

## EPISODE 6: Psychic Driving

Hi friends, unfortunately, I will not be here with you for this particular episode. I have to hand it over to an... associate as I am currently at a dig site and maybe tied to a tree but that is neither here nor there. You will learn all about that if and when I get free and rest assured: I \*will\* be free. But... It is serendipitous timing because they can tell you far more about these happenings than I can, as they were there, in the flesh, if that's how you prefer to look at it, in the flesh.

Before we go any further though, before I pass the reigns, I need to give you a sort of history lesson. Now, much of this will not make sense in this moment, where we are in the story but it will help shed some light on our Mr. Orange, overall. You see, before going on his trek into the desert, Mr. Orange worked as head of security and investigations for Mojave Logistics and before that he was involved in various research projects conducted in a joint effort between the CIA and a few other alphabet agencies, some known widely and some not known at all.

One you may have heard of is MKULTRA, you know, good ole failed government mind control. And when I say failed, I mean the ultimate overarching goal of creating sleeper cell agents that can be activated with a word, maybe, probably, failed but no one can say that for sure one way or another. And if they could well, they sure as hell would not tell you, instead they'd probably be chilling on an island with a couple hundred word activated sex slaves. But Naomi did not fail in several other regards. And those will be revealed to you over time. But what's important now is Mr. Orange's involvement in a little place known as Ravensclaw Psychiatric Hospital. This is not a name I would expect you to know, in fact, if you have heard that name before then you are likely in a very small and very protected class of people. Ravensclaw was where a vast majority of some of the more successful MK experiments occurred and also where Anarcha, the sole surviving housemate of The Dope Show, is living out the rest of their days. Ravensclaw is also the modern origin point of Mojave Logistics after having been reborn out of the pile of burning trash made of its original entity, Godwynn Enterprises, in the wake of the historic collapse of The Dope Show and the legal battle that arose from this collapse. But Nathaniel Godwynn, CEO of Mojave, learned from the greats: if there is ever a scandal too big to overcome, change the name. No one ever looks further than the name.

See, Erik Prince's mercenary company was originally called Blackwater prior to a terrible attack on Iraqi citizens in what became known as the Nisour Square Massacre. Four Blackwater consultants opened fire on civilians while escorting an American convoy through Baghdad. 20 Iraqis were brutally murdered causing a huge hubub about Blackwater and their necessity to modern warfare. Now you'd probably expect a company involved in such a thing would no longer be in existence but boy would you be wrong. Erik Prince saw no retribution or consequence from this and all he had to do was change the name of his company. This is how Blackwater became Academi and it worked like a charm. And Prince still has a private army to

rival the size of most countries at his beck and call, and friends, this is all true, just take a moment to look it up. So Godwynn followed suit as billionaires tend to do, when the Dope Show ended with the death of its entire cast, aside from one individual, Godwynn changed the name to Mojave Logistics and is now one of the most successful companies in existence, built on the blood of its employees, much like Nestle and Chiquita.

Quick footnote: Chiquita, the cute little blue label sticker of the woman that adorns almost every banana you've ever purchased, is the successor to United Fruit Company which ran an actual authoritarian regime in Colombia and the West Indies and committed numerous massacres so that you can buy bananas at a reasonable rate. Also, bananas are radioactive. Just saying.

So after the events of Casa Cyana and the dope show, which you will be learning the details of in the not so distant future, Godwynn Enterprises became Mojave and none of you were any the wiser. And Ravensclaw carries on experiments to this day, clear and absolutely free from prying eyes. Take a gander, when you can, at the monarch project.

It just so happens that Godwynn's father is doctor D. Ewen Cameron, the doctor who created a vast majority of the successful MKULTRA experiments and coined the term Psychic Driving, which is what we are going to be witnessing here today.

Our Mr. Orange is going to need to make a decision with us you see, and friends, that decision is simple: does he help mankind by working against the Wireland or does he help the Wireland by working against mankind. And to reach this decision, well friends, you and I are gonna be doing a little psychic cruising of our own.

So friends, I will be here, with you, for episode 7 where we will head so far back into the future that we might as well be right now. For as that old show says, time is a flat circle.

Goodbye friends. See you again here 'round the bend, very soon.

[ATMOSPHERE BUILDS]

PALINDROME:

Hi! I am the palindrome, one half of it anyway, so you can call me Palin, or Drome, it's all the same to me. I was asked to come and report to my superiors and since you're looking pretty superior I guess you are the thing I seek to... report to? I think. I confused myself. I'm sorry.

HEAVY BREATHING (CHICANERY)

What do you wish to report? I have Almas Caviar to eat right now. And I am verrryyy hungry, so hungry in fact, that you look like quite the snack.

PALINDROME:

Ooooo, not sexually I hope. We are asexual. I'd hate to let you down. But on the bright side, I am eternal and therefore I can be eaten forever.

CHICANERY:

I may just take you up on that. What is your report forever snack?

PALINDROME:

Results for Project Agent Orange: Successful. Would you like the details? We can do a flashback. I guess.

CHICANERY:

Flashback?

PALINDROME:

Yes, a narrative device designed to interrupt the chronological order of the main narrative to take a listener back in time to illustrate past events. Flashback. In this case interrupting \*my\* narrative to tell \*you\* things I know you already know.

CHICANERY:

Yes yes flashback sounds delightful.

PALINDROME:

Fine. How far back?

CHICANERY:

Millenia.

PALINDROME:

Ummmm... How about last week?

CHICANERY:

MILLENNIA (angry)

PALINDROME:

Fine. There were the heavens and then there was the earth. The old gods were murdered long ago and replaced with the likes of you. Cretins born of the worst concentrations of energy. And then \*last week\* one Agent Russell Orange walked close to Wireland. He was Intercepted by the Sherpa.

CHICANERY:

The cajun fella?

PALINDROME

One and the same. He works \*for you\* last I checked. And Cajun sounds racist.

CHICANERY:

Everyone works for me. Whether they know it or not.

PALINDROME:

This is my point exactly, do we really have to do this right now? Like \*right now\* right now?

CHICANERY:

Continue with your report. Now.

PALINDROME:

Agent Russel Orange, age 40, employment: precarious. The family of our newly initiated overseer hired Agent Orange to track him down after his unfortunate disappearance. I imagine this was your plan in the beginning but I cannot be certain of that. And if I asked of course you'd say yes, so again, I'll remain uncertain.

Orange was then offered a deal by the Sherpa—

CHICANERY:

The cajun fella?

PALINDROME:

Again, that sounds very racist but yes. He was offered a deal by the sherpa which he refused outright but probably mostly because his mind was shattered by what he saw before him. As we both know, some of our Sherpa's forms are less... appealing than others.

CHICANERY:

Are you still talking about the cajun fella?

PALINDROME:

From there he was escorted by the Sherpa to Ravensclaw, where he was then processed. I have documented dimensio-lense footage from their interactions —

—TRIGGER WARNING— Excessive mind manipulation and insertion of thoughts that are not your own ahead. Please proceed with caution. If you choose to stay, understand that everyday people were used in the development of this method, some locked in rooms, alone for months, under the guise of curing instability in the brain. Please see our website for more information.  
—TRIGGER WARNING—

[QUICK CUT MKULTRA MONTAGE SOUND]

First, he was led to Ravensclaw and placed in a chair. But not any chair that you or I have ever seen. It sat in a silent gray room hard as stone. Adorned with straps and wires. Fitted with a helmet. Agent Orange was strapped inside and the helmet placed over his head.

[NIGHTMARE SOUND]

I am unsure if you understand the process as none of you god bois are very bright, so allow me to illuminate. Psychic Driving is commonly understood as a tactic in which a person is put in a Sleep Room where they then have a phrase repeated to them ad nauseam, in some cases, hundreds of thousands of times, until that person comes to believe the thought is their own. And while this is true in some instances, specifically in its original form, it must be understood that through the years, evolution occurred. As evolution tends to do.

[SHERPA VOICE BEGINS REPEATING and EVOLVING] “Remember how she looked. Remember how she screamed.”

The helmet itself, a flat black Hanmi Half helmet quite like Snoopy once used during his “Flying Ace” daydreams, is retrofitted with speakers throughout and a screen that slides down from within the shell. As the screen slid over Agent Orange’s face, two metal arms with contracting claws reached down on each side, forced his eyes open and held them there in stasis. Every 1.26 minutes, the claws would drip a mixture of purified water and polyethylene glycol into the sclera, not out of a concern for his comfort, but rather a cold pragmatic necessity. The subject must always be made to look and though the room itself is called the sleep room, no such escape exists within its walls.

SHERPA:

Now Agent Orange you might remember, I mean you've been through quite a lot since then, but you may recall I inoculated you out there in the desert while you cried and screamed like a little

bitch. You remember? That tiny little silver drop I gave you while you were lost in her screams, while you were busy reliving the past as you tried to escape from the present. Well, you should be feeling that in all its glory right about now.

And our Mr. Orange was \*feeling it.\* The drop he was given—a combination of psychedelics, ranging from the compounds found in the Angel Orchid to lysergic acid diethylamide, and spores collected by the lotophages found within the deepest recesses of Wireland—had begun to seize him, in more ways than one. In his mind, the nightmare is real and never ending. A perpetual loop of his worst recollections of the past slip sliding roughshod, seemingly developing a separate sentience from himself. The memory he has of holding a raggedy andy doll tight to his chest in a dark closet while his father beats his mother on the other side of the wall, her screams piercing his very soul and grating slivers from his heart. When he watched his grandmother have a heart attack from where he sat on the hood of an old wood paneled station wagon while the sheriff was throwing her things onto the street because her landlord raised the rent beyond her means, the cops thought she was faking and did not call an ambulance. She died on the asphalt. And finally, when he ran through the bloody gardens of the Casa Cyana, a slice of heaven on earth overcome with neglect and violence, and heard Anarcha's cries for the first time as she sat cold and scared and pleading with her lover to let her live. All of these evocations became more than themselves in that palace of his mind, growing hooves and snarls and an encompassing need to sip the young blood like nectar from his inner child. And as those recollections shed the past from themselves in exchange for identities of their own and became the monsters that will haunt him unto his dying days, he could not move. He could not fight. The Curare paralysis kept him still in place as though the world were not crashing down within him and transforming that palace he had existed within for so long, into a prison. Which is not a stretch, friends, as the most enlightened among us know the palace is merely a prison in disguise, designed to keep power within and out of the hands of those with good hearts and charitable intentions who would level the playing field for those at the bottom.

[REPEATING PHRASE STOPS ABRUPTLY]

CHICANERY:

Ugh. You must be a socialist.

PALINDROME:

When something makes sense—

CHICANERY:

(Bored) I am uninterested in your politics. Continue.

[REPETITION CONTINUES]

While the landscape lying behind his eyes was filled with those morbid memories changing shape and shifting towards more efficient modes of terror, and his body was locked in place by both strap and chemical, the screen in the helmet replayed his consciousness back to him. Exact replications of his thoughts reflected back to him on repeat. The voice continues to speak. Steadily, we approach the termination of phase one. Doctor Cameron calls this the Break phase. For obvious reasons.

Dehumanization. [REPEATS AND DISTORTS, fading to the back and giving way to rhythmic SCREEN FLICKERING 1 to 4 (twice) 1 to 3 etc until there is a 120 bpm click (flicker)]  
[\*Maybe make a Dehumanization flicker jam? TBD]

First there was your youth. Broken and tragic, but you were too young to recognize it which made both of those things even more true. It breezed by fast while you kept wishing it would go faster. You couldn't wait to grow up, you couldn't wait to leave and who could blame you? You were the third wheel in a family who couldn't afford you and that made them bicker and bark. Your room overlooked the alley and sometimes you'd climb down into the dark wet streets and stare at the road as you'd sneak and skulk about, watching the way the shimmer would fissure and shift as you moved. You knew, even then, that reality is perception and in truth, it's all just a game. Over time, you coped with your surroundings with avid suspicion. By seeking out the worst in people and combing over your conversations and interactions to pick apart every flaw. To suss out some sort of basic truth about the world in which you find yourself. And that my friend, is a very wild goose chase. And if you did find an answer, you already \*know\* what that answer would be.

You saw it when you worked for Mojave, back when it was called Godwynn Enterprises, and you were still married. You watched people come in on their first day of work damn near spritely, only to see six months come and go and that same person has ground themselves to dust vying for the attention of those above them. Doing a dance for the money. Flailing like burned surrender flags. That or they get the gleam in their eyes. You know the gleam. It glitters green and gold and can smell your fear. The kind of people who would rip out your spine and give it to the boss to use as a back scratcher if it meant another zero on their paycheck.

[FLICKER QUICKENS/MUSIC]

You saw it on the camera watching the boardroom feed when The Dope Show was pitched to the executives. You watched them laugh and jeer. "Can you imagine," they said, "those animals will eat it and the ad revenue flows." You remember feeling sick to your stomach when you heard the premise. A social experiment on a distant isle, thousands of miles from everything, give them a cabinet full of drugs and \*forget\* to replenish the food. Leave them to cook for three months and

see what happens. You can imagine how ugly that looks at its conclusion. But human misery has a tendency to be easy to market so it was an instant sell. And hey, with enough money and international waters, anything is possible.

You thought it would never happen. Some insurance hiccup or liability situation would bring down the whole production but you underestimated Nathaniel Godwynn's will when he could see the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And you knew, for him, it was not about the money, but rather the magic spells one can conjure when mana is not a concern. What you did not know, but should have, is the power he would seek, and you never guessed it would be that of a god but that is just what he achieved. And you could have stopped it when you shot him, only like everything else, you missed, didn't you?

Didn't you?  
DiDn'T yOU?  
DIDN'T YOU?

[All sound stops. "Didn't you" grows lower and lower in register, bouncing around the speakers. Binaural audio begins.]

[MKULTRA QUICK CUT SOUND]

Phase two  
INSERTION

[REPEAT QUICK CUT]

[REPETITION of the phrases "remember how she looked, remember how she screamed" and "remember how his eyes looked with that dark distant gleam."]

So you decided to play the hero. You were going to stop it all. Bring down the big giant corporation all by your lonesome. You searched and seized and sought from dawn to dusk. Your addiction grew with every failure. Then your wife, your poor poor wife. Daughter of the billionaire you worked for, a man you considered a friend before you attempted to murder him. She was your meal ticket back in those days when you had that hungry look and functional junky stare. At first you didn't love her. She was the means to an end. It wasn't till you lost her in the crash that she finally meant something to you. Another pill, another pipe.

You always knew, from the day it happened that there was something more to the crash. You knew she couldn't just forget you, \*right?\* You couldn't be completely wiped from her mind, after all, you shared such good times, \*right?\* All those nights you spent out in the streets alone,

the days you focused all your energies on doctor shopping for that next corrupt MD you could blackmail for another prescription. You were a stand up husband and all around good guy,  
\*right?\*

Right?  
rIgHT?  
RIGHT?

But you weren't, were you?

And you didn't, did you?

No. Because you are and always will be the failure you were always told you are. [SENTENCE FALLS APART SONICALLY \*\*\*MOMO: Kinda slow down as you approach the end of the sentence.]

But you can change that now. (MOMO: say this three different ways please. In ascending levels of sultriness.)

If you are willing? Are you willing?

SHERPA:

Yes, are you willing? Cuz you can change it all. Right here, right now. You remember the way she looked up at you? Her eyes said it all, they yearned to be left alone there to die and wither away and never have to deal with any of this again. Do you remember that it was my voice? Did you recognize it when we met? Do I sound... familiar to you? Now Agent Orange, looks like you got a choice to make, way I see it, and let's be honest, it ain't much of a choice, not really. But I know what you've seen, Agent Orange. I know you've seen the very worst in humanity and I know that you want to see it end. Wouldn't that be wonderful? Put this whole thing to rest. Help me. Help us and I don't need to tell you what the alternative is.

[MKULTRA QUICK CUT SOUND]

Phase 3  
ACTIVATION

[REPEAT QUICK CUT]

—

[REDACTED NOISE SUSTAINED] Removed to create narrative tension.

CHICANERY:

That is enough.

PALINDROME:

I \*knew\* that you \*knew\* all of this already.

CHICANERY:

Yes well... Why are you still standing here?

PALINDROME:

Us Palindromes have a rule. Never turn your back on the ghosts of human energy. Especially the trickiest among them. Do you need anything else?

CHICANERY:

Yesss. Yes I do.

(Back to me momo! Thank you. Could I get some long bouts of laughter at the end? Never know when yr gonna need some laughter.)

INSERT CORPORATE MEMO

And friends, we do not want to know what happens behind that wall... let's just say eternal is being put to the test. Now friends, I know that was a lot but we are not through just yet. There is one other small bit of information I must include before we go. You see, in one of my recent reviews of memorandums from that ancient corporate entity, Mojave Logistics, I came across evidence of the first mention of Codename Wireland. It is in reference, from what I can gather, to the first archaeological discovery made by Mojave oh so many years ago. So I leave you with this recording. But first, same as always: you can become a ward of the Wireland at [patreon.com forward slash wireland ranch](https://www.patreon.com/wireland_ranch). Or follow us on that dying star known as twitter [@wireland\\_ranch](https://twitter.com/wireland_ranch) for shownotes, announcements, and coverage of police shootings. And finally: more true now than ever before: thank you for coming to see us 'round the bend. Next time, prepare for the future.

SENSITIVE INFORMATION Godwynn's eyes only.

During our most recent expedition we located a cave on the isle of Djerba, off the coast of tunisia. You may recognize this as the probable location of Homer's island of Lotus Eaters from the Odyssey, something largely considered a myth in the modern world. But we believe we have found evidence of some truth in those old tales. Upon approaching the cave, two of our team were lost in what appears to be purposefully set traps from time immemorial. After the second

death, we sent in Mojave Logistics ground surveillance drones to continue the search and we located two objects inside. The first is a type of orchid undiscovered in nature thus far that one of our team have taken to calling the Angel Orchid due to how the petals sweep to swoop up and away like seraphim wings. We will continue to study this flower and provide any discoveries to your office immediately. The second thing is vastly more difficult to pin down. Mr. Godwynn we have no idea what this thing is. It seems to present differently to each person that gazes upon it. It is luminescent blue yet pulses with pink veins. And though it has not moved, we can all feel it. Something is alive in there. And I think it may be the key we have been looking for. We await your instruction.