

THE
LOCKER
ROOM
OF THE
DEAD

HARLEY'S ANGELS:

How remote viewing works

By Ann Diamond

During the Cold War, experiments on children were conducted in and around Montreal. During the winter of 1954-55 a secret eugenics program was underway at McGill University, run by scientists at McGill University, including the infamous Dr. Ewen Cameron and Dr. Nolan Lewis of Columbia University's Psychiatry Institute. Inside that program, children were given LSD, and also trained in ESP. The public has never been told about this top secret research project, and all files connected to it were hidden or destroyed in the 1970s and later.

In 2003, when I was researching my family's history in the Cold War, I met Montreal psychic Harley Monte, who introduced me to a group of talented people brought together to do remote viewing.

The session we filmed was held on November 24, 2005. The events the group investigated happened in 1960 in Montreal.

During this session, the group traveled to the scene of secret experiments in a hospital we believe was the Allan Memorial, located above McGill University on the slopes of Mount Royal in downtown Montreal.

Over a two-hour session, we observed what was going on in these experiments. In one section of the basement laboratory, children were being exposed to extreme heat from a furnace or incinerator. In another room, other children were playing with animals, learning to control dogs, cats, even chickens with their minds – and also engaging in activities that the remote viewers were unable to speak about until later.

In another room, we saw a naked child inside a glass box, being observed by doctors in white jackets, and waiting fearfully to see what would happen next.

In still another part of the basement, a child in a hospital gown led us into a room where a teenaged girl was strapped into a chair,

with electrodes inserted into her brain and fingertips. In speaking to this girl, we were able to learn details of her life. Isabel (Flora) Williams was 16 years old in 1960, and had been in the secret program since the mid-1950s. We later found birth and death records for Isabel at the national archives of Quebec. She had been placed in the program by her mother, who told her to cooperate with the doctors. She died in the autumn of 1963, exactly the time the MKULTRA program at the Allan was being dismantled. Her death was not likely to have been accidental. We suspect she is buried, along with 17 to 25 other children, in an unmarked grave behind the hospital. Isabel also had a brother, who was not chosen for the program because he was judged not to be "fit."

Isabel told us about a boy named Billy, who had found a "secret passage" under the hospital. As punishment, he was locked in a room, tied to a bed, and given lethal doses of electroshock. When we found Billy, his body was still breathing on the bed, but his soul had separated and was hovering in a corner of the ceiling. With help from another boy, Jimmy – possibly the same boy who had led us to Isabel, Harley was able to help Billy regain consciousness and leave the hospital.

Afterwards, Harley continued down the hallway and into a room with many filing cabinet. He found a file for Billy (William Christopher Jones) and read several pages of medical and other records. Billy came from a poor neighbourhood and was part of a military experiment, arranged through McGill with the help of the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal, who referred children who were disruptive. Billy had an IQ of 179. According to his records, he had been tested and found to be highly rational, logical, a survivor. "Does not become violent unless penned up," wrote one of the anonymous researchers. Billy was killed with 40 Mz jolts of electroshock, over a period of several days. His reactions to the lethal treatments were observed and noted down in his records. More of these records may still exist, and can be accessed through remote viewing.

If all this sounds far-fetched, it was intensely real at the time it happened. Later, we did some checking up and found confirmation of several details from our remote viewing session.

FOLLOW-UP TO REMOTE VIEWING:

Isabel Flora Williams, who spoke to us through Harley that evening, is listed in the Montreal records of births and deaths as born in July 1944. She died in September, 1963 at age 19. Her mother Mary died in 1994. She was probably an unwed mother. Williams was probably Isabel's father's name. We guess that Isabel was the product of a wartime relationship -- her father may have been in the military. A high percentage of MKULTRA kids were children of the military, and illegitimate kids and orphans were considered disposable.

One of the remote viewers felt intense heat, and sees children being exposed to fire (to determine how much the body can take). There is still an old incinerator in the hallway entrance of the Allan Memorial.

Ruth describes how Isabel was strapped into a chair with electrodes on her head and a tight belt wrapped around her waist. Her left hand is numb, from electrical current to her fingers. Stanley describes seeing a child in a glass box, being observed by scientists in lab coats.

A drawing we found later on the web, which was part of a talk given by MKULTRA survivor Carol Rutz at Indiana University in 2003, depicts Carol's memories of being at the Allan Memorial in 1960. The drawing includes a child inside a see-through glass or plastic box, being observed by scientists, and also a back room with a girl strapped in a chair, with electrodes attached to her head. This could have been Isabel, or some other child.

We found no birth record for Billy (William Christopher Jones) whose home address was written as 2765 rue Notre Dame West in St. Henri. This building no longer exists and was probably torn down in the widening of Atwater Avenue.

The files which Harley found in a basement filing cabinet are probably MKULTRA project files. They may or may not still be in storage somewhere in Montreal, e.g. in the catacombs under the Royal Victoria hospital.

The location visited during this session was most likely the Allan Memorial Institute, scene of notorious CIA program known as MKULTRA which conducted experiments on mental patients and others. Although this program has been well documented in

books, articles and films, there has never been any official admission that children were involved.

In addition to Dr. Quint, a surgeon, Ruth mentions a “Dr. Leeman” – probably Heinz Lehmann, who has been linked to secret experiments on Duplessis orphans.

In searching for Dr. Quint, we found references to two pediatric surgeons, one in New York and the other in California. In 1962, Dr. Robert Quint of the New York Medical School’s Department of Neurological Surgery published a paper on the effects of focused ultrasound on cats’ brains.

At least two other secret research projects which used children as experimental subjects are alleged to have existed at Indian Lake, New York, and Lincoln Park, Alberta. All records for these programs have been hidden or destroyed.

Harley's Angels came together in 2004 to look for missing children who had disappeared in secret Cold War experiments several decades ago.

In this work, we have made contact with spirits of these children who became trapped after death in states of consciousness which did not allow them to move out of situations of imprisonment, torture, and fear -- in which they had died.

Two things happen in these sessions: (1) we listen to and absorb the details of the situations in which spirits are trapped and (2) we help them move into the light where they are reconnected with family and friends.. The activity of lighting up dark places is fundamental to the kind of remote viewing we do.

We have worked with individuals who are investigating abuses that have occurred as a result of secret programs and activities aimed at controlling and enslaving populations. We do not work for government, the military, or any secretive organizations that use remote viewing to extend their control over sections of this planet. We have at times contacted the souls of individuals who were employed in these secret programs, e.g. Sidney Gottlieb and Dr. Nolan Lewis, both of whom spoke from the lower levels of the spirit world, expressing regret for their actions which harmed so many children

We work in the opposite direction of these programs: freeing souls from bondage in darkness. Darkness is the absence of light. By shining a light into dark corners where souls are trapped, we can help those who are imprisoned to realize their true nature which is total freedom.

Through our remote viewing we also hope to spread awareness of certain secret programs which work to extend slavery, confusion, and terror. Our goal: to stop these horrors from happening again.

Our approach to remote viewing does not depend on sophisticated techniques. It is fuelled by divine light.

**INTERESTED IN LEARNING MORE ABOUT REMOTE
VIEWING AND WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH IT?**

Join our Facebook group" "Harley's Angels."



The late **Sidney Gottlieb**, Director of Operations, Technical Services Staff (TSS) of the CIA in charge of the behavioral program which experimented on children as part of the top secret CIA "MKULTRA" program, based in the US, with a major hub operating at Montreal's Allan Memorial Institute, from 1953 to 64.

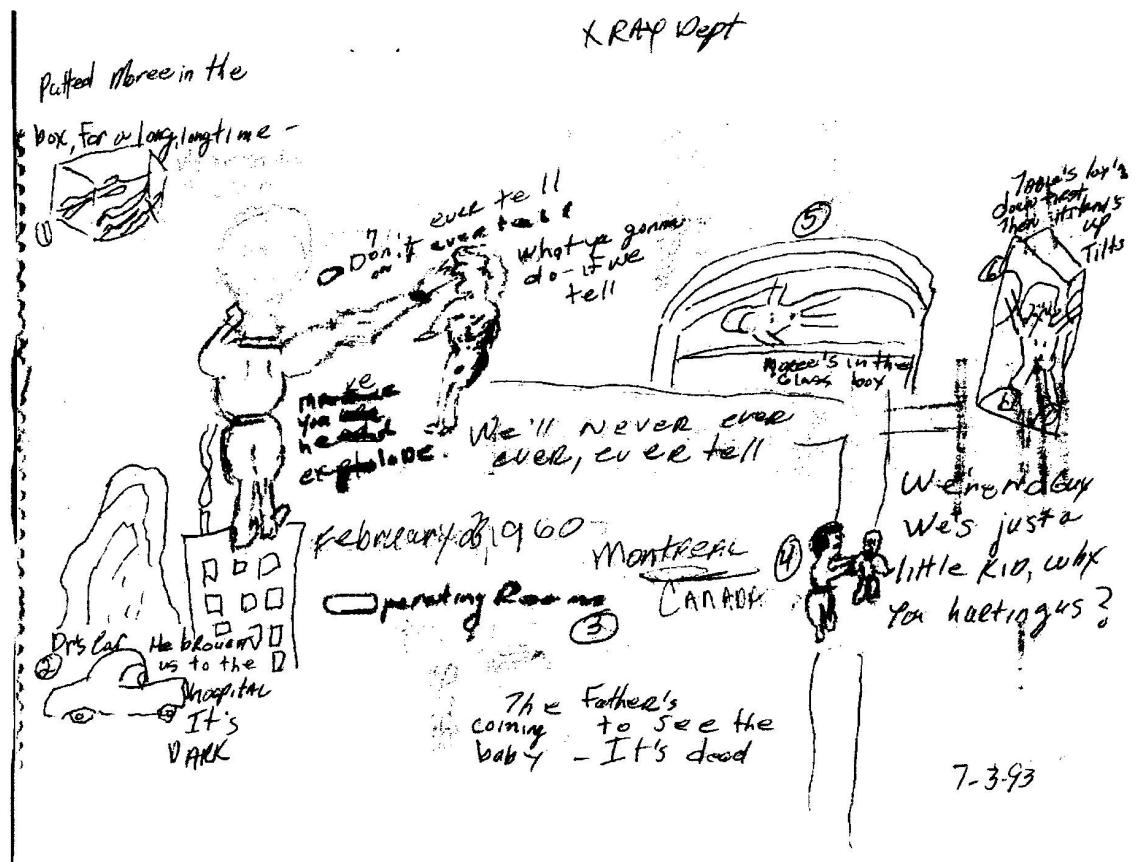
DRAWING BY CAROL RUTZ

At age 12, in 1960, after being given a shot of curare MKULTRA survivor Carol Rutz underwent sensory deprivation in a box filled with snakes. The procedures took place at the Montreal Neurological Institute on McGill campus, home to the Allen Memorial Institute of Psychiatry where CIA funded Dr. Ewen Cameron performed mind control experiments on unsuspecting Canadians. Several of his victims later sued the U.S. government and won after an exhaustive court battle.

Carol Rutz made drawings while undergoing intensive therapy after she began recalling details of extreme trauma during her childhood inside the MKULTRA program. The full text of her

article, along with other drawings, can be found at
<http://www.whale.to/b/rutz7.html>

This drawing, in many of its details, confirms spontaneous findings from our remote viewing session of November 2005 – although no one in the group at that time had heard of Carol Rutz, or seen her article or drawings.



Harley's Angels

Friday 17 of March, 2006



When I met Harley Monte, I was at a stage in my life where I was juggling many unknowns. I needed a session with someone who might be able to shed some light on some very dark questions.

My "problem" was that as a child I had been put in some experiments that took place in my birthplace, Montreal — but not only in Montreal — during the Cold War.

I had been placed in them by my unwitting parents, honest people who believed the famous doctors who presented this program as a special opportunity for their children, a form of training that would help us lead successful lives in the future.

These same doctors were later exposed as having directed a secret program of research in Mind Control for the US military. Some of their victims died, or became "vegetables", while many others remain emotionally damaged and unable to remember what happened to them, or piece together the puzzle that would allow them to heal.

Some of these people, our society labels as "mental patients."

Our governments and mass media have maintained a wall of silence which, day by day, becomes more porous. Thanks to the internet, and the Freedom of Information Act, the facts about these secret programs — and there were many of them — are beginning to come to light.

When I ran into Harley and his angels, I had just about reached the limits of what I could learn from using the available resources: books, internet sites, library archives, writings by other former children, my own recollections of childhood and adolescence, logical deduction, and certain gut instincts which had made me suspect I was one of those kids.

Without my saying a word about any of this, Harley quickly picked up on the fact that I was writing a book. He told me we

had work to do together in searching for "missing children." I didn't get it at first. My research was not about missing children but about my own vanished childhood. It took a while before I realized we were both on the same page, though coming from opposite directions.

As a psychic, Harley had sometimes been called upon to look for children who had disappeared. In my own way, I was also one of the lost children.

Finding myself involved recovering my lost memories. I had blocked certain events in my childhood, in order to feel "normal." Neither of my parents was around to help me delve into my past, since both had died before I was of an age to ask real questions.

Harley was able to bypass the barriers of time and space, and go directly to the source. The incredibly detailed information he channelled could only have come directly from my father, the only person in a position to know what had really happened to our family back in the 1950s and 60s.

In writing *MY COLD WAR*, I was able to realize the truth about a deeply traumatic period — not just for my family but for thousands of Canadians.

The truth is: thanks to my Dad, I survived a program that killed children in the name of "national security." In working with Harley I have come into contact with the spirits of children who did not have fathers to protect them in this life. These children are trapped between worlds, and can't be free before their story has been told.

Harley and his gifted group of remote viewers are helping children in this world and worlds to come — they are exploring a new field of psychic research, using methods and energy that one day will be considered completely normal. I see them as pioneers on the threshold of a new millennium.

The children we have rescued were often gifted, but their lives were cut short by a program that used human beings as fodder for military schemes designed in hell.

I can't help thinking these children would have wanted to be on

the side of the angels. Since they have passed on, they are acting as our guides and helpers.

Sometimes I can feel them around me, applauding Harley and his angels for their dedication, sincerity, and humour in showing the way to a world where the technology of war will be obsolete.

This future is worth fighting for, not with weapons of mass destruction, but weapons of light.

Missing Children Speak

Transcript of a channelling session, held on March 31, 2004, in which the spirit of a boy named "Eric" told of his involvement in secret experiments conducted in the 1950s and 60s at a Montreal psychiatric institution. I believe Eric is describing his life as a permanent resident of the Allan Memorial, and as a child victim of the MKULTRA mind control research, which continues to this day under various code names and in various places around North America.

ERIC: You know, we were separated into groups. There was the boys, and the girls. And then there was a whole bunch of Indian children that were there as well. But they weren't allowed to be with us. I used to talk to them. We worked out a code where, almost like playing with drums, we were able to talk and once in a while Tommy and I would meet because we would arrange a meeting, and we'd study the code and make it better so that we could talk better. And they told me a lot of what was going on. And some of them were older than the rest of us and they told me there was a special cemetery... cemetery... that's where they bury people?

Q: Mm -hmmm ERIC: And the Indians called it sacred land. And they buried... and they marked them all the same.

Q: With little (inaudible) ...?

ERIC: No, with little stones.

Q: Did you ever go there? ERIC: No. We climbed the wall. There's a gate in the wall. And just beyond there, there's a flat spot, and there's seventeen, seventeen bodies there.

Q: And all children?

ERIC: At that point. But then other things started to happen after. So maybe there's more, I don't know. But I think Cindy is there. I think I can find Cindy there. I have to find Cindy.

Q: Is it in Montreal or in the country?

ERIC: It's in Montreal. And you know, we heard the sounds that he (?) was talking about... and it kept us up at night. And some of us thought that it was machinery in the building, but it wasn't. It was coming from beyond the wall. And the Indians said that it was the souls of those who were buried there. But I didn't believe that, because there was a glow. And a glow comes because of a change in energy.

(Pause)

HARLEY breaks in: We're working with too much information now. We're gonna get all confused. There's more than one thing happening. But it's all under the same umbrella.

I was told by other spirits that millions and millions and millions of dollars were put into the economy because of the things that were done. (NOTE: Later Harley told me he had heard the figure \$75 million -- this was 1950s dollars). It didn't just go into the doctors' pockets. It went into other people's pockets too. Millions and millions and millions of dollars.

ERIC: Attitude was something I heard a lot of.

Q: Attitude or aptitude?

ERIC: I don't know.

Q: Mind control?

ERIC: Reasoning... Mind control...

Q: And you were in that room with other children? Do you remember a little girl with black hair?

ERIC: It's Cindy. We gotta find Cindy. We have to find her. We have to find her.

Q: Why.

ERIC: We have to because otherwise she won't move. She's gonna stay where she is [an unmarked grave in an unknown cemetery] and she shouldn't be there.

Q: How old were you?

ERIC: Seven.

Q: And there was a big, big wall, right?

ERIC: I know.

Q: Just a wall with a gate.

ERIC: A gate.

Q: So at seven any wall would be very big.

ERIC: But it wasn't far. We could see them.

Q: You could see them from the hospital?

ERIC: From the windows. They didn't know we were looking. Cause in the basement you can just see, just above the ground.

Q: Do you remember what the cemetery is called?

ERIC: Never got to see it. Just from what the Indians told me about sacred ground.

Q: There's an Indian cemetery on Mount Royal. Did you say it was an Indian cemetery?

ERIC: I said the Indians knew about it.

Q: It doesn't necessarily mean that only Indians were buried there.

ERIC: They [the doctors] could do anything they wanted to do. They could feed us, they could decide not to feed us. They used to measure what we used to eat, and if we were hungry in between, sometimes they'd overstuff us, and other times they wouldn't let us have anything. And everything was measured. Measured and weighed. And weighed and measured and measured and weighed. Sometimes it'd taste good and sometimes it didn't. And whenever they gave me the candy...

Q: Mmm-hmmm

ERIC: I put it in my pocket.

Q: You remember that line, from Brian? (NOTE: A FEW WEEKS AGO, A SPIRIT OF A LITTLE BOY CALLED 'BRIAN,' WHO WAS ALSO IN THE SECRET EXPERIMENTAL PROGRAM, TOLD US HE NEVER ATE THE CANDY, BUT PUT IT IN HIS POCKET)

ERIC: Brian went away. He didn't come back. We don't know what happened to Brian. (NOTE: BRIAN TOLD US HE WAS

MURDERED, NOT LONG AFTER HE TOLD HIS STORY TO A REPORTER AT THE MONTREAL STAR. HE ALSO SAID THE REPORTER 'RAN AWAY.' I WAS ABLE TO VERIFY PARTS OF THIS AT THE MONTREAL GAZETTE LIBRARY.)

ERIC: [In the experiments] We heard a lot about Aptitude. And Memory. Memorizing. Long, long pages. Reciting back. And being told to start over, and over, and over again until we got it right. But nobody would help us, if we were missing a word. And I was really good at this. This was what they took me to do, to sit and read for hours and hours and hours and then to recite it all back.

It was terrible.

Q: How old was Cindy?

ERIC: Cindy's about eleven.

Q: Quite a bit older than you.

ERIC: Yeah, but we were close. We were really close. She was my girlfriend.

Q: That's nice. Did you pass away when you were seven years old?

(No answer)

Q: Did you have a brother or sister with you?

ERIC: (Heavy breathing...) I don't remember. I was there since I was four years old.

Q: Do you remember your parents?

ERIC: I remember my mother. She used to hold me in her arms. She smelled really good.

Q: Is your mother still alive?

ERIC: (shakes his head)

Q: So have you .. seen your mother?

ERIC: (nods)

Q: Maybe she can help you find Cindy.

ERIC: She did. She told me to come back here. She said to go and tell you that I had to find Cindy. And let me tell her.

Q: When you could see through the window where you were level with the ground, were you at the Allan Memorial? Do you remember the name of the place? No? It was a big place...

ERIC: When you're seven years old, like the lady said, everything's big.

Q: Were you on flat ground there?

ERIC: The floors were flat, but everything else...

(Laughter)

Q: When you looked out the window.

ERIC: There was a mountain on one side. That's the only side we could see.

Q: Was it on the left or the right when you were looking out?

ERIC: Straight ahead.

Q: Was there a cross?

(Conversation in the background: "I'm trying to think what we should do..")

ERIC: I don't remember. We had a little compound that we were allowed to use, but we couldn't see much because it was all enclosed. We weren't allowed outside. The last time I was outside, was when I came there, in a big car.

Q: When you were four.

ERIC: Yeah.

Q: And they never let you out in the woods... or out for walks.

ERIC: (shakes his head)

Q: Just in the building and in the little enclosure there.

ERIC: (nods)

Q: Ohhh.

ERIC: Well we were supposed to be sleeping at night.

Q: And the Indians, with whom you were in drum communication, were there other Indian children in the same building?

ERIC: (no answer)

Q: Do you remember what year that was?

ERIC: (no answer)

Q: No... doesn't know...

Q: I'm trying to think how we can help you find Cindy. And the only thing I can think of is maybe if we all close our eyes, and try and get Cindy to come here? Do you think she would come here, if we all try to...

Q: Did Cindy have a last name?

ERIC: Seaford.

Q: S-E-A-F-O-R-D -- is that how you

ERIC: I was good in reading but not that good in spelling.

(Laughter)

Q: Did you speak English?

ERIC: There weren't too many people who didn't speak English there, except the Indians. They spoke something else but they spoke English too.

Q: No French people?

ERIC: Not that I remember. Because most of the doctors spoke English.

Q: But if you could see the cemetery from the window, then it should be on the grounds of the hospital. We could go there, and try to bring Eric back to us during the summer, and...

ERIC: No time. No time. No time. No time.

Q: Why do you say that?

ERIC: Gotta find Cindy.

Q: Is there anyone in the spirit world that could come and help us to find where? That lady..? If you ask our guides to help you? Can you see them?

ERIC: Lots of spirit here. And it's quiet tonight. There's nothing that's scaring me. I feel comfortable.

Q: Good, good.

Q: Is there anyone who could tell us where in Montreal, because it's big, Montreal. It's two million people.

(No answer)

Q: It was right outside the window. I was just at the Allan today. It sounds just like the Allan. (Background conversation, inaudible)

ERIC: But nobody knew what they were doing, so nobody could say that they couldn't. Do you understand? Nobody could say that they couldn't do what they were doing because nobody knew what they were doing. They could do whatever they wanted. And they did whatever they wanted. So they could take...Cindy... and put her where they wanted. And we have to find Cindy.

Q: We have to find the place where she is now.

ERIC: Yeah.

Q: Seaford. She's passed away now.

Q: Yeah, she's passed away. We need to try and get her to come here.

Q: Is there still someone alive on this side, that would remember Cindy?

Q: (inaudible) Try and get her to come here.

Q: That's what we have to do.

Q: Eric?

ERIC: Yes.

Q: We're gonna all close our eyes and we're going to try and get Cindy to come here. Okay? We're gonna close our eyes and we're gonna think of Cindy. And try and get her here. Okay?

GROUP WAITS FOR CINDY. MEDIUM STARTS TO BREATHE HEAVILY. ERIC LEAVES.

CINDY COMES THROUGH. AT FIRST SHE IS SILENT, ABSORBED IN SOME KIND OF ACTIVITY OR GAME: SHE KEEPS MAKING SCOOPING MOVEMENTS ON THE FLOOR WITH ONE HAND.

Q: What are you trying to do? Is someone else here now?

CINDY (in a small voice) Nine... nine...

Q: Is that Richard?

CINDY: (scoops another handful of something invisible)

Q: Oh, dice. You're playing dice.

CINDY: (scoops another handful)

Q: Is that dice? Jacks?

CINDY: Where's the ball? Where's the ball?

Q: Is that Jacks?

CINDY: Jack's not here.

(Laughter)

Q: Are you Eric?

CINDY: Do you know where Eric is?

Q: Is that Cindy? Are you Cindy?

CINDY: Cindy.

Q: Cindy Seaford.

CINDY: Cindy.

Q: You're Cindy.

CINDY: I'm Cindy.

Q: Cindy, Eric's been looking for you.

CINDY: That light's strong! (She cringes, covers her eyes)

Q: We're gonna close the light a little bit. Okay? Still with us Cindy?

CINDY: (nods)

Q: We're happy to see you here. We've been looking for you.

Q: Eric's been looking for you and he's here too.

CINDY: But if you shine the light on him, he's gonna go away and we can't get back...

Q: The light's off. We covered it. It's because the light was just behind me and I moved.

CINDY: But there's always light behind people.

Q: Always light behind the people? Really...

CINDY: Always light behind the people. And when they move, it shines right in your eyes. And there's: (makes a soft, chattering noise with her mouth)..

Q: Is that typing? Some machine?

CINDY: No! They have this, this, this, this... eye. And it's making this tss tss tss (chattering noise)

Q: The eye makes noise?

CINDY: The box!

Q: The box for electricity?

CINDY: Tss tss tss.

Q: What would they look at with that eye?

Q: At you?

Q: It was a kind of box, with just one... and they made you look closer???

CINDY: I heard someone call it something once. A cam....

Q: Camera. Wow... a big eye...

Q: So Cindy, where are you, because Eric's looking all over for you.

CINDY: I'm here...

Q: Cindy, where have you been?

CINDY: mmmm

Q: Have you been to the light?

CINDY: I'm not allowed to go to the light.

Q: Yes you are! Everybody's waiting for you. Eric...

Q: You're scared of the light?

Q: Where you are, is it comfortable there? Do you feel alone? You parents are out there, in the light, waiting for you.

CINDY: Ah, but there will be other people.

Q: So bring them with you to the light.

CINDY: I don't want to be with the other people.

Q: Why?

Q: But those people aren't there. Those people aren't there anymore. They can't hurt you.

CINDY: They did.

Q: It's not the same kind of light. It's God light that you can see, across from where you are.

CINDY: What's God?

Q: God is the light. God is love.

CINDY: The light? And you want me to...

Q: Go towards love. And compassion, and friendship.

CINDY: In the night?

Q: And, uh, if you're in the night, yes.

CINDY: I don't know if you understood me but let me explain it to you again. I got a problem with light.

Q: Why, tell us.

CINDY: Cause light hurts.

Q: It hurts your eyes.

CINDY: When you're kept in the dark and they go and they open the light, it hurts. And it usually means that something you don't like is following.

Q: Is going to happen. Something you don't like is going to happen.

CINDY: Yeah! They go like this, and they look, and they look. And they say keep your eyes open, and they come back, and they look, and they look, and they look.

Q: That's bad. But Cindy, that can't happen anymore. They were ignorant people.

CINDY: But it happened before.

Q: That was ... a mistake.

Q: That was a mistake. Cindy, do you believe in angels? There's angels waiting for you. And you have friends waiting for you over there, and if you go with your friends... and your body is all energy... and (etc etc)

CINDY: Can I tell you something? I know you're a nice lady. But did you know that you talk a lot like them?

Q: You're trying to push her towards the light but she doesn't want to go. She wants to know why she's here, she wants to talk.

Q: I think we're using too much adult language.

Q: Cindy, do you want to go play with other children?

CINDY: Why? Have you got children? I could play with?

Q: Plenty of children. Do you want to play something?

CINDY: What do you wanna play?

Q: I don't know. I'd like you to be happy.

CINDY: How do you play happy?

Q: Mm hmm. Good question.

CINDY: I'm not usually allowed to ask questions so I'm gonna take advantage.

Q: Why don't we play a game, and you can walk toward the light because you're friends are all in the light. But you won't see the light because you'll cover your eyes... Does that sound fun? Because they're all waiting for you...

CINDY: You want me to walk from the dark, to the light..

Q: To the light, wearing sunglasses and covering your eyes.

CINDY: But the light isn't really there.

Q: Can you see the light?

CINDY: If there's light then I don't open them again. All right? Do we agree on that? I'm not gonna go through this again. You can't make me go through it again.

Q: Okay.

(Silence. CINDY works on it.)

CINDY: There's a light behind you.

Q: A candle.

CINDY: Like on a birthday cake?

Q: What's a candle without a birthday cake?

CINDY: There should be eleven candles.

Q: The light is love.

CINDY: What's love?

Q: It's that warm feeling you get when you're with people you like. Not with the people you don't like. It's that warm funny feeling. That's love...

CINDY: (inaudible, sounds like:) Are you conning me?

Q: No, no. No.

Q: What were you playing when you arrived?

CINDY: Jacks. You go one at a time, and when you get all nine, then you go two at a time. And when you get all nine, you go... well you can't really go two at a time cause when you go two plus two plus two plus two... the last is one... so some people take

three, so you go one, two, three... and then you try and grab the ball and you can only bounce the ball so high and they showed me this, they called it "EYE MUSCLE COORDINATION"

Q: Will you tell us where you are buried?

CINDY: Row three.

Q: In the Indian section of the cemetery?

CINDY: *I'm not sure.*

Q: *Behind a big wall?*

CINDY: *I watched the men carry me out.*

Q: *You watched them? You were the (inaudible)*

CINDY: *(inaudible, sounds like:) School.*

Q: *Is that where you spent all day?*

CINDY: *All day and all night.*

Q: *In the building, on the mountain?*

CINDY: *(Coughs.)*

Q: *Don't you want to see your friends, Eric and Brian and...*

CINDY: *I'm not gonna kiss Eric.*

Q: *(LAUGHTER) No, no. You don't have to kiss Eric.*

CINDY: *Because Brian keeps saying that we should kiss. And then Sandy gets mad.*

Q: *Oh, he likes you too?*

CINDY: *Sandy's a girl.*

Q: *Is she your best friend?*

CINDY: *No, she doesn't like me.*

Q: *She's jealous.*

CINDY: *She says I'm too old for Eric, that I should leave him for her.*

Q: *How many kids are there? Eric, and Sandy, and you...*

CINDY: *Seems like there was 17 to 25. Most of the time. Sometimes it changed. Some left. Some came. Some came just during the day, and then left. It depends.*

Q: *Some died that were there.*

CINDY: *(inaudible)*

Q: *Did they ever put you in a little box?*

CINDY: *(nods) Yes. They measure your muscle density. Put you in the box. And then they measured it again when you came out. When you came out you were so stiff that you couldn't move.*

Q: *You were in the box..*

Q: *What did the box do?*

CINDY: *The box didn't do anything.*

Q: *Just because it was a small box.*

CINDY: *I tried...*

Q: *Were there snakes in the box? Did that ever happen to you?*

CINDY: *I don't really remember. I didn't like being there at all.*

Q: *Do you remember a little girl named Carol? She came there sometimes.*

CINDY: *With red hair?*

Q: *Maybe.*

CINDY: *Was she -- excuse me if I'm being impolite -- chubby?*

Q: *Maybe.*

CINDY: *Yeah. But we didn't see her much.*

Q: *She came only sometimes?*

CINDY: *Well because they tried to keep us separate from the other ones. We were "the residents."*

Q: *That's right. And she came from far away, right? But you were the residents...*

CINDY: *She would talk when she came in but she wouldn't talk when she left. Almost like they switched off something in her head. She just looked straight ahead with a look on her face that was scary.*

She wore a nice dress. Nicer than mine.

Q: *What did you wear at the school?*

CINDY: *We had clothes. And sometimes we wore tunics ... only if someone was coming to see us.*

Q: *What did they wear? The big people.*

CINDY: *White jackets. White (inaudible) jackets.*

Q: *Cindy do you remember a Dr. Black, a Dr. Schwartz, a Doctor Black? Maybe he asked you to call him Daddy...*

CINDY: *Did he have pimples? There was a doctor that we called Mr. Pimple. (Laughter from the group) Cause around here (touches forehead) he had pimples.*

Q: *Did he have a beard too?*

CINDY: *Yeah.*

Q: *Dr. Black just had a moustache.*

CINDY: *No, the other one I'm talking about. (Coughs). Excuse me. Dr. Schwartz.*

Q: *Do you remember him?*

CINDY: *I think so. We had pet names for them all, cause we couldn't remember and we weren't told. Some of us could read so they would tell us what was written, but... they didn't really introduce themselves too much. There was one man who really liked to talk. I don't remember him asking me to call him Daddy, but he would ask all sorts of questions about how I felt when I was alone, and if I missed people, and he would have somebody with him who would hug me, and then he'd ask me what I felt right after I was hugged. And it didn't feel that good because there was nothing to the hug. It was empty. So, they stopped that, at least with me.*

Q: *Wouldn't you like to see your mother and father?*

CINDY: *I don't know my father.*

Q: Well, I'm sure he's waiting for you. And all your friends. Everybody's waiting for you.

CINDY: You know just one thing. They didn't touch us badly. But we heard stories from the older kids. So they stopped letting us get together. So I was just supposed to change from my group to the other group. And I made sure that I wouldn't.

Q: What did you do?

(Silence. Turns her wrists outward.)

(Inaudible)

Q: You slit your wrists?

(Nods)

Q: You didn't want to go to the other group, huh? Uh um. But now you really do want to go because your friends are all waiting for you. There's life after death. You don't have to be alone anymore. You can go there and see them. You don't have to stay around in the dark.

CINDY: So the light's behind that lady?

Q: Ask Harley. Harley will help you. Cover your eyes and you will know where the light is. And when you get there...

CINDY: Lady, can you move please?

Q: You want to see the candle? (Moves the candle). And the light that you're going to go to is just like that. Soft... And they're all going to be very happy to see you. Hugs, there'll be so many wonderful hugs.

Warm hugs...

CINDY: (Smiles, makes a funny gesture of clasping her hands.) I see them. It's my group.

Q: Ohh! Brian's there? There you go! Bye! Bye Cindy!

END OF CHANNELLING SESSION

THIRD SESSION

HARLEY: (talking before the session) The way to prove If there's life after death the way of proving is by bringing those spirits through and going and finding out

I once brought through a captain of a submarine in WW2 and everybody died, all his men had died, and he blamed himself because he was the captain, but the truth of the matter was but they were all ... raw recruits, they'd had the training but they had a special mission and they had to do it

Nobody went to see if we could find the records for a submarine that had sunk in the Atlantic and the captain's name... in this case we did the research.... so if it doesn't encourage you to go on and do more.

HARLEY INTRODUCES THE GROUP TO THE PROJECT, THE HISTORY OF OUR RESEARCH, AND ANN TALKS A BIT ABOUT HER BOOK. (NOT TRANSCRIBED). THEN HARLEY LEADS THE GROUP INTO MEDITATION. ABOUT 10 PEOPLE ARE PRESENT, INCLUDING 4 PSYCHICS (RUTH, SYLVIE, STANLEY, CARLOS) WHO WERE PRESENT AT EARLIER SESSIONS IN WHICH WE CHANNELLED AND TALKED WITH CHILDREN WHO WERE IN THE ALLAN IN THE 1950S AND 60S – AND ARE NOW IN THE SPIRIT WORLD. RAQUEL IS AN ENERGY HEALER AND WAS THERE FOR THE FIRST TIME

HARLEY: **What do you feel, what do you wish to share, bring it out, for God's divine energy is around you, protecting you. Bring it out, bring it out.**

Just in the moment, what are you feeling?

RAQUEL: Hot.

Why do you feel hot?

RAQUEL: There's fire.

I want you to close your eyes, bring your hand down and put it in your lap. Take a deep deep breath. Describe that fire.

RAQUEL: It's like there are flames around me.

What do the flames look like?

RAQUEL: It's like the flames of, when you want to burn the bodies of people, it's like an oven and ... It feels like someone is trying to see how far the body could go and handle the heat

You still feel that heat around you. I'm going to put that fire out for you now if you'll allow me to do so. I'd like you to take a deep breath. Can you see anybody standing around you

RAQUEL: Two men. In white, like doctors. One has not really grey hair it's like black and white hair together, really thin and skinny, The other has small glasses and doesn't have much hair

Did anyone see the image of these two men?

STANLEY: I saw an image, not of those two, men, I saw myself looking at a glass container, and people on the outside looking in, and I saw a young person in the container and people on the outside looking at what was going to happen

RUTH: I got the name Isabel.

HARLEY: A little girl

RUTH: And there was something going on with her left hand, it was kind of numb, they had something on her hand or her fingers and electricity going up her arm, and there was a belt around her, but it was wet, around her waist, and I also saw a playpen

HARLEY: Do you have problems with your left hand?

RUTH: No

HARLEY: Can anyone else give any information

RUTH: ... Around the waist, I saw a child fighting,

HARLEY: Around the waist...

RUTH: In a chair, strapped in, but it seemed it was wet, there was water, had something to do with it, and a leather strap, and I also feel a lot of pressure and around my head and my ears like a helmet, and I get the year 1955 and I see crocuses outside.

HARLEY :Which means it would be spring. Can anyone see the chair?

SYLVIE: It's like the child is sitting there a long time in order to focus the mind...

HARLEY: So the chair you're seeing is not an instrument of torture but there are ...

RUTH: I feel the numbness up the arm... there's something with animals, as if there's an experiment with animals and the children where they had to direct the animals to do things, to manipulate the animals to do things it was play, but at the same time it became hard for the children to do that

CARLOS: I saw a black Lab(rador) a while ago

SYLVIE: All kinds of different animals, like a chicken, and a small dog and they were training them to do things

CARLOS: I felt something different at the beginning, I felt a tap on my right shoulder and there was a little boy there, blond, wearing a tunic, no pants, little socks, and he said shh, be quiet, he put his finger to his nose and he told me to be quite and follow him, i followed him through a hall way and he said "slow down." he crouched down, and there were two men, in those old army fatigues, in wool, and we crouched down and I didn't realize right away, he was taking me for a tour and we went down some hallway into an atrium and there was a room with beds where children were playing on the floor and there were red metal fire trucks and children were playing on the floor and I smelled vanilla. And we went through another hallway and I saw a guard and then through into another room and there I don't know if it was suggestion but I did see a little girl very gaunt with dark circles under her eyes and she was trapped down to a bed and was in really bad shape and the little boy was pointing showing me, look that's what they do here and that's where it left off

HARLEY STARTS TO CRY. (HARLEY IS A TRANCE MEDIUM WHICH MEANS SPIRITS CAN INVADE HIS BODY! SO AT THIS POINT, THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE CHAIR, WHOSE

NAME IS ISABEL, STARTS SPEAKING THROUGH HARLEY AND ALL HER EMOTIONS ALSO COME THROUGH.)

GROUP: Good evening.

SYLVIE: You don't want to speak?

ISABEL: Quiet, we whisper here.

SYLVIE: Are you hiding?

ISABEL: I'm not hiding. We just whisper all the time.

SYLVIE: Why?

ISABEL: Trust me ... I have to pee again, I have to pee again, I have to pee. I don't want to pee again.

SYLVIE: Just relax, you're safe here with us.

ISABEL: If they hear us talking I'll be in trouble.

SYLVIE: Not now, you're here with us

ISABEL: It's better to think... then stop...??

SYLVIE: You can speak louder, it's safe, you're safe here. You can speak a bit louder. What is your name?

ISABEL: Isabel.

SYLVIE: Isabel. Who are you? We're your friends around here. We want you to speak to us and to free you from where you are trapped. Are you alone or are you with some friends?

ISABEL: I'm staying here

SYLVIE: You're sure?

ISABEL: I'm sure. You don't try and get away from here!

SYLVIE: I think you're already away from there, because you're in another life now, or you're in between lives, and you can go on

wherever you want to go and we'd like to listen to you. You can speak to us, no harm done.

RUTH: Isabel you can go to the bathroom, you're safe, we have a bathroom here!

SYLVIE: A Secret bathroom and an angel who can open it, you can go

RUTH: You're safe.

SYLVIE: Your friends too can go afterwards. You're all safe now.

ISABEL: How come I'm safe here? Aren't they going to come and check on me?

SYLVIE: You're not here anymore. You're elsewhere, you just don't realize it because you're too scared!

RUTH. You're free . How old are you Isabel?

ISABEL: Fourteen.

RUTH: A big girl.

ISABEL: Not that big

ANN: Do you remember your last name?

ISABEL: Williams

ANN: Do you know where you come from

ISABEL: Out in the country

SYLVIE: Are you white?

ISABEL: Yes. I'm pink

RUTH: Because you're blonde.

ISABEL: Dirty blonde.

ANN: Was it the country in Canada?

ISABEL: Yes

ANN: Quebec?

ISABEL: Yes.

ANN: Near Montreal?

ISABEL: Yes.

ANN: Do you know the place...?

ISABEL: Verdun.

RUTH: That's the country!

ANN: Back then. Do you remember what year...

ISABEL: I was born in 1946.

ANN: Oh in 1946 and you're 14 so it's 1960 now.

ISABEL: I guess, we don't have too many calendars now, like in school i used to see and thought that I'd be learning it now...

SYLVIE: Do you know which place that you're in now, or were in, where it was?

ANN: Was it underground?

SYLVIE: Underground now -- that's why we don't try and go out.

ANN: Can you tell us who else is there?

ISABEL: Esther. Esther and I found a way we could communicate and nobody can hear us. We use our fingers in different combinations.

SYLVIE: Tapping?

ISABEL: No, different combinations and positions of the fingers are different letters of the alphabet.

RUTH: Smart! Is there anyone else there beside you and Esther?

ISABEL: Yes but we don't talk too much we're not allowed because they're scared that we'll tell the others what happens to us and then they're not going to want to cooperate

SYLVIE: They're younger than you?

ISABEL: No, not all of them. We try and take care of the little ones.

SYLVIE: So you're between the older ones -- are there many older kids with you over there?

ISABEL: Well after a certain time they sort of disappear.

SYLVIE: They go away?

ISABEL: They go away.

SYLVIE: So you're one of the older ones?

RUTH: And you're scared you're going to disappear?

ISABEL: Maybe disappearing is a good thing. I don't like sitting in this chair.

ANN: Can you help us to find that place where you are?

SYLVIE: Can you see where it was?

RUTH: Can you look out a window?

ISABEL: No.

ANN: When you arrived at the place, were you around a mountain or a hill?

ISABEL: We had trouble getting up the hill, the car kept slipping gears.

ANN: Was it in the city or the country?

ISABEL: It's not the country. There is a place like this near where i used to live... (NOTE: *Verdun Psychiatric Hospital, later changed to the Douglas Hospital – Dr. Heinz Lehmann was director.*)

ANN: Like a hospital? So maybe it's a mental hospital?

ISABEL: What's a mental hospital?

ANN: A big building where people stay and everybody wears white...

ISABEL: Yeah.

ANN: If I said the name would you maybe remember it, in Montreal?

ISABEL: I remember an emblem, it looked like the royal emblem like the queen's emblem

ANN: A crown?

ISABEL: A crown with letters underneath it and two lions.

ANN: McGill? Two lions - I'll check it out

ISABEL: Actually I asked if it was a female lion and a male lion or if they were both the same.

RUTH: What did they say?

ISABEL: They laughed

RUTH: How long have you been there?

ISABEL: Don't know.

SYLVIE: A few weeks a few months a few years?

ISABEL: Don't know

SYLVIE: You're there full time, days and nights, you don't go out?

ISABEL: Yes.

CARLOS: Who are they? You say they left.

ISABEL: We have people who take care of us.

CARLOS: What do they look like?

ISABEL: They change. Sometimes we see them for a week. We can count the seven days so we know it's a week but then we lost track because they found the paper we were making the marks on.

SYLVIE: So you can't count...

ISABEL: they go away and other people come. Some are nicer than others. One lady used to bring us little chocolates. She doesn't come back any more.

STANLEY: How old were you when you got there?

ISABEL: Can we talk about something else?

STANLEY: Do you remember your parents?

ISABEL: Yes.

STANLEY: Did your parents bring you to this place?

ISABEL: No.

STANLEY: Did your parents say goodbye to you when you left?

ISABEL: Yes.

STANLEY: And what did they tell you?

ISABEL: They said I should be nice and I would be coming back soon and I should do what they tell me to do.

ANN: Do you have any brothers and sisters?

ISABEL: Yes . A brother.

SYLVIE: Did he come there too?

ISABEL: No he's not ... "fit"

SYLVIE: What does that mean?

ISABEL: I'd rather just say he's not "fit."

CARLOS: Who's that little blond boy? he's a smart one!

ISABEL: Jimmy. I like Jimmy.

RUTH: I had a feeling...

ISABEL: He's hard to catch. He found the passageway, that's why he's not allowed out of his room now

CARLOS: How old is he?

ISABEL: 12 but he's big for his age

RUTH: You have a crush on him – that's good.

SYLVIE: Do you see Jimmy now?

ISABEL: No. We sit and we sit and all we hear is the little buzz...

RUTH: A little buzz??

ISABEL: And when we have to pee all we do is we pee. I hate peeing like that, I don't like messing myself.

SYLVIE: Do you play with animals sometimes?

ISABEL: We have "interaction." We're told how we're supposed to approach the animals, sometimes its good and sometimes it's not so good.

SYLVIE: So you see them for exercise that you do with them?

ISABEL: Mm hmm

STANLEY: What kind of animals?

ISABEL: Dogs, cats and a hamster. I like the hamster

SYLVIE: Are there men, doctors who come?

ISABEL. (nods) White coats.

SYLVIE: Is there more than one?

ISABEL: Yes.

ANN: I guess you don't know their names...

RUTH: Does Quinn sound familiar? Q-U-I-N-

ISABEL: "T"

RUTH: Quint

ANN: A doctor?

ISABEL: He wore his badge in once with his name on it. He never did that again!

SYLVIE: Do you want to play something, have fun doing something special?

RUTH: And I'm sure Esther would like that too.

ISABEL: She's not in the room

SYLVIE: You can go, you can leave your body now...

ISABEL: I don't want to be locked up

SYLVIE: You're a free spirit now and you're talking to us through some one's body because you have passed on to somewhere else, those people are not there to harm you anymore, you have sort of disappeared and we want to know because you can help us reconstruct ...

ISABEL: (getting upset) I'm answering the questions, what else to you what me to do? I'm cooperating!

RUTH: Yes you are! You're wonderful.

STANLEY: What do you want to do right now?

ISABEL: Get Billy out of the room!
Not Billy, why Billy, Billy Billy Billy

STANLEY: Is he there with you?

ISABEL: You're confusing me!!

RUTH: We don't mean to confuse you. We're just trying to help you

ISABEL: That's what they do, they confuse you, they ask you questions and you slip up and they ask you why you slipped up!

RUTH: They're not asking you questions now.

ISABEL: No -- you're asking questions!

STANLEY: What can we do to help?

SYLVIE: Do you know you're not in a body anymore, you're a free spirit?

ANN: That's a question!

STANLEY: Would you like to go down a secret hallway and not get caught?

ISABEL: And not get caught?

STANLEY: And not get caught.

ISABEL: Yeah

SYLVIE: We could do that with you. (NOTE: some members of this group are attempting 'soul rescue' – leading Isabel out of the room and into the Light, but Isabel still feels imprisoned in the laboratory and is afraid the staff will catch her ...)

SYLVIE: We could do that with you...

STANLEY: Your friends are down toward that light, Isabel...

SYLVIEL We love you Isabel...

ISABEL: Stop the voices!

RUTH: Isabel, you can send the voices away.

STANLEY: Isabel, look at the light. Do you see your mother and father?

ISABEL: Yes...

STANLEY: Do you see them? I'm sure they're waiting for you to come to the light. They're so happy to see you.

ISABEL: My brother

STANLEY: Yes. Go see them.

ISABEL LEAVES HARLEY'S BODY.

RUTH: Bye!

HARLEY COMES BACK

HARLEY: Who's the boy in the other room?

Billy.

We have to find Billy. They made a pact that they would leave together. Billy tried twice the first time he was put in his room. Thy second time they send him somewhere

Find me Billy. I promised Isabel I'd find Billy.

All right.

(GROUP REFOCUSSES. DEEP BREATHING.)

As I enter in the building I'm walking straight ahead There's something in the middle of the entrance I have to walk around it.

A barrel?

On the right hand side, a window with a desk. And then there's three doors. Does anybody see these three doors?

I have to go through one of these doors or do I walk further down the hall.

Middle door. Try the middle door.

No metal door.

Middle.

First one on the right.

The staircase?

No.

Wrong door, wrong door. Got a staircase in there.

No, the other one on the right.

With my back to the front door?

Yes.

There's two desks, but there seems to be a corridor. I'm walking down the corridor, four doors. The windows on these doors seem to be smaller and there's no light behind them shining through, There's numbers and a plate on the door, and there's initials on a piece of paper on the plate, There's I.W.

Isabel Williams,

There's B.E.

Billy.. Brian...

Nothing on this door.

Are there doors across on the other side?

Yes

Look there.

R.I. (Breathing heavily) ... S.T. Nothing on this door.

Can you look in it?

I can get through it, I can't open it.

Go through it.

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god. (Breathing).

It's ok...

I've never seen anybody look like this, the eyes are open. He's breathing -- first thing I checked, he's breathing. The eyes, they're empty. I touch him, he's cold. Shock. He's in shock.

Is that Billy?

I don't know.

Relax, you can't get hurt. No one can hurt you.

I want to hug him.

Hug him. I'm sure it will make him feel a lot better.

Light energy. Bring him some light energy.

There's light in the room. Do you see the light?

No not yet! Don't do this. I don't want to send him away.

It's warm light,

OK

Just warm light energy to warm him up. So he can breathe slowly too and feel safe. White light is safe

SINGS

Billy, B i l l y (singing)

Are you Billy or is he Billy? Talk to us

His mind is not working. He's in there but he's not. His spirit is in the corner of the room.

Can you help him?

I can try. He needs to go back inside. It's the only way to get him out of this room.

Just tell him that then.

He can get out of the room without going back in his body.

I know that. He doesn't know that. I got to get them back together. Give me some time.

OK.

Make sure nobody comes down the hall.

OK.

(BILLY BEGINS TALKING THROUGH HARLEY, EXPLAINING HOW TO GET OUT OF THE BUILDING.)

BILLY: OK. You have a watch. What time is it?

It's 7:35.

Ok. Quarter to eight we can get out of here. Don't worry. They've never changed their schedule. Quarter to eight to 8:15, they're having their supper, there's no problem, we can get out. I'll show you the way to the hall. Once we're in the hall there's stairs that go to the entrance we can get out, but promise you'll take me to Isabel -- she can't stay alone, she's too scared. What time is it now?

OK

I know I'm breathing funny -- I can't breathe any other way. OK now take a look at the bottom of that chair. There's this glider take it out of the chair, it slips right out. OK give it to me.

OK you have a choice, You either stay here or your come with me but I can't wait, you got to make up your mind now.

OK thank you, thank you. OK OK OK ...

Bye.

EXHALES

Try and follow him as he goes down the hallway, He might still need us.

You're not going too?

No I don't go there.

Why don't you go out with Jimmy?

Because I like living!

Oh. He's following the light down the corridor.

I can't see. You follow him.

You're in your room?

I'll come out soon.

OK I think he's doing good.

OK.

I think he escaped.

He knows how to find the way out.

Did anyone else see anything else?
Billy's okay, he can take care of himself.

We came to get information but so far we don't have much.

What about the basement -- we saw stairs.

Someone come with me because to tell the truth I don't feel good about being here.

We'll all go with you.

As long as you're not behind me!

So what do you see?

It smells down here.

Is there a big corridor, many rooms, many doors?

Narrow path. Filing cabinets.

Ducts? Water flowing. Facilities of the building are down there?

No just files!

Files! We like files.

This was back in 1960. Can you see what's in the files?

What do you want me to look for? There's lots of paper!

Lots of files ... of Billy, Isabel or yours...

If my is name there? I hope not!

Well, Billy's.

"William Christopher Jones"

William Christopher Jones is Billy's name?

Isabel Williams?

But we want new names.

"5'6" 97 pounds. Physical structure B3. Age 12. Low pulse. Able to hold his breath for long times. Heart murmur, left C1, vision 20/20. Slight limp. Possible TB type 3."

File has about 16 pages in it in handwriting that I can't really read too much but if I pick up the vibration there seems to be some psychological aspects to his profile that cause him to be a little disruptive.

What's his name?

William Christopher ... I'm not on that page anymore, I can't turn it back.

"He is a survivor, when put into test situations he was able to overcome the barriers that were put up.

Intelligence rating 179. If properly trained, logic 10 out of 12, rationality 100%. Will only be violent if penned up. Suggested treatment and observation of shock 30 MZ, 4 seconds.

Observations: change of breathing pattern, constantly licking lips to bring moisture, after 3 hours convulsions subsided and scheduled 9 am tomorrow morning."

Do you see a signature? A doctor?

It's coded. They didn't sign, they used numbers,

Any address where the boy lived?

I've got to turn the pages back. "2765 Notre Dame St Henri. Father's occupation shoe factory, mother seamstress, 41, 39. Mother's history: 2 children early death one with tuberculosis, other one cause unknown. FATHER'S physical condition A 2. " There's a notation, about surgery, due to an accident.

For the father?

Yes. "Frontal impact causing delusion and severe migraines." There's a number 7 beside that, seems to be some sort of scale. "No other living children." Anything else you want to know? Because I'm really getting spooked in here and unless you want

me to find something or somebody else I'd really like to get out of here.

Come out then. That's pretty thorough.

That's a lot.

The initials MZ show up a lot.

On his file?

Looking through it, I don't know if it's some classification, some code but it seems to show up a lot.

Do you think it's a name or a procedure?

To me, it's some sort of code or some initial By the way there have been 3 porters who have been dismissed from here in the past month and they're having a hard time finding staff to work here now, rumour has it that they're going to pull out.

Who's going to pull out, the military?

The project.

This is 1959, 1960.

It might come back in another incarnation but this one can't keep up this way. There's a file here says they're going to bring in kids for a couple of hours a day and let them go home, like outpatient, the experimentation is going to be a lot lighter than what they've done up to now and they are going to start treatments, chemical treatments.

Drugs

They're -- in here they're saying they have the capacity of taking up 12 to 15 children at a time. There will be evening and weekend sessions.

Now what they're interested in is the interaction of these children with other children in the school. These children will be coming from the school place. They will be sending out psychologists to test children in schools and see who would be likely candidates to have this training. They're going to be

calling it, I can't read that: "coordination." They're going to be using children that are problem children in school and with the excuse that they are going to be using them -- trying to help them -- "using them" would be the wrong thing to put in this report and the right thing to say -- they are going to be helping them to adjust so that when they finish these sessions they will be more adaptable into the school system.

There is a note in here that says they did go to the Catholic school commission and that this project was refused. The Protestant school board did accept this

Yeah.

Ok.

They will go into a deeper cover than what they were in before because of the necessity of dealing with the public more on a level that what they had to deal with before. They will be drawing conclusions based on the experimentation that was done in the first part of this project, and they will be using the basis of that experimentation in order to try to condition these children better to make them follow what is an acceptable norm. The acceptable norm for some, for the control group will be "yes, you can study, you can learn, you can behave yourself in school" and they will be returned to the school place and they will be followed for the next 4 to 5 years to watch their development and see if this project has had an effect on them.

There are others who will not be returned to the school in the same way, some will go on for further training and be used to do messages.

Others will be --- will be -- I can't read the rest.

Is it blacked out or just the letters are not clear or does it just end?

I don't know. I am sort of getting weak.

OK . Time to go.

Just let me take one more look around here. Oh! On the wall there's a picture of six men in white coats. You want to meet the doctors?

You have the names written?

There's a Chinese doctor. The names aren't there that I can see, they may have been added later but at this time when the picture was taken they're not there.

There's a short man, wide shouldered, blackish grey hair, glasses.

(Gap in tape)

You know the 101 Dalmations. The older woman, the shape of her face. Very similar there, the eyes... there is a situation in her own family at the present time and she's not bearing up very well, rumour has it she will be leaving in the next month or so'

She's not Canadian is she?

She looks very British but it's more just how she has made herself up to be, and her shoes are weird, I have never seen shoes like that before, you know the old type that button up the side, she has a mark on her hand, right here.

Birthmark?

No it's an injury. I don't know if she had her hand crushed or something to an extent, and when she writes she writes like this, first name starts with a W. And there's something happening to a child in her family at the present time. The time, wherever I am.

Ok let's move on. We have Doctor Quint here, a very dapper dresser. I don't know why this is so important but he has no hair on his hands, he has hair everywhere else but not on his hands.

Oh, he's the surgeon!

I'm getting a name Leeman,

Oh boy!

Arthur! You got him

Really. Kept coming to me, Leeman, Leemann

You may not be pronouncing it right...

It's not Arthur (could be Heinz Lehmann)

Well there's an "Arthur L" here.

I don't know about Arthur, all I know is my heart's really pounding, unless he drinks a lot of caffeine a lot of coffee. As soon as you said Arthur my heart just started pounding...

Imagine him standing in front of you.

Cold, very cold. A lot of cold air around him maybe he's here. I feel his hands are very wide, short fingers wide hands. Then my hands are vibrating.

Are you scared of him?

I think so.

Why would you be scared of him?

A mean person. I just feel he was totally disconnected, had no empathy, no, just cold, no feelings for these children.

Was he doing a job or was he out to make a name for himself?

I'm not sure, I just know whatever happened did not bother him at all. They weren't human to him.

They were like animals. They were like subject for tests.

I'm getting Russia. I think one of the people, maybe Arthur, I'm seeing a coat with long, buttons all the way down the front, double breasted. I think experiments, lots were going on there, I see snow, I see very wide steps, a very large building, very big square stones and very wide stairs where there are railings not

just two on the side, more railings, going on, I got the word "government" -- whoever, someone wore that coat, it's like an army green. Drab green and brass buttons wool coat

If I give you the name Franklin, don't know it it's a first or second name...

As soon as you said the name Franklin, I got this feeling on my left side, like whoever Franklin was. his arm didn't work well, or the hand, didn't move as well as the right.

Were these people involved somehow from the military side?

Yes

The name "Franklin" seems to be very, very important with this whole scenario.

.....

SESSION BREAKS UP.

The Locker Room of the Dead

"Orphans seek to unearth dark past

A group of Duplessis orphans wants the government to investigate an abandoned cemetery in east-end Montreal containing bodies of orphans who may have been victims of medical experiments performed at the old Cite de St. Jean de Dieu insane asylum, now Louis-Hippolite Lafontaine Hospital..."

Front page story, Montreal Gazette, June 18, 2004

Silvio Day: classic case of the "victim mentality"

I met and interviewed Silvio Day, along with a group of other Duplessis orphans, on a snowy day in late November, 2005. Six survivors of the generation that came after the war, all in their 50s and 60s, are seated around the table at Rod Vienneau and Clarina Duguay's home in Joliette.

I am here with Edward Hillel, a former Montreal photographer, now living in New York, and his cameraman Sascha Dimitriuk. For the next few hours, we interview and record the orphans' stories, one by one.

All their histories are memorable and shocking, but the most unforgettable is that of Silvio Day.

Silvio was 11 years old in 1953, when the Quebec Government began transferring thousands of children from orphanages into mental institutions, supposedly in order to profit from higher Federal government subsidies for psychiatric patients. The timing of this decision just happened to coincide exactly with the creation of CIA Project MKULTRA in April of that same year.

MKULTRA was a vast octopus of mind control experiments, scattered around North America in institutions ranging from hospitals to military bases. Its most famous tentacle was fastened to McGill, where Ewen Cameron had assembled a team of researchers to work on projects involving chemicals, electroshock,

hypnotism, ESP, insulin comas, electronic “voice to skull” broadcasting and the like.

The thing about mind control experiments: you can't really do them on animals. Certain behaviourist researchers apparently got their results from working with very smart rats and monkeys, but in Quebec -- thanks to an agreement made back in 1944 between Maurice Duplessis and the Americans – there was a seemingly unlimited supply of humans available, including children, if you knew the right people.

During the MKULTRA years, roughly from 1953-63, McGill went from being a relatively unimportant university in a provincial backwater, to a world-renowned centre for research. Its affiliated hospitals also benefited from the boom in funding, much of which came from the military. But certain highly classified experiments were also farmed out to other institutions.

Over at St. Jean de Dieu mental hospital, in 1959 in Montreal's east end, Silvio Day was a lad of 17, receiving 10 mg of Chlorpromazine (Largactil) per day to help him perform his duties, which included transporting the bodies of other orphans to the “Vestiaire des Morts” in the basement.

One evening, he happened to watch a TV program about Nazi Germany. The next day, in the hallway, Silvio crossed paths with Pere Joseph, and suddenly it struck him how closely the German-accented, stiff-legged doctor resembled one of the men he had seen wearing a Nazi uniform on television the night before.

Unable to contain himself, Silvio raised his arm in a Nazi salute, and foolishly wisecracked, “Hi, Hitler!”

Pere Joseph stopped in his tracks, and turned to stare at Silvio.

“What did you say?”

Silvio repeated his little joke, more nervously this time.

There was a silence, as Pere Joseph scrawled a prescription on a piece of paper. From that time onward, Silvio performed his ghastly duties in a drugged stupour caused by a triple dose of Largactil.

Then one day he was called in to see director Dr. Georges Gravel. He told Gravel about the incident with Pere Joseph.

Gravel held up his hand and said, "How many fingers do you see?"

Silvio counted them: "Five. Hold up your other hand, and I'll count the rest."

Gravel nodded. "Remember what I tell you: don't count on me. I can do nothing to help you if you get into trouble."

Forty years later, when Silvio Day recounts this memory, he acts it out with his entire body, raising his arm when he shouts "Hi, Hitler!" His expressive brown eyes, enlarged by thick lenses, grow even larger. He swears every word is true.

Based on what I have learned by going through de-classified files about MKULTRA, and reading other accounts from people who, as children, also met Mengele, I tend to believe him. His story is mythic, bizarre, larger than life, but in some deep way, it feels true – perhaps for the simple reason that it sounds like fiction.

It's so hard to imagine it happening in Canada and yet, deep down, since childhood, we have always known this sort of thing is possible here.

THE LOCKER ROOM OF THE DEAD

INTERVIEW WITH SILVIO ALBERT DAY, Duplessis orphan

Interview conducted November 26, 2005

Joliette, Quebec

Q: When you were working at St Jean de Dieu, you were responsible for

—

When I worked at St Jean de Dieu, I was there as a patient. I worked in the Vestiaire des Morts -- the Locker Room of the Dead, where they wash the bodies and put them in the refrigerator. One bathroom was for washing the dead bodies. That was the washroom. And all around were refrigerators.

Q: And there were corpses of children--

Yes. I worked for a year and four months in the Vestiaire des Morts. All I did, I went to get the bodies from the operating room. I didn't go into the operating room, but the nuns and the doctors there had masks on their faces.

A nun said to me, "Monsieur Silvio."

"Yes, sister."

"Could you stay there, and wait in the hallway?"

My buddy and I waited.

And the nun said, "Okay, Mister Silvio, would you please go get the stretcher?"

I said, "Yes, sister."

So then they got the person, and it was a child. They put the child on the stretcher. They rarely covered it with a white sheet. So I went towards the elevator, to go down to the basement. The Locker Room of the Dead was down in the basement there.

Once I arrived, the nun said, "Mister Day."

And I said, "Yes, sister."

"Mr. Silvio, you took your time."

I said, "Sorry. The elevator wasn't working well, and I had to wait."

So then the nun took charge of bringing the body to the washroom. There was a big sink where they put the dead bodies to be washed.

I took the arms and my partner took the legs and we put the body in the big flat sink, it was a flat sink which had a drain for the blood to run out.

In the beginning, she had said to me, "Go ahead, do your work, and I don't want you talking!"

So I used to put the body down in the sink, but very rarely I removed the bonnet, because these patients who were operated on always had a blue bonnet and a blue jacket, and a pair of white socks. So anyway, this time I took off the bonnet, I removed the bonnet, and there was a flap of skin, and then the flesh of the brain was hanging there in the sink in front of me. It just sort of poured out like a tap, and it was all over me.

I let out a scream. There was no hair, it had been shaved all around, which was why the skin was hanging like that, swinging back and forth.

I was shocked. "Mother of God!"

My partner didn't do anything. We had an orphan there, and he was supposed to take care of that.

"Silvio, you better not make any noise."

It was my job to wash the bodies. But I didn't know there had been an operation. Once I saw that flap of skin, which hung there, moving and getting soft, and then I saw the brain, I didn't say a word, I took the bonnet, and I picked up the piece of brain, and I put it back in the bonnet.

In fact, there was a paid worker there who said, "Listen, stay where you are and don't open your mouth, don't talk about this. Everything here, stays in here. It doesn't go outside." He was the one who put on a bandage to hold in the brain. I started washing, and when I finished, I put the body in the refrigerator. The freezer.

Later, in the evening, the telephone rang. A nun said, "Well, Mr. Silvio?"

I said, "Yes, my dear sister."

"Would you go to the operating room again? Yes, again! And keep quiet. If you're late, you will be punished. You'll be sent to the cells."

I took the stretcher, and made a dash for the top floor. The operating room was on the fifth floor. We got the stretcher, and headed for the elevator to the fifth floor, and then we went down a passage which led to the operating room.

"Well, well. Hello. You sure took your time."

"I did my best. There were people in the elevator."

"Please leave the stretcher there. Go sit down."

"Pardon?"

"I said, take a seat and don't touch anything."

"No, I won't touch anything."

The stretcher rolled away all by itself. We didn't say a word. We sat down. And it took a long time. I watched the clock in the hallway. And eventually, it was 3:30 am.

The two nuns said, "Mr. Silvio, would you mind..."

The doctors wore gloves and green uniforms, and there was a man there, and some others, and there was a lot of blood.

So I got up and I was going to take everything away.

"No, don't touch those!"

I backed off, and waited for the other guy, and then I headed down to the Locker Room of the Dead, and once I was in there, I said "Oh, Lord, not another one!"

I removed the white sheet, and started pushing the stretcher toward the sink. I took off the jacket – another child, around 10 or 11 years old.

Anyway, I took the patient, and put him on the stretcher or the big flat sink, and I said, "Okay, I'll take off his jacket and his pair of white nylon socks."

I took off the cap, and the other guy said, "Hey, those are holes, as if a machine had drilled through his head like that ..."

I froze. That's when our boss said, "Mr. Silvio."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't say a word and do your job."

So I washed the body, and I took the bonnet and put it back on, and then I took the jacket. And I used the method the other guy used: I stapled a ticket to the jacket, to identify them by name.

Q: And how many times did you have to transport dead bodies from the operating room?

Around 60 times. I worked a lot of hours per week.

Q: And what year was this?

In the 1960s, 50s.

Q: You were how old?

I was born in 1942. And at that time I was about 18, 19.

Q: Did you undergo any experiments yourself? Were you drugged?

Well, one thing: I was treated with Largactil, 25 mg. After that, you're like a vegetable. We were like mummies; we walked like mummies. At one point they wanted to send me for electroshock, but they said I wasn't ready yet. So then they said they would give me a new treatment, Largactil pills, 25 mg. After that I became a vegetable. Later on, they changed the pills so I would be better.

That's when the doctor asked me, "Mr. Silvio, would you come to the office?"

"Yes, Doctor."

This was Dr. George Gravel, a psychiatrist. He was the one who first asked me if I would like to work in the Locker Room of the Dead.

I said, "Yes, Doctor."

If I refused, I would get punished, I'd be put in the cells, like the others.

I said, "Am I obliged to accept?"

He said, "Yes. Do you agree?"

I said, "Yes."

They sent another guy to watch over me. "You will be accompanied by a worker and a guardian."

A guardian and a guy who worked in the Locker came to get me. I didn't feel good about it – we went straight to the Locker Room of the Dead.

He said, "Well, here we are. That's a dead body. Whatever happens, I want you to keep your mouth shut. I don't want anything repeated outside this place."

I said, "Okay."

"If you speak, you'll be punished."

I said, "Okay."

Up to that point, on the first floor, we'd taken the elevator. But now we took the staircase.

Once I was downstairs, I took the passage that went to the Locker. I noticed there were coffins in every compartment, like in a funeral parlour, and on the left was where they put the dead patients in refrigerators.

Then he said, "Now we'll show you how to wash a dead body."

They started washing a child, a really small child about 4 years old.

I let out a scream.

They looked at me. "Are you afraid of corpses?"

I said, "No, but it's the first time I ever saw something like this."

Then, once they had washed it, they said they were going to put it in the fridge. I opened the door, so they could put the child inside.

Once it was inside, it moved on rollers, so then they said "Okay, that's just the first step. Now you'll go with him – the other guy -- follow him."

"Okay."

"Just one thing: we'll show you how to clean up." I would be in charge of moving the coffins and washing the floors.

But then the other worker told me, "No, I'm not going to train you to clean up. I'm going to send you where they transport the bodies and wash them."

So the nun said, "Mr. Silvio, take the stretcher and go to the rooms in the back."

"All right." I knew that meant the operating room –

"I want you to understand -- you are not to do any dishes."

"No, sister. I promise."

So off we went.

Q: She meant, no touching the dishes after handing the corpses?

Exactly. So when I got to the room, I hadn't realized the doors were locked and I needed a key.

"Excuse me, can I have the key ???"

"Yes."

"Is it all right if I hold on to it?"

"Yes. Oh, excuse me – I have to answer the phone."

He took a look at the stretcher, and went away.

Once I was inside, I continued towards the cells. They opened the door, and I saw someone hanging from the bars. The person in charge, who had let me in, said: "You have no business looking at that!"

It was an adolescent, 14 years old.

Later, another one hanged himself, I think he was about 25. When I got to his cell, they said, "You're not allowed to look!"

I said, "Well, but I saw him."

They let it go.

"All right, okay. Don't say a word about it. Take the stretcher."

I came back with the stretcher. The nun said, "Mr. Silvio, late again?"

I said, "Sorry, Sister. This door isn't big enough to get the stretcher into the cell. It's not my fault you're fat."

She said, "Watch what you say, or you'll be punished."

I'd expected her to say that. So I got my coworker and we went into the cell. We picked up the body, and put it on the stretcher. That's when I saw traces of acid in the hole. But I wasn't allowed to touch the linen. They took away the linen and threw it in the garbage can.

Q: I'd like you to tell us the story about when you met Father Joseph, aka Dr. Mengele, in the hallway of St. Jean de Dieu hospital.

Oh yes. Yes yes yes. I was getting to that.

Well, one day when I'd finished working in the Locker, the nun said, "We're giving you three days' off."

So I was off work, I had three days to rest, and for the first time I had time to wander around the halls. I was drugged, because of these pills, and so I was walking like a mummy.

Also, there were a lot of doctors, for example there was Dr. Camille Laurin. I saw him one time but I wasn't sure if it was him that I saw. There was a Dr. Archambault and Dr. LaRoche, and there were other doctors. But the doctor I saw that day was only so tall, with his hair combed back like this, and he had a moustache. Well, since I had seen so many war films, when I saw his face I thought, "My God, he looks like Hitler!"

So when I saw this doctor, I raised my arm and said: "Heil ... Hitler!"

He blinked his eyes at me, and made a sign with his hand: "Take this guy and go lock him up." So they grabbed me and this time they put me in a cell. Then they said "Go to the doctor's office."

Not the same doctor who had been there in the hall. Another doctor. A French Canadian. We went into his office and I said, "Is anything wrong?"

"Would you repeat what you said?"

So I repeated it. "Heil Hitler!"

"Stop saying that! Why are you talking that way? Why are you walking and moving your feet like that?"

I realized it was because I had been watching war movies. So then the doctor – I think it was the one who had invented the 25 mg. drug – Largactil.

Q. Dr. Heinz Lehmann?

Yes. You had these people there, who studied children, orphans, and did experiments, operating on the patients and using these patients like guinea pigs. Besides practicing on animals, they practiced on human beings. He was the one.

Q: But the first doctor, the one in the hallway. You said he had a moustache. Did he speak French?

Yes, he spoke French but not much. He always held his hands like this (straight down at his sides). He had ... his hair was always combed back, you know?

Q: And how tall was he?

I would say about 5 foot 6. Yes.

Q: Dr. Mengele was 5 foot 8.

Well, he was slim. Black hair, brown eyes.

Q. Mengele was slim, with black hair and brown eyes.

I used to talk to him, and he talked to me, but I didn't understand him. Still, he made an effort to speak French. He gestured to the other doctor, who was his assistant, Dr. Georges Gravel. Gravel spoke to me so that I could understand, because he also understood me. Dr. Gravel spoke English, German and Russian.

So finally he said, "Why did you insult him? What did you think you were doing? Why do you say he's the one who is doing the experiments?"

I said, "Listen to me, Dr. Gravel. I wasn't going anywhere, it was my day off. I saw him in the hallway near the operating room. He wasn't wearing a mask. He had on a blue jacket, you know, like a uniform. I saw him leaving, but he was alone and didn't speak to me, but he still looked at me like this, with his great big eyes, you know..."

Q: *But do you think Mengele was doing operations there, himself?*

Yes. Yes. Yes. Well, he was the one who talked to the others, to the surgeons. He used to walk around in -- the place where I went when I got sick (the infirmary) and he would walk around with a tall doctor, a surgeon with a mask, and the conversation went like this:

"Does this boy have a family?"

The nun answered, "Yes."

"We won't touch him for now. What about him?"

And the nun said, "No, he is an orphan. He has a file, this orphan."

"Okay, that's good." He'd found one. "We'll study this one."

That's how they did experiments, studying the ones who had epileptic seizures – not really epileptics, but they passed them off as epileptics. They did experiments, but instead of on animals, they used humans instead of animals, and I saw it, but not with my own eyes ...

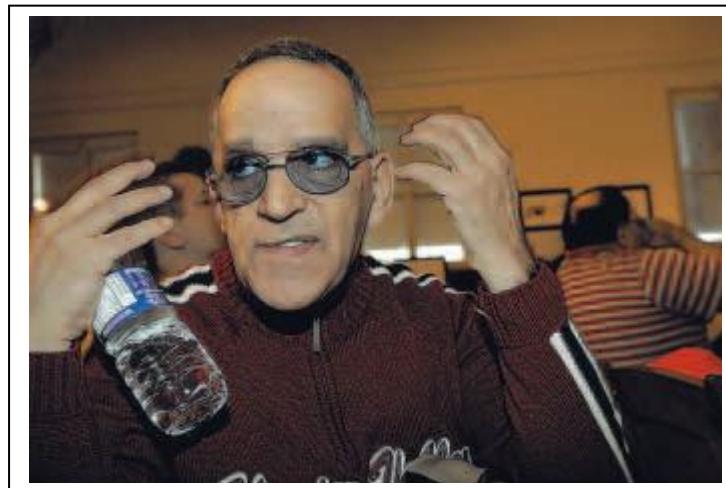
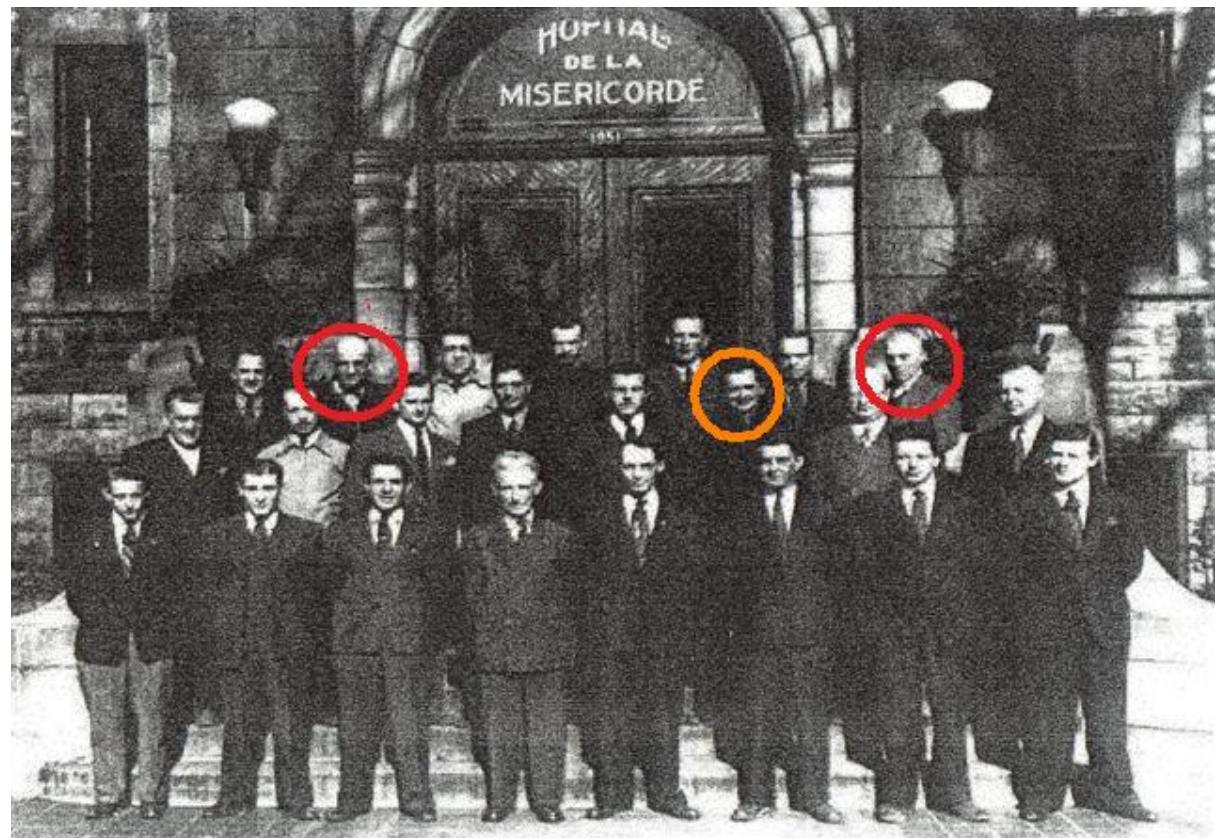


Photo of Silvio Albert Day, which appeared along with an article in METRO newspaper, February

y 6, 2007, following a Montreal press conference on the Quebec government's program of compensation for surviving "Duplessis Orphans."



Circled, from left to right: Dr. Ewen Cameron, Dr. Ruth Koeppe Kajendar, Dr. Heinz Lehmann on the steps of Misericorde orphanage, Montreal, late 1950s.

A Toxic Story

Back in about 1990, I worked for two weeks at McGill University, in the department of Physical Plant. During those two weeks, my boss spent most of his time out of the office, and I was left pretty much on my own with little to do, other than answering calls from enraged people around the campus who wondered why the director of Physical Plant had not got back to them for several days.

There was no one to turn to for answers. I was alone in an echoing room at the end of a hallway. My boss' staff of underlings were in another part of the building, working on an important project. I only ever met one of them, a timid black man with trembling lips and hands, who appeared to go around all day in a fog.

So here I was, a temporary secretary working for a boss who had told me on the first day not to bother him with emergency calls for things like broken boilers and other ordinary disasters. I spent my days taking down messages, and passing on excuses – the boss was out on another call, he was “on the road” – when in fact he was having lunch with high-up administrators. I rarely saw him, and when he came in, he spent most of his time locked in his office sending faxes to a stockbroker in New York.

One day, while filing a memo I had just typed, I came across a folder filled with minutes of meetings concerning a very serious problem on McGill campus: toxic waste.

Having nothing else to do for the afternoon, I began reading three years' worth of reports, memos, letters, and meetings, attended by my absentee boss and McGill's top administrators, detailing the gravity of the situation.

Vast quantities of toxic and radioactive materials – including PCBs and dioxins -- were lying around the campus, poorly stored in basements, in close proximity to students, staff, and patients at the medical facilities. There had already been cases of illness and even a few deaths caused by radioactive waste in the basement of the McIntyre Medical Building. And barrels filled with toxic chemicals were standing in barrels behind buildings on the main campus. There had been a few near-disasters: in the summer of 1987, torrential rains and a flash flood had caused the radioactive

materials in the McIntyre basement to overflow downhill into residential buildings on Peel Street.

McGill was maintaining a toxic waste dump in the middle of a commercial and residential area in downtown Montreal.

There had been meetings with the Quebec government, but no agreement on a cheap, quick way to dispose of the waste. So it continued to sit at McGill, the poisonous remnant of decades of military and scientific contracts that had made Montreal a biomedical Mecca.

On my last day, I gathered up about 100 pages of memos and other documents, and photocopies. When I left I had a dossier heavy enough to “sink McGill” – or so I was told by the Gazette’s top investigative journalist, who agreed to meet me for lunch the following week.

He read the first couple of pages, said “Wow!” and shook his head. “I’ll do what I can,” he promised, but no article ever appeared.

I had made duplicates of some of the most damning stuff, and I took these to a young woman who worked for the McGill Daily. She wrote a full-page article, which appeared a few weeks later. That was in early spring.

Walking across McGill campus that summer, I heard someone call my name. I turned and came face to face with my old boss from the Department of Physical Plant. He was sitting in his car and at that distance it was impossible to read the expression on his face: friendly? Or accusing? Had he traced the article in the Daily to me? I greeted him with a fake smile. He nodded and drove on.

A year or two later, I heard that my old, temporary boss had been escorted off campus by guards, and no longer was employed by the university. I don’t know if this had anything to do with my leaking the story about toxic waste and mismanagement at Physical Plant. Maybe he was just the scapegoat for a new phase of the cover up.

I stopped working for the temporary agency. Actually, they never called me again. I suppose I broke some agreement when I stole confidential documents from my workplace and handed them over to people in the press. Possibly someone, somewhere – likely my boss – figured this out.

A wise old woman once told me, “It’s not what you do in life that you end up regretting, but what you don’t do.”

I doubt that McGill has changed very much in the last 15 years. More likely the files I photocopied have re-labeled and put in storage. As far as I know, the dossier I put together on McGill has simply disappeared. The pile of toxic waste has probably grown larger, not smaller. Military-medical research generates a lot of lethal material that can lie around poisoning us for generations – we’re taught to accept this. It’s part of the price we pay for our “health” and “security.”

Not long ago, I met someone who had applied for a job overseeing worker safety at McGill. During the interview, he was asked if there was anything he would refuse to do in the course of his work. He said he would never lie to cover up a dangerous situation. The two interviewers paused, exchanged glances, and thanked him for his time. He never heard from them again.

The investigative journalist to whom I gave my files no longer works for the Gazette, and has never answered my e-mails and phone calls. He, too, has moved on. That’s what we all keep doing. Moving on.

The Great Death Machine also rolls on. I doubt that any of us can stop it from eating up the world. But we can control our own destinies through the choices we make.

March 21, 2005

Let's Get Personal: A Timeline of Montreal History

Once upon a time there was a city, Montreal, sometimes called the Paris of North America, although this is a misnomer. Paris is "The City of Light" but I don't think this holds true for Montreal, a place of deep, dark secrets. Montreal has long been a city of superficial gaiety covering over a deadly silence. It's actually a closed, shuttered society where various groups and the institutions they control, work together to keep the general population in the dark. It's also a city policed by public relations firms who make a habit of saying what they're told to say by their powerful retainers in government. And believe me, they have been busy.

You would think that, with the arrival of the internet, certain shocking facts about Montreal's fairly recent history would be common knowledge, but oddly, they are not. Perhaps this is because Montreal's media is a closed shop, manned and womanned by a shrinking army of increasingly fearful and cooperative "journalists" -- although that profession, for all intents and purposes, no longer exists. Especially over the last ten years, journalism as we knew has been swallowed by PR.

I am a simple woman, which is why I am going to make this very simple. In fact, I have explained all this before, in earlier blogs, but now I'm going to just spell out the whole awful story in a few straightforward paragraphs. I don't know why I've postponed doing this for so long. Frankly, it could be because I'm scared that there will be repercussions. Fear is the enemy of self-expression, that's one thing I have learned. Make people afraid of the consequences of speaking out, of asking questions, and they will censor themselves. In a "free country" like Canada, self-censorship in the guise of political correctness is the way to go, especially if your government has a lot of dirty secrets in its closet. And all governments have them, believe me. A writer who says what (s)he thinks is about as welcome in Canadian literary circles as a crazed kamikaze on drugs. This is understandable, given that so many people have been involved for so long in covering up reality in this country. Cautious silence and respect for taboo is the Canadian way of life WITH GOOD REASON, and many of our

writers live by that rule of thumb, which is why we have such a decent, peaceful country.

So here, in the meantime, is my very brief and biased "HISTORY OF THE CIA IN QUEBEC" -- a timeline for Montrealers and other Canadians who still think they live in a free country.

It begins in 1939, with the arrival of McGill's new (American) chancellor, Cyril James, a man my father once mentioned to me in passing. It was clear at the time that my dad had a great dislike for Cyril James, but at the time (it was the mid-sixties, and I was just a teenager) I could not grasp why.

In 1939, as Germany invades Poland and starts the Second World War, Cyril James becomes the new Chancellor of McGill University in downtown Montreal. Is this mere accident? There is a biography of him, published by McGill-Queen's Press, entitled THE MAN IN THE IVORY TOWER, and I think it would be nice if someone would get hold of a copy and read it. What I know of Cyril James comes mainly from the internet, common sense and a pinch of intuition. I would be willing to bet my shirt that Cyril James was an American intelligence agent who came to McGill to help convert it into a front for the military. Why do I think tha? Well, because after his arrival, McGill suddenly seems to get transformed into a world centre for medical research, some of which is inspired by Nazi science.

Did you know that? No, you probably didn't. Because it's insane to say such a thing. If you even THINK such thoughts in Montreal, you likely will receive a visit from the thought police in some form or other, perhaps disguised as Mafia hit men or friends of my ex-neighbour Hazel.

The sad fact is there are documents that prove this, not ALL of them buried in the catacombs under McGill, where many records are still stored, out of sight of prying eyes. Please take note of this, friends and former freelance journalists: What will happen to those records when the new McGill University Hospital Centre gets built, under the watchful eye of the great ex-Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, a man who has many reasons NOT to want you to know about those records?

But even if Mulroney and his friends succeed in hiding or destroying the remaining evidence lying in the storage tunnels under McGill, plenty of proof can be found in the MKULTRA files at the National Security Archives of George Washington University in Washington, D.C., where I spent several rewarding hours last spring, going through pages and pages of documents describing secret experiments which were being performed on my fellow Montrealers during the 1950s -- thanks to Cyril James' and McGill's deep interest in "trauma based mind control", a spooky offshoot of Nazi psychiatry and, in particular, Josef Mengel's sadistic work on twins at Auschwitz.

1939 was also the year that a Liberal government came to power in Quebec, displacing the fascist-leaning Duplessis regime which had ruled through the Great Depression, although the rhetoric on which Duplessis had got himself elected had a deliberately socialist ring to it.

Let's jump ahead to 1942, the year the Allan Memorial Institute was first set up, with generous donations from, among others, the Rockefeller Foundation and Montreal's MacConnell family, owners and publishers of the now-defunct Montreal Star. We think of the Montreal Star as being the liberal "good guys" -- in contrast to the ultra-baddies, the Websters and Southams, over at the Gazette. But the truth is, as usual, more complex. Both the Websters AND the MacConnell's invested (heavily) in the Allan Memorial and its sister institution, the Montreal Neurological Institute, which also benefited from generous Rockefeller funding, as did Berlin's Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, where Nazi eugenics and Nazi psychiatry got their start before the Second World War. The Allan would later, of course, become notorious as the place where Dr. Ewen Cameron carried out horrible CIA-funded experiments on mental patients. Of course, that's only the tip of the iceberg. To date, the Neurological Institute has maintained its lily-white image as a world-class hospital, home to Dr. Wilder Penfield, about whom nothing bad is ever said.

In 1942, Ewen Cameron came to Montreal as the director of the new psychiatric institute on McGill campus, and both the Star and the Gazette fell all over themselves giving front page, glowing reports to this man and his agenda: building a mental hospital that would lead the world in testing "exciting new techniques" for controlling human behaviour. For the next two decades,

Montreal's English newspapers would heap publicity on this man, enough to fill two fat files which are still at the Gazette library. No wonder the population of Montreal was hoodwinked into believing the Allan Memorial was a progressive, humane institution, despite disturbing rumours and evidence that it was not. From the very beginning, Cameron's old friend, American spymaster Allen Dulles, oversaw the project from his office at the OSS in Washington, and his walk-up flat in Bern, Switzerland, where he was busy building close relationships with Nazi SS officers, scientists, and doctors, who would soon find rewarding new careers in America, thanks to Operation Paperclip.

Winter, 1942-43: The German advance into Russia ends in total defeat and millions of deaths at Stalingrad. Top Nazi officials, realizing the war is lost, begin making alternative plans. Many realize the future looks brighter for them over in America.

April 19, 1943: Albert Hoffman discovers LSD in his Swiss lab. Hoffman works for Sandoz. Sandoz has corporate links to the Nazi conglomerate I.G. Farben (see my Frankfurt Diary, about my visit to the former headquarters of the pharmaceutical and chemical giant which has continued to rule the planet after WW2, under different names such as Hoechst, Bayer, AGFA). It's fairly likely that Hoffman was working for the Nazis, despite being a Swiss national. After all, so was the Red Cross (based in Geneva).

May 30, 1943: Dr. Josef Mengele arrives in Auschwitz, where he will conduct horrific experiments on inmates, many of them children. His research will be funded and overseen by the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, beneficiaries of Rockefeller money. (Funny what a small world it is for financial giants and their friends in the military-industrial complex...)

August 17-24, 1943 The Quebec Conference. Churchill and Roosevelt, along with their intelligence services, meet in Quebec City where they decide the quickest way to end the war is to bomb German cities, massacre populations, and bring the country to its knees. Stalin, who has just sacrificed millions of his own people at Stalingrad, is notably absent in Quebec, but Allen Dulles is there. (And so is my father, an Air Force flight sergeant who arrives in Quebec from British Columbia where he has been trained as a signals clerk for Canadian military intelligence.) Allen Dulles has heard about Albert Hoffman's discovery of a new drug

with great potential for military use, such as interrogating prisoners of war, and possibly much, much more. That drug is LSD.

Autumn, 1944. Maurice Duplessis is swept back into power in Quebec. The Second World War is winding down, and Quebec has been bitterly divided by the Conscription Crisis. Some French Canadians, especially in Montreal's nationalist intelligentsia circles, have sided with the collaborationist Vichy government and opposed conscription. The Mayor of Montreal is in prison as an avowed Nazi sympathizer. Duplessis is an admirer of Hitler and Mussolini (as is his future biographer, Lord Conrad Black, just a wee lad in 1944 who will grow up to be a newspaper magnate and publisher of the Montreal Gazette... while sitting on the Trilateral Commission and the board of the Hudson Institute, and yes, it's a claustrophobically small world when you're part of the secret group that is running it).

1945: Victory in Europe and Japan. One of Duplessis' challenges as premier of Quebec will be controlling the "social chaos" at war's end. The breakdown of peacetime morals has resulted in a few hundred thousand illegitimate children being born in Quebec, most of whom will be institutionalized as orphans in Catholic-run institutions. These "Duplessis orphans" as they will come to be called, will severely strain the province's limited resources. Quebec is a very poor province, and one of its biggest products is BABIES. French Canadian Roman Catholics have the highest birth rate in the western world, and many end up as priests and nuns. Illegitimate orphans, however, are products of "sinful unions" and there is no place for them in society.

One day, Duplessis gets a call from Washington. It seems Allen Dulles, is helping set up the Nazi ratline to America, with the help of the Vatican, and he has heard about Duplessis' "orphan problem." Dulles has the perfect solution. He has these former SS concentration camp doctors, who have all sorts of exciting new techniques (including mind-altering drugs) they would like to test on human beings, and he has heard that Quebec has a surplus of unwanted children. Could they work out a deal? Sure, says Duplessis, who is flattered to be asked into the inner circles of the Secret Government, which Dulles and his Nazi friends are busy building into an organization which will operate above the law, and behind the back of the elected President.

1946: Ewen Cameron travels to Bavaria to help the Allies interview and evaluate SS war criminals who are sitting in American and British POW camps, awaiting trial at Nuremberg. One of the captured Nazi war criminals is Dr. Josef Mengele, the "Angel of Death" of Auschwitz.

1946: Josef Mengele mysteriously disappears from American custody. Within a year, he will find his way to Argentina, courtesy of Dulles and the Vatican and their "rat line." The Americans will subsequently deny they ever knew they had him, but a memo sent to the French will prove this is a lie. Mengele spends the next few years in hiding.

1947: The CIA is created, under the National Security Act, with Allen Dulles as its head. The CIA will become a power unto itself, operating without oversight. It will learn much from the Nazi masterminds it rescued from justice after the war.

April, 1951: My twin brother and I are born in a Montreal hospital, part of the Baby Boom generation. We are lucky to have parents, a French Canadian Catholic mother and a Scots-Canadian Presbyterian father. Unfortunately, our father, a high school teacher, is still being controlled by his former military intelligence contacts, some of them based at the Allan Memorial Institute. As twins, we will be of interest to NORAD doctors who are setting up shop at military bases and elsewhere in Quebec, as the Cold War begins.

1953: A UFO crashes near St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. The Royal Canadian Air Force investigates the crash site, and decides to cover it up.

March, 1953: Allen Dulles signs Project MKULTRA into effect. MKULTRA is the secret mind control program which will ruin the lives of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of unwitting North Americans, many in Montreal where some of the worst abuses take place. Children, mental patients, and the military will be drugged, electroshocked, and subjected to brainwashing techniques which are also being used on prisoners of war and American fighter pilots returning from Korea. In Montreal, a network of hospitals, psychiatric institutes and Catholic orphanages will be used for these secret experiments which

completely violate the Geneva Convention and the Nuremberg Code.

Summer and autumn, 1953: Quebec premier Maurice Duplessis orders thousands of orphans moved out of their orphanages and into psychiatric institutions, where they will be used as slave labour, sexually abused, and subjected to secret experiments, some of them terminal, by a group of CIA-funded doctors, including Ewen Cameron and Heinz Lehmann, future head of Montreal's Douglas Hospital. Many of these children will end up in unmarked graves behind the hospitals where they serve as guinea pigs for experimental lobotomies and new psychiatric drugs such as Largactyl. One of the institutions where the children are imprisoned is St. Jean de Dieu (now hopital Louis Hypolite Lafontaine) in Montreal's east end, where a young psychiatrist, Dr. Camille Laurin, is working. Another regular presence in the halls of this hospital is a dark-haired German doctor known as "Father Joseph." Father Joseph shows up in many hospitals across Canada during the 1950s, including Native residential schools in British Columbia. Everywhere he goes, he is remembered as the guiding force behind secret experiments in trauma-based mind control.

1953: Montreal poet Kenneth Hertz, age 8, publishes his first poem in the *New Yorker*, and attracts the attention of psychiatrists at the Allan Memorial. His mother will later be diagnosed with schizophrenia, and Kenneth will be inducted into MKULTRA as a "child prodigy," trained to develop ESP and a photographic memory. He will befriend another gifted young Montreal prodigy, Henry Moscovitz. Both will be given large quantities of LSD, with resulting psychological damage. In the late sixties, Moscovitz will hear voices telling him to jump off an overpass on the Decarie expressway overpass, and plunge to his near-death. He will be labelled schizophrenic, and kept on delilitating medication.

1957. A story appears in several American newspapers describing experiments on Montreal patients, 1300 of whom have been given sodium amytal, a "truth serum" in use by the military for interrogating prisoners of war. Shortly afterwards, the CIA withdraws funding for this project. A scandal is averted, however, when Montreal's newspapers, who remain highly supportive of Cameron's secret work, ignore the story.

Spring, 1961. Allen Dulles orchestrates the Bay of Pigs invasion. Montreal poet, folksinger, and McGill alumni Leonard Cohen happens to be there when it happens. He will later write a song entitled "Field Commander Cohen" which opens with the lyrics "Field Commander Cohen was our most important spy/ Parachuting acid into diplomatic cocktail parties"...

1963. MKULTRA is officially terminated by the CIA. One of its victims is my father, who is given drugs which induce a "schizophrenic episode," hospitalized and electroshocked at the Allan.

1964. Dr. Robert Cleghorn replaces Ewen Cameron as director of the Allan Memorial. Cameron takes another position in Albany, New York, where he has lived ever since assuming his post as director of the Allan. Another of Cameron's colleagues happens to be Brian Mulroney's father in law, Dr. Dimitri Pivnicki.

1968. Ewen Cameron dies mysteriously of a heart attack while mountain climbing near Albany. He will later be scapegoated as the "lone mad scientist" and blamed for MKULTRA's activities in Montreal. This is, of course, ridiculous. Cameron's CIA collaborators included some of McGill's most respected scientists and doctors, e.g. Wilder Penfield and Donald Hebb, as well as American John Lilly, whom some of the children in the Allan experiments nicknamed "Mr. Pimple" due to his terrible acne.

August, 1977. The MKULTRA story finally comes to light and makes international news, with the publication of John Marks' **THE SEARCH FOR THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**. However, the Montreal press, still owned and controlled by families who invested heavily in Cameron's work, makes sure that the story is carefully contained. There is also no mention of any link with military intelligence. All records of child experiments have already been destroyed by CIA director Richard Helms in 1973. Reports of abuse at the Allan Memorial focus selectively on a small number of mental patients who were subjected to Cameron's "psychic driving" program.

That same week, Montreal Gazette reporter John Robertson approaches his editor with notes and pages from an unpublished series of articles describing the truly vast extent of secret experiments conducted at the Allan Memorial during the 1950s

and 60s. He already left the Montreal Star a decade earlier over that paper's refusal to publish his articles, which include interviews with former child subjects and members of the military. Robertson believes the Gazette cannot ignore this story, now that MKULTRA is attracting international notoriety. A few days after his meeting with the editor, Robertson is surrounded in the parking lot as he is leaving work, by armed men claiming to represent a "certain political party in Quebec City" and told to leave the province immediately. The Gazette reports this, in a brief article explaining that John Robertson has moved his family back to Winnipeg to avoid persecution by "Quebec nationalists." This makes no sense, of course. A year earlier, the Parti Quebecois won the Quebec elections by a landslide, and do not need to threaten the life of John Robertson, a Gazette reporter who has campaigned against their language legislation, specifically Bill 101 which was written by Dr. Camille Laurin, the former psychiatrist at St. Jean de Dieu hospital during the Duplessis era who worked with Father Joseph aka Josef Mengele. No, the people who surrounded and threatened John Robertson in the Gazette parking lot were more likely working for the CIA, or the Montreal publishing establishment, which is essentially the same thing.

Yes, it's certainly a small world when you're keeping toxic secrets.

In 1977, after revelations about MKULTRA surface in the North American press, Kenneth Hertz gains access to his medical records from McGill. He spends the next few years going through the available records, trying to make sense of what had happened to him as a child victim of MKULTRA. Because the true extent and nature of the McGill experiments is still being hidden from the public, Hertz lacked all the necessary puzzle pieces. Denial is also a factor in this story. I can think of no one who would have believed, let alone been able to explain reports that a Nazi doctor (Joseph Mengele?) was a colleague of Ewen Cameron's. But Mengele shows up in many accounts of that period, including Gordon Thomas' *JOURNEY INTO MADNESS*.

Kenneth Hertz was someone I saw often, in the 1970s and 80s. Towards the end of his life, he was obsessed with medical information he was collecting at the McGill medical library. In 1982, at 37, Hertz came down with a rare form of Parkinson's disease which did not respond to the usual treatments. Hertz was convinced he had been exposed to chemicals at some point in his

life, and that his illness was the result of this exposure. In fact, certain declassified CIA documents at the National Security Archive describe other, much less publicized MKULTRA research projects in biological and chemical warfare, including research into chemicals which can bring on deadly diseases. Is this what really happened to Kenneth Hertz, who rapidly became paralyzed and eventually died about ten years ago in Montreal? Was he in too many offices at McGill, asking too many questions?

Many secrets have remained hidden, until now, thanks to a tacit agreement by the Quebec and Canadian governments, the Canadian and American military and their security agencies, and of course our highly controlled and prostituted media, all of whom have conspired to keep this story as quiet as possible. Thanks to the internet, their rule of secrecy and terror is approaching its end, although it's certainly dangerous to be a journalist these days, just about everywhere.

Only by standing up together and telling our truth, can we hope to reach the end of this truly sickening era.

In and of themselves, war criminals are not very interesting. When they turn up in your neighbourhood, experimenting on your friends and family, it's another story. My interest in Mengele grew, the more I ran into people who had met him. A friend's mother, a Hungarian holocaust survivor, had come face to face with him on the railway platform at Auschwitz-Birkenau in 1943. In their brief encounter, Mengele lifted his cane and directed her to go the right. As a result, she survived the war and later emigrated to Canada.

Unfortunately, so did Mengele. Or rather, apparently he came here via Brazil, and worked for the US military, which was very interested in his research and understood its possible applications for future chemical and biological warfare. Of course, he came under cover, but must have had powerful friends.

Dr. Ewen Cameron, then the much-publicized darling of the Montreal medical world, had interviewed Nazi war criminals in

Bavaria prior to the Nuremberg Trials which began in late 1945. Soon afterwards, Dr. Mengele escaped from an American POW camp under mysterious circumstances, and eventually made his way to Argentina, with a little help from the Vatican and, many say, the CIA.

Thirty years later, in 1977, Ewen Cameron's CIA-funded LSD experiments at McGill are exposed in the US media, and make international headlines. The Montreal media had had evidence for years of very extreme things being done to innocent patients in Montreal hospitals, particularly those run by McGill, but despite the efforts of a few journalists to investigate the situation, these stories remained buried in back pages. Now it was no longer possible for Montreal's great publishing families to keep the lid on Cameron's activities at McGill.

That same year, Montreal newspapers run endless editorials on the separatist threat, implying Quebec could turn into another Nazi Germany if French Canadian nationalists won a future referendum on sovereignty. This has a powerful effect on the upcoming generation raised in the Cold War, some of whom are children of holocaust survivors.

Looking like a cross between Count Dracula and Ronald Reagan, Parti Quebecois health minister Camille Laurin advocates a program to employ psychiatry to cure Quebecers' ingrained inferiority complex. In the Anglo media, he is portrayed as a possible mastermind of a neo-Nazi future should Quebec ever achieve independence. This is actually a funny twist, since the people who own and control the Anglo media used to be in bed with Laurin's mentor, Maurice Duplessis – the right-wing dictator who sold a whole generation of war orphans to the CIA for psychiatric research.

No one apparently notices the plaques on the walls of the Allan Memorial and the Montreal Neurological Institute, thanking Montreal's two great publishing families for their generosity. No one thinks to hold the Gazette and Montreal Star accountable for giving glowing publicity to Cameron's work over 30 years, or for not investigating early reports of mysterious deaths, widespread use of electroshock and insulin coma therapy, or the mass drugging of unsuspecting patients with "truth serum" that had been banned for use on prisoners of war by the Geneva Convention.

Instead, a new myth is created by these same publishers who invested in and helped promote some very newsworthy, secret atrocities at McGill. The myth states that the elected government of Quebec are closet Nazis who are preparing a new holocaust for Anglos and immigrants. Thousands of Quebecers stampede westward to Toronto, Vancouver, and the United States. Some of those fleeing are Cameron's victims, or their relatives.

The Law Firm of Ogilvy-Renault

In the 1950s and 60s, McGill's hospital network -- 8 hospitals including Royal Victoria Hospital, the Montreal General, Allan Memorial, Montreal Neurological Institute, Douglas Psychiatric Hospital, St. Mary's, the Reddy Memorial and Queen Mary Veterans – together formed a major hub of secret research on human beings, much of it funded by the governments of Quebec, Canada, and the US, and also the CIA. A whole medical research community grew up in Montreal based on this funding. Some of the best known doctors and researchers involved: Ewen Cameron, Heinz Lehmann, Wilder Penfield, Donald Hebb, Ronald Melzack (still working at McGill).

A generation of children, often orphans and aboriginal children, were used in these experiments. Many died and are buried in secret graveyards behind Montreal hospitals: the former St. Jean de Dieu, the Allan Memorial.

Some survived. The fate of the survivors was varied. The remnant of thousands of orphans interned as orphans in Roman Catholic orphanages and mental hospitals where they were abused and falsely labelled as "insane" would come together as the Duplessis Orphans ca. 1990.

MKULTRA Kids: often highly gifted children from Montreal families, chosen to be in a "special program" at McGill University (the Allan Memorial), where they were subjected to "psychological testing" involving drugs, electroshock, radiation, sensory isolation, starvation, exposure to extreme temperatures, and other experimental techniques then being explored by the US, British, and Canadian military. Teams of researchers from around the world, including Iron Curtain countries and ex-Nazi Germany, participated in this research. Most of these "full-time residents" of the Allan were orphans and are buried in unmarked graves behind the hospital on Mount Royal (City of Montreal property).

Other children were placed in slightly less horrific experiments, or in evening and weekend programs often involving memory-erasing drugs and shock techniques. The "survival of the fittest"

resulted in many being turned into life-long mental patients, while others would suffer from anxiety conditions, drug problems, and other after effects of being put in this program as children. Parents were told their children were being treated for various disorders, or that they were gifted and would be trained for future successful careers. Families often realized too late that their kids were being damaged. Institutions like the Protestant School Board collaborated in referring disruptive kids to McGill, and in covering up the true nature of secret research programs.

Aboriginal children on reserves across Canada were often taken from their parents in early childhood, and put in residential schools where the death rate was 50%. Signed affidavits by survivors testify to similar programs of lethal experiments being conducted on these children in remote locations during the same early Cold War period.

The MKULTRA program ran from March 1953 - summer 1964, and interestingly, this period coincides with reports of massive abuse and disappearances of thousands of Canadian children.

The recent attempts by Quebec and Canada to "settle" the Duplessis orphans and aboriginal schools abuse cases, is an example of an ongoing cover-up involving buy-out packages, gag orders, and official denials of the vast scale and true intent of the secret program of experiments, which originated in the Second World War when Allied intelligence services competed with the Nazi and Stalinist regimes for dominance in mind control technology. That story has been told in numerous books and articles -- but Canadians have been slow to realize their country was singled out as a vast human laboratory for military research.



THE ROLE OF THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS

Montreal-based newspaper publishing families, especially the McConnells and Websters, invested generously in the institutions which carried out the secret research programs. They also avidly promoted this research in misleading articles which appeared regularly in the pages of the Montreal Star and Gazette. Premier Maurice Duplessis' close ties to the McConnell family are well known, as are his fascist sympathies. Duplessis offered up a generation of war orphans, numbering around 300,000, to Montreal's Anglo elite based around McGill, which even then was closely tied to the American military. The Iron Ore Company of Canada employed a doctor trained in Nazi Germany, Dr. Horst Rosmus, who also presided at the deathbed of Maurice Duplessis who suffered a sudden series of "cerebral attacks" while visiting the IOCC facilities at Sept Iles in 1959. Duplessis died on the same day as his close friend and confidant, Abel Vineberg, a journalist at the Montreal Star.

A few months later, Gerard Pelletier's ground-breaking series of articles on the Duplessis orphans began appearing in *La Presse?* *Le Devoir?* Later, journalist Jacques Hebert would also investigate the plight of these children, who were being tortured, abused, used as slave labour, and killed in experiments at Quebec's mental hospitals. After an initial inquiry, the story disappeared for another 30 years until the early 1990s when the surviving orphans were in their 40s and 50s.

The MKULTRA kids, unlike the Duplessis orphans, were a small, isolated group -- some of whom actually had successful careers in the arts.

Likely MKULTRA alumni include: NFB animator Ryan Larkin, street poet Philip Tetreault, filmmakers Arthur Lipsett and Alan Moyle, and even poet-songwriter-novelist Leonard Cohen whose novel *BEAUTIFUL LOSERS* (1964) is filled with not-so-veiled references to MKULTRA activity in Montreal. Many films set in Montreal and Toronto during the 1960s (Angel, The Ernie Game, Christopher's Movie Matinee, the animated films of Ryan Larkin) reflect the drug culture which received generous funding and

official support from the National Film Board and Canada Council -- suggesting that these bodies may also have been collaborating with the covert program, funding projects which documented its progress and effects on Canadian society.

Otherwise, it's difficult to understand why such staid bodies as the NFB and CBC were so eager to be part of the illegal drug scene

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With the NFB cooperating fully, and a generation of artists and poets willing to go along for the ride, the main enemies of the secret program were a few local journalists: we have already mentioned Pelletier and Hebert who wrote in French. On the Anglo side, no expose ever appeared.

Dusty Vineberg covered the Allan beat for the Montreal Star in the late 1950s and early 60. Reporter John Robertson allegedly interviewed Cameron victims in the early 1960s while he was at the Star, and later the Gazette, but a planned series of articles never appeared. In August, 1977, the very same week that Ewen Cameron's CIA-funded research made international news, Robertson was suddenly threatened in the Gazette parking lot and told to leave Quebec with his family "or else" -- the story was printed in the Gazette, which identified the perpetrators as henchmen of "a certain political party in Quebec" -- hinting but not directly stating the PQ was behind the death threat.

More likely, the Gazette publisher was making sure Robertson never published his series of articles including interviews with children who had since died.

In 1980, a long-running strike at the Montreal Star led to the paper closing down, and Anglo Montreal was at the mercy of the Southam-owned Gazette, a newspaper with a distinctly anti-Quebec bias. Many respected journalists left Montreal for western Canada, and with them went the collective memory of a community which had, mainly unknowingly, been singled out for "special treatment". A generation of Anglo Quebecers followed the westward migration, thanks in part to a scare campaign waged by the Gazette, predicting that under the PQ Quebec would become another Nazi Germany.

In their place, a new group of journalists, trained elsewhere and often indoctrinated with Southam's anti-Quebec bias, came to Montreal to fill positions that would ordinarily have been taken by locals. Still, a few Quebec-born writers managed to survive as freelancers.

In 1993, Southam took further steps to eliminate that group, by bringing in the new freelance agreement. This was also happening across North America, as part of a revolution in technology caused by the internet, but it had a political dimension. From now on, writers would write for hire, gearing their content to the market as defined by the media barons.

Soon afterwards, North American freelancers began organizing for electronic rights. But this struggle is only one part of a much larger cycle that began when the Baby Boom generation that came of age in the 1960s and 70s. That generation has spent most of its life on a secret battlefield in an undeclared war.

In 2006, the postwar generation that went through our governments' covert program of chemical and biological warfare conducted against a population which had been targeted for destruction and mass migration -- e.g. the people of Montreal -- is nearing retirement age, and the vast majority are unaware of what really happened here. Reliance on the media for information has led to collective amnesia -- one of the stated goals of MKULTRA.

The Canadian publishers' war on freelance journalism is, in part, motivated by greed and a need to control new information technology. But it is also a war on our memories and our minds -- one that began 50 years ago with experiments in Mind Control, using techniques from the concentration camps of Nazi Germany.

THEIR SATANIC MAJESTIES

Here on the Greek island where I have spent much of the last 3 years, we have been making little orgone generators to try to improve the energy field around our house, because there is so much electromagnetic radiation coming from the cell phone towers and the military, making people sick. These orgone cones are quite easy to make if you have quartz crystals -- and we do -- and after I had made a few I started "distributing" them around to

the tower sites within a 3 or 4 km radius of our house. I used a pendulum to help me find the right spots to leave the generators (also known as Holy Hand Grenades, named by Don Croft who devised the method I am following) -- the first few times, I was impressed at how helpful the pendulum was at directing me to places which turned out to be perfect, and which I could not have found on my own. We also have noticed a major decrease in the negative energy we are feeling, and since we started doing this the whole area seems to be changing -- it's hard to say if this is really happening, but it just seems that things are more harmonious, and nature is looking more and more beautiful.

So last week, I suddenly felt the urge to visit Samothrace, a 2-3 hour ferry ride from Lemnos. Themis tried to discourage me, by telling me that there is a lot of black magic on that island. He mentioned reports that members of the British Royal Family are frequent visitors to certain sites on the island, where they participate in secret rituals. My intuition still kept telling me to go, and to bring along one of our orgone generators and plant it there, to improve the energy and foil the dark schemes of Charles and Camilla...

So on Saturday at 6:30 am I took the ferry, and after a very gloomy voyage through fog, landed in the port of Samothrace where the sun finally appeared. The sea was throwing off sparks unlike any I have ever seen before. It seemed the whole island was shimmering with energy and light

Once off the boat, though, it was just another typical Greek island, with bars and cafes and men sitting around drinking coffee. I had not done any research, so I bought a guide book in one of the shops and quickly read about the ancient mystery site on the north coast of the island, a mere 11 km. from the port. I found a bike rental place, rented an old clunker for \$6, and took off pedalling along the coastal road in the direction of the ruined temple of the "Great Gods."

The sites on the north coast of Samotrace were used by a mystery cult which was second only to the one at Eleusis, involving the goddesses Demeter, Athena and Cybele (Artemis or Diana), with Hades (Pluto) and Persephone in there somewhere. There's a

ruined temple, and various circular ruins where initiations were enacted.

It took me about half an hour to reach the archaeological sites, but for some reason were all locked up and the entire mountainside was enclosed behind high fences. It was only 10:30 a.m., and I figured all I had to do was get somewhere near the place where the Royal Family held its rituals. So I kept on cycling, enjoying the beautiful weather and the waves crashing on the beach.

I came to a forested area which seemed to be heavily populated by black goats peering from the hillside as I pedalled past. Normally in Greece I like to be around goats, but these were a different breed, and it seemed very creepy that they should be showing up on the way to an ancient mystery site of animal sacrifice. The guidebook didn't say anything about human sacrifice, so I was thinking "I will let the pendulum guide me to an appropriate spot on a mountainside, perhaps overlooking one of the ruins." I specifically asked to be taken to the spot used for rituals by the Prince of Wales and his sweetheart. I visualized some hilly area in the open, with lots of old stones baking in the sun, but really I had no idea where I was headed or what I would find.

At some point I stopped to check again, and the pendulum told me to continue on down the main road for another 260 meters. I walked the bike so as to pace it out exactly. At 200 meters, I came to a shaded roadside picnic-type area with a rushing spring. I asked the pendulum if I could drink the water as I had forgotten to bring any. It said no, continue on for 60 - 70 more meters.

The north side of Samothrace is relatively lush, and has sulphurous hot springs in the mountains. I was approaching this wild area, where there are lots of very spooky-looking "plane trees" which can grow very big and twisted and often have hollowed-out centres, and some of them look almost human like the Ents in Lord of the Rings.

At 60 meters, the 2-meter high wire fence (preventing people reaching the ruins illegally by circling back through the forest) suddenly dipped to less than half a meter, and I was looking up at a sandy cliff, about 5 metres high, covered with trees and brush. I noticed there was a very narrow path, possibly a goat track, winding upward from the bottom. It was easy to step over the fence, hide my bike behind a bush, and then I climbed to the top

of the sandy bluff, being careful to grab onto bushes and not slip off the edge.

Up above was the forest. I was now standing in a small clearing, with lots of wide, low bushes that spread in circles along the ground like large clumps of ferns. The pendulum told me to hang a right, although this meant walking into some taller, dead bushes with spreading branches that blocked the path in all directions. The pendulum insisted that I get past these dead bushes and into another spot where there were some very large trees. With each step I took, branches were snapping loudly, and it occurred to me these bushes were there as a barrier, i.e. no way an intruder could forward without making a racket and sending a warning to whoever might be gathered in the space ahead.

It was 11 a.m., broad daylight, and there was no one to hear me as I crashed through and found myself in a deserted grove which I immediately recognized as the site of something really awful. There were three large boulders on the ground set in a semi-circle, one of them rectangular and very flat and smooth, another one round, and another taller more irregular at the far edge of the thicket.

These large stones stood facing two huge hollowed trees which guarded the cliff edge. Both trees had their backs to the sea, and were shaped just like human beings with upraised arms, and the hollowed out part of each tree was large enough to hold a fully grown adult. It was impossible to look at them without imagining someone being tied to them. On the ground near the boulders were two round pits which had been recently filled with twigs and leaves, neatly arranged.

I have never seen or felt anything like the place where I was standing, clearly the site of something awful. It also felt ancient, like a space designed by nature for a twisted purpose, not nature as we know it, but something Gothic, almost alien. I've seen similar places in the woods England, and also Louisiana, but never before in Greece. The trees might have been 100 years old, but maybe more. The three boulders could have been brought in from the archaeological site. The square flat stone definitely looked like it was designed for ritual slaughter -- maybe the twin fire pits were for roasting organs and entrails! My imagination was running a bit wild but there was a horrible vibration in this

clearing. I had been guided to this spot in the midst of a forest overlooking a road which was used mainly for ordinary rural traffic -- and what little tourism there is on Samotrace -- but whatever happened in this grove was not for tourists.

Not only was the space defended on all sides by thick circular bushes, and invisible from the road because it was perched on a fenced-off cliff -- the likelihood of coming across it by accident while tramping illegally through the forest was virtually nil -- but even if you lost and crazy enough to stumble onto it, you might not notice what sort of place it was. You would have to be led there, or you would never find it.

I was taking all this in, breaking out in a cold sweat, wondering where I should put my Holy Hand Grenade so I could get out of there. Just then, I heard something go "Baaaah" from right nearby and nearly jumped out of my skin. About 10 metres away at the edge of the clearing, a white long-horned goat stood watching. Up to that moment, there had been a frozen silence. Next, a bird suddenly made a very disturbing, broken-up noise from one of the treetops. I felt surrounded by fearful animals who had witnessed something here and were waiting.

I started desperately looking around for an obvious place to leave my orgone contraption. There were several possible spots: I went to the tree, but the pendulum said no, not there. It directed me to the farthest of the three boulders where there was a space with loose dirt and small stones -- a good place to bury a small object, which I did, in about two seconds. Another birdcall came from overhead -- I recognized the pigeon that the Greeks call "Dekaocturo" because it makes a soothing sound like "Dekaocturo" which means number 18. This seemed to be the all-clear signal because then other birds started singing, and I could feel the fear dissipating.

I backed away and stumbled through the crackling bushes, breaking lots of branches in my hurry to leave. I looked down from the top of the bluff, saw the road and then saw my bike still down in the gully. Getting back down the crumbling sandy path seemed a lot harder than coming up, but before I had time to think, the rocks and gravel simply gave way and I slid all the way to the flowing stream at the bottom. What a relief to get out of there fast, without any scratches.

I jumped on the bike and pedaled as fast as I could along the road till I came to another picnic spot, also totally deserted, and stopped to catch my breath. It was 11:30 a.m. I was in a state of total amazement that all this had happened, and what did it mean? On the way back to the port, I saw only one black goat. It was kneeling by the roadside. This also seemed weird at the time. I had never seen a goat do that before. It seemed to be saying, Hats off to you, Lady, and thanks for dropping by. I wondered if some of those wild black goats are actually human victims trapped in animal bodies.

When I got back to the port, I had a swim near a little roadside chapel dedicated to St. John. For the rest of the day, I did healthy, tourist-y things, such as climb Mount Saos in the scorching sun, arriving half-dead at 3 pm in the beautiful village of Chora which hangs off a mountainside, where I had lunch. For that hour or two it was like being in heaven, and I partly forgot about the Satanic grove by the sea. In general, Samothrace seemed like a wonderful, unspoiled place, full of lovely people -- except for one local man who sat near me in a cafe, who acted bizarrely, inviting a passerby to play cards with him and then cheating -- he wasn't drunk but his speech was slurred and he wore this permanent smirk -- later it occurred to me he might be "possessed." The locals treated him with caution although the waiter told him off after he apparently blurted out something obscene in Greek and scared away an older lady.

The pendulum continued giving me good, accurate directions for the rest of the afternoon: predicting where I would eat lunch, and the reliability of my rented bike, and several other little "tests" that proved it does work. It told me not to visit the sulphurous springs, and also not to try to eat lunch in the village on the south side of the island which has a miracle chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary -- which I later found out was mainly empty and deserted.

So I feel certain that place really is connected to the British Royal Family. I asked to be guided to the site of their secret rituals -- imagining this would lead me to the entrance to some archaeological relic, or maybe a lodge in the hills with sunburned people lawn-bowling then sneaking off at night to some tacky ceremony with torches and silly costumes. I certainly never imagined I would end up in the epicentre of evil.

I hope I don't sound hysterical! I have no doubts about the meaning and purpose of what I saw.

I got back to Lemnos on the boat at 10 pm, exhausted. Themis and I went out to a taverna and I told him all about my strange adventure. He's never really surprised by anything, so he just said to be careful, as I could "lose power" if I keep this up.

The next day, the energy was a little crazy. We went picking mulberries and Themis had a flat tire. Later, I dreamed about Samothrace and being at the Church of the Virgin Mary in the village of Chora, and everywhere were bright, pink flowers. I also dreamed someone handed me a sealed, thick glass container filled with creepy, crawly centipedes and other poisonous creatures -- they were visible inside, but could not get out. And I hope this is a metaphor for the future: that these dark secrets will be known, but not unleashed on an unsuspecting world.

Today I'm writing this -- later, I'm going to make 2-3 more orgone generators. They clear away negative energy, which I am noticing more and more. They work in spirals. When placed in areas where there is a lot of negative, or even Satanic, activity, they first neutralize the area and then they turn it to positive.

"Buckingham Palace" came up in a couple of remote viewing sessions, as the source of the secret experiments on children and others. I did not try to "remote view" the scene in the grove last night, although I was tempted. Instead I asked for protection and fell asleep. Around midnight, in the opening moments of 06.06.06, I suddenly felt a strong jolt of energy which woke me up. I have no idea what that was -- it was a bit like a gun going off in my head. I'm just hoping the Holy Hand Grenade in the Glade had a dampening effect on the proceedings.

And that Charles and Camilla had a nice weekend, lawn-bowling.

