

The Choosing Ones

Joan d’Arc Interviews Canadian Mind Control Survivor, Beth Goobie

Beth, you were brought up in Guelph, just outside of Toronto, in a seemingly normal neighborhood. But there was nothing normal about your home life because your family was part of an intergenerational Luciferian cult with ties to CIA MK-ULTRA ritualized, trauma-based mind control. In your book, The Only-Good Heart, you have fictionalized the name of the cult as “The Kin.” In your book of poetry, Scars of Light, you are adept at showing the normalcy about some aspects of your life. Your mother baked ham and Apple Betty, sewed clothes for your dolls, and wore worn-out bathrobes. Your father was a professional piano teacher who played Beethoven, Gershwin and Debussy.

Let me begin by asking, do you know about how many people were part of this cult at that time? Is this cult still operating in Guelph and/or in any other place at this time?

Beth: It depends upon what you mean by “this” cult. While I officially grew up in Rockwood, Ontario (until I was 3 and a half) and Guelph (till age 19), I have recovered many memories of childhood experiences that place me in both the U.S. and Britain. These memories involve occult bloodline groups that are connected to the Guelph cult, which in turn also has ties to cults operating in Europe, Israel and cities across Canada. Having read Jim Marrs’ *Rule By Secrecy*, I would call this globally-connected cult Anunnaki rather than Luciferian. Yes, the Guelph cult is still active.

Joan: *Did you know other children in your neighborhood that were part of this cult?*

Beth: Yes. Not having maintained contact with anyone from the Guelph period of my life, I don’t know if any of these childhood acquaintances have recovered memories of occult and/or military mind control. However, in an extended 1993 phone conversation with a counselor from the Guelph Sexual Assault Center, I was told that there have been *many* women, spanning the ages of twenty to past sixty, who have reported to the center incidents of ritual abuse by a Guelph-Rockwood area cult. I described some of my recovered memories to this counselor, and for every detail, including buildings and ritual sites, types of animals used, specific perpetrators, and very complex and obscure programming techniques, her response was that other women had reported the same details.

When I spoke to her several months later, her response was similar, except when I mentioned programming and/or abuse incidents that had taken place at my junior and senior high schools. No one had previously reported cult activity within these schools. When I spoke with her again in 2007, and mentioned memories of an underground tunnel system within the city of Guelph, she was stunned. At that point no one else had reported a tunnel system, at least to her knowledge.

Further to this, in the early 1990s I was told by another longtime Guelph resident that you only had to “scratch the surface” of the Guelph medical and/or mental health community to find doctors and therapists knowledgeable, due to client reports, of the cult’s 1950-80s activities. In fact a former friend of mine, then working as a Guelph RN, upon hearing some of my memories queried a psychiatrist about Guelph-area cults. His first question to her was, “Does your friend have any connection to Rockwood? There was a cult in Rockwood that did *horrible* things to children.” This confirms memories I have recovered from infancy and toddler years in Rockwood.

One last comment in response to this question: When I phoned the Guelph Royal Canadian Mounted Police in 1993 to ask if they had received any reports of cult activity in the Guelph area, the response I received from the officer at the other end of the line was a half-shouted “Nope!” Further questions brought further half-shouted, singsong responses of “Yup!” and “Nope!” Knowingly or unknowingly, this officer was employing well-known psychological techniques designed to deflect questions.

Joan: This is a biggie and please go on about this, what position did your father hold in this cult and how was he connected to the CIA mind control apparatus?

Beth: “My father” . . . a complex issue. From the thousands of memories that I have recovered since 1993, I now know that the individuals whose names are listed as my mother and father on what is supposedly my birth certificate are not my biological parents. I am what is termed in the occult community a “cuckoo child”—a child bred by “elite” (a self-imposed compliment and therefore suspicious) bloodlines in occult rituals according to astrological alignments, then carried to term by a surrogate mother, and finally placed with yet a third woman to be raised as her supposedly biological child. This complex process is carefully designed to facilitate the child’s psychological fragmentation into multiple dissociative identities, as I had child alters who spent time with my biological father (an American who was murdered when I was four), different alters who visited my biological mother (British, and not married to my biological father), as well as yet another set of alters who associated with my surrogate mother (an American, murdered when I was three).

Further to this, my child alters who grew up believing they were the daughter of Edna and John Goobie, were raised within the context of a lie so fundamental that it divided them from the irreplaceable core understanding that derives from a genetic level of awareness. I cannot stress how foundational this warping of truth is for a cuckoo child, or how it thwarts her/his ability to access an instinctual understanding of *any* truth. Every time I looked at Edna and John’s faces, believing they were my biological parents, I was reinforcing a programmed lie that further divided me from my alters who knew the truth. In this kind of ongoing scenario, it becomes much easier to program a child to believe reality inversions, and train her to reinvent hatred as love, violence as affection, war as peace, etc.

Edna and John Goobie can be best understood in the context of the horrifying cult programming that was imposed upon them. On, or close to my birth date, a daughter was born to them, a biological daughter conceived out of their consensual desire for each other and their own children; soon after her birth she was taken from them and they were forced to accept me instead. I do not know who raised their daughter, but she was allowed to visit Edna and John on occasion; I remember watching one of these reunions and their obvious longing and concern for her. This child, as I understand it, was murdered in a ritual at the age of eleven; after this Edna often said wistfully, “Someday I’ll get to heaven and receive a white stone with my secret name on it, and then I’ll understand *why*.”

As for John Goobie’s position in the Guelph cult, he was probably an “enforcer”—someone programmed to keep other members in line. My guess is Edna’s role was more significant, due to her exquisite singing voice, which would have been integral to summoning astral entities to cult rites (often done by toning notes in specific sequences.) Interestingly enough, her wedding dress was black—an unusual choice, to say the least.

Their connection to the CIA can only be nuanced. Both were extremely right wing, opposing sanctions against South Africa and the trials of former Nazi regime members. I have recovered one adolescent memory in which I am sitting in a hospital bed, crying and saying to Edna, who is seated beside the bed, “They said you signed a contract so they could do whatever they wanted to me. They hurt me.” In response Edna, an American citizen, says slowly, “Well, I suppose I believe that if your country asks something of you, you should do it.” Now I wonder what JFK would have thought of that?

Joan: In The Only-Good Heart you describe the path of the robed cult members as they walk the tunnels below the sleepers in the town of Guelph. What can you remember about these tunnels? How did you access the tunnels? Were they under your house? There was also a room behind a mantelpiece. What do you remember about that?

Beth: Actually, the scene you’re referring to comes from memories connected to a later period in my life. I have recovered memories of underground tunnels in several cities that were used for cult activity, and probably also by organized crime. I have also remembered numerous houses (usually wealthy) with secret rooms, passageways, and sub-basement rooms. Entranceways to these areas were usually hidden inside false-backed or

false-floored closets, or behind swing-out fireplaces and bookcases. One uninhabited farmhouse somewhere in the American Midwest opened downward into an underground area that seemed to extend a vast distance under surrounding fallow fields; this memory has a distinctly military feel to it, although it also involves occult ritual. In one sports arena, an underground occult and/or programming area could be accessed via an elevator by pushing buttons on the control panel in the following sequence: first the four outer buttons were pushed and held down simultaneously, then the central button was pushed rapidly in a complex rhythm, and finally the button to the basement was pushed and rotated 180 degrees so it was upside-down.

As for the Guelph tunnel system, this is what I remember: There is a fake fireplace in my childhood “home” that angles outward into the living room’s southeast corner. The house was built in the early 1900s (there is an icebox at the back entrance), and is actually a red brick duplex. Recovered memories have revealed that a small lever hidden on the fireplace’s right side can cause it to open outward. A stone staircase leads down to a stone-lined area under the basement. This includes a small room with a stone altar, and a tunnel that stretches west to at least the next free-standing house, and east to the corner of the block, where I remember another tunnel stretching north and south as far as I could see.

In one recovered memory, I remember a long line of people coming south along the north-south tunnel toward a small group that has congregated at the corner of the block, where John Goobie is ostentatiously organizing everyone before leading them to some other location—probably a nearby church that has an extensive underground system. It is my understanding that I was frequently sent through these tunnels on various cult tasks at night, often to the previously mentioned church. Memories connected to this church are deeply occult. In one I am lying on a central altar in a small underground room, surrounded by perhaps eight or nine other altars, upon which elderly cult members close to death, or recently expired, have been placed so their souls can be claimed and aligned by astral ancestral entities.

Joan: Has any official actually ever investigated these tunnels or is there, as you have mentioned to me, a massive cover-up of these activities?

Beth: I don’t know of any investigation of these tunnels. It’s important to understand that any occult group would go to extreme lengths to block recall of an underground tunnel system. This would include torture and electric shock programming. I have recovered memories of a Winnipeg tunnel along which occult signs had been painted at regular intervals. Cult members were programmed to switch to a different altar at each sign, with each succeeding altar having no awareness of anything that preceded her arrival onto the scene. This effectively destroyed any integrated memory flow of the event.

Joan: Your father regularly brought you to a hospital for trauma-based fracturing of the mind. You have described nurses and doctors doing strange and very painful things to you in order to create multiple personalities. Were there any type of machines involved in your trauma-based programming at these hospitals? Can you describe a few of these situations? Were you ever brought as a child, in your recollection, to a university or a military base?

Beth: I will not repeat here any of my experiences that I fictionalized in my collection of connected short fiction *The Only-Good Heart*, which is still in print. I remember being in many different hospital-like, laboratory, or military-like settings. These memories rarely include walking through the institution’s front door because I was programmed to look down when approaching a building so I wouldn’t be able to identify it later. In addition, it is important to note that a hospital programming scenario can be hidden within a large building that is used primarily for something else. For instance, I remember a warehouse-like building with a long upstairs hall, at the end of which was a reception room for a “doctor’s office.” A door led from this room into a larger room where child pornography shoots took place. My child alters who were driven to this building were switched upon entry, then switched again several times in the “doctor’s office” before entering the actual porn shoot. Due to this process of continual switching, a one- or two-room programming scenario can be made to seem like a large hospital, psych ward, prison or military base.

The programming unit that was my “family” regularly went on month-long summer camping trips throughout my childhood and adolescence. Many of these were to the US. I have a clear recovered memory of being dropped off at what appears to be a military base near an ocean front, probably in Florida. Part of the programming at this base involved mind-merges with dolphins. This included, unbelievably enough, sexual activity with them. I also remember both the dolphins and myself being subjected to electric shock (possibly via implants) while in the water, in order to cause us both to leave our bodies and merge astrally. Other memories (from my twenties) involve a military “grunt camp” that included complex obstacle courses and weapons training, as well as sexually servicing the male soldiers.

Much of the abuse and programming was high tech. In one recovered memory in which I’m probably six, I am lying inside a very large machine with just my head sticking out. Within the machine, my body is being subjected to at least one wave of extremely negative energy, which leaves me feeling very ill. This probably relates to the CIA’s radiation experiments.

Much of the weapons training was also high-tech. One adolescent memory involves a kick-boxing exercise on a row of life-sized mannequins, in which I was required to move along the row, kicking each mannequin on the chin. With each kick, electrodes taped to my kicking leg administered a shock. At the same time a tiny speaker in my left ear broadcast a taped lecture that included statements like: *You love to hate. Hate is love. Hate is strength. God wants you to hate*, etc. (This scene, along with other fictionalized memories of military abuse, appears in my novel *Fixed*, which concerns a government-programmed child assassin.)

In another weapons-training scenario (which also appears in my book *Fixed*), I am standing on a revolving circular stage, firing at virtual-reality scenes that are displayed on large screens as I rotate past. The scenes vary, showing everything from violent attackers to children getting off a school bus, and the point of the exercise is to shoot everything without hesitation. A variation on this theme (but non-tech) had me, at the age of ten, stabbing every object on a table as quickly as possible. These objects ranged from cloth dolls, to animal corpses, to live rabbits. Again the point was not to think, not to distinguish between them.

Some of my military-type alters were programmed for extreme violence while enduring excruciating pain from a wire-like probe that had been inserted into my vagina, as well as a piercing high-pitched note from a tiny speaker in my left ear. I also remember a great deal of programming that took place while wearing complex headsets that placed me into an altered state, then simultaneously broadcast sound frequencies into my ears and displayed virtual-reality scenarios on the headset’s eyewear.

These virtual-reality programs were designed to split my psyche into different alters who could then be programmed for widely varying tasks. Part of the virtual-reality program would relate a story that was designed to create a new alter or set of related alters. Then it would display a structural image such as a grid, house or landscape, within which I would be programmed to store the new alters. Next the complete structure would be stored according to a sound frequency (high pitched or low) and color programming (light or dark). Once the structure was stored, I was programmed to turn it 180 degrees in my mind so that it faced backwards to the front of my body. This is called the Janus Program, and is foundational to both occult and military mind control.

Another recovered memory of a high-tech programming scenario goes as follows: I’m a teen and trapped in a small room with a dog that obviously wants to kill me (probably due to an implant in its brain). The only thing separating us is an invisible force field that is keeping the dog at the opposite end of the room. Gradually the force field shifts toward me, allowing the dog to snarl its way closer inch by inch, until I’m backed terrified against a wall, the dog so close I can feel its heat. Abruptly a small, previously invisible door opens in the wall behind me, and I crawl through it to find myself in a hallway (*Alice in Wonderland* programming). I walk along the hallway, then into a room which contains what appear to be reptilian-humanoid aliens, but in this case are probably costumed humans. The memory ends here, but my guess is that the trauma with the dog served the function of reducing me to a state of vulnerable exhaustion and suggestibility, and thus very susceptible to the succeeding programmed message which was to be delivered by “aliens.”

Some of these programming scenarios involved medical procedures that brought you to the threshold of death, and then sustained you there. In one adolescent memory, one of my “cuckoo” half-brothers is lying comatose in a hospital-like bed and attached to an IV, while I mount and ride him sexually. In another memory I am four and lying on a gurney in a room lined with computer-like machines. I am drugged and probably unconscious (this memory was regained from an out-of-body perspective), with a needle taped into a vein in one arm, and my birth father is copulating with me as several men look on. The purpose of these exercises was to lay in sexual thought forms that could be used to direct energy out of the physical body and so deep into the astral plane that it could be used to “feed” ancestral alignments.

This last high-tech memory probably took place in 1988 or 1989. In this one I am naked and standing inside a transparent upright tube that is sealed at the top. I am wearing a gas mask, and either the air within the tube or the tube itself is colored blue. Outside the tube two lab-coated men are standing with clipboards, observing me dispassionately as they discuss something. This is where the memory ends, but again the program seems clear: *At any moment we can shut off the air flow into your gas mask. You are an object, to be controlled as we see fit.*

It is not necessary, however, to be high-tech to be brutally effective. When I was around fourteen, I remember being at a place that from the outside resembled an ordinary office building, except that it was on a rural road and surrounded by many trees. One programming session that took place in this building had me shackled inside a bathtub, with metal clamps around my wrists, ankles and forehead so I couldn't move. The tub was then filled with water, up to the base of my nose. The slightest ripple would send water up my nostrils. I would be left like that for long periods of time in order to create alters who would not move under any circumstance. Because, of course, to them movement meant death. Later they could be brought out in situations where another alter was resisting and needed to be shut down, or perhaps to put my body “in limbo” until it was required for a task.

A similar series of alters were created by being forced to crawl through low-ceilinged mazes, in which the tunnels were only slightly bigger (and higher) than the crawler's flattened-to-the-floor body. This required you to master any sense of panic or claustrophobia, indeed any emotion at all—to shrink yourself down to a numb bug-like state that simply inched forward through darkness until an opening of light appeared. Sometimes there wasn't one, just a deliberate dead end, in which case you were left there until you blacked out and that particular alter “died.” This was an effective method of eliminating a rebellious alter, or one who had recently completed a highly secret black ops or cult task. Once the alter had “died,” the ceiling of the maze would be lifted off, your body resuscitated, and a new “blank slate” alter created.

I remember one such situation in Edmonton in 1992, in which Edna (who had come to visit me) and I were crawling naked through a low-ceilinged maze. When I came up against an apparent dead end, I discovered that the opening was packed with loose dirt and pushed my way out. I then emerged, followed by Edna (who was 67 at that point), into a lobby-like room with a female receptionist sitting at a desk with phones and appointment books, etc. Showing no surprise at seeing Edna and I emerge from the opposite wall naked and dirty, the receptionist simply pointed to a closed door and told us to go in. Once inside this room, we were directed by several uniformed men to sit at a table, and interrogated. The trauma of crawling through the maze had, of course, reduced Edna and I to a highly-programmable state due to our exhaustion, fear and degradation. Great obedience training.

This next memory isn't high tech, but it reveals a great deal about the possible identity of my programmers, and how in-depth my programming was early on. Around the age of five (1964), I was already being used in fairly complex scenarios where I would first serve a man dinner (someone else had obviously cooked it), then service him sexually. In one memory a man is lying on his back on a bed, having been served his meal, and appears to be waiting for me to begin fellatio. Instead, I carefully insert the tip of a pin (which has probably been coated with a drug) into the vein at the base of his penis. The memory ends here, so I don't know if the man was fatally poisoned, or temporarily paralyzed and then subjected to threats and programming.

These examples, however, need to be considered within the context of the programming that I was continually subjected to within my “family” programming unit and larger community. For instance, one night when I was seven, John and Edna assembled their five children around the kitchen table, set a single boiled potato onto it, and told us this was the only food left in the house. Whoever grabbed it first, John told us, was to go ahead and eat; the rest would go to bed hungry. The child who then successfully grabbed the potato was beaten and sent to bed hungry, and a wonderful meal served to the remaining four, who were told they were the “good” ones for being unselfish and willing to go hungry so someone else could eat. This kind of Catch-22 scenario trained us never to reach for our own survival, that natural instincts were wrong and would inevitably betray us.

Within the larger community, I remember two programming scenarios that took place inside Toronto’s Royal Ontario Museum (also known as the ROM), probably at night. One memory involved sitting with approximately fifty other children, all of us around six years old, in a room near the front entrance that is mostly empty, and contains a large black statue of a man at one end. In this memory a loud voice is booming from the statue, probably from a tape recorder placed behind it, giving the children an “I am the Wizard of Oz” type speech. As I had been drugged with a hallucinogenic, the speech duly impressed me.

Next I was led by the hand down a flight of stairs to an area that displayed live snakes in glass aquariums. Snakes kept under these conditions become psychotic. Drugged into an altered state of consciousness, I was able to see these snakes projecting themselves out-of-body at me, their astral forms brightly colored and hissing viciously. Absolutely terrified, I was reduced to a highly suggestible state, ripe for the programming scenario that no doubt followed.

Another ROM programming scenario took place when I was one or two years of age. In this memory I have been strapped into a chair, then placed in front of a dinosaur skeleton with two red light bulbs wired into its eye sockets. My chair is then repeatedly lifted in a jolting motion toward the dinosaur’s gaping mouth as I scream and scream and scream.

One of my most devastating childhood experiences took place at the end of my eighteenth summer, immediately after I had returned from working at an inner-city day camp in Montreal. (Montreal, by the way, is one of the most important occult centers in North America.) On my return, I was taken to a Guelph hotel and a bowling ball was placed inside my vagina. This event was supervised by medical personnel, but I was not given any anaesthetic and the pain was so extreme that I was foaming at the mouth. Photographs were taken, of course, and then while I was lying there, my psyche spent and broken, a prominent Montreal politician whom I had spent the summer sexually servicing (along with some of the city’s professional athletes), stepped into the hotel room and read a pronouncement to me. In my broken “blank slate” state, the message went very deep; to this day I have not been able to recover that aspect of the memory.

However part of this particular program seems overwhelmingly clear: *It all connects*. Whether it is 19th century underground tunnels and secret passageways, occult rituals held in mainstream churches, elite-bloodline cuckoo children, military bases, child/adult pornography and prostitution, organized crime, or pedophilic politicians, it’s all the same sprawling entity, dissociated into multiple facets of itself.

Joan: The cult essentially uses torture techniques to force the child’s personality to dissociate or fracture into multiple personalities. So, as a child, in order to escape this horror and brutality, how many different personalities did you create, at least that you are aware of?

Beth: Most of these alters, and there were thousands of them, were fragments rather than developed personalities, and were intended to function only within the internal system—i.e. they never “came out” into the physical body to perform tasks. For instance, early on in my recovery process I discovered a series of astral rooms full of “shock selves.” These personality fragments had been created through electric shock torture, then stored in many different rooms in my mind (or in my auric field). Then these rooms were grouped together to create a barrier level that was extremely difficult to mentally penetrate due to the energy of shock/heat/fear/pain

that had created it. Once I had integrated these selves, I was able to access the deeper alters they were intended to conceal.

Other internal alters can play the role of enforcer, gatekeeper, or “crazy.” They tend to integrate quickly, sometimes in large groups, once connected with in a healing way. Generally speaking, the more “body time” an alter has put in, the greater the resistance to integration.

Joan: So you went to school as Beth, who had no knowledge of the other personalities, is that correct? At what point did you realize you had other personalities?

Beth: The understanding that I was multiple came and went. My childhood diaries show clear evidence of multiplicity, containing obvious and frequent changes in handwriting. In fact the first entry in my first diary names an alter with whom my “front” self often held in-the-head dialogues. This entry reads as follows (the alter’s name has been deleted): “— bugs me. Sometimes I wonder if anyone else has a —.” Being thirteen (this was 1972), I didn’t understand internal voices to be a symptom of severe abuse. Soon after recording this diary entry, my front self was programmed to “surrender to God in prayer” this “demonic voice,” and these particular inner dialogues ceased. In hindsight I realize that I was given my first diary so that the inner thoughts of my front alter could be monitored by my “parents” for any awareness of cult activity.

In my late teens and twenties, I remember perceiving clearly at points that I was “more than one,” but since my identity was always shifting internally, the understanding was difficult to hold onto for any length of time. The signs were, at times, quite obvious. For instance, when my front alter was attending Bible college in Winnipeg, my other decidedly non-Bible-college alters would get bored inside their “boxes” and temporarily merge with my front alter so they could join in on activities. Not quite tuned to the Christian mindset, however, they would make jokes about cattle prods being stuck up their ass, or some such thing. This, of course, left my front alter feeling vastly confused, but repeated similar experiences gradually pointed to the obvious conclusion.

It wasn’t until I was 23 that I was able to break through enough of my programming to clearly identify what I had always remembered of my “father’s” parenting as physical abuse. (I had no memories of sexual or ritual abuse at that time.) I then went on to work with “emotionally disturbed” children, and gradually gained an awareness of domestic violence and abuse issues. When I collapsed with chronic fatigue syndrome at 30, long term disability payments allowed me to live independently, which in turn gave me the space to explore a growing awareness of self and the fact that I had virtually no childhood or adolescent memories. Add to this the fact that around this time I returned to Guelph to visit my “parents,” and my “father” twice told me, calmly and impassively, “Underage girls *like* sex from older men,” and whatever doubts I might have had quickly dissipated.

Joan: How does dissociation work, in your understanding of it?

Beth: Dissociation is a coping mechanism designed to deal with overwhelming trauma. It often involves out-of-body states. OBEs bring you into contact with the astral plane, which is inhabited by ghosts, succubi, elementals, and ancestral alignments. It is also the place you store your thought forms, memories, and “possible futures.” The occult world has known this for millennia, and developed complex and highly effective techniques for manipulating OBEs and near death experiences in order to separate part of an individual’s psychic essence from their body, then use it to feed or “boost” ancestral alignments and astral structures they have created through occult rituals. Shamanistic tradition calls this “soul theft.”

As a result any cult survivor in recovery, indeed anyone who wants to heal a dissociative coping mechanism, needs to self-educate with regards to the astral plane and related phenomenon such as astral projection, succubi, and soul retrieval. Shamanistic techniques may need to be interwoven with more conventional therapy. It is also important to understand that this healing process is complex and takes decades to complete. Any child who has been trained through repeated calculated trauma to dissociate when triggered, contains response mechanisms

built into the physical structure of her/his brain. To learn to integrate and become naturally associative is thus a long and complex task that involves gently healing and changing actual brain structure.

Joan: You went to a Christian school. Was this a Protestant denomination or Catholic? I'm wondering why the school never sent any official to your house regarding evidence of psychological or physical trauma to you or your siblings? Were the teachers aware of what was going on?

Beth: I attended a private Protestant school for grades one through six. I remember teaching staff at this school, as well as at my junior and senior high schools (both public), who involved me in mind control programming both on school property and off.

Joan: So are you saying the teachers at your schools were also cult members?

Beth: Yes, there were teachers working at both my private and public Guelph schools who were cult members. One programming scenario involved being taken to a school basement where fantasy images (a castle of light, etc.) were flashed onto a wall by a projector. A door in that wall then opened onto a color-coded room (the day's color depended upon which alter was required). Beyond this room was an underground tunnel with various rooms leading off it. I remember electric shock and sexual programming going on in these rooms. There was also a fake grave in the school basement into which a child could be lowered to "die" (i.e. forget) before returning to class.

Other programming scenarios that took place on school property involved occult sex rites, and included both teachers and school peers. The girls usually wore white dresses to indicate a "virginal" (i.e. blank slate) alter. Often there were thrones, maces and crowns involved—cults are big on bloodline hierarchies.

The purpose of holding these rituals onsite at schools was to ensure that cult children were constantly surrounded by a double world—the normal physical environment experienced by a child's front alter, and the dissociated astral realm containing the child's repressed memories and split-off alters. By holding occult and/or sex slave programming scenarios in schools, churches and sports arenas, this fundamental split in the child's psyche was constantly reinforced. A child with a divided psyche is much easier to control (as I was often told: A house divided against itself cannot stand). Allow a cult child a single activity without a preprogrammed split laid in, and she will instinctively use it as a kind of healing anchor around which to begin integrating.

Joan: You were meant to continue as a member of this cult for your lifetime, is that correct? What would you say got in the way of those plans? Can you describe how you got away? Did someone help you?

Beth: As with many government-programmed sex slaves, I was programmed to commit suicide at the age of thirty. This was also part of my occult "destiny"—in the previous year I was present (as programmed) at a fall equinox conception ritual for the female child whose body was intended to become the physical "vessel" for my soul upon my body's death, after which she was to succeed me in my bloodline "Family" role. Much of this role involved acting as a conduit that directed astral energy into the physical bodies of prominent and/or genetically-aligned members of society, both female and male. Into my early twenties, this had involved primarily the aristocracy and approved politicians, entertainers and athletes, with a heavy focus on British rock stars. In 1983 this focus shifted to the North American sports world, particularly hockey and football.

My situation, unfortunately, was not unique. In fact, in the 1970s the programmed sex-slave industry was already so well-established that I remember being used to courier boxes of slave-programming manuals. In the 1980s, when I met a man for a programmed sex assignment in a hotel, there was often a brochure on the night table that explained how to access certain of my programs through specific body-pressure points and verbal phrases. Most of these programs were generic—any trained slave would respond to the same triggers. One program involved rapidly vibrating my throat cartilage while deep-throating a man's erection, by sending surges of energy upward from my spine and shoulders into my neck.

It is important to point out here that none of these slaves were ever paid for their efforts. They were expected to function for hours in the middle of the night, sexually servicing a city's elite in their homes, hotels and private clubs, then repress the memories and head off to their day jobs as school teachers, physiotherapists and dental assistants, etc. While their existence has never, to my knowledge, been acknowledged by the mainstream media, in the early 1980s the programmed female sex slave was so common that I remember randomly flagging down a Winnipeg taxi to get to a "job" and giving the driver an alpha-numerical code. He then charged my cab fare to a special account. I didn't have to explain this code to him; he knew it well.

While I had been required to perform sex acts for multiple partners on a daily basis for decades, in my thirtieth year the abuse intensified. I once woke up in my bed physically unable to move because my abdominal muscles were in such pain. After the usual gang-rape and degradation scenarios, I had been put on what is known as "the rack," with "rumblers" attached to my palms and soles—a mechanical device that vibrates metal rollers against the skin, causing the hands and feet to ache for days afterward. A similar device was often placed inside my mouth. That night, however, a device had also been inserted into my vagina that forced me to contract rapidly for a long period of time. As a result my "front" alter woke the next morning in so much pain that she couldn't move for hours.

This type of torture was intended to drive my front alter, through confusion and shame, to suicide, but it was never something I remember consciously considering. I was bewildered, frightened, and extremely ashamed of the inexplicable secretions that frequently leaked out of my vagina, but simply soldiered on. As a result, a virtual-reality car-crash program was laid in. This was intended to cause a fatal accident at a specific intersection in Edmonton, where I was then living. Each time I approached this intersection, a series of preprogrammed images and verbal messages would kick in, sending my front alter into a trance state. The main image was similar to a large chalk eraser sliding across the front of my brain, effectively erasing all conscious thought. At the same time a soothing female sing-song voice would say, "Oh I have the right of way here," and my hands would start turning the steering wheel.

In reality I decidedly did *not* have the right of way at this intersection, and an oncoming car, after hitting me, would have carried the driver's side of my vehicle directly into a concrete barrier wall. Fortunately the oncoming drivers were not programmed, and began honking furiously as soon as they saw me turning into their lane. Hearing these car horns, I instinctively slammed on the brakes, thereby avoiding an accident. After this occurred twice in a row at this intersection, I never drove through it again.

So there were obvious signs leaking through to my front alter that something was amiss. In hindsight, I would say that though I was heavily programmed, there was also an intense resistance to that programming or I would not have survived that period. This internal resistance was my only support system—no one else has ever "helped" me. Not that I didn't seek help. Several therapists that I hired turned out to be cult-affiliated. When I went to the police, they initially refused to allow me to fill out a complaint form, then told me that I was "the sort of woman who liked to fantasize about men about town," not to bother with evidence, and that no matter what I said or did I would not be believed. On one occasion a police officer actually gave me the "horned salute" hand signal.

In addition, when I went to a woman's shelter, I was told on admission that I was *not* to name my primary abuser. (I immediately insisted on his name being recorded on the admission form, which a shocked-and-dismayed staff then reluctantly wrote down.) The following day I was summarily kicked out after informing one of the day staff that the night staff had triggered an alter switch, then handed me over to my primary abuser for a lengthy torture session before allowing me back into the shelter. (I had woken that morning aching head to toe, and realized immediately that I needed to do some memory-recovery work.)

So no, no one living helped me to "get out." There were individuals who were supportive at points, but ultimately retreated into understandable fear and distance. Very helpful, however, have been the books that I have read by other cult and MK-Ultra survivors. For instance, Kathleen Sullivan mentions in her book

Unshackled, that CIA handlers called small children who were electro-shocked “frogs” because the shock, when applied, caused their bodies to physically jolt upward. While I had recovered memories of exactly this experience, reading Kathleen’s book told me why John Goobie had given me the childhood nickname of “Froggy.”

What primarily sustained me, however, even before I had recovered memories of him, was the intensely loving and respectful relationship that I experienced with my birth father before his murder. A programmed multiple himself, which included programmed pedophilia, he was nevertheless a reluctant one, and his affection for me was obvious and profound. It became a foundational aspect of my personality, that love, as well as his respect for the value of the intellect and the right of the mind to question—not a popular notion with most cult members. And there were other cult members, both children and adults, who were profoundly caring and nurturing. People are astonishing in their ability to love; it arises out of the most unexpected circumstances.

Another important aspect that interfered with the Anunnakis’ plan for my life was my discarding of basic childhood imprinting. For instance, Christianity was one of my basic programs, and when I left “the church” in my mid-20s, this released me from a great deal of constant reinforcement and triggers. In addition, I began to deliberately cultivate friendships with lesbians and gays during this period, in order to counteract an ingrained homophobia that I didn’t understand but wanted to overcome. Later I uncovered memories of lesbian occult rites and realized that my front alter had been programmed to be homophobic in order to block these memories from surfacing. In the last few years I’ve discovered the wonderful deprogramming merits of shaving my scalp—an incredibly effective way to break through the vestiges of any “Pretty Woman” programming! I really recommend it.

So in short, “getting away” from the cult, in my experience, was a process of slowly becoming more and more conscious, and learning to take full responsibility for my own salvation rather than relying on religious, “justice,” or social services systems ... in effect, the gradual rejection of being a “chosen one” in favor of becoming a “choosing one.”

Joan: In your understanding, who are the Illuminati?

Beth: I understand the Illuminati to be a sub-group of the Anunnaki, the original reptilian race that seeded and guided the evolutionary development of Earth humans to their current state. Both my birth parents descended from bloodlines commonly included in Illuminati genealogies. I don’t pretend to be able to explain the correct current pyramid-structure relationship between these groups; in my opinion they are simply mainstreamed organized crime and don’t deserve fancy labels.

Important to any understanding of their criminal behavior, however, is an awareness of their deliberate cultivation of detailed artificial astral worlds, both within the auric fields of individual cult members and collectively between everyone in the cult. It is through both these individual and collective psychic structures that cult members are primarily controlled, completely outside the awareness of their front, non-cult, in-body alters. This creation of collective astral structures, which is facilitated through occult ritual, is known as “building the universe”—the universe in this case being merely a grandiose self-congratulatory term referring to memories of drug-induced gang-rape scenarios (along with their corresponding split-off alters) that have been projected into the astral plane, then stored in thought-form structures such as jewels, grids and landscapes, etc.

Joan: You have stated that what drives mystery cults is the “desire to live forever.” How is this effected?

Beth: “Forever” is not a linear state of time that stretches on “without end.” Rather it is a subquantum reality of consciousness. You can gain access to this level of pure healing energy through age-old methods of meditation, purification disciplines, and a meat-free diet, or you can try to crash those “pearly gates” through drugged orgiastic rites that catapult a group’s consciousness into high auric-field frequencies of bliss. (“I submit to the authority of the rites!” is the drugged orgiastic cry they give in L.A.)

This bliss, however, is contaminated by the group's impure thought forms which they deliberately project upward as they travel out-of-body—thought forms distorted by drugs, rape, pedophilia, incest, murder, etc. These programmed thought forms, which are called “The Ways,” are then used as structures to “house” the dissociated alters that the cult members have projected into these “higher levels,” as well as any astral succubi (gods and ancestors) that the cult serves. As long as these alters remain housed within these high-frequency astral “mansions with many rooms,” the physical and mental performance of cult member's bodies improves dramatically. The energy required to boost the “chosen” cult members to these higher levels, however, comes not from their own efforts, but from the children and adults they rape, torture and/or kill—the theft of their victims' orgasmic energy and/or soul essence. And while they call it a “forever” or “eternal” state, most cult members are well aware that these astral structures need to be constantly reinforced with further orgiastic energy and/or soul theft, or they will dissolve.

Finally, as with every drug addict (and all intergenerational cult members are deliberately addicted to drugs from infancy onward), cult members are driven by the chemical need for a quick fix. This chemically distorted, obsessive thinking renders them unable to perceive the difference between a thought form that has been created within the context of a collective orgiastic ritual and then projected upward into a higher frequency level of the auric field, and the true nature of the auric field's “forever” state—that of the void, which is completely free of thought form and ego state, that energy of love that every *disciplined* mystic knows underlies all of our existence.

Joan: You've also said the cult was an ancestor cult. What were their specific beliefs about dead ancestors?

Beth: It is important to understand, in this regard, that ancestral cults are based on the reality that each specific genetic lineage creates its own morphogenetic field. DNA is an energy conductor; it vibrates its particular codes, creating a collective astral field with others of similar DNA. This is also true for the “ka” of any deceased soul (part of an individual's soul connected to personal history and ego states); after death the ka (or ka fragments) continues to resonate within the collective morphogenetic field of the DNA “Family” group.

Bloodline fanatics, as a result, are intent on keeping their bloodlines “pure,” and interbreeding within their family groups. When a significant family member dies, there are rites to guide the dying or deceased member's ka into the body of a newborn infant; in fact, conceptions and deaths are often manipulated to coincide. In this way cults guarantee their elite members a certain level of social status and wealth upon reincarnation; they also ensure that their hold on wealth and power isn't gate-crashed by a rebellious different-thinking soul who has reincarnated into their family line.

Further, ancestral cults reverse the normal way of thinking. For them, existence as a spirit on the astral plane is *life*, and embodied physical existence is *death*. As such, you spend your embodied time sleepwalking through the daily grind, then “awaken” to attend a cult ritual, during which you experience an OBE provoked through a combination of drugs, orgiastic rites and/or trauma, and temporarily enter “life” as a spirit in “forever” on the astral plane. As the drugs wear off, you return to your body, death, and the daily grind until your next ritual, when you once again “awaken to eternal life”—i.e. drugs, OBEs, and distorted programmed criminal thinking.

Joan: Were there any Nazi groups involved? Have you been able to connect your memories of these cult programming scenarios to the CIA's MK-ULTRA or Project Monarch?

Beth: One of my childhood memories involves attending programming sessions at a very normal looking house several blocks from my own home, which were conducted in German that was spoken backwards, and involved Nazi regalia and the “Heil Hitler!” salute [Note: see Beth's poem, “Knowing Within Knowing” posted at huntergatheress.com]. I have also recovered several memories that involve the KKK. However my recovered memories also include occult rites with Jewish groups in Israel (which I visited in 1979), as well as different groups of Asian monks in what appear to be temples with a décor usually associated with Buddhism or Hinduism. Other memories take place in temples that could be Masonic, and many occur in mainstream

cathedrals and churches. So any direct Nazi programming took place within a much larger umbrella of diverse dogmas.

As for the connection to MK-ULTRA and Project Monarch, it is true that I haven't recovered a memory of someone saying to me, "Hello, I'm Dr. Green. I'm going to show you your MK-ULTRA file now, so if you ever manage to break through your butterfly program and fly away on us, you'll be able to recite your correct file number as proof for the skeptics." However, the CIA's own documents state that they were interested in creating sub-personalities within individuals that could be programmed to perform tasks that would be reprehensible to them in a normal state of consciousness, then erasing all memory of these behaviors after they were completed. This is exactly what was done to me at military bases and in hospital and laboratory-like settings, during the years these programs were running (1960s to early 1970s), although the abuse certainly continued after the programs were supposedly closed down.

©2008 Beth Goobie is the author of at last count 19 books of fiction and poetry. Her books concerning cults are *Scars of Light* (poetry, NeWest Press, 1998) and *The Only-Good Heart* (Pedlar Press, 1998). *The Only-Good Heart* is available from: Pedlar Press, Box 26, Station P, Toronto M5S 2S6 Canada. Her work has also appeared in *Paranoia* magazine (www.paranoiamagazine.com) (issues 47, 39) and *HunterGatheress Journal*, Volume 1 (www.huntergatheress.com). More of her work may be read at www.Paranoiamagazine.com.