielberg's and others' works in terms of so-called 'mind control'? No one. That alone is enough to draw their attention and ire, although my own sins probably started that snowball rolling years ago and/or I was 'inducted' for other reasons. Recall that he and his brother know EVERYTHING.

There was no law, not even an unwritten law, against frequenting the Chestnut Tree Café, yet the place was somehow ill-omened. The old, discredited leaders of the Party had been used to gather there before they were finally purged.

In Oceania there is no law. Thoughts and actions which, when detected, mean certain death are not formally forbidden, and the endless purges, arrests, tortures, imprisonments, and vaporizations are not inflicted as punishment for crimes which have actually been committed, but are merely the wiping-out of persons who might perhaps commit a crime at some time in the future. A Party member is required to have not only the right opinions, but the right instincts. Many of the beliefs and attitudes demanded of him are never plainly stated, and could not be stated without laying bare the contradictions inherent in Ingsoc.

In the Tek Jansen series (a play on my name), it's **astronaut** this, **astroglide** that, **alpha** squad this, **parumpum** that, chocolate blades of thunder this (associating me with that silly film), etc., regardless of 'Lawrence vs. Texas' and the continuing prevalence of such material within the adult film industry (even just down the road here in bible belt

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Georgia). For my part, as long as such material is legally available and beamed to my TV via Dish Network, I will feel free to view such material (and even engage in the act if I care to and the opportunity ever arises – no pun intended). It hardly matters what the law is anymore. Big brother and his large and growing mob can do just about anything they want so long as that cannot be proven.

In MC, it's not the laws that are always so ambiguous, since MC is certainly inclusive of those. It's the certainty and nature of the penalties and the full breadth of MC's reach that are kept under such a tight secrecy, defined only by amorphous signs that are inclusive of somewhat acceptable (or at least controversial) behaviors. MC pretends to be law, when it needs to. Psychiatry when it needs to, encapsulated well by King's "Kill the crazies!!". Bible and morality when it needs to, encapsulated well by Spielberg's "Angels to watch over you.", the angel on the rope in '12 Monkeys' or the angel in playland in 'AI' or Twilight Zone's angel in the mirror that no one else but the instantly homeless and jobless Mr. Bevis (pronounced Beevis) can see (produced in the early sixties). Public health when it needs to (usually in the form of HIV - implied or otherwise), encapsulated well by King's, "Stay away from East Texas! The PLAGUE!" or "Flu buddy" or by mention of "Health code" in the film 'Devil's Advocate'. It's wonderfully flexible that way.

So, walk into a porn shop and someday before you even know it, they may have already brought their hands down and caught you. 'The Game' suggests that women who don't wear panties in public... So, watch out ladies. Always follow the straight and narrow... Or else. I believe that is the mindset that they want non-targeted people to have.

No one who had once fallen into the hands of the Thought Police ever escaped in the end. They were corpses waiting to be sent back to the grave. - Orwell

If I were to draw attention to the presumed connotations of the phrase 'Junior Anti-Sex' or 'fruity' for example, I would get ready and enthusiastic agreement (deniably, of course) from the network. If, on the other hand, I drew attention to:

'Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are creating? It is the exact opposite of the stupid hedonistic Utopias that the old reformers imagined. A world of fear and treachery is torment, a world of trampling and being trampled upon, a world which will grow not less but more merciless as it refines itself. Progress in our world will be progress towards more pain. The old civilizations claimed that they were founded on love or justice. Ours is founded upon hatred. In our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement. Everything else we shall destroy everything. Already we are breaking down the habits of thought which have survived from before the Revolution. We have cut the links between child and parent, and between man and man, and between man and woman. No one dares trust a wife or a child or a friend any longer. But in the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. The sex instinct will be eradicated. Procreation will be an annual formality like the renewal of a ration card. We shall abolish the orgasm. Our neurologists are at work upon it now. There will be no loyalty,

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except loyalty towards the Party. There will be no love, except the love of Big Brother. There will be no laughter, except the laugh of triumph over a defeated enemy. There will be no art, no literature, no science. When we are omnipotent we shall have no more need of science. There will be no distinction between beauty and ugliness. There will be no curiosity, no enjoyment of the process of life. All competing pleasures will be destroyed. But always -- do not forget this, Winston -- always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face -- for ever.'

The network that keeps the machine in motion DOES include some of the most hateful, vengeful, bigoted, intolerant and self-righteous people in the nation (not to mention some of the richest and most powerful). How do they share their feelings with targeted persons and the nation? As we are finding – very, very carefully with a great deal of thought towards cover, self-protection and self-promotion within entertainment venues. Try to find a movie that DOESN'T touch upon the subject either as its core underlying premise or at least in passing. As a target, I am almost entirely estranged from my own family due primarily to my persecutors' machinations and the suspicion those cultivate. I regularly see points like that ignored altogether by the network or suggested in safe (deniable) contexts like 1984 itself or considered something like, "Oh that's just the fictional context. A bit of fluff. Pay it no mind. Absurd." or "Oh, that's just for people like YOU." (whatever THAT means). But the network should pay more attention to its own old testament bible '1984', in my opinion, and to their own grandfather, Orwell. The only common denominator of a CIA/surveillance state is, after all, fear, and over time in not being accountable to anything but itself could be expected to gradually whittle human variation down to a grey sameness with a very few in ultimate charge. Maybe I'm over projecting. What I do know for sure is that none of the people on the inside, not one, will ever come forward, hold a press conference and tell it exactly like it is. No one. Those who don't love it or consider it a necessary evil are too afraid to risk the ire of the rest of the network. They have much to fear. And they know that doing so would do precious little good, if the effort even made it past the network to the airwaves at all.

One thing 1984 obviously is not and that is simply some projection of the Stalinist USSR into the future, having as it does more to do with sex than communism, which is the largest common denominator of the clandestine harassments of so-called 'mind control', at least as the network paints its own picture in the airwaves.

The CIA was christened in 1947 and presumably its British counterpart was in a similar state of formation at the time, following the close cooperation of the US and Britain during and after WWII. According to Nicholas M. Harrock of the New York Times in his article "CIA Documents Tell of 1954 Project to Create Involuntary Assassins" dated February 9, 1978, in which Mr. Harrock describes a plan to assassinate a prominent politician or if necessary an American official **[if elected?]**, the CIA's research into so-called 'mind control' dates back to 1949, ironically the same year that 1984 was published.

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Whether the actual technology of thought surveillance existed at the time as it does today or if ‘thought police’ and ‘the place where there is no darkness’ were simply metaphors, I do not know, but many millions were being poured into wartime research at the time and unlike the bomb, which could not be kept hidden, THAT one could and probably would be woven into some very esoteric schemes of (mainly psychological) application. Any fool would expect it to be sought after as greedily as the ultimate intelligence tool with every bit as much determination as the bomb was sought as the ultimate weapon, a greed that probably first occurred to someone when the first frog leg was made to twitch with the application of an electric current.

In 1984 and in a larger and clearer degree the film Doctor Strangelove, you’ll notice a coupling within the ‘red’ symbolism between the atheism and enemy-hood of communism of the time and the immorality that the leaders of the American purges considered non-conformist sexual behaviors and homosexuality to embody. It’s difficult to say which came first (no pun intended – whoever came up with that word duality – duckword – was a genius). But they were seeking to purge both from the ranks of the film industry and government during the McCarthyist fifties framed by those two media works. So, you may have somewhat more insight into some of the tools by which those purges took place and by which American opinion was and continues to be manipulated.

The dialog about ‘perfecting the language’ essentially mirrors the ongoing effort to fill virtually any and all media with duckspeak/newspeak. In essence, what they are doing (and succeeding handsomely at having been at it for decades at least) is filling just about every nook and cranny of the media with as much implied crud as they possibly can, such that those trained to find it tend to find it everywhere.

I would assume that the Oceania, Eastasia, Eurasia war premise mirrors the abrupt change from hot war with Germany to cold war with the Soviet Union, which had already begun even before the hot war had ended, as the victorious powers were already racing to carve out their separate shares of Europe and the surviving German brain trust. Maybe it is also inclusive of sexuality as well with the message being that society is at war with whomever the telescreens, the majority and the leaders TELL you we are at war with. After all, like Doctor Strangelove, 1984 is every bit as much about sex as it is about war, though in both cases it is difficult to tell where the talk of war leaves off and implications of sex begin amid the talk about millions killed, which is the way that both artists appeared to like it. These days, they want you to be absolutely convinced when they hold up the image of a child in your face, unconvinced when they babble (or we scream) about mind reading, but with a touch of fear (or satisfaction depending on your point of view) at the back of your mind that it could all be real and (once again depending on your past and point of view) that you could be next. Or, if you lost that job, perhaps you already are. When no one talks and only signs and implies, when people conspire in large numbers with the support of the state, when the news media will not report the news, when the complaints of the persecuted are systematically disregarded and ignored, when surveillance, harassment and torture technology leave no trace, when the fox not only guards the chickens but paints a picture of itself and the chickens in the cartoon news, when a system never officially acknowledges its own existence, then even a saint can

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plausibly be stuffed into that box too. Was Doctor David Allen, who questioned the Bush administration's claims about nuclear material in reference to Iraq and was later found dead of a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head and who left behind a note with the words 'numerous dark actors', another victim? You'll never know. You don't own the past.

The following is from the essay [Hacks and Spooks](#) by Richard Keeble – Professor of Journalism at the University of London – writing for Media Lens

Going as far back as 1945, George Orwell no less became a war correspondent for the Observer -- probably as a cover for intelligence work. Significantly most of the men he met in Paris on his assignment, Freddie Ayer, Malcolm Muggeridge, Ernest Hemingway were either working for the intelligence services or had close links to them. Stephen Dorril, in his seminal history of MI6, reports that Orwell attended a meeting in Paris of resistance fighters on behalf of David Astor, his editor at the Observer and leader of the intelligence service's unit liaising with the French resistance.

The release of Public Record Office documents in 1995 about some of the operations of the MI6-financed propaganda unit, the Information Research Department of the Foreign Office, threw light on this secret body -- which even Orwell aided by sending them a list of "crypto-communists". Set up by the Labour government in 1948, it "ran" dozens of Fleet Street journalists and a vast array of news agencies across the globe until it was closed down by Foreign Secretary David Owen in 1977.

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From the soundtrack of the film 'Heavy Metal'

I've been living on the edge so long
Where the winds of limbo roar
All the scars are on the inside
I'm not sure that there's anything left of me
We've been living in the flames
We've been eating up our brains
You ask me why I'm weary, why i can't speak to you
You blame me for my silence, say it's time I changed and grew
I can't say if we're ever gonna to be free
We've been living in the flames
We've been eating out our brains
My energy's spent at last and my armor is destroyed
Wounds are all I'm made of
Send me to the rear where the tides of madness swell

Well I've been workin' in a coal mine
Goin' down down
How long can this go on?
Whew! About to slip down

Get me to a doctor
I need some intensive care
I lust like you do.
All my problems could be cured.
Oh at your advice.
Oh I never think twice.

Crewmen of the true companion
I can see you're tired of action
In this everlasting twilight
Home is just a sad abstraction
Just beyond the troubled skyways
Young man dream of fire and starshine
I've been dreaming of my own green world
Far across the reach of space-time

Gotta break your heart
Let you down down down
I'll never do it again
There I've said it again
Really mean it this time
Goin down down down down down
When I take off again
Now I'm out on a limb

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I know I'll never do it again
There I said it again
Really mean it this time
Goin down down down down down down
Gotta get out of here
If I'm gonna last
I know I'm losin' fast
I'm gonna go down for the count
Could not face the day
Couldn't face another night
I'm sick of this shit
You bring me down down down

Can you help me
Help me get out of this place
Slow sedation
Givin' me a number
Gimme back my name
Crazy
But i don't think that i can see
You can hear them
Only talkin' at me
Livin' on the outside
Lookin' inside to be free
You don't know me
Cry out while you die
We watch you
You watch me
We watch you.
Save me
Is there nothing that I can do
Please believe me
Am I conforming to your views
Promise you anything
Watch me cryin' out to you
Gimme back my name
Let me make my statement

My only enemy
The only answer is to lie
Act the fool and make you cry
Make you cry
Make you cry
Conditional slave

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It's your one-way ticket to midnight
Desperation on the red line
Call it heavy metal noise
Can you feel the static?
Can you feel the rage?

There was no message to be found anywhere in sight
I had looked everywhere but the only lamp left on in the house
Was a blue light... a blue light
Guardian angel
Guardian... if you were wiser you would get out
Stars still laughin' cryin' shinin'
Don't listen to her
Listen through her

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Others

When the Terrence Mann character from 'Field of Dreams' says, "their minds will be so thick with memories that you could cut them with a knife" and the mysterious disembodied voice from the cornfield says, "Go the distance", it was written by an insider.

When Bill Murray's character from 'Groundhog' Day is forced to relive the same day over and over as the radio drones it's same old message "I've got you, babe", it was written by an insider.

When the Morpheus character from 'The Matrix' offers a red or a blue pill to Neo and then Neo is absorbed into a mirror and becomes aware of the larger and darker world around him about which most are blissfully unaware, it was written by an insider.

When Halle Berry's psychologist character in 'Gothika' is thrust into the one-way pit of a diagnosis of mental disorder and is given signs through ESP of a brutal crime, it was written by an insider.

When authorities in 'Signs' appear dumbfounded and seem to be mind controlled by some strange alien force and an alien shows up at the birthday party, it was written by an insider.

When the protagonist from 'Big Fish' finds his shoes taken and tossed away, a painful walk ahead and the keys to the city torn from his neck, mention is made of "Specter: the best kept secret in Alabama", and a brief study of age ratios is made, it was written by an insider.

When aliens abduct, implant, track and experiment on hapless abductees in the made for television series 'Taken' or 'The 4400', it was written by an insider.

When the CIA supersoldier comes to understand his situation and sets out after his handlers in 'The Bourne Identity', it was written by an insider.

When the military officer is manipulated and controlled with a brain implant in Manchurian Candidate, it was written by an insider. The inclusion of the incestuous relationship between the implantee and the manipulative mother guarantees it.

When the Cenebite rips the unfortunate bearer of the puzzle box to pieces and then rearranges the pieces of his face on the wall of pain or says, "It is not hands that call us. It is desire.", it was written by an insider.

When the character in 'Saw' is forced into a position in which he must saw his own leg off, it was probably written by an insider.

When the aggressive borg-like alien empire suddenly plants itself on a new world and

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proceeds to induct new members with a literal knife in the back and by being literally hung up to dry in the film 'Chronicles of Ridicule', it was written by an insider.

When in a recent episode of Star Trek Enterprise, the alien doctor claims a right to inflict as much pain as he wishes, the overt implication is that the pain is in the service of healing (which can be the only legitimate rationale for a doctor to inflict pain). Covertly, it refers to MC persecutions and the pain that is usually psychological but can be physical as well. Healing is not the primary function of MC and never has been and it is not the business of doctors to consult with torturers as to whether waterboarding is best applied before or after a thorough beating. In any case, it was written by an insider.

When the old man mixes Quietus (i.e. Quiet us) with bread to 'kill rats' in the film 'Children of Men' (suggestive) or mention of tinnitus is made (a neurological attack tactic), it was written by an insider.