

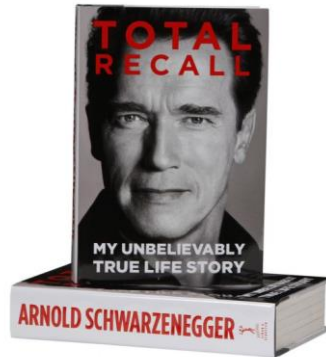
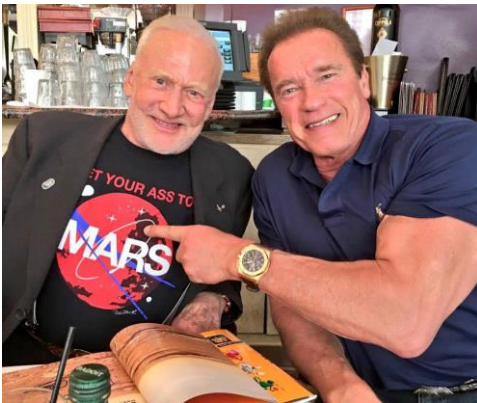


Total Recall: MK-Ultra and the Millennial Kingdom

By Noel Joshua Hadley

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EVERYBODY'S favorite Astro-not **Buzz Aldrin** has a very limited wardrobe, it seems. I hadn't the faintest clue how deprived of variety it was until my latest [reconnaissance mission](#) in the Intel-net, which I just so happen to have completed a few minutes ago. You've probably seen the one where Buzzy-Buzz Hush Lips rips open his jacket to expose a 'GET YOUR ASS TO MARS' t-shirt. Turns out, it wasn't a one-time affair. He does it often. I've already shown you a few examples. He's obsessed with ripping his jacket open so as to expose the 'GET YOUR ASS TO MARS' shirt he wears underneath. He's a serial offender. Buzz quite literally travels around the world photobombing people's family photo opportunities at Stonehenge and who knows how many other landmarks. And then in another one I am showing you; he hasn't ripped his jacket open quite yet but you know he wants to.



His 'GET YOUR ASS TO MARS' moment with Intel **Actor Arnold Schwarzenegger** couldn't be any more self-evident as to what he's going for. It's a line from the **1990** 'Total Recall' movie, directed by the Dutch filmmaker, **Paul Verhoeven**. Interestingly enough, Schwarzenegger gave his autobiography the *same* name, 'Total Recall,' which I read cover to cover upon its release in **2012**. It's still sitting on my bookshelf gaining dust. Perhaps it will come to some use to me yet. That same year, 2012, there was another 'Total Recall' movie—a

remake. I haven't seen that one and am told to avoid it like the University enrollment office.

You should know then that I just so happened to watch the original Verhoeven film a couple of weeks ago, my first viewing since the Nineties. The simple reason is that I had some ideas as to what I should be looking for, the space hoax and the MK-Ultra program being two of them. Well, it was *there*, the **Millennial Kingdom**. Verhoeven and company just threw it in there like some sort of backhanded compliment, seeing if I was paying attention. And I most certainly was.

The problem though is that I figured I was reading too much into the script, and that I was beginning to see Millennial Kingdom clues in places where the breadcrumbs had never actually been dropped. I even began to write this very paper, making it so far as the *present* paragraph, before abandoning the entire thing based on the later premise. That is, until one thing led to another, and I accidentally stumbled upon **Philip K. Dick's** 1977 speech at the science fiction convention in France, the one where he spilled the beans on the Matrix and the Multiverse but used the Millennial Kingdom as the crutch for his entire argument. [The First Mandela Effect](#). Turns out, I should have trusted my instincts, as the movie was based upon Dick's 1966 book, 'We Can Remember it for you Wholesale'. I wasn't reading too much into the plot after all.

Movie analysis isn't something I get around to often enough. Mostly, my time is relegated to other topics of Biblical importance, and as such, much of my audience is divided on what is worthy of their intellectual pursuit. Obviously, I can't make that decision for them. I can only speak to my own interests which, in this case, is understanding the predictive programming as well as the mysteries put forward in Intel scripts such as this one. And it should self-evident that we're dealing with an R-rated movie—not family appropriate. Again though, that's a given. And so, seeing as how I don't cover movie analysis often enough, let's get right into it.

The year is **2084**, and Mars is colonized under a tyrannical Government led by **Vilos Cogaagen** using the cooperation of the Media, via the Military-industrial complex, to spread his propaganda. The brunt of his mission on the planet seems to be the mining of valuable turbinium ore. For what purpose is not fully made known to us, as it is only generally commented upon, though it appears to have some sort of military application, perhaps fuel for an energy generator, maybe even an energy weapon.



Back on Earth, Schwarzenegger's character, **Douglas Quaid**, experiences recurring dreams about Mars and a mysterious woman who accompanies him on his journey. Right away, Philip K. Dick's worldview regarding alternate realities comes into play, particularly as it pertains to our dreams. Dreams act as a window into various other parallels worlds of the Multiverse, glimpsing our lives in those places. Within these dreams we may come to find the people whom we are intimately involved with in that version of reality, though they remain strangers in our own.



Quaid's wife Lori, played by **Sharon Stone**, is insanely jealous of the woman from his dreams. Agitated by his attraction to Mars as well. And though he plays them off as nothing to be concerned about, it is quite evident that Quaid is discontented with his life on the Earth. He wants something more than what the current circumstances offer him. If not for the woman from his dreams, a trip to Mars will do. And I might as well point this out now, it is quite evident that Quaid's wife is his **Controller**. We are not expected to learn that little detail this early in the movie, but come on, with everything we've experienced throughout my catalogue of work. Her very existence is intended to distract Quaid, keep him grounded within the confines of his assigned reality. We have another word for that. She is none other than his spiritual tare. The desire of the tare is to choke out and ultimately suffocate the wheat.

While watching the television at breakfast, it is probably no coincidence that the News just so happens to feature a villainized account of the quote-unquote "terrorists" challenging the Government on Mars. Evidently, the propaganda, intended either to scare Quaid or starve off his desires, has little effect on him. Lori flips the channel to a serene scene from nature, probably in hopes of keeping him grounded.