

**Excerpt from *Unshackled: A Survivor's Story of Mind Control*, by Kathleen Sullivan  
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## **Government Programming**

### **What Happened?**

In the summer of 2001, I reached a critical crossroads in my life. For the past several years, I'd tried to follow the examples of a large part of the ritual abuse/mind-control survivor population—a community with whom I had the good fortune to connect. Due to their fear of being harmed again, most of those brave men and women have chosen to quietly get on with their lives, never speaking about their remembered experiences outside of their personal support networks.

I've tried silence too, but it hasn't worked well for me. I felt like a counterfeit when I mimicked others around me, hiding my past while presenting myself as a "new" Kathleen. Because I wasn't being authentic, I was miserable.

When I opened up to one of my professors about my past, she said that I ought to write an autobiography. Blushing, I told the professor that a prolific author, Gordon Thomas, had already suggested the same. "Then why are you hesitating?" the professor asked.

Accepting that teacher's challenge, I took a year off from my studies to do what I'd dreaded the most: to review thirteen years worth of handwritten journals that were full of my memories of traumatic events that I'd previously blocked out. I had stored the journals out of sight in my basement in six white plastic file cartons. The task of piecing together my life story from the journals still seemed impossible.

As I slowly worked my way through them, I was troubled by how fragmented my memories still were. Most of those I'd recorded had, in reality, lasted only between ten seconds and a minute or two.<sup>i</sup> Assembling and connecting the memory fragments was like trying to reassemble a ten-thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle.<sup>ii</sup>

Day and night for over a year, as I reviewed the journals, an uncanny urgency drove me to absorb every bit of the memories—only to block them out again when I put the journals down! Determined to remember this time, I read them again and again, typed them onto diskettes, and reviewed them verbally in therapy.

Although those memory reinforcement techniques seemed to help, I was horrified to rediscover some of the deeds I'd committed in the past, under the

direct control of professional handlers. How could that have been me: so brutal, so cruel and heartless? How could I have actually wanted to hurt people and make them feel—in their bodies—the pain I had felt in my soul? *What had happened to me?*

## **Agencies and Organizations**

Another question plagued me: who and what were the groups and facilities I remembered having been exposed to? Certainly, none of them had been part of my “normal life”!

My journals indicated that I had performed illegal acts for a network of organizations, groups, networks and agencies. My alter-states knew most of them by code names.

Various spook handlers referred to the **CIA** as *the Web, the Agency, the Organization, the Family, and the Company*. A former CIA Director, George Bush Sr., was sometimes called *the webmeister*. Some CIA employees who had also previously been in the **OSS** referred to themselves as the *Old Guard*.

Several self-identified **NSA** employees I met in Atlanta in the late 1980s and early 1990s alternately referred to their agency as *the Net* and *the Dragon*.

I was exposed to several **Mafia** members, beginning when I was a young child. Dad sometimes took me with him as his cover when he met with mobsters who may have been members of the Colombo-Profaci crime family that operated in the Northeast. As a young adult, I met mob members in Chicago. Later, I met members of Trafficant’s organization and was taken more than once to a compound in Florida that I knew as Marina Del Largo—not to be confused with Donald Trump’s resort, which has a similar name. I also met and interacted with mobsters in Atlanta. (I will not provide any other details about my experiences with any of these groups or individuals.)

I knew **NASA** by its official name.

I was taken to meetings of groups known as the **Golden Dawn** and the **Illuminati**. At those gatherings, I learned that some members of Illuminati were also members of the Golden Dawn. They exposed me to a mish-mash of Luciferian and Pagan beliefs. The members of the international Illuminati organization seemed to be covert **Rosicrucians**. The words, “the Illuminati” alternately referred to the group and to its individual members. Although I used to be in awe of the Illuminati, I now consider it to be one of many secretive cartels.<sup>iii</sup>

I was also exposed to a mob-connected occult network, headquartered in New York City, code-named **Satanic Hierarchy**. (Again, I will not provide further details about my interactions with this organization.)

As an adult, I repeatedly encountered members of a large, national Aryan network—**The Brotherhood**. Another Aryan group, perhaps part of that same network, was called **The Order**. Another, called **Western Mysteries**, was especially involved in publishing literature. I met representatives from many smaller Aryan groups over the years—each had a code name that was known only to insiders.

Alleged CIA handlers referred to male **Secret Service** personnel as *bus boys*. Self-identified Secret Service agents called one of my highly trained bodyguard alter-states, *plain Jane*.<sup>iv</sup>

I was also forcibly used by members of an international network, code-named **the Octopus**, that included alleged CIA employees and contractors, members from several *Mafia* families, and more.

## **Government Facilities**

I was taken to numerous U.S. military bases and government facilities over a period of more than thirty years. I have since been able to identify several of them, first-hand.<sup>v</sup> These are the names of some that I believe I was taken to for programming and/or training:

**Fort Payne, Alabama.** After our family moved to Atlanta, Georgia, I was taken to a military base that I was told was Fort Payne. Female teenagers and women were given special training there. I was called a “Golden Girl” and received what was code-named “Black Claw” physical training.<sup>vi</sup>

**Redstone Arsenal, Alabama.** There, I believe I received MKNAOMI biochemical black op conditioning, briefings, and debriefings.

**Juvenile Facility in North Carolina.** When I was sixteen, I was taken by my parents to a facility near Morganton and Marion, North Carolina. The grounds were enclosed by a high chain-link fence. A separate observation tower was attached to an above-ground enclosed walkway that led to the main building, where I and other youths received specialized ops training, and where I was also brainwashed about the Aryan, Pagan Golden Dawn belief system. Those who didn’t follow orders were brutally punished. I first remembered this facility in the early 1990s when an emerging alter-state drew a crude map of the buildings and grounds. A social worker from North Carolina recognized the drawing, and said that she’d known the facility as the **Western Carolina Adolescent Correctional Center**. (I’ve not yet found a verification of a facility having that name.)

**Great Lakes Naval Base near Chicago, Illinois.** My first husband, Albert, took me to a large building on the base where I and other adult female “patients” wore hospital gowns and endured extensive mental programming and training in a psych ward setting.

**Fort Gillem near Atlanta, Georgia.** I was repeatedly driven there by a man who escorted me into a set of underground corridors and rooms where he seemed to be in charge of local spooks. He and other professionals sometimes briefed and debriefed me there.

**Fort McPherson near Atlanta, Georgia.** After I'd had several vivid memories of that base in the 1990's, my second husband, Bill, drove me there to see if any of the buildings looked familiar. I immediately recognized the large, white Forcecom building where, in a below-ground room, a female programmer had forcibly reconditioned me after a failed op (by threatening to shoot me), so that I would continue to do assassinations. I had also remembered a one-story cafeteria building behind it, where I'd been taken by a male handler who had been hungry. As Bill and I sat in the Forcecom parking lot, we saw several casually dressed individuals leave the smaller flat-roofed building, carrying Styrofoam take-out food containers.

**Fort Benning, Georgia.** I believe that, as an adult, I received limited training at this Army base. At that time, a male handler told me that I was the only woman receiving it there. I was told that I was given specialized training to familiarize me with how Rangers worked together on ops. (Over the years, I developed tremendous respect and deep appreciation for those men; unlike most spook handlers, they remained gentlemen.) I was also put through brutal mock torture/interrogation sessions to condition several of my alter-states to respond in specific ways if I were ever caught and interrogated during or after overseas covert ops.

**Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland.** When we lived in Maryland, my father took me to a sprawling government facility code-named "Edge-of-the-Woods." There, I endured the unexpected effects of a hallucinogen and mind-shattering mental programming.

**The Farm.** When I was a teenager, Dad took me to this spook-run facility to have me trained for black ops. It may have been at the CIA's Camp Peary; it may have been at a CIA/Aryan-run "counterterrorism" camp in Powder Springs, Georgia; or it may have been at an entirely different location.<sup>vii</sup>

**Fort Campbell, Kentucky.** I reported to this huge Army base several times to be briefed for special ops and to receive limited conditioning and training.

**Dobbins Air Force Base, Georgia.** When I lived near Atlanta, I was often transported from this base by jet to other locations for covert ops, and then was brought back to the base before being transported home.

**Goddard NASA facility near Washington, DC.** I believe I was taken there in approximately 1968, to be mentally programmed.

**Huntsville NASA facility in Alabama.** I believe that mental programming was done to me at that facility after my family moved to Georgia in 1969. During a tour in the mid 1990s, I easily identified several of the buildings.

**“Meadowlark” Air Force Base, exact location unknown.** I was flown there from Dobbins AFB in 1985, and was interrogated in underground rooms by military intelligence personnel.

## **Black Ops**

The years of programming and conditioning at these and other government facilities prepared me to become a covert slave-operative. When I fell asleep at home in my adult years, my nighttime alter-states emerged. Because these alter-states were adrenaline junkies, ops were their drug of choice.

Sometimes I was first taken to a local cult meeting. After the horrific ritual, other parts were triggered out to be transported. Most of my op-trained parts were more than willing to go on far-away assignments. It was what they existed for.

These are some of the activities that my covert op programmed alter-states performed while under the control of professional handlers:

- Protection, body-guarding, and escorting
- Assassinations
- Hostage interventions and rescue
- Arms smuggling, including transportation of small rockets
- Bombings and sabotage
- Teaching children how use standard and makeshift weapons against mock adult attackers
- Kidnapping
- Taking out snipers
- Surveillance
- Torture and interrogation
- Clandestine photography
- Clandestine search of an organization’s files
- Killing assassin-programmed individuals who had gone out of control and were an imminent danger to those around them. (Because they were so dissociated that they felt no pain when injured, I was trained to kill them in a particularly gruesome way.)

Professional handlers used a succession of my pre-programmed covert op alter-states to successfully perform each operation. Afterwards, I was transported home with no memory of the event.

My black op (assassin) trained alter-states were even more specialized. Through hundreds of repetitive acts, each was conditioned to kill in at least one of the

following ways: zip wire, gun, knife, or chemicals. Other methods were also used on certain ops. The zip wires were sometimes sewn into loosely-basted hems of garments, particularly blouses and jackets, with soft ends to protect my hands from being sliced through.

Each black op alter-state was trained to use at least one type of weapon. Some were also trained to select a certain number of objects or surfaces in any environment to use as makeshift weapons.

In the early 1990s, I was severely re-traumatized as I remembered the crimes that I'd been forced to commit. As I resuscitated the dead parts of my soul, I felt the immense emotions of pain, grief, and horror that I hadn't felt during the actual ops.

## **Travel to Exotic Places**

To give you an idea of what remembering was like, I'll share from two days of journals that I wrote in January, 1993.

First, I relived a series of emerging traumatic memories in bits and pieces, starting with a childhood memory of my father driving his chisel into my skin to lift my kneecap—just enough to frighten me. Then he used a drill to wound my feet—again, not enough to leave a lasting scar.

As I remembered this, I slipped into the same kind of trance state that I'd gone into as a child, to escape the pain. When I came to, I found that I had written many pages of memories. Several were especially upsetting:

In a teenaged training session, I held a long sharp knife and plunged it deeply into the front of someone's torso. I was being taught that there were two ways I could do it. I could either do the "T," which was to cut from below the belly button up, and then—at an angle--do the upper stomach and heart, or I could do it with one deep, lower slash from one side to the other, through the intestines.

I was taught that either way was extremely effective. The lower slash would leave the person in pain for a while before the actual death, if that was what was intended. To simply kill, the "T" was preferred. Before doing it to live adults, I was made to do it on upright adult cadavers. Each time, I wiped the fatty tissue off my long knife. I was taught that it was important to keep the knife clean; and anyway, I didn't like looking at it.

Then I remembered standing in a room with white walls. I saw an intense, slim woman, average height, with short, dark hair and eyes. Other people stood in the room, too. On a table to my right were objects that could be used to attack and kill.

I had no choice; the woman held a knife and kept reaching out as if to slice at my forearms. When I finally got tired of parrying, jumping back, and moving my

arms away from her, I went after her full-force. I grabbed her knife and cut her neck deeply—from one carotid artery, then right through her throat to the other artery.<sup>viii</sup>

In the next memory, another adult was fighting me. I grabbed a knife from the table. Unfortunately, because it was dull and serrated, I couldn't use it on the attacker's neck. After I successfully took the attacker down, a slim, friendly, middle-aged man with curly, graying hair took the knife from my hand and pushed it down hard on the victim's fingers—cutting several of them off.

When I came back into consciousness and read these journaled memories, I was devastated. I felt solely responsible, even though the gray-haired man had instructed me. After all, the knives had been in *my* hand.

(Nearly every day, similar heart-pumping, gory memories emerged in my dreams and waking hours. They followed me to the store and to the post office, to church and to school. The memories were clearly telling me that I had been trained to kill. Why me? Having no answer, I felt a heavy weight of guilt.)

That afternoon, I decided to shake off the effects of the memories by going to a nearby shopping mall. While investigating a sale at a pharmacy, I found a bin full of bumper-stickers. I bought several: “JOIN THE ARMY! Travel to exotic places . . . meet unusual people . . . and kill them.” “I’M A VIRGIN . . . but this is a very old bumper-sticker.” “TOTO, I don’t think we’re in Kansas anymore.” “I’d kill Flipper for a tuna sandwich.” “I’m Glad I’m Not You.”

My favorite was, “In spite of the cost of living, it’s still popular.” Although I was remembering horrible things that I’d done in the past, I was determined to survive.

When I returned home, I tried to get some sleep. Instead, I struggled through one vivid dream after another.

Early the next morning, my husband left for work in his pickup truck. Alone in the house, I placed several pillows between my back and our queen-sized wooden headboard. I grabbed the spiral-bound notepad that I’d placed on my dark brown wooden nightstand, and wrote whatever came to mind. Soon, I felt as if I were falling asleep, although my eyes remained wide open. I didn’t understand that I was capable of putting myself into a trance state, thereby allowing split-off alter-states to emerge and write in my notebook.

When I came back into consciousness, I found that I’d written about a covert operation in a foreign country. As usual, this memory had no beginning and no end.

Even if it should someday be proven to me that this particular episode was an implanted screen memory, I still feel grateful that I was able to recall it. After being so emotionally battered by horrifying memories, this recollection restored my sense of inherent goodness.

## Firefight

I have no idea how I arrived there, who took me, or how I got back home, nor do I know the year the event unfolded. I suspect that it occurred between 1982 and 1987.

Based on the architecture and the vehicles, the angle of the sun and speech patterns of the natives, I can venture a guess that we were in a South or Central American nation.

It was daytime, warm outside. I was inside a battered, old, two-story clapboard residential retirement home not far from a downtown area. It had lots of bedrooms occupied by a number of elderly Caucasians. The kitchen was on the first floor in the right rear, the living room in front. A porch, bordered by a wooden railing, was in front of it. The residence wasn't fancy, but it was livable and clean. The residents were taken care of by a small team of professionals, including nurses.

Several of the bedrooms were downstairs in back. Many of the residents had to sleep in them because they couldn't walk up the stairs. One, an older man, was very slim with thinning brown hair on top of his head. He seemed quite ill.

I helped put him on his back in the smallest bedroom. We covered him with a colorful, handmade, pastel pink, block-style quilt. He was in a lot of pain—I think it was his heart.

Some kind of political action was taking place in the vicinity. I was at the residential home with a makeshift team of CIA agents, mercenaries, and others—anyone in the area who was available had been called in to help. The elderly folks were in danger, and our assignment was to protect them.

Had we not been in imminent danger, the professional handler who had brought me there would probably have taken greater care to ensure that I did only what he gave me orders to do, nothing more. This time, however, I was free to follow my own instincts, because he was too busy doing other things.

During the late afternoon, we received a directive from a young, slim, fiery man with thick, curly, dark-brown hair. We were told that he'd commandeered the downtown area, and wanted to use this house as his base of operations against soon-to-arrive military forces who we prayed would kick his ass. Unfortunately, the elderly residents couldn't be transported away in time.

Some of the aged males had served in previous wars. They knew how to fight, but most of them could no longer shoot straight, due to shaking hands or

poor eyesight. Others were quite senile, and there was no safe place to take them.

As more residents returned to the house, we gathered them in the center of the house, with groups upstairs and downstairs.

Two elderly gentlemen who still had good eyesight were asked to carefully hide by the windows and alert us if they saw any movement coming up the dirt streets.

We knew that the action would be coming from the downtown area. The military leader had already ordered filled burlap bags to be stacked in piles across the dusty street from the front of the house, his men guarding them. An “SOS” had gone out for more of our folks to find their way to the house to help us defend the elderly residents.

We were told to hold our fire, due to insufficient weapons and ammunition.

My dark-haired, short handler handed me a shotgun and ordered me to use it. I explained to him that I didn’t know how.<sup>ix</sup> Several rifles and pistols were quickly taken up by the others. They had a sweet automatic machine gun—a newer model. Big and black, it used brass projectiles. All I had to do was aim and pull the trigger—it would do the rest. After I tested it, I didn’t want to use anything else, and they didn’t take it away.

The real trouble didn’t start until dusk. We turned off all the lights in the house, so nobody could see where we were when we fired. Some men started approaching the house by pushing what looked like rectangular plywood dollies on wheels, stacked with filled burlap bags. They seemed to be using them as moving shields. Our lookouts warned that it was time to start firing.

The enemy had a lot more ammo than we did. We only shot when we had a good chance of hitting one of them.

We couldn’t afford for even one of those men to get into the house. Too many people could get killed too fast. If we could just keep them at bay! More men came in droves through nearby buildings, settling down behind the stacks of bags. Typically, they had flat, dark-skinned faces and curly dark hair.

Although they had automatic weapons, they must have been drugged or drunk or both, because they couldn’t shoot straight. It took a while for us to realize this. I was genuinely frightened, and didn’t expect to live through the night. I tried my best to shoot the crowns of any heads that rose an inch or two above the tops of the bags, but they were too small a target and I didn’t want to waste my ammo.

Several male spooks and mercs hid behind furniture that we had stacked behind the wooden rails on the porch. One man and his partner, both American businessmen, had come by earlier in the day to volunteer their services.

I went from window to window in the house when the lookouts told us that they saw movement outside. We were quite nervous, because there were several roads—it was hard to see everything going on. Unfortunately, we weren't paying attention when the sick elderly man, clad in a light-colored terrycloth robe, unexpectedly walked out onto the porch. Several of the men tried to grab his robe to stop him. I went berserk and ran out onto the porch. A middle-aged, brown-haired man helped me to force him down onto the wooden surface, while the others remained hidden behind the furniture. Unfortunately, we three were now in plain view of the enemy.

I knew that the color of the robe made the man an easy target. I saw several men behind the bags raise up, as if to get a better shot at him. Without thinking, I stood up with my black machine gun and started firing at their heads. There was some light on their side of the street, perhaps from the moon, and I could see a black substance fly through the air from two of the men who had crouched side-by-side. They deserved it for shooting at that innocent, senile man!

After that, we were more aggressive and held them off through the night. I don't remember how long I kept firing. When I went into the house to get more ammo, it suddenly hit me: I had stood out there on the porch in full view of those men across the street as I had fired at them, making myself a very easy target! I shouted to the others, "Did you see what just happened! I was standing right there, and they were shooting at me, and none of the bullets hit me!" My preoccupied handler agreed that it was a miracle.

One man seemed to be in his sixties. In the kitchen, he offered me some of his cartridges. He had several different shapes and sizes in a clear plastic box. I didn't even know which kind to use. When I grabbed a bunch, he stopped me and showed me how to select the right ones. I put the others back and thanked him. A black, long "drawer" pulled out from the lower side of my machine gun. He showed me how to insert the projectiles. He said that all I had to do was point and shoot.

Time lapse. I woke up in the early morning, startled, wondering why everything was so silent. It was dark in the house and nearly everyone was sound asleep in chairs, sofas, and on the floor. Only one other person seemed to be awake—one of the old vets who had posted lookout the night before.

He whittled a piece of wood as he sat at the old cloth-covered kitchen table.

I was beginning to feel the emotional impact of what had happened. I asked, "Are they gone?" He nodded, then told me about the elderly robed man, who had been shot in the leg. We talked quietly for a while, so as not to wake the others. I felt very comfortable with him. He was a man of few words. I thought of him as the kind of person I hoped to someday become.

Later that morning, the others started to wake up. While they chose food from the refrigerator, I opted for a peanut butter sandwich. I was deeply touched when the old gentleman quietly gave me one of the bullets that he said I'd shot the previous evening. It was rather flattened and a little bent. It meant more to me than any medal that may have been given to me. I sensed it was a symbol of his personal respect and his way of honoring my help. I put it in my right jeans pocket, vowing never to lose it.

As always, my handlers did a full-body search before they transported me home. Although they took away the memento, they couldn't completely erase the memory of another mission accomplished—this one, with satisfaction.

## Validation

After I read this journaled memory, I told my husband, Bill, what I'd remembered about the ammunition that I had used. As I spoke, his face registered shock. A retired Army NCO, he explained that the elongated brass bullets were called 7.62 gauge, 30-caliber universal projectiles because they could be used in a number of different weapons. From his extensive experience with ordnance, he told me that yes, the gun I used *was* a machine gun, and yes, those projectiles *would* have been used in such a gun, and yes, the way I described loading it really *is* the way it would have been done.

After that, he shook his head and chuckled about what he called the Shootout at the OK Hilton. He said, "What kind of woman am I married to?" Calling me his "Pistol-Packing Mama" he declared, "You were a *hero!*"

When he called me a hero, my face crumpled and I started to cry. "Yeah, I was a hero, all right...but I was also the worst monster there could be." I wished so bad that the way I had behaved on that particular op had been the way I'd behaved on *every* op. Soon, more emerging memories reminded me that this simply wasn't true.

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<sup>i</sup> "Fragmented encoding of a traumatic event makes voluntary retrieval and reconstruction of a trauma in explicit memory difficult, if not impossible" (Spinhoven et al 263).

<sup>ii</sup> More compelling and less consciously available dimensions of denial are when memories of gross violations are so threatening to the psychological and physical integrity of the survivor that recollections are literally split off from consciousness... the shattering manner in which torture and atrocity violate the physical and psychological boundaries of survivors frequently causes their recall of events to emerge in ways that may be fragmentary, disconnected and bizarre (Woodcock 144).

<sup>iii</sup> I am not opposed to participation in secret, invitation-only organizations. I am, however, concerned when such groups use tax revenue to create governmental policies, agreed on at those meetings, that are diametrically opposed to the will of most taxpayers and voters.

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<sup>iv</sup> I think that one reason I was also chosen and trained to perform protection services for targeted individuals was that I'd done a number of very successful hits and snuffs, and therefore had a better feel and sense of how a person might go about killing the client. I was acutely alert to the body language, eye expressions, hand movements, and vocal inflections of potential assassins.

<sup>v</sup> I've not yet tried to validate the memories of other bases and facilities, because if I go to any of them, I risk being reaccessed. I'd rather be without some validations than be hurt again.

<sup>vi</sup> I repeatedly remembered that the boys and girls who were trained to become super-warriors were called "Golden." After these memories emerged, my stepmother gave me copies of letters that Dad had sent to her while attending Purdue University in Indiana. I was astonished that, in a letter dated 6/25/79, he'd written:

I went to see *Golden Girl* Friday night – about a big blond test-tube baby raised by 2 scientists from Hitler Germany who was trying to prove his theories about the superiority of white, blond, Republicans. He kept sprinkling super vitamins and growth hormones on her grits, then convinced a group of rotten capitalists with mustaches to finance an Olympic training facility for her. If she wins three golds in Moscow, they have her name for their living bras, cereals and panty hose, and the professor gets to prove that blondes can do anything better.

<sup>vii</sup> Camp Peary, A.K.A. The Farm, is a CIA Directorate of Operations "spy school" near Williamsburg, VA. Another facility code-named The Farm was a 60-acre estate in Powder Springs, south Cobb County, in Georgia. It was owned and run by a spook named Mitchell "Mitch" WerBell III. This counter-terrorist training camp, COBRAY-SIONICS Training Center, contained a "clandestine factory developed to perfecting the tools and techniques of sniping, counterinsurgency, and the *coup d'etat* (New York Review 2). WerBell III was a highly respected "OSS Captain, guerilla fighter, military advisor, soldier of fortune, paramilitary expert, silencer designer and weapons wizard" (American Ballistics 1).

<sup>viii</sup> Some of my black op trainers called the resulting gash a "smile."

<sup>ix</sup> Because my trainers didn't want me to use my weapons training on my own volition, I was only allowed to touch a gun when it was given to me with specific instructions about what to do with it. Each time, it was already loaded.