

"IT IS STILL HAPPENING TODAY."
Eye witness testimony of ritual abuse.
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"IT IS STILL HAPPENING TODAY."

Introduction

The most successful crime is one that no-one knows about.

The second most successful crime is one that no-one **BELIEVES.**

My name is Jim, I am 65 years old, retired. My mother was drugged, raped and tortured by at least 4 Catholic clergymen and women, and other "special guests", on many occasions, many years ago. I **directly** witnessed, and was forced to participate, in at least two of the "rituals".

I was also drugged, raped, and tortured, in the same "ritual" context, by the same clergy, and other "special guests" from time to time, on many occasions. I do not use the word "torture" lightly; there are many ways to induce extreme physical agony into a human body which will leave no obvious marks on that body, and many of them were utilized during those rituals. My own abuse began when I was 3, and ended when I was 13. However, the PTSD never ends, which is why it has taken me so long to write this report.

What happened then, is still happening now, to thousands of children and vulnerable adults in this nation, and millions around the world, every year. Obviously, all Catholic clergy are not directly involved in this, however, most in high positions are involved, as are many others outside the Church. **Hundreds of thousands.**

There are two primary reasons why there is so little accurate information available about ritual abuse. The first reason is that it all happens in secret. No-one is going to rape a child in the middle of Main Street obviously, because if they do, they will get caught. Rapist don't want to get caught of course, especially rapists whose lives are funded by the public, especially rapists who have been ordained as clergy. So they commit their crimes in secret, so they won't get caught. **ALL SUCCESSFUL CRIMINAL ACTIVITY HAPPENS IN SECRET.** What is the expression used to refer to criminals whose activities and identities became known to the public? The expression is: "They got caught". What was the condition of them "getting caught"? Their activities and/or identities were no longer secret. For a criminal, not remaining secret is the same as getting caught; they are one and the same.

It would be cowardly and inaccurate to assert that there is no secret criminal activity going on in this country. Of course there is. Lot's of it. Many criminals are smart enough to fully understand the limitations inherent in their crime, and so, they keep their activities just within the

boundaries of those limitations. What would be the most important rule for any successful criminal enterprise? “Don’t get caught.” What would be the most important rule for not getting caught? Commit the crimes in secret. Is it even possible for a successful criminal enterprise to exist without secrecy? No, it is not. **SECRECY IS RULE NUMBER ONE FOR ANY SUCCESSFUL CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE.**

The second reason, which I believe is the main reason, is that no-one wants to believe this, no-one wants to hear about it, no-one wants to read about it, no-one wants to know about it, no-one wants to even think about it. Who would? In other words, “denial”. The safest hiding place for any child rapist, or any organized group of child rapists, is behind your denial. And mine. If it had not happened to me, I probably wouldn’t believe it either, and if it had not happened to my own mom, I would not still be pursuing it after all these years. But it did happen, and more importantly, it is still happening, to many thousands of children and vulnerable adults every year. It takes courage to acknowledge that this IS happening and IS prevalent.

If you look at all this from the criminals viewpoint, then their strategy becomes apparent:

Rape is a crime which is always witnessed by at least one person. The rape victim IS the witness to the crime. This creates an obvious problem for the criminal.

*****What do you do, if you are a criminal, and the nature of your crime is such, that there will always be at least one witness each time you commit your crime?*****

What do you do?

One solution would be to kill the witness after the crime is over. But doing this would cause two problems for the criminal. First, the public would know that a crime has been committed (due to the disappearance of the child), and second, it would cause the authorities to investigate what happened. *****If the witness is killed, the crime will no longer be secret.***** Also, the rapist may want to assault many victims during his lifetime, and/or assault a few victims many time each. Either way, killing them all is not an option, because on the one hand, many dead victims will produce an intense public outcry and a thorough investigation, and on the other hand, a dead victim can not be raped over and over again.

So what do you do?

What do you do, if you are a serial rapist, and you want to keep abusing throughout your lifetime without ever getting caught, and without anyone even knowing the abuse is taking place, but, killing the witnesses/victims is not an option?

What do you do?

You develop methods to **MANAGE** the witnesses (victims). You develop methods to **manage**, to **control**, to **harass**, to **threaten**, to **intimidate**, to **isolate**, to **manipulate**, to **embarrass**, to **confuse**, to **disable**, to **blame**, to **drug**, to **discourage**, and above all else, to **discredit the witnesses**.

YOU DEVELOP METHODS TO DISCREDIT THE WITNESSES.

A witness who is not believed is no threat to the criminal.

A WITNESS WHO IS NOT BELIEVED IS NO THREAT TO THE CRIMINAL.

This is the primary reason ***WHY*** the ritualized rape described below is so unbelievable. They made it **unbelievable on purpose**, so that no-one would believe it. ***That is how they get away with it.*** But it goes much deeper than that. What would be the **only** way to absolutely know the witness will not be believed? How could that be accomplished? A child (or adult) is to be raped, and then released back into the world, away from the control of the rapist. Back to his home and family, back to his life. The rapist will not be there physically to monitor and control the child. What can that rapist possibly do, so that this little witness will not even be sure what happened, will be terrified to report it even if s/he does begin to remember, and most importantly, will not be believed if s/he does report the assault? What can he do?

"DRIVE" THE WITNESS INSANE. That is what he can do, to know absolutely that the witness will not be able to report the crime, and even if s/he does, s/he will not be believed anyway. This is not a joke. This is the primary (although not only) function of "satanic" ritual abuse.

Ritual abuse is rape, **combined with the means to conceal that rape**. Ritual abuse is rape, combined with: 1. extreme violence, 2. extreme deception, and 3. mind and memory altering drugs. **Violence**, **deception**, and **drugs**. Those 3 elements are added **TO** the rape, systematically, for the specific purposes of: 1. neutralizing the witness, and 2. gaining control of the victim (both the same person). Why does the rapist want to gain complete control of the victim? So that s/he will not

resist or retaliate even as s/he is raped and brutalized repeatedly over many years. "Satanic" ritual abuse is all about raping children, and getting away with raping children. The religious element is a smokescreen added to hide and support the crime.

When you hear about grown adults wearing devil masks, sacrificing live animals, drugging, terrifying and brutally raping little children, etc., your first reaction, if you are a sane compassionate adult, is to completely reject the entire idea. "It's all b.s, just some sicko making stuff up to get publicity." Right? The reason *why* you react that way is because *you* are **NOT** a child molester, or a rapist, or a sadist, or a psychopath, and of course you don't want to even think about innocent children being raped and tormented to the point of insanity by grown adults. You don't want to believe it is *really* happening in *this* world, maybe even in your own church, school, lodge, neighborhood daycare, etc. But there are adults out there who are **NOT** like you, not *at all* like you, and there are *millions* of them, out of the *billions* of normal adults. There are millions of adults who *do* rape children, and, many of those adults rape those children in a context that will render the children unable to accurately or credibly testify about the rape. What is that context? "Satanic" ritual abuse.

The best estimates available "suggest" that *at least* 1% of adult men, and approximately .1% of adult woman are active pedophiles. In America, there are about 115 million men and about 100 million women in their sexually active years of life. 1% of 115 million is 1 million 115 thousand, and, .1% of 100 million is 100 thousand. So, here in the US there are over a million men, and about 100 thousand women who actively rape children on an ongoing basis. If only 10% of the child molesters in America belong to a "satanic ritual abuse" organization, then there are 100,000 men in America actively raping children as part of "satanic" torture rituals, and about 10,000 women doing the same. If only 10% of those people have infiltrated various churches, lodges, etc., then there are 10,000 men and 1000 women, ordained as clergy or risen to 33rd degree, who are actively raping children during "satanic rituals", inside those churches and lodges, without the knowledge or consent of the other members, throughout this country. And these numbers are very *very* conservative. From the research I've done over the past several years, I would estimate that at least half of the sadistic type pedophiles in this country are working through churches and lodges, because THAT is where they can act with complete impunity: if the children report them, the children are much more likely to be condemned and disbelieved than the

priests or “commanders”. In this case, there are about 500,000 men, and 5000 women, ordained as clergy or working with clergy or risen to 33rd degree and so on, who are actively raping children during “satanic rituals” here in America. Everything I’ve researched points to these higher numbers.

The **FACT** is, that most of what we call severe mental illness, is post-traumatic “hysteria”, of one sort or another, resulting from sexual abuse which was combined in some way with violence, deception, and drugs. The victims don’t remember exactly what happened, and don’t realize that many of their hallucinations ARE memories, or pieces of memories, or the result of memories, precisely because of all the drugs and all the deception that was integrated into the rapes. And, they are actually terrified to remember any of it because of all the extreme violence and very real threats demonstrated to them when they were little children, and, because of the very deep self-disgust, self-embarrassment, self-shame and self-hate that children feel when they are forced to perform sexual acts with adults.

Ladies, and gentlemen, the “sickos” are NOT the folks trying desperately to educate the public about ALL the ritual abuse going on in this country and in this world. The “sickos” are the adults who do in fact rape and torture little children to the extent that those children eventually become mentally ill.

What you are about to read took me over three years to write, because I needed so much time to recover after writing each section. This paper describes **only** what I experienced and witnessed **directly, with my own eyes, ears and body**. The intensity of suffering I have endured throughout my life, as a direct result of what they did, is beyond contemplation. But I would ask you to contemplate it anyway, because it is still happening today, to hundreds of thousands of children, and many adults, on a scale much larger than any sane person would **WANT** to believe. It takes **courage** to believe the facts. It takes **courage** to face reality.

None of these memories were influenced by any kind of hypnosis, suggestion, drugs, etc. They began to come to me in vivid “flashbacks”, as a result of very stressful, no-win life-situations, which piled up on me all at once, in addition to physical situations at work which seemed similar to physical situations which surrounded those rituals, and all of this kept making me **feel** so similar to how I felt during those rituals, that bits and pieces of memories started popping into my mind, and, once I began to remember, much of it flooded into my mind in only a few months. That’s

how flashbacks work. Once you read this, you will know that I am not doing this for any kind of publicity, because there is no possible benefit to me for doing this. I'm doing it because it is still happening to kids and adults all around the world, and someone has to describe it accurately, so normal folks like you will know what's going on, and feel compelled to stop it. Hopefully.

Two masks, one priest; rock monster / devil bird ritual

This "ritual" happened at the beginning of first grade (I attended Catholic school from grades 1 to 8). I was drugged and taken into a bathroom in the rectory, and sat down. After a while, a priest wearing a monster mask walked into the room and closed the door behind him, and just stood there, facing me. I was locked in a small room with a monster, utterly terrified. The drug must have been affecting me by then, because the monster was real to me, not a man in a mask. The face and head appeared to be made of solid rock, yet still alive, implying a living monster made of rock (something like the "thing" from marvel comics maybe, except it was grayish color, hideous, and one large rock, like a living rock with eyes and a mouth.) He stood there staring at me, not moving for what seemed like forever. The longer he stood there, the more the drug took affect, the more and deeper fear I felt, until it seemed like I was in a completely negative reality. Difficult to explain; total terror, horror, dread, helplessness, etc. I was 6 years old. Eventually, the priest began to slowly lift his arms out sideways. They had been under a long black cloak which covered his front as well as his back, and the cloak slowly began to lift and separate as his arms spread apart underneath it. The open cloak slowly exposed a terrifying red devil face with a strange rubbery nose. The devil was "floating" a couple feet below the rock face. I know now, that it was a large red devil mask strapped around the priests' hips, with a hole cut into it below the devil eyes, for his penis to protrude from, in place of the nose. (This is a very common and well known mask worn by "satanists" around the world when they rape children. See the illustrations.) The priest was wearing a black robe under the black cloak, so that all I could see were the two masks. The eyes of the devil mask were pure evil to me, staring right into me. The mask was a cross between a classic devil and a bird of prey; a mixture of both. (This is also a very common mask worn by satanists.) I stood there completely powerless, feeling an intensity of dread that cannot be described in words, looking first at the terrifying devil-bird, then up at the hideous rock monster face, then back down again, then up, slowly, in horror, my jaw dropped down, as I stared slowly up and down at the two

masks. Finally, the priest slowly approached me, as he jerked his outstretched arms beneath the cloak, a sort of flapping motion, implying that the bird was flying toward me. Somehow I was given the impression that the rock face monster, floating above the flying devil bird, was the devil birds' protector, that I would be crushed and killed by the rock monster if I did anything to harm or disobey or disrespect the devil. He may have been chanting something to that affect as he slowly approached me. Soon the devil was in front of my face, staring into my eyes, then rubbing and bouncing his rubbery nose around my face. The "nose" began to grow and get stiff, and as it did, the demon whispered, in a sneering sort of cartoon voice, the word "Pinocchio"; he whispered "pee - no - key - oooooo". My terrified, horrified, drugged and confused child mind connected that word with the situation I was in, with the story, and interpreted it to mean that if I didn't tell their truth, that everything was OK and this never happened, that I would be turned into a rock boy just like Pinocchio was a wooden boy. I knew what he meant! At the time I had no idea it was a man's penis protruding from a devil mask that was strapped around the man's hips. How could I? Then the devil said to me, sort of hissing as he spoke "Now suck the snot from satan's snoot" and laughed as he said it. Then he shoved his penis (the devil's nose) into my mouth. I struggled, he hit me, I passed out, he threw cold water on my face, and then he squeezed my head until I thought it was going to be crushed. It felt like my head was being squeezed inside some kind of clamp, maybe it was, I'm not sure. I associated the fear I felt with the rock monster crushing me to death, and I stopped resisting. I did what he told me from then on, because I knew on some level he would stop squeezing my head if I obeyed him. So now I had the devil's "nose" in my mouth, and the devil was right in front of my face. The evil terrifying eyes (of the mask) were just a few inches in front of my own eyes, staring right into my soul, moving very slowly, closer to my face, then back a few inches, then closer, then back, very slowly, over and over. I went into a very deep negative hypnotic trance; a trance of complete fear. The depth of fear cannot be described in words. Once I was in that trance, he stopped squeezing my head (or loosened the clamp) because it was no longer necessary. He began to tell me what to do and how to do it. I could hear him breathing fast and making strange sounds; grunts, moans, sighs, which I interpreted as devil noises. Evil, terrifying, horrifying. I cannot describe with words the depth of suffering and "—" there is no word for it - that completely filled my mind and body. After what seemed like forever, he was ejaculating and repeating very quickly "swallow or I kill

you”, “swallow or I kill you” aaaaaaa. I started to wretch like I was going to vomit, so he started squeezing my head again, hard, and the fear of my head being crushed “helped” me to stop myself from throwing up.

A minute or so later I was taken to another room and pushed to a table that had a small critter restrained, belly up, with it's ears and legs nailed back to a piece of wood (that was flat on the table). It was a rabbit, squirrel or guinea pig, I'm not sure. There was a knife laying next to it. I was told in a deep gruff voice, by the rock face monster, to pick up the knife and “cut it open”. He told me I was a very bad boy, filthy, disgusting, evil, crazy, the worst person who ever lived, a “puke boy”, and I needed to sacrifice an animal to GOD ALMIGHTY so I wouldn't have to live in hell and burn forever and ever. He put the knife in my hand, then wrapped his hand around mine so that I was holding the knife, then commanded me to “cut it open”. He pointed at the animal and glared at me, and I felt some sort of pressure build up in the back of my head until “I” began cutting it open. His hand was guiding mine, wrapped around my hand. “I” cut it from it's throat to it's pelvis, very slowly, as it struggled but could not move, and it squealed very loudly and very horribly. The squeal horrified me, and I felt so overwhelmingly guilty as I was doing this, that I stopped being me; I stopped being there; I went away. “I” went away. It is impossible to describe, but the word for this is “dissociation”. The devil then pushed my face into the living animal's guts and ordered me to “eat shit you filthy spawn of satan” and so on. He would not let me go until I chewed and swallowed. The animal made the most horrible sounds imaginable as I chewed on it's insides. I wanted to vomit, my body was sort of trying to, but there was no energy left in me by then. It took everything in me just to move my jaw up and down as I gasped for breath, with my face inside the guts of this gurgling quivering tortured animal. Again, I cannot describe the intensity of suffering and guilt with words, it was psychic torture. During all of this, I was also under the influence of some kind of fear enhancing drug or drugs. I must have passed out. Then the the priest was throwing cold water in my face, making me breathe in and out. He wiped my face off, cleaned out my mouth, and shoved himself into my mouth again. The devil eyes were staring into my eyes again, closer then further, closer then further, for a long time. I became completely immobilized with fear etc. He made me swallow him again, I started getting sick, he squeezed my head again, hit me several times, told me I was crazy and everyone will know I'm crazy, and then gave me something to drink (more drugs I presume).

After that, any one of them could rape me any time they wanted to, and from time to time they did, in the school bathroom, in the rectory bathroom, the church bathroom, or the old "cow palace" that was between the school and church. The priest would sometimes wear the same two masks, and do an abbreviated version of the same routine. As soon as I saw any of the masks or other props they used, I would become completely immobilized with fear, almost robot-like, and do whatever he said. Sometimes he told me I was evil, insane, disgusting and so forth, but other times he told me I was just like Jesus, or I was an Archangel healing his pain and so forth. He would wear a leper mask over his groin area and tell me I was Jesus healing a leper when I orally "healed" him. They always talked to me as if I was a little girl, as if they were talking to a little girl, and this was intensely frustrating to me, because I wanted to tell then I'm not a girl, I'm a boy, but I'd get hit and laughed at as soon as I started talking. I was always drugged first. These were two of the three parish priests, plus many other "guests" from time to time.

Six children, six adults, second grade

The following ritual took place at the beginning of second grade, in a basement, probably of the rectory. There were 6 of us children, 3 boys and 3 girls, and 6 adults wearing horrible masks. The masks looked similar to the drawings of advanced leprosy seen in Catholic bible stories, only more distorted and frightening. One of the eyes was swelled and larger than the other, and there was red "blood" and dark purple bumps and bruises around it, as if the face had been badly beaten. The masks were hideous and terrifying, and we did not know for sure that they were masks; they were real monsters for all we knew. In addition to the "monsters", we were surrounded by crucifixes. The monsters made us drink some red kool-aid (which was obviously drugged) and then told us we were very bad and had to be punished and made clean so we wouldn't go to hell and burn forever and ever. They would show us hell so we would know. They stuffed us inside a large plastic cylinder, in the center of a large round table, and spun us around until we were all vomiting on each other. It was like a large lazy suzan, probably a converted playground toy. The cylinder had a high back all the way around which we were all pressed against. I can't describe the kind of nausea and confusion this spinning caused us. At the time, I did not know we were being spun, I just knew that the room and everything else except the other kids began to disappear, and I was getting sicker and sicker. One of the monsters had stood tall along the edge of the device. He raised his arm above him, and chanted something in Latin, while he slowly and theatrically moved his

hand in a circle above his head. We all followed at his hand, frozen in terror. As he circled his hand, the world began to slowly rotate around us at the same velocity as his hand motion. Obviously, someone had begun slowly spinning the device in unison with his rotating hand motion. As he spun his hand in circles above his head faster and faster, the world continued to "rotate" around us faster and faster, the chanting got louder and louder, then, suddenly, he "disappeared" (he had stepped backward off the spinner, caught by a couple of the other priests I assume). I thought we were all being transported magically to hell. It seemed like we were "traveling" (spinning) forever, like we were on our way to hell for a very long time. As time passed, and the room disappeared, and the drug kicked in, we began getting sick and dizzy, and then extremely sick and extremely dizzy, except dizzy is not the right word, it was something much more painful. It was like torture with no blood. We puked out everything that was in us to puke, and eventually I passed out - as did all of us, I assume. After it stopped, and I woke up, we were in "hell". They must have brought in some "hell" scenery and changed the masks while we were passed out. They were all devils now, it seemed that there was fire burning all around us, and I could hear the faint sounds of people in agony - the "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" - I assume now it was a tape recording - I hope it was. We had our faces shoved into the vomit that was all over us, and told if we puked anymore we were going to lick it up. We were crying, shaking, terrified. I lost all sense of happiness or positivity then, everything was negative, I was suddenly living in a completely negative reality (this is not what I thought, it is how I felt). The fear was unimaginable. We were pulled out of the cylinder and sprayed off with cold water. (Obviously, they wanted us to vomit on each other before the rape, so we would not vomit on them during the rape. THAT was the reason for the spinning.) I was shivering uncontrollably as I was lead about 10 feet or so away from the device. I then heard a disgusting, terrifying sound coming from a closet nearby. It was the sound of an animal being tortured to death, but I did not know it at the time. I will never forget that sound. One of the devils told me that "NO BODY" was in there, and if I ever tell anyone about any of this, "NO BODY" will cut me up and eat me alive. Right then the freshly cut head of a small animal was dropped on the table in front of me. It was still bloody and smelly, and the skin and eyes and tongue were twitching and wiggling. I believe it was a squirrel. This implied to my terrified mind that I would also have no body, my head would be cut off also, and so on. They also told me that NO BODY was a ghost who was everywhere and would watch me every

second of the day and night for the rest of my life, and so on. I can't remember all the details, but they made me so terrified of "NO BODY" that I completely gave up any resistance to them; I gave up my free will to the monsters so NO BODY would not torture me to death, and so on. (I remember a few occasions when I was worried about monsters in my bedroom closet, and my dad would tell me not to worry because "Nobody's in there, nobody's going to hurt you", and so on. Exactly what any good parent would tell a child to reassure them. He could not have known.) Meanwhile, other devils/monsters were dealing with the other kids just a few feet away from me, but I had not noticed them until we were all addressed together, and told we would have to kiss Jesus, the Son of God, and beg forgiveness for all our sins so we wouldn't burn in hell forever. Then 6 different devils put 6 different crucifixes in front of their groin area, and pushed their penis's into our mouths and told us to love Jesus. I was gagging and trying to get away, but the devil in the robe pushed the back of my head tight against him and would not let me move. I was forced to swallow his semen, almost choked on it, and was trying very hard not to vomit because I did not want to lick it up as they had threatened earlier. Again, there are no words to describe the intensity of the fear, shame, disgust, confusion, anxiety, self-hate, and so on that I was feeling during all of this.

After that was over, I was separated from the other kids, taken to a smaller room, and told that I was very bad and had to make a sacrifice to God Almighty for the terrible things I had just done. I didn't understand why he told me I was so bad because I had just done what he told me to. I was turned, and I saw a table with an animal tied down, belly up, with a knife laying next to it. He pointed at the animal and commanded me to "cut it open", and stared at me with a glare that communicated so much evil to my little mind, that I did not even think about resisting. I did what I was told, this time without his hand wrapped around my own. The helpless animal made a very loud, piercing, high pitched squeal as I slowly cut it's belly open. The squeal horrified me and made me feel so guilty that I "went away" again. I hated that animal and I loved that animal and I felt so sorry for him that I absolutely hated myself for doing this to him, but I could not disobey the monster. **AT THIS POINT I HATED MYSELF COMPLETELY.** I began to shake and cry but the monster slapped me hard across my head and told me to stop crying, etc. After I cut open the critter, the priest pushed my face into the guts, I felt sick, but then I couldn't breathe so I started to panic like I was drowning. It tasted and smelled horrible, but then I didn't care because I was going to die.

I must have passed out and been carried back into the larger area. The next thing I remember was looking up from the floor and seeing two of the devils standing over me masturbating and eventually squirting something on me from their penises. I followed one of the ejaculations with my eyes as it landed on me, and saw that I was also covered in vomit, guts and blood, and I realized what a horrible odor there was in the room. Then they stood me up, told me I was a very bad little boy, and they were going to take me to NO BODY. I was so utterly terrified that I began shaking and crying and begging them not to take me to him, and promised to do anything they said, anything, and that I would never tell, ever. I was then taken back to where the other children were.

We were all back together, we were lined up along the side of a long table which had an animal tied belly up to a cross laying flat on the table. We were told that we were going to witness the power of God Almighty, and find out what happens to all those who disobey Him. The animal was still alive and struggling and making horrible noises. The tallest "alpha" devil, who had an extra-large devil mask on his head, stood behind the animal, on the opposite side of the table as us kids, in the center, facing us. There were two shorter "normal" devils on each side of him, facing us. The alpha devil slowly lifted a huge boulder which had been laying on the table behind the animal. The boulder was far too huge for a normal man to lift, so I assume now that it was paper mache or whatever, with a smaller weight in the center, or maybe it was counter-balanced some way. As he slowly lifted it above his head, demonstrating his supernatural strength and power to us, the others began chanting, in deep serious voices, something like: "from life to life, from hell to hell, we crush the bones, of brats who TELL". At the word "tell", the alpha devil crashed the huge boulder down onto the animal on the cross, and blood and guts squirted all over me and I passed out. I am not sure, but it seems like I had been hooked up to electricity, because I remember feeling like my head was in a clamp, and I remember a shock going through my head (I've often felt this since then, as I was falling asleep) at the same time that the giant boulder smashed the animal as I was passing out as the liquid was spraying me from its crushed body. It all happened at once. That was the end of that "ritual" as far as I remember. That is what happened; I was there.

WHY would human beings do something like this? Why would these "men" integrate so much horrific violence and illusion into the rape? Three reasons, as far as I can conclude: 1. **TO GET AWAY WITH IT:** to make the rape so utterly confusing and unbelievable, that we would not be able to accurately remember, understand, describe or report the crime.

Our little minds sort of “stored” the memories in the same way as nightmares, and forgot them in the same way children forget nightmares. I’m sure that the drugs they gave us contributed to this phenomenon. 2. To make themselves “feel” like some kind of supermen, all-powerful and god-like, (the only way their bodies could function sexually, by first taking complete power over their victims), and 3. to gain complete control over us, so we would be their little sex slaves, any time they wanted us, for as long as they wanted us. And we were.

“INFANTILE SEXUALITY”

Sigmund Freud did not invent free association, but he did perfect it at the beginning of his career. It is a method of finding out what is really going on in a patient's mind. The patient lies on a couch and simply talks about whatever comes to mind, and lets the conversation move randomly from one topic to the next. The talk begins with superficial content (the weather, trivial conflicts with neighbors, etc.), but eventually moves into areas much more personal and impacting to the patient. Freud's job was to gently guide his patients into those very personal and impacting areas, and through repetition he became very good at it. To his **complete surprise**, patient after patient began telling him about very bizarre and brutal sexual abuse that happened to them when they were children. As they talked more, more memories would come, and the truth of their condition slowly became apparent. Freud wrote a paper about it when he was still a young man, but when he tried to publish his findings, the opposition from every sector of “legitimate” society shut him down. No one wanted to consider the possibility that adults wearing devil masks and doing ridiculous “rituals” were brutally raping little children. (And of course, the adults involved in this kind of rape were the most publicly outraged at the very idea!) If Freud had pursued the truth any further, he would have been marginalized and discredited, losing his livelihood, his status, his calling, his authority, his **legitimacy**, etc. He would have lost **everything**. So young Sigmund Freud compromised; he diluted his findings with implications that his patients may have **invented their memories as a result of their condition**; may have invented imaginary trauma to explain away their very real post-traumatic misery. This “may have” aspect was lost in translation, and the false half of the compromise was then taught as Freudian theory: the complete reversal of the “unbelievable” truth. Freud went on to formulate another theory, which was also bastardized in translation so it would conform to the false conclusions being taught as Freudian psychology; a “theory” which

conformed to, and supported, the denial of reality: the theory of - get this - **UNCONSCIOUS INFANTILE SEXUALITY**, which states, essentially, that adult mental illness is the result of unfulfilled sexual desire, in babies, for their mothers. I'm not kidding. That babies feel sexual feeling for their mothers (as a result of breast feeding, presumably), and then those feelings, unfulfilled, somehow drive some grown adults insane. That the unfulfilled sexual desires that babies feel for mommy cause millions of adults to become completely incapacitated with fear, shame, hallucinations, dread, all sorts of physical post-traumatic symptoms, confusion, inability to function in the world, unable to keep down a meal, and so on. **THAT** was the "theory", ladies and gentlemen. That "theory" effectively blamed the victims, **provided an alibi** for the pedo-rapists, and stigmatized mental illness with the most embarrassing and degrading "diagnosis" imaginable, shutting down any communication that might otherwise have developed regarding the subject.

Does it make more sense maybe, that instead of babies having unconscious sexual feelings for their mommies, that maybe, just maybe, there are millions of grown adults out there who have **very** conscious sexual feelings for children? And that many of those adults rape those children in a context that will render the children unable to credibly accuse them? A brutal, bizarre and theatrical context that will leave the children so confused that they won't even know for sure what happened? "Satanic Ritual Abuse" maybe? Can we use a little common sense here?

Let me make this crystal clear. Memories of extreme childhood trauma are not the **result** of mental illness. That's like saying memories of being shot are the **result** of nightmares veterans have about war. Memories of being shot are because they got shot. Or like saying tornadoes in America are the **result** of all the mobile homes blown to shreds every year. It is completely ludicrous. Extreme childhood trauma is not the **result** of mental illness, it is the **cause** of it. **OBVIOUSLY.**

The specific details of the trauma produce the specific details of the symptoms.

**** **The specific details of the trauma produce the specific details of the symptoms.** ****

THE "JESUS AND MARY" RITUAL

This ritual happened when I was three years old. (I know I was older than two, and I know I was younger than four.) "Satanists" would call their version of this the "Jesus and Mary" ritual. I won't elaborate their version; this paper is only about what I experienced directly. This is bad enough.

My dad handed me off to a nun for some reason, on a Sunday, before church. A special event for the children, I imagine, was what he was told. She took me across the parking lot from the church to a small dark building, separated me from the other kids, shoved me into a small dark room, pushed me onto a metal folding chair, ordered me to BE QUIET, and left the room. In front of me was a long table. I sat there whimpering for quite a while. Eventually the nun returned with a second nun. They did not have habits on, they were wearing a great deal of gaudy caked-on make-up, and their hair was short and chopped up. The one nun looked very tough and mean even with all the make-up. Her expression was angry, bitter, hateful, and somewhat nauseated. The other nun looked hysterical: her eyes were wide, and her expression was a combination of wild excitement and total disbelief. She looked nuts. (Obviously, I was not able to analyze or verbalize these kinds of specifics then. However, now, as an adult, I can accurately describe these very vivid memories, as they came to me during this flashback.) They brought in with them a woman my mothers age. She was very pretty, she was blonde, and she was very thin; the same as my mother. She looked just like my mom. She was staring straight ahead, with a completely blank look on her face. I don't remember her eyes being glassy, but the lighting in there was poor. The nuns took off her robe, and she was naked. They guided her onto the table in front of me. I vividly remember her moving something like a machine, moving only where and when the nuns moved her, otherwise she was completely still and completely blank. The blankness of her stare, straight ahead as if nothing was there, scared me and gave me shivers. I have no doubt now that she was very heavily sedated. (Remember as you read this, that this is something that someone **ELSE** did to us, we did not do it. Please associate the sickness of this event with the perpetrators, and **NOT** with the victims.) The nuns laid her back on the table and then spread her legs in front of me, and I stared at her vulva. I can't describe with words the fear, confusion and revulsion of a three year old boy in this situation. Then one of the nuns pulled me off the chair and pushed me toward her. They both asked me if I love my mommy and I said yes. They continued to push me slowly toward her, as I resisted. When I was close enough, the mean one pushed

my face into her vulva, and told me to LOVE YOUR MOMMY! I started crying and shaking. She told me to stop crying and asked me if I wanted to burn in hell because Jesus will send me to hell forever and ever if I don't love my mommy, and she started swatting her hand with a yardstick. I looked up, and she was glaring down at me as she swatted her hand. Her glare seemed to do something to me, because my fear went into a deeper level, something I really can't describe with words. She seemed to transform into a demon; she communicated torture and domination as she stared into my eyes. Looking back, it is obvious that I had been drugged, and the drugs had begun taking affect then, because it seemed as if I was in a completely evil universe. There was absolutely no joy left in me, everything was negative; there was no positive at all; positive didn't exist. (These were not my thoughts, this was how I felt.) She commanded me again to LOVE MOMMY! I stared at the vulva but was unable to move, so she shoved my face into it and commanded me again to love my mommy. I threw up, the nun was furious and rubbed my face in it and told me not to do that again or I would burn in hell forever and ever. They cleaned my face, cleaned out my mouth (I remember the taste and burning sensation of some sort of antiseptic on the cloth they used), cleaned up the vomit, and told me again to LOVE MOMMY NOW! Again I stared but was still unable to move. The nun then held a long needle over a candle while she glared at me. The other nun held my mouth and nose shut with one hand and held me still with her other arm. Then the nun with the needle lifted my arm, slowly moved the needle toward me as I watched in terror, and burned my under arm. Then she immediately shoved the rag dripping with antiseptic against the burn, and that hurt much worse than the actual burn did. I wanted to scream, but was muffled because I couldn't exhale. She then told me my whole body would burn like that in hell forever and ever if I didn't obey Jesus. She pushed my face into the vulva again, and this time I began to do everything they told me; where to kiss mommy, how to kiss mommy, where to lick mommy, how to lick mommy, where to suck, how to suck, what to do with my lips, what to do with my tongue, what to do with my teeth, etc. etc. They both watched very closely, and the mean one screamed and slapped me if I did anything wrong or if I didn't understand. During all of it, I felt an intense fear, horror, dread, terror, confusion, shame, embarrassment, anxiety, self-loathing, nausea, and so forth, and all of it was mixed with the completely bizarre kinds of sexual feelings I had no way of processing. There is really no way to describe how much I suffered as I obeyed these nuns. Everything in me wanted to

not be there, not be doing what I was doing, but I was there doing it anyway. There was a war raging inside me during the entire ordeal.

After a while, one of them must have put a "devil" mask on my mom while I was preoccupied, and then propped her head up so that she was facing me. I stopped what I was doing, frozen in even deeper fear and dread, as "the devil" looked down at me. Her head then plopped back against the table, and I couldn't see the mask. They did that a few more times, alternating with the mask, then without the mask, then with, then without, etc., so that I would see looking down at me, first the devil, then my mommy, then the devil, then my mommy, then the devil, then my mommy, and so on several times. So she became "my mommy the devil" in my drugged mind. This simple association exercise put an impression in me to blame my own mother for the entire event; to associate all the evil of the entire ritual with my mother, rather than with those nuns; to blame my mother for how I felt inside, rather than this ritual. I must have passed out for a while. When I woke up, the two nuns were naked except for masks they were wearing. The masks were of young beautiful girls, like Halloween barbie masks, or fairy princess masks, beautiful and sparkly because of the belladonna (or whatever drug they gave me). Then they took turns forcing me to "love" them the way I had "loved" mommy. They were sitting on chairs with their legs open, both obese and very pungent, and I threw up again. I remember feeling the overwhelming intensity of anger as the mean one rubbed my face back and forth in the vomit, telling me I will burn in hell forever and ever if I do that again. They cleaned me up and continued to rape me. I heard sounds coming from them which, influenced by my fear and the drugs, sounded like monster/demon/devil type sounds, putting me into an even deeper fear - it was their sexual grunts and moans and heavy breathing and so forth, I presume. When they orgasmed, I thought they were dying or being tortured or something. It was all absolute horror, confusion, shame etc. in my little mind. After a long time they were done. The "nice" nun must have taken off her mask while I wasn't looking. She started sobbing and shaking, then picked me up and asked me to please please be just like Jesus, please forgive her just like Jesus would, please be her "little Jesus" and so forth. She held my head next to her heart and hummed soothing music and rocked back and forth for a while. As she stopped shaking and crying, I started to relax also, but then the other nun, who had put the devil mask on when I wasn't looking, who I had not seen while I was being rocked, suddenly lunged at my face and made a terrifying scream, and I must have passed out. I had already learned to associate that mask with my mother, but I know now it

could not have been her because she was so heavily drugged. More fear and blame associated with my mom.

The next thing I remember, I was being walked very quickly back across the parking lot, pulled by my hand so that I had to run to keep up, back to the church. Inside the vestibule the nun told my dad that I was a little sick and needed to go home. She bent down and gave me a big smile and told me I just had a bad dream and everything would be OK, then gave my dad a big smile too. I was so confused. I was looking up and my dad smiled down at me also. He didn't have a clue. How could he? How could anyone even fathom that something like this was going on in the world, much less that this had just happened to their own wife and child? He had no frame of reference for ritual abuse, obviously. Those same nuns, and others, both male and female, got me a couple more times before we moved to a new parish when I was 4.

WHY would they do this? WHY would they include my mother in the rape? WHY did they force a mother and son to have sex with each other? WHY all the masks and drugs and religious references? Why?: To make the rape completely unbelievable and completely disgusting, to both of us, and to anyone else who was ever told about what happened. To make it completely impossible for either of us to ever face what happened. To make the rape so abhorrent that no-one would take any communication about it seriously. To make it so abhorrent that their victims would *immediately* be disbelieved and rejected as insane if they tried to report the incident. To make it so abhorrent that the victims themselves would be unable to even think about it after it happened, and be incapable of believing what happened if they did try to remember. To make any suggestion of what happened evoke an immediate denial reflex, both in the victims and in anyone hearing or reading about the incident. WHY did they do it? **BECAUSE THAT IS HOW THEY GOT AWAY WITH IT.**

If I had "only" been raped by the two nuns, without any of the other ritual content added **TO** the rape, the effects on my mind would not have been nearly as agonizing and debilitating, and I would have remembered and reported it as soon as I was able. My inability to allow myself to remember what happened is what they hid behind. In order to remember the nuns rape, I had to also remember the entire ritual, including my own mother, because it was all one single incident.

And what about my mother's experience of this? She was drugged but partially conscious. Imagine what it did to her to look down and see her three year old son doing what I was doing, each time they lifted her

head up to see. In both cases, they hid the rape “behind” the ritual. The drugs, the devil masks, the Barbie/Princess masks, the constant references to hell and Jesus, my own mother being put into the ritual, and all the rest. It was all a smoke screen to utterly confuse us, and completely overwhelm us with confusion, shame, guilt and fear, all to conceal **RAPE**. (She was also raped many other times by other clergy.)

This is still going on today, all over the world, in secret, inside the Church and beyond it, on a scale much larger than any sane person would **WANT** to believe. Most of the adults involved in this live completely above the law, without a worry in the world, because normal folks refuse to acknowledge or address this problem.

DELAYED REACTIONS.

I wonder if it is a coincidence that most severe mental illness begins during puberty. Think about it. Does it make sense that most “schizophrenic” children begin showing symptoms at the same time puberty is ensuing, because the sexual feelings, urges, fantasies, insecurities and so on, which all start happening together during puberty, **REMINDE** the child of actual sexualized events that they already experienced when they were much younger, but repressed because of the drugs, shame, fear, threats and so on? Does it make sense that the sexual preoccupations and biological changes happening in the body during puberty would induce sexual memories in adolescents who were “ritually” raped as children? Sigmund Freud thought so when he was young. He even wrote a paper about it. Does it also make sense that those memories would make no sense at all to the adolescent, and that often the drugged, confused, helpless, terrifying **feelings** that were produced during the rape would be the bulk of what the adolescent would be remembering? Does it make sense that those newly induced memories of bizarre feelings etc. would **seem** to the adolescent like something new happening in the here and now? Is it a coincidence that “schizophrenia” ensues during puberty, and then subsides during menopause? Is it a coincidence that my mother did not become “schizophrenic” until **after** she converted to Catholicism as an adult? She was a beautiful successful nightclub singer before her conversion, but after a few years of attending her church, she suddenly started going crazy “for no reason at all”. I know the reason. I was there. I am an eye witness to the crime.

My dad gave the Catholic church at least a hundred thousand dollars over his lifetime. His reward for his loyalty was to have his wife and oldest son drugged, raped and driven insane by several members of their clergy.

Six children, several adults, third grade

The following ritual occurred at the beginning of third grade. There were six of us kids again, the same six I believe. We were blindfolded by four priests who had the same rock monster masks on their heads and devil-bird masks on their groins. We were all terrified, we could actually feel each others terror. The other five had obviously been raped individually in the same way I had been, because we all seemed to recognize the monsters as they blindfolded us. We were told that we had disobeyed God and committed so many mortal sins over the summer that God will never be able to forgive us now, so it was time to go to hell forever and ever. We were all thrown into a small closet (the same closet where NO BODY lived!) and told DON'T MAKE A SOUND! We were still blindfolded, all whimpering, shaking, terrified. It was very tight in there and we could not move. They may have bound our arms also, with the same black material they used to blindfold us. There was an animal in the closet with us, which must have been bound, immobilized and in agony. It must have been on a shelf a foot or so above our heads, because we could hear the absolutely horrific animal agony sounds coming from above us, yet very very close. There was no blood dripping down, so the animal must have been inside a baking pan or something. To me, it was NO BODY, inside that closet with us, torturing an animal, and we were in hell below him. Maybe I would be next. Imagine being a small child, having claustrophobia in hell, waiting to be tortured forever and ever, and hearing the torture going on just above your head. They left us in there for a very long time, it seemed like days, like forever. We thought we were in hell forever; we KNEW we were in hell forever. Inside that closet, in total darkness, hearing gurgling torture agony sound above our heads, knowing that NO BODY was in there with us, the drugs they gave us started taking affect, and our minds began creating the hell we knew we were in. There are no words to describe, even closely, the depth of suffering we endured while we were trapped inside hell forever. The spiral into fear, as time passed, was torture, literally, for our minds. As the minutes passed, seeming like hours, we began sharing the most horrific hallucinations, emotions and so on, and our fear and suffering continued to reenforce itself in a vicious circle; the more fear we felt, the further we went into hell, and the further we went into hell, the more fear we felt, and so on. Impossible to describe with words. Finally the door opened, a boy and girl were pulled out, and the door was shut again. We could hear sounds outside of those two being raped and so on. We didn't see, but we KNEW what was going on. It was actually comforting in some horrific fashion.

For a short while anyway. Then hell crept back into the closet and we could not keep it away. What seemed like hours went by, and the four of us ended up soiling ourselves, so the closet smelled similar to the animals we had sacrificed before. Eventually we all got sick in there also. The animal above us must have died in the meantime, because it was no longer making sounds. After forever, they brought me and a girl out of the closet. By then we had both been drifting in and out of consciousness, and were both lethargic. They woke us up by taking off the blindfolds and screaming in our faces very intensely that we were disgusting filthy pigs and so on, as they stripped our clothes off and then smashed our faces into the feces and urine in the clothes, smearing it all over our faces. We were crying and shaking and begging them to stop. We both threw up, so two of them grabbed the back of our necks and pushed us to the floor and rubbed our faces back and forth through the vomit against the floor, then left us laying there naked, covered in filth. The other two ejaculated all over us. Then we were cleaned off and packets of water were dumped on us over and over again. Then they grabbed us and threw us on a mat. They picked the girl up by her hair and threw her on top of me, so that her face was against my penis. Both of us were shaking and whimpering. They screamed at us to SHUT UP. My penis was put in her mouth and she was forced to have oral sex with me while the man over the top of her watched closely and gave instructions. I remember feeling overwhelmingly ashamed, embarrassed and guilty, and feeling so sorry for her, and I felt like I loved her and she was like an angel, but then I hated her because I "knew" I would be punished for loving her. The priest watching me told me to put my mouth on her c - - t, and "slice" my tongue in and out of her. I did what I was told, but he said I wasn't doing it fast enough, and he punched me on the side of my head so hard it made a loud crack. I tried hard not to cry, and wondered if my skull was smashed in, but then I started doing it real fast so I wouldn't get hurt again. As he watched up close, he was breathing hard and saying things like "yes, faster, that's good that's good" and so on. After a couple minutes, two other monsters stood above us, urinated all over us, then masturbated and ejaculated all over us. Throughout those few minutes, which seemed like forever, they purposely exaggerated and sort of caricatured their grunts and moans and other sex sounds, sounding like animals, reminiscent of the animals being cut open. The sex sounds were disgusting and horrifying to us; they were the sounds of torture and hell. Possibly animals were being tortured nearby, I'm not sure. After all the "sex" was over, we were screamed at that we were going to burn in hell forever and ever

unless we beg forgiveness from Almighty God, and sacrifice another animal to Him. We were snatched up by our hair and shoved towards two tables, each with a baby goat (a KID) tied helpless on it, belly up. We were each handed a knife and told to cut it open. We did as we were told, the animals made horrible sounds, we suffered the overwhelming guilt, self-hate, horror etc. as we did it, our faces were shoved into the guts, we were both ordered to chew and swallow, we both got sick and passed out, we were both punished for it, then we were crying and they gave us a paper cup with some juice. That was the end of that “ritual” as far as I remember.

The next big ritual, which took place at the beginning of fourth grade, was so similar to the one just described, that there is no point in repeating it. It is apparent to me now, that we were raped in a single elaborate ritual at the beginning of each school year to get us back under their control, and then raped individually throughout the year, (usually in a bathroom), having been “programmed” to robotically obey during that beginning ritual.

“CHEMICAL IMBALANCE”

Another bogus “theory” of mental illness is the “chemical imbalance” theory, based on an experiment that was “probably” influenced by donations promised to a university by a drug company (I won’t mention names in order to avoid legal problems which I can’t afford. Anti-depressants rake in 12 billion a year for the pharmaceutical industry, by the way.) The experiment consisted of chemicals being extracted from the blood of a severely mentally ill adult, and then injected into a monkey, and the monkey then became “mentally ill” (very agitated and anxious) for several hours. A few days later this was done to the monkey a second time, the monkey became very agitated again, but the monkey was then given drugs to calm it down, and of course it did calm down and feel better. This was publicized as “proof” that chemicals in the persons’ blood were **causing** mental illness, **AND**, as “proof” that those bad chemicals in the blood were **caused** by malfunctioning chemical processes within the persons’ brain.

This is the worst kind of “science”, purposely misleading. An association between two phenomena does not in any way suggest, much less prove, that either one caused the other. The causal relationship (which one caused the other), if there even is one, must be determined as a separate case. An association between two phenomena is just that: an association; the two things “go together” for some unknown reason. Some unknown reason. That reason must be determined separately, or in

addition to, the simple fact that the two phenomena (i.e. altered chemicals and mental illness) often appear together.

If a man poisons' someone, and then injects chemicals from their blood into a monkey, that monkey will then be poisoned also. If you did not **see** the man poison the person, you might **assume** that the blood became poisoned spontaneously, as a result of some brain malfunction, but that is all it would be: an **assumption**. If a child then told you that you that s/he saw a man poison the person, but you decided **for your own peace of mind** that the child was making it all up, then you might **imagine** your conclusion is correct, without **any proof whatsoever**, purposely ignoring the direct testimony of the child.

The **fact** is, that violent sexual trauma, especially when it includes the use of drugs (poisons) ingested by the victims, causes **profound** changes in the biology and chemistry of those victims, and this is well known and proven beyond the shadow of any doubt. Severe PTSD causes profound chemical imbalances; and, severe PTSD is caused by - severe **TRAUMA**. A chemical alteration may be **associated with** mental illness, but as already stated, an **association** between two phenomena does not suggest or prove causality; it is just that; an association. The **FACT** is, that the chemical alterations **associated with** severe mental illness, are generally **caused** by some sort of severe sexual trauma; sexual trauma which was combined in some way with violence, deception and drugs.

Another quick comparison, for the sake of clarity: Suppose I get a large thorn lodged in my hand while doing some landscaping. Very painful. According to the "chemical imbalance" theory, the thorn is **not** the cause of my pain. **The cause of my pain is the electro-chemical signal being transmitted between my hand and my brain.** And, as "proof" of this conclusion, when I ingest a few Vicodins, that electro-chemical signal is interrupted, and I feel no more pain, **"proving"** that my pain was **caused** by an electro-chemical imbalance. The thorn had nothing to do with it; it was a chemical problem which had a chemical solution. **THAT** is exactly the logic of the "chemical imbalance" theory of mental illness.

However, the reason this idea is so popular, is because it is so much easier, and so much less painful, for both the mental health worker AND the client, to blame a malfunction of the clients' brain, and then prescribe drugs to relieve symptoms, than to actually dig up the horrific memories of what actually happened. The vast majority of folks who carry repressed

memories of severe violent disgusting childhood sexual trauma, will **vehemently** oppose any notion that something might have happened to them, because the reality is so utterly disgusting, and because they were threatened with death and torture which was clearly demonstrated, and because so much pain would be involved in re-living the trauma, which is what happens when repressed memories surface; the victim re-lives the traumatic event. In fact, it is a misnomer to state that repressed memories “come to the surface” when someone remembers a traumatic event: it is much more accurate to state that the person mentally and emotionally returns to the event itself, and re-lives what happened. That’s what a flashback is. This is excruciatingly painful, because even though the victim may be an adult when s/he begins to remember, s/he will re-live it as the child, picking up exactly where the memory left off, feeling all the fear, confusion, self-loathing etc. that the child felt during the actual event. This type of flashback happened to me many times over a period of about 3 years, with one period of about 3 months of very intense flashbacks along the way, as I uncovered what had actually happened to me and my mom. (This is also common for soldiers after returning from war; they will re-live events or portions of events that they had completely “forgot about”, several months or years after returning home, suddenly remembering what happened. While the flashback is happening, they will believe that they are back in the war. This is very common.)

I must admit, that if I had not seen the misery my mother endured, I would never have pursued any of this, and would probably be sitting on my couch full of Xanax watching re-runs of MASH, self-convinced that I have something wrong with me, because that would be so much easier than remembering all this sickness, and then trying in vain to educate folks who don’t want to be educated. ***Which is, of course, exactly how these organized perps keep getting away with raping and brutalizing people, year after year, century after century.***

We never assume that a broken body happened spontaneously; if someone has a broken arm we know something broke it, even if we didn’t personally see it happen. But if someone has a broken mind, we have all been convinced that the mind broke itself as a result of some sort of nervous system malfunction. That conclusion is not correct, not accurate, not the truth. Mental health professionals who adhere to the chemical imbalance mythology (or any other mythology of mental illness) actually aid and abet and ***provide an alibi*** for sadistic child rapists, by using their position as “mental health experts” to deny ***or minimize*** the memories of

hundreds of thousands of ritual abuse victims. The solution to the mystery of severe mental illness is, in fact, in most cases, repressed memory.

***** REPRESSED MEMORY *****

Six children, six adults, fifth grade

The next "big" rape/ritual happened the following year. The same six of us were blindfolded again by the same monster/demons, thrown into the same closet, in there "forever", drugs took hold of us, we heard NO BODY torturing an animal above us, we all went through hell, etc. etc. Suffering beyond description. After forever, we were all taken out at the same time, all punished for crapping and vomiting, all stripped naked, all had our faces rubbed in filth as we were hit and screamed at, etc. etc. Then we were all forced to suck the demons' snoots, all to 69 each other, anal sex each other, and every other form of "sex" they ordered us to do. All of us were hit and screamed at if we didn't do things "right", all told how filthy and disgusting we were, all heard the exaggerated sex/torture/animal sounds coming from the monsters, and so on. When the sex was over they told us we are going to hell forever, etc.

This time, to demonstrate hell, they made two of the girls get up on the table, and they faced the rest of us toward them. They laid them back and opened their legs and left us there staring at their vulvas. They both were shaking uncontrollably. I remember staring at their shaking vulvas and feeling erotic feelings that I had never felt before, mixed of course with fear, guilt, shame, self-hate, powerlessness, extreme embarrassment, revulsion, compassion for the girls, confusion, and so on. A monster stood to the right of the girl on the right, and to the left of the girl on the left, then both reached down and opened up the girls vulva "lips", exposing the area on the side that is usually covered by the fold of skin. I stared at the opened shaking vulvas and was overwhelmed by erotic feelings. Then the monsters each took a lit candle, and slowly moved it down toward the girls vulvas, as they chanted, in very low serious voices, along with the other adults who were there, something like "from life to life, from hell to hell, the fires of pain, burn brats who TELL". At the word "tell" they burned the girls on the area that was exposed. The candles smoked and went out. The girls screamed, and I was totally confused by what I was feeling, because it seemed like a totally erotic event, even as I felt so bad for those two girls. The monsters had rags dripping with the strong antiseptic, and they shoved those dripping rags onto the girls vulvas. The girls screamed again and must have both passed out because they both stopped shaking, stopped moving. I wondered if they had been killed and sent to hell for being so evil. I was glad it wasn't me. I actually felt some

sort of relief for a short second or two, but I was still feeling erotic emotions and wanting to masturbate like the monsters did, but I was too embarrassed to ask them if it was ok. But then, while still holding the girls vulva lips open, the priests began raping the girls very slowly with the long thin candles. It was the most erotic feeling I'd ever felt. Watching it in front of me was somehow much different than when we had all been forced to do things directly to each other. It was like a relief, I'm not exactly sure why. I could not stop myself from masturbating as I watched those candles moving slowly in and out of the girls opened vulvas, and I felt totally connected with the monsters. Evil was ecstasy, and I understood it, and I absolutely loved it. For about thirty seconds, until I realized the monsters were laughing at me. Then the overwhelming intensity was suddenly gone, and I began feeling overwhelming embarrassment. Then guilt, then intense self-hatred. I absolutely hated myself once again. That embarrassment, guilt, self-hate, etc. stayed with me the rest of my life, as did all of this sickness. The two girls were taken away, and the four of us were told "DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE". We stood there shivering, naked and cold for a long time, until eventually they came back with the two girls, who were both walking like robots as they approached us, staring straight ahead blankly. I remember vividly that their eyes were very glassy. Watching them approach like robots, and seeing their blank stare, straight ahead as if nothing was there, put me immediately into a deep deep fear. I can't begin to describe it. Whatever just happened to them had obviously happened to me before. It reminded me of extreme physical pain, as if I'd been physically tortured in some way and was suddenly remembering the torture. I do remember *that* vividly. Then the six of us were put in a circle where we were forced to do more "sex" of every variation, while the monsters circled us, holding large crucifixes above their heads, chanting more threats and ridiculing us, as they masturbated. When they were finished ejaculating and urinating on us, we were bound and blindfolded, then thrown back into that closet, where we all went to hell forever in between passing out and coming to. That is all I remember about that ritual.

Six children, several adults, sixth grade

The last rape that involved all 6 of us happened the beginning of the following year. Same kind of closet, same NO BODY torturing an animal, same hell, same variations of sex, and so on. Same self hatred, fear, confusion, horror, drugs etc. etc. The drugs were always combinations of sedatives and hallucinogens, I believe Valium and belladonna, if my research is correct. We were in a different place though, because there

were huge paintings of people being burned alive and tortured all around us, which I had not seen before, terrifying under the circumstances. Toward the end of the rape, they circled us and kicked us for a while, as they held crucifixes and chanted, as we laid there in all the filth. They chanted over and over again: **“God controls the people, we control God!”**, and they kicked us in unison with the second “God” of each sentence. This went on repeatedly for quite a while. They then stood us up and ordered us boys to punch, slap and spit on the girls. If we hit them too hard, or not hard enough, or tried to stop, the monsters punched us hard and threatened us with hell, etc. We were not to hit them anywhere marks would show, and we were not to hit them so hard as to leave a dark bruise. All this time we were all coved in filth, etc. I felt like a coward more lowly than anything the monsters could have called me, and I felt so sorry for the girls, but I kept on slapping and spitting on them until we were told to stop. The girls looked at us with desperation, loathing, hate, love, terror, confusion, pleading and so on as we continued to assault them. I was not physically able to disobey the priests; my nervous system had been trained (“programmed”). ~~I hated myself and wanted to be dead, except I~~ was terrified of death because I “knew” I would go to hell as soon as I died. Then we all sacrificed animals to God, ate the insides etc., then drugged again, and so on. Horror beyond horror.

CRIME TECHNOLOGY

ALL TECHNOLOGY, including crime technology, began very simple, and then became more complex over time, eventually over-reaching the intelligence of the people using that technology. As a comparison: There has never been a single human being smart enough to design the television set in your house. Televisions began as relatively simple machines, much simpler than modern sets, with no color and just a few basic systems; vacuum tubes, picture tube, and so on. Even those first simple machines were produced by teams of people working together, using theories that had been developed over several centuries by many other scientists and engineers. They would try out one idea at a time, combine successful results, and so on, until finally a working TV was “born”. No single human could possibly have designed and produced a TV from scratch, even the most simple. Since then, thousands of changes have been added, one change at a time usually, and the sets became more and more complex and sophisticated. Technology, like life, starts out simple, but then becomes more complex over time.

The “technology” of this organized crime syndicate has progressed over time in the same fashion. It began very simple back before the days of the Holy Roman Empire, basically rape and threaten, but then one idea was added, (blindfold, rape and threaten), then another (drug the victim, blindfold, rape and threaten), and another and another and another and another, throughout the reign of Emperor Caligula and his elaborate torture orgies, throughout the Spanish inquisition, century after century, until now, a few thousand years later, modern “satanic” rituals are the result. They are still **basically** rape and threaten rituals, except with a few thousand years of ideas added to them, so that they have become extremely violent, elaborate, sophisticated and so bizarre - on purpose - that they are unbelievable to the average person. The rituals have been changed and refined thousands of times over thousands of years, just as all the methods of this cult have been. The prime directive, of course, is to remain secret, and they do remain secret because they have developed sophisticated methods to induce normal folks, including the police, military and so on, to ignore, deny, disbelieve and blame the hundreds of thousands of victims who have reported these activities. But the point is, they are not getting away with murder, torture and rape because they are so intelligent or “supernatural”, they are getting away with it because they have developed methods, over many centuries, which work for **them**. This applies to all criminal science; it started out simple, became more complex over time, then finally became refined into it’s present state - loose networks of crooks and sadists infesting many aspects of government, media, militaries and corporations, as well as religious, Masonic and other institutions. That is not pessimism or cynicism, that is simply a **fact**. Pessimism and cynicism is when the majority of human beings blame each other for situations which are caused, in **fact**, by a relatively small minority of organized criminals. It is very pessimistic and cynical to blame yourself and your neighbor for a situation that was created by someone else.

THE SUIT AND TIE RITUAL

Another elaborate ritual involved only myself and several adults. There were three “monsters”: The first “monster” was a woman’s vulva (one of the nuns, I assume) disguised as a large spider. She was laying back on a table with her legs open, but there was black cloth covering all of her except for around her exposed vulva and anus. There were two terrifying “spider eyes” at the top (where most of the hair is), there were also two large pincers at the top, and there were hairy spider legs drawn or maybe pasted some way to her thighs, coming out from the sides of her

vulva, so that it all looked like some kind of spider-monster staring at me. The eyes were round and white, with large pitch-black oval pupils inside the white circles, with deep red spirals inside the black ovals. The terrifying spiral spider eyes peered into my soul.

There was also a male devil-snake monster. The devil-snake mask was attached around the priests' hips, and the rest of him was covered in black cloth; he did not have a mask on his head; all I saw was the devil-snake. It looked like a combination of a devil and a cobra with its hood extended and its mouth open. The penis protruded from the center of the mouth, implying the snake's tongue.

There was chanting in Latin going on, and also a rhyme in English: ***"God makes the spiders and God makes the snakes; She makes them on purpose, She makes no mistakes."*** Very low, very serious voices chanting this over and over, both male and female voices. I am guessing it was a recording in a loop.

I was first faced toward the spider-monster, and forced to lick, suck, etc. It was disgusting and horrifying to me, but I stopped myself from vomiting because of an even more terrifying threat, which I don't precisely remember. (Something excruciatingly painful that caused me to pass out, I believe.) As I continued, I could hear the repetitious chanting, and I could hear the nuns' grunting and moaning and so on, which sounded like hell sounds to me. Terror, confusion, nausea, and so on; I was back in hell again. After a while, I was pulled back a couple feet from the spider and forced to stare at it. I then heard grunting noises as I watched feces coming out of the spider's anus. I was forced to catch it in my mouth and I then began vomiting violently into a bucket. As I threw up, I could hear adults laughing, while at the same time a priest whispered in my ear that everyone in the world hates me, and everyone in the world wants me dead, everyone in the world loves to watch me suffer, knows I'm crazy, stupid, evil, etc. etc. etc.

I was cleaned up and faced toward the devil-snake. The snake tongue was not circumcised. An adult hand was manipulating the foreskin so that I would notice it and see it clearly, but I did not know what I was looking at. I was forced to orally engage the snake tongue as the chant ***"God makes the spiders and God makes the snakes; She makes them on purpose, She makes no mistakes."*** repeated in the background. The demon-eyes stared into my soul, slowly close then slowly back, over and over, I went into a deep fear-trance, into hell, etc. After a while I was told that the snake poison would kill me if I drank it, and then I was forced to

drink it (as the priest ejaculated). I “knew” I would die, and I passed out. As I woke up some time later, a new version of a rock-monster was standing over me. It was much more human looking; the eyes of the mask were very large, and appeared wise and compassionate, and the mask was a soft brown color instead of gray. It was the type of mask strapped around the priests hips, with a hole cut below the eyes where the nose would be. He was circumcised. He told me that he was my God, my protector, that I had died, but he had brought me back to life again, because I was going to be the new Jesus in the world. I believed him at the time, and it feels to me like there were very “positive” events happening as he was saying it, with “angels” singing to me and so forth, but I can’t precisely remember; probably tape recorded angelic choir music, etc., and maybe a couple of the girls caressing my face and so forth. That only lasted for a short minute. Then “God” “killed” the snake-monster as I watched, “strangling” it “to death”, then he “killed” the spider-monster by “stabbing” it “to death” over and over with his long nose. (He masturbated the male and had sex with the female, while he told me he was killing them to protect me and keep me safe, etc.). Both the snake and spider made “horrible” noises as they “died” (sex noises as they orgasmed). Then myself and the protector went into a room with a large mirror across the wall, probably a bathroom. I was cleaned up and dressed in a suit and tie, and stood next to the protector. The height of my face was about even with his “face” (the mask), and we both faced the mirror. Then I believe they just flipped the lights on and off a few times while they banged on something that sounded like thunder, as he chanted something like: “I am the Father, the God Almighty, protector of Heaven and Earth. You are my son, the new Messiah, and I will protect you as you obey my will on Earth” and so on. Then I saw the shape of a suit and tie, both on the “God” and myself, and somehow felt like I belonged exclusively to him. Can’t remember everything that was said or done to convey this, but it was set in my mind. I was his possession, forever. (see the attached illustrations)

So: **SYMBOLICALLY**, the circumcised father-protector saved me from the nauseating unclean spider-monster (“**woman**”), and the evil **uncircumcised** devil-snake (**natural** man), and then I became his possession.

((What kinds of humans might a sadistic pedophile consider as enemies? **Natural** men, and all **women** maybe? And what kinds of humans would an Emperor, of a military Empire, need to subdue and disenfranchise in order to make his military empire seem “normal” to his

citizen-slaves? ***Natural*** men who ***fight*** for their rights (instead of hero-worshipping their masters), and ***women***, who feel compassion and empathy (for those being slaughtered by the empire)? The Holy Roman Empire, for instance? Any and all empires maybe? The word “colonialism” comes to mind.))

There are three other incidences which were very impacting on me, but which I can't place in context. They probably happened before, during or after a ritual, but I only remembered them separately, when the memories came to me during flashbacks.

Hating my own mother ritual

I was in a fairly well lit room with two adult men. I was drugged. There was a table or large desk in the front of the room, across from the door. I believe it was a classroom in the school; I remember the cinder-block walls, same as the school. A third man came into the room, carrying a woman over his shoulder; she was either unconscious or very heavily sedated. He flung her onto the table like she was a piece of luggage, and I saw she was my mom. She was naked, and the men took turns raping her as I watched. I thought they were killing her, or that she was already dead. I felt everything a small boy would feel watching his naked mom being killed by three different men. Panic, confusion, terror, helplessness, cowardice because I could not move to protect her, and so on. I couldn't move. I was such a coward in my own mind, I hated myself again. But then the drugs they gave me began to take hold, and I was back in hell again. After a time, they were cursing her, calling her a c-nt and a bi - ch and so forth, urinating and spitting on her, and they brought me over and made me do it also, under the threat of torture. Whatever they threatened me with, or however they did it, I changed suddenly, and became like one of them. I was identifying with them, as part of their group, in order to avoid being tortured again. Very difficult to explain; I was playacting, but didn't consciously realize it, but still felt it wasn't me, but became who they wanted me to be anyway. I became a little dead-end kid, cursing and spitting and pissing on my own mother, along with the big men who were my new buddies, fully convinced that she deserved it, being encouraged and patted on the back, by men who acted as if I was doing something great, or had made a great accomplishment, the way you might encourage a child when first learning to ride a bike. I must have passed out during this, because it's all I remember of that incident, nothing before or after, and don't remember precisely what they did to turn me.

FALSE MEMORY SYNDROME

“False memory syndrome” is an accusation, directed at folks who have flashbacks, accusing them of inventing their memories during therapy. The term “false memory syndrome” was ***not*** coined by a therapist or scientist. The term “false memory syndrome” was a purely ***legal*** invention, which lawyers and one psychiatrist working for the CIA pulled out of their behinds, in order to discredit the hundreds of folks who had been experimented on by the CIA, who were suing the government. This is now a very well documented **FACT**, beyond any doubt, reasonable or otherwise. The original “false memory syndrome” was ***not*** a theory or even a credible hypothesis, it was simply an ***accusation***, based on manufactured evidence, aimed directly at the folks who were remembering what the government had done to them. Those folks were ***accused*** of inventing false memories during therapy, by lawyers working for the government. Then, the CIA used this baseless accusation to attack the therapists and lawyers who were helping these folks, ruined a few careers, threatened a few with time in prison, and thereby sent a clear message to all the other therapists and lawyers in this country. This is also a well documented ***fact***. The Catholic church picked up on this strategy, and mimicked it exactly during the 80’s when so many hundreds of ritual abuse victims were beginning to report what had happened to them. Since then, a few “scholarly” articles have been written touting “false memory syndrome” as some sort of science, but offering no credible evidence, and never addressing the fact that those accused of inventing false memories had been enduring a variety of post-traumatic symptoms ***long before*** their flashbacks. If the memories were “implanted by bad therapists” in the 1980s, then ***why*** had the clients been suffering classic PTSD symptoms, memory lapses and so on since the 1950s or 60s?

Do you remember your first bicycle? As an experiment, can you try to remember your first bicycle, or one of your early childhood bicycles, and bring it to mind? Were you remembering that bike before you read the question? Probably not. Is that a false memory? Did I just “implant” a false memory of your childhood bicycle in your mind, simply by reminding you of it? Of course not. Therapists who believe the false memory idea do so simply because they don’t ***want*** to believe the ***facts*** regarding ritual abuse and government experimentation on U.S. citizens.

All of that information, all of the testimonies and reports of government experiments and ritualized rape that came to public attention during the 80’s got swept under the rug during the 90s, and now there is no communication about this subject anywhere in any “legitimate” media,

except for the occasional outright denial of reality on reruns of fictitious cop shows like “special victims”.

It is very important to separate fiction from fact, accusation from evidence, opinion from testimony, conclusion from proof, denial from discernment, and so on.

There is a paradox here, in that, very often, folks who have witnessed and been victims of horrific violence, will only remember what they can handle remembering at any specific time. So that, a ritual abuse victim might remember only a portion of an event, leaving out the worst of it, and then, several months later, remember the rest of the event, including a murder or other directly violent act, when his or her mind is more able to handle that memory. This is very common. Therapists who work with veterans often witness this form of memory happening in stages. Very often, the ex-soldier will remember only what he can handle remembering, leaving out the most violent aspect of an event, and then later, sometimes years later, he will remember the rest of what actually happened. For instance, he will have a flashback of blowing up a barn full of animals, and feel horrible about what happened, but then years later he will have another flashback where he remembers that there were also several children hiding in that barn who also got blown away. This kind of “tiered memory syndrome” is very common among ritual abuse survivors and other childhood trauma survivors. We remember things in stages, remembering the least horrible aspects first, and then remembering the most horrible aspects months or years later, when we can finally handle the memory (when we feel safe enough to remember).

This process, of remembering traumatic events in stages, from the least to the most violent aspects, is the ***OPPOSITE*** of the bogus “false memory syndrome” idea, used by lawyers to accuse victims of ***inventing false memories***.

There is also a common problem, of mental health therapists influencing clients who have flashbacks of ritual abuse, to minimize the memories, so that they won't be as violent, perverse, unbelievable, bizarre, etc. This is just human nature: wanting to believe the best, not wanting to believe the worst. “It wasn't really ***that*** bad, look how good you are doing!” My own therapist did that sort of thing several times without even realizing she was doing it, and she was the best of many therapists. I know another ritual abuse victim, a woman, who did in fact witness the sacrifice of a baby during a ritual. (This is a well documented occurrence during these rituals, unfortunately.) Her therapist nonetheless tried to convince her that it wasn't really a baby, it was just a baby doll, and it

wasn't really blood, it was just ketchup or something like that. And then, on top of that, the therapist tried to convince her that she was the one who had "updated" the memories, not the therapist. With no evidence whatsoever, this therapist, ***for her own peace of mind***, decided that no baby was ***actually*** killed, and the client wasn't ***actually*** tortured during the ritual her client was remembering. "Pedophiles just trick children to believe these things in order to intimidate them." Yes, pedophiles do trick children in many different ways, and of course ***some*** of the murders seen by children before or after being raped are fake, used to terrify and intimidate the child. But I am equally sure that "satanic ritual abuse" is very real, and ***VERY*** violent, and has been going on in one form or another at least since the time of Caligula. (Study Caligula, or the inquisition, or the thousands of testimonies of victims in the last few decades, if you can't accept the cruelty some humans are capable of.) And I am also sure that everything I have reported here is 100% accurate, because I only included memories which I was totally sure of.

The ***real*** "false memory syndrome" happens when a client, who is enduring a period of emotional torment because of flashbacks, who has become totally dependent on his therapist, agrees with the therapist to minimize, change or doubt his memories, because the therapist suggests or implies that what he remembers might not have happened ***as he remembers it***. "***Something happened***, of course, ***BUT***, maybe it was not ***really*** a baby that got killed, or an animal ***actually*** being tortured, maybe you were just tricked, or maybe your memories have changed over the years. ***I*** am the expert, and I ***KNOW*** all about how memories work, because I read a book and took a course, and therefore ***I know more about your memories than you do!***" Those are not the words used, of course, but that is the message, loud and clear, that many therapists convey to clients who have experienced full-blown ritual abuse, because those therapists simply don't ***want*** to believe it. They can't handle the reality of this kind of perverse violent crime, happening in secret, to little children, on such a large scale. (A form of cognitive dissonance, of course, on the part of the therapist.)

It is very important to separate fiction from fact, accusation from evidence, opinion from testimony, conclusion from proof, denial from discernment, and so on.

 The next two incidences were murders I witnessed. Both of these memories came to me, like all the others, during flashbacks, but both

came a couple years apart, beginning a couple years after the bulk of my flashbacks had subsided.

Boy strangled

This happened in a dark basement, either the school, church or rectory. There was a young boy my own age and size facing me. An adult was standing behind him, also facing me. I can't remember the adults face, because it was in a shadow, I'm assuming on purpose so I could never identify him. He picked the boy up by his throat and strangled him to death in front of me. I do remember the boys' face, I will never forget him. He had dark skin, but his face had white features. I did not know any black folks when I was a kid, accept our housekeeper, so I remember noticing that the insides of his hands were lighter colored than the rest of him, just like hers. But he had a thin nose and lips, which was something very odd to me, as I had seen other black folks on TV and such, but had never seen one with a white face. I know now he was either mixed race or dark hispanic. I noticed those things all in the first couple seconds, until I realized what was happening in front of me. I mostly remember his legs kicking. I remember glancing up at his face, after he had been lifted up by his throat, but he looked so distorted and terrified that I looked back down immediately. I must have passed out then, because that is all I remember; I don't remember when he stopped kicking, or what happened before or after, and I don't remember any voices or words. I assume that this was a demonstration of what happens to boys who "tell".

Baby murdered

Finally, the worst, and the last flashback. Again in a dark basement. A pregnant nun was laying on a cot. She was not strapped down, but she did not try to escape. There were two adult men in the room. One had his back to me the entire time, and the other was one of the priests who had control of me. The one who had his back to me cut open the pregnant nun and took out the baby. She wailed a kind of sound I cannot describe, but she never tried to get up or run away. That is how much power they had over her. The man doing the cesarian, with no anesthesia, was partially blocking my view of what he was doing, but I know what happened because he then pulled out the baby, and the chord was still attached. They put a blanket under the baby and calmed it down, then the priest made me put my finger under the baby's fingers and told me to "tremble your finger, like this", to induce the baby to latch on. The baby finally did latch onto my finger, and after about two seconds, after I had made the emotional connection with the baby, a knife came down and cut the baby open, exactly as had been done to the animals in previous rituals.

The nun watched and wailed horrifically. Beyond words. The sadness that came over me then is beyond description. I felt it rising in me as soon as the baby grasped my finger, because I had made a connection with that baby, the same as any normal person would when a new baby grasps it's tiny hand around their finger, but I knew what was coming; I knew what had to be inevitable in this situation. I had graduated, from animals to humans. As the baby was cut open, as the nun wailed horrifically, as I felt a crushing sadness that can't be described in words, the priest stood over the baby as he cut it open, acting like he was breathing in the baby's spirit, like he was drinking a fine wine, like he was "getting his fix"; satisfying some kind of addiction, and so on. I don't remember what happened before or after this; this is the entire flashback.

I'm crying while I write this, even though it's been over 50 years since it happened, and over 10 years since I had this flashback. It took me over two years, of being alone, crying several times a week, keeping to myself at work and always working alone, never asking for help because I would have to face another human being, to get over this one memory. I saw my shrink every week for several years, the best therapist I'd found out of many, but nothing helped the pain very much, only time.

HOMOSEXUAL VS. SADOSEXUAL.

I hated homosexuals for quite a few years, because I was not able to differentiate between adult homosexuals who have adult homosexual proclivities, and the sadistic pedophile types who had raped and brutalized me. But I realized later that these men also raped little girls, animals, my own mother, and I assume other adult women as well. This type is neither homosexual nor heterosexual, they are sadosexual; sexual sadists, who are unable to function sexually unless they are causing pain and taking power over whoever they rape (vacuous Hollywood movies notwithstanding). Typically, a sadosexual is a man who is impotent in any ***mutual*** adult sexual situation; a man who must hurt and subdue his victim first in order to "get it up", and then continue hurting etc. in order to "get off". If he is not in control of his terrified victim, nothing "works" for him, and conversely, when he ***is*** in control, causing pain and fear, everything works, and he feels like superman having super-orgasms. Sick as that sounds, it is accurate, according to my research and my own memory of these "people". This type will rape children of course, because children can so easily be controlled, but will also rape adults when they can get away with it.

No-one would ever equate a man who rapes little girls with a normal adult heterosexual man; we would not assume there is a connection

between an adult man who feels sexually attracted to adult women, and an adult man who feels sexually attracted to little girls. We know that these are two **separate** phenomena. It is the same with homosexuality. We are mistaken if we assume that there is a connection between adult men who feel sexually attracted to other adult men, and adult men who feel sexually attracted to little boys. These are ***two separate phenomena***. Adult homosexuals, who only engage with other adult homosexuals, when both are consenting, willing and wanting to engage, ***in private***, are not the problem; are not any kind of problem at all. (In fact, if we leave them alone, accept them, and don't force them to put up a front of marriage to the opposite gender, then they can't reproduce, can they?)

Also, a percentage of adult homosexual men became homosexual ***because*** they were repeatedly raped by a "nice" man when they were children. The violence, in this case, was spiritual, emotional, and biological, regardless of how "sweetly" the pedophile convinced the child to act. In this case, ***pedophilia*** is the problem, ***not*** homosexuality. These facts apply equally to women, of course.

Whenever homosexuality is equated with pedophilia, it ***HELPS THE PEDOPHILES***. It provides cover for the pedophiles secret activities, it confuses the real issue, which is ***consensual vs. non-consensual*** sex, it allows the public to focus on a non-issue while ignoring the epidemic of child rape which has been going on for centuries, and it forces the gay community to remain neutral about the subject of pedophilia, or even encouraging tolerance of pedophilia because they are trying to encourage tolerance of homosexuality.

The ***only*** sexual activity which is a crime or a problem is that which is forced, coerced, etc. The only sexual activity which is any business of law enforcement or the government is NON-CONSENSUAL SEX; in other words, RAPE (and ***all*** sex with a child is non-consensual; ***all*** sex with a child is rape, regardless of whether or not the child "agreed"). THAT is the problem, not homosexuality, or trans or whatever. What goes on in private, between consenting adults of sound mind, ***away from the awareness of children***, is no-one's business, is not a problem, and is not THE problem. Nothing you have read here is remotely connected with normal adult homosexuality; these are not "queers", they are sadists - ***NOT THE SAME***. Public figures who loudly condemn homosexuality are often doing so as a smokescreen to ***cover*** for violent pedophilia in high places of government, religion, etc.

(Incidentally, if you are gay, the best thing you could possibly do to promote gay tolerance, would be to loudly condemn pedophilia, and ALL

other types of decadent non-consensual sexual activity. You could start G.A.P - Gays Against Pedophilia, and actually mean it. Historically, cultures swing back and forth between dictatorship and decadence, precisely because victimless non-violent alternative lifestyles are purposely associated with decadent violent lifestyles, *by the governments*, so that the unsuspecting majority will eventually reject **ALL** alternatives, and embrace the newest dictatorship, purportedly as the only means available to eliminate the decadence and protect the children. Rome and pre-war Germany are obvious examples of that strategy. (There is another obvious example, if you think about it for a few minutes.) If you are gay, you might want to consider putting a halt to this, by loudly separating yourself from rapists, pedophiles and so on. It would not only help you, it would suppress the drive toward dictatorship which **ALL** governments eventually succumb to.)

UNDERSTANDING SADO-SEXUALITY

This is probably the most important section of this paper, and is well worth reading a few times until a deep understanding is attained. I've done the best I can to explain it.

Sexuality is at once deeply personal AND personally all-encompassing. Sexuality impacts, touches, affects, etc. multiple layers, aspects, systems, processes, etc. of an individual's physiology, biology, psychology, spirituality, identity, personality, attitudes, relationships, and on and on. Sexuality affects almost every aspect of who an individual is, how s/he sees himself, how s/he feels, how s/he perceives reality, how his body functions, how his brain and nervous system interact with each other and with other systems of the body, how s/he relates to other people, and on and on. The reason this is significant, is because, whenever violence etc. becomes attached to sexuality, as a result of rape etc., then that violence will also impact all the other aspects of the total person which sexuality naturally impacts. For the victim, that violence produces fear, shame, self-loathing etc., all of which becomes attached to that victim's sexuality. For the rapist, that violence produces domination, power, invulnerability, etc., all of which becomes attached to the rapist's sexuality.

WHATEVER BECOMES ATTACHED TO SEXUALITY AS A RESULT OF EXPERIENCE, ALSO THEN, BECOMES ATTACHED TO EVERYTHING THAT SEXUALITY IS NATURALLY ATTACHED TO AS A RESULT OF BIOLOGY. The experience "piggy backs" onto the biology.

The experience attaches to the biology.

As a comparison: Sexuality, in its relationship to the human individual, can be compared to the bloodstream in its relationship to the human body. Blood will absorb nutrients OR poisons, whatever is ingested, and then carry those nutrients or poisons throughout the rest of the body, distributing them into the various areas of the body that blood passes through, for good or ill. The bloodstream is not all there is of course; there is so much more to the human body than only the bloodstream. And yet, the bloodstream profoundly affects the entirety of that body, and in fact, the entirety of the individual's life. Comparably to the bloodstream, sexuality will "absorb" (via memory etc.) experiences which have been sexualized, happy or painful, and then carry those sexualized experiences throughout the entirety of the individual, distributing them into all of the aspects of the person which sexuality naturally impacts and is naturally impacted by, for good or ill. Sexuality is not all there is of course; there is so much more to the individual than only sexuality. And yet, sexuality profoundly affects the entirety of that individual's life. (This is the foundation of "sex magic": sending "attachments" into individuals or groups through the vehicle of sexualized symbolism, etc. There is positive sex magic (Tantric, etc.), and unfortunately there is negative sex magic ("Satanism" etc.).

Following are a few examples to hopefully clarify this observation. It sometimes happens, that a busy person will suddenly and unexpectedly see a very attractive stranger. Engrossed in a task, the stranger's approach will not be noticed until he or she is very close, at which time the busy person will look up and be pleasantly surprised. When that happens, many involuntary physiological changes immediately take place: the pupils of the surprised looker's eyes suddenly dilate, the eyes suddenly open wide, the heart rate increases, respiration increases, perspiration increases, adrenalin, pheromones, and other chemicals are released suddenly from several different glands in the body, and so on, throughout the body. Almost every system of the body responds in some way, even down to the tiny complex muscles inside the eyes which control the pupils, including the sudden cascade of electro-chemical processes which directly and indirectly control those muscles. This is worth contemplating: human sexuality dynamically interacting with the tiny muscles inside a person's eye, which of course have nothing to do with sex, but which are nonetheless physically integrated with sexuality. And so it is with the entirety of the human body: with the entirety of human biology.

Another example: It has been proven through studies, unfortunately, that babies and children who look unattractive receive less positive attention and more negative attention, whereas babies and children who look more attractive receive more positive attention and less negative attention. This is true even of parents. "Ugly" babies and children are ignored more, blamed more, disproved of more, punished more, smiled at less, played with less, complimented less, etc., even by their own parents, whereas "good looking" babies and children are ignored less, blamed less, disproved of less, punished less, and, given the benefit of the doubt more, smiled at much more, admired more, tolerated more, etc. etc. This is unfortunately common to all cultures and races. "Attractive vs. unattractive" is an aspect of sexuality at its core, and this even affects the way parents unconsciously respond to their own children. ("Good looking" people have a better chance to thrive and reproduce, and this reality is imbedded deeply into our evolutionary biology; our "subconscious mind".)

A general observation: If you contemplate sexuality as a physician or biologist, and focus your thinking on the complexities involved in each stage of sexual activity, beginning with everything that happens physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually, as attraction first arises within an individual, then during foreplay, then during union, then during orgasm, then afterwards, it becomes obvious how all-encompassing sexual activity can be, especially while it is happening. Focusing only on the body, we can observe that the brain and entire nervous system, respiratory system, cardiac system, muscles, glands, and in fact every system of the body, and in fact the entire body itself becomes actively involved and affected by the sexual process as it progresses from one stage to the next. Add to that all the emotions, Spiritual aspects, identity aspects (virile vs. weakling; beautiful vs. ugly, masculine or feminine, etc.), and so forth, and the pervasiveness of sexual influence on the individual becomes apparent. Thinking as a scientist would think (rather than as a schoolboy), analyze the profound impact of the orgasm itself for a moment. During its brief duration, it is the most powerful and all encompassing experience that your body is capable of producing, again, involving every system of the body, and in fact the entire body itself. *** If, like Pavlov's dog, a specific bell was rung in your vicinity each time you had an orgasm, in only a short time the sound of that bell would activate many subtle involuntary sexual processes in your body. ***

ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING, be it physical, spiritual, mental or emotional, positive or negative, which becomes closely associated with an individual's sexuality, will likewise become a very powerful stimulus to the entire biology, personality etc. of that individual, via the natural sexual

components it is attached to which are already integrated with the entirety of that individual.

So. Once you understand how deeply and completely sexuality impacts the totality of the individual, you can then understand how deeply and completely anything that **BECOMES ATTACHED TO SEXUALITY** will likewise impact the totality of the individual just as deeply and completely.

What do sexual sadists attach to their sexuality? Power. Above all else, **POWER**. Control. Domination. Supremacy. Invulnerability (I can't be hurt!). Invincibility (I'm superman!). Transcendence (I am above everything and everyone!) Self-deification (I am God!). These delusions are reenforced over and over again, every time they rape a child, ejaculate into a dying animal, rape a woman as they strangle her to death, or commit any other sexualized crime of horrific violence during which the sadist is completely in control of his agonized victim. He has all the power. In time these godlike feelings become integrated into their biologies, personalities, etc. via the sexual process. The sophisticated sadists who belong to the old Roman cults do all of this very much on purpose, and very systematically, attaching whatever they want to their own sexuality, "propelling" the attachments into themselves via the sexual activity, producing the various affects they wish for themselves at any given time.

Also, they take these godlike feelings into their "normal" lives, using them to great advantage over the rest of us who are severely limited by our consciences, worries, problems and so on. And in time these kind of "people" find each other, and many join the sadist cults that have evolved over the centuries and which are already rooted globally in business, religion and government.

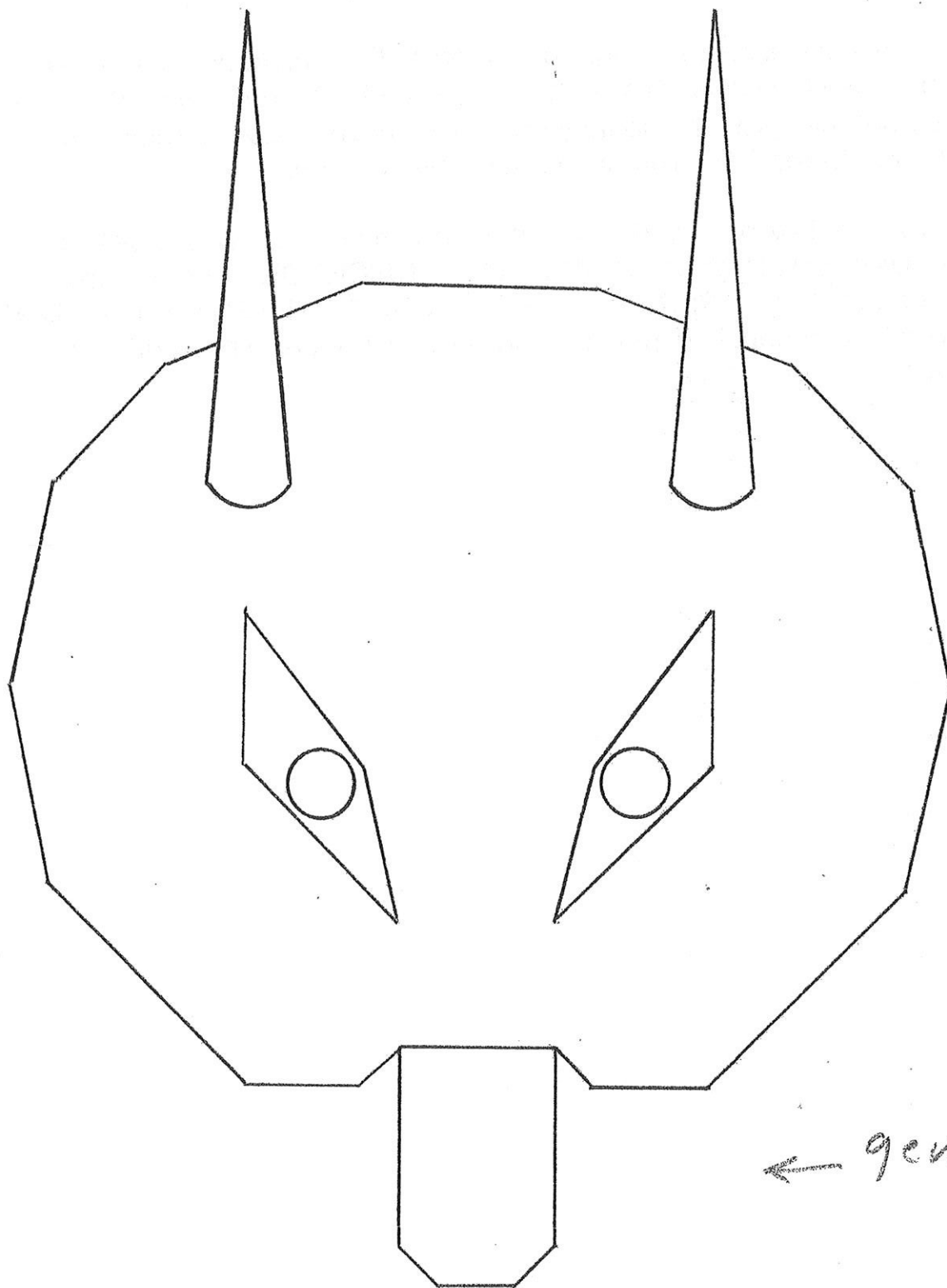
An equally disturbing aspect of all this is it's addictive impact on the sadist. Regardless of how thoroughly they integrate their delusions into their personalities, most sexual sadists cannot maintain those godlike feelings indefinitely, because of the difference between how they feel and what they actually **ARE**. They reach a "high" during the rapes, feeling like they are above God himself, but then after a few days or weeks the reality of what they actually are begins to invade their awareness (a disgusting sub-insect aberration of nature; a bizarre freak that has no right to exist, etc. etc. etc.). The difference between the reality of what they are, and the fantasy of how they feel, is so vast, that any inkling this truth causes them severe pain. So they have to do it all again, rape another innocent victim to get their buzz back; to get back those godlike feelings of power etc.. And as time goes on, they need to keep pushing the envelope further and further, doing things that are more and more bizarre and sadistic, in order to keep convincing themselves that they are extraordinary, exceptional,

godlike, profound, and so on. "Any fool can rape a child, but only a God can do" whatever new and bizarre sadistic act they come up with to sexually torture a victim. (That is WHY all these ridiculous torture rituals evolved over the centuries. It is all "torture magic", and if you think about it for a moment, you can realize what their "torture magic" symbol is.)

This may all seem foreign to any reality that you know of, but that is only because they keep this all very very secret. Of course they do. They know what they are, and so they don't want anyone else to know. Now you know. Spread the word if you have the courage.

Please download and print out my poem entitled "YOUR MOTHER, YOUR DAUGHTER, YOUR SISTER, YOUR NEIGHBOR", and also my other paper entitled "PRINCIPLES OF SEXUAL COMPASSION THERAPY". There is little benefit in exploring a problem without also presenting a solution.

"devil" mask s trapped around hips
(actual mask realistic; terrifying to child)



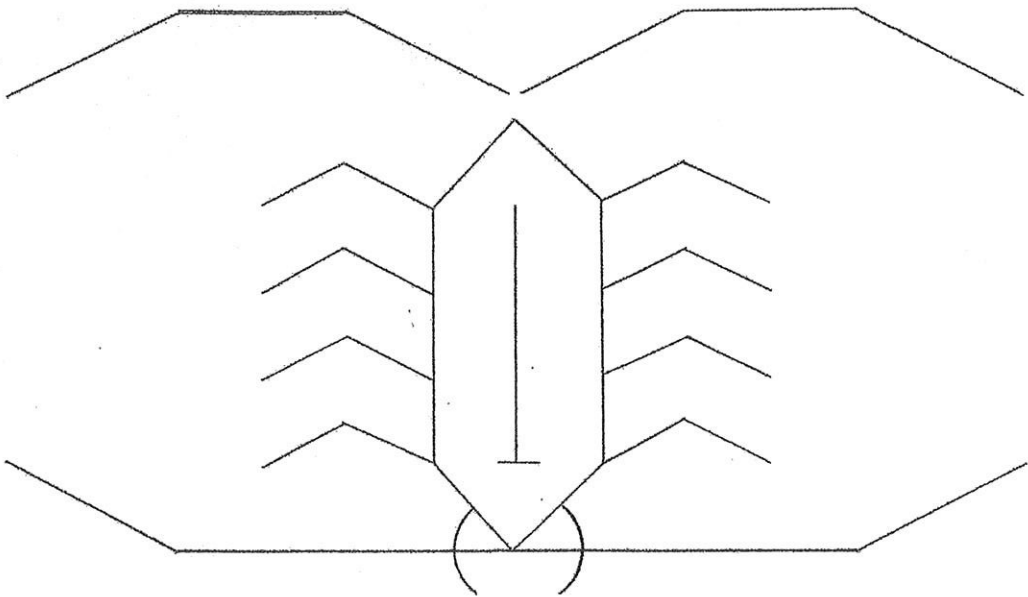
← genital

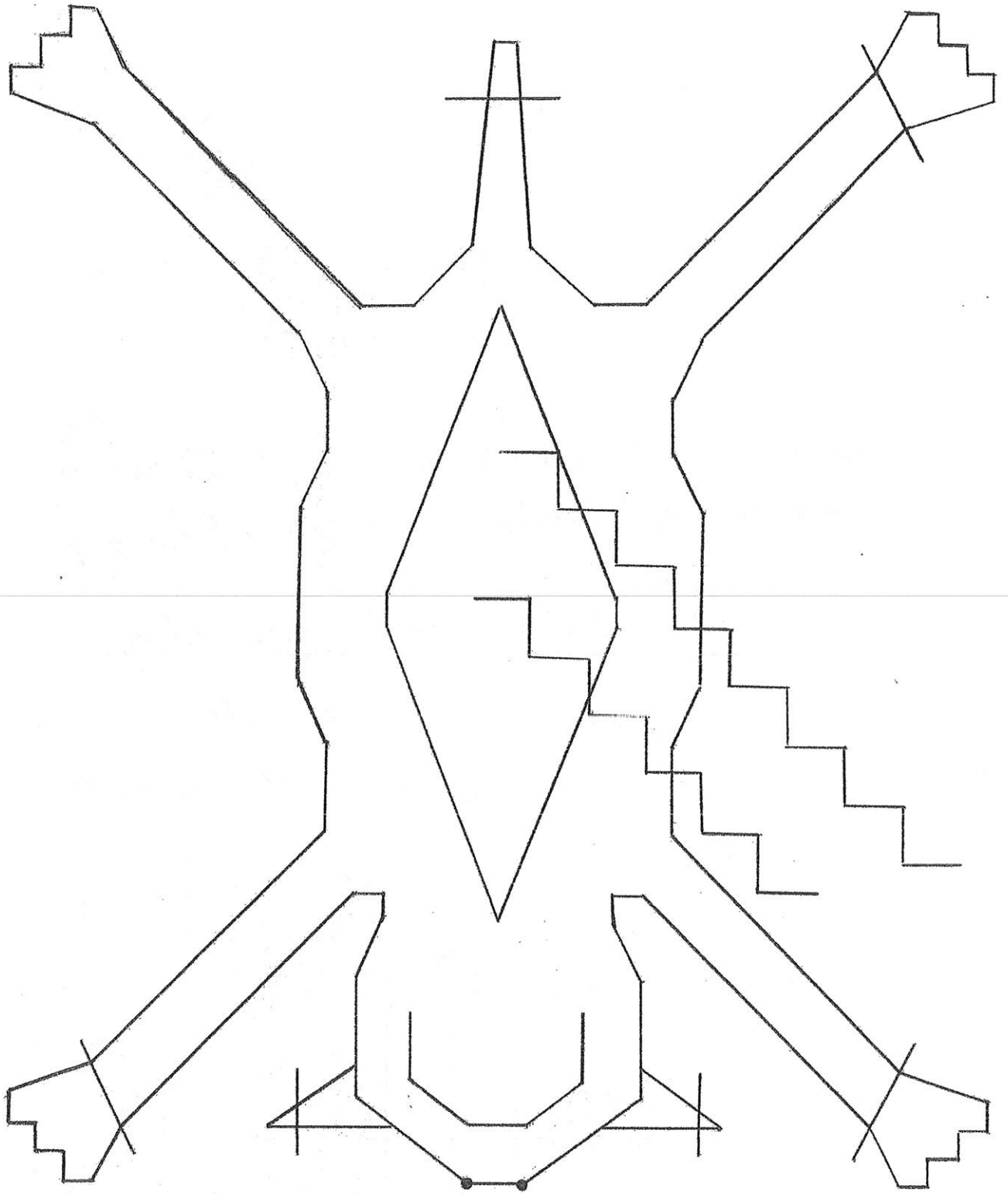
drawings very abstract to avoid
censorship, & to protect children

(vulva disguised as spider)

see "suit & tie" ritual

"spider monster"





animals tied down, cut open, all
rituals 2nd grade until 8th

Cassock →

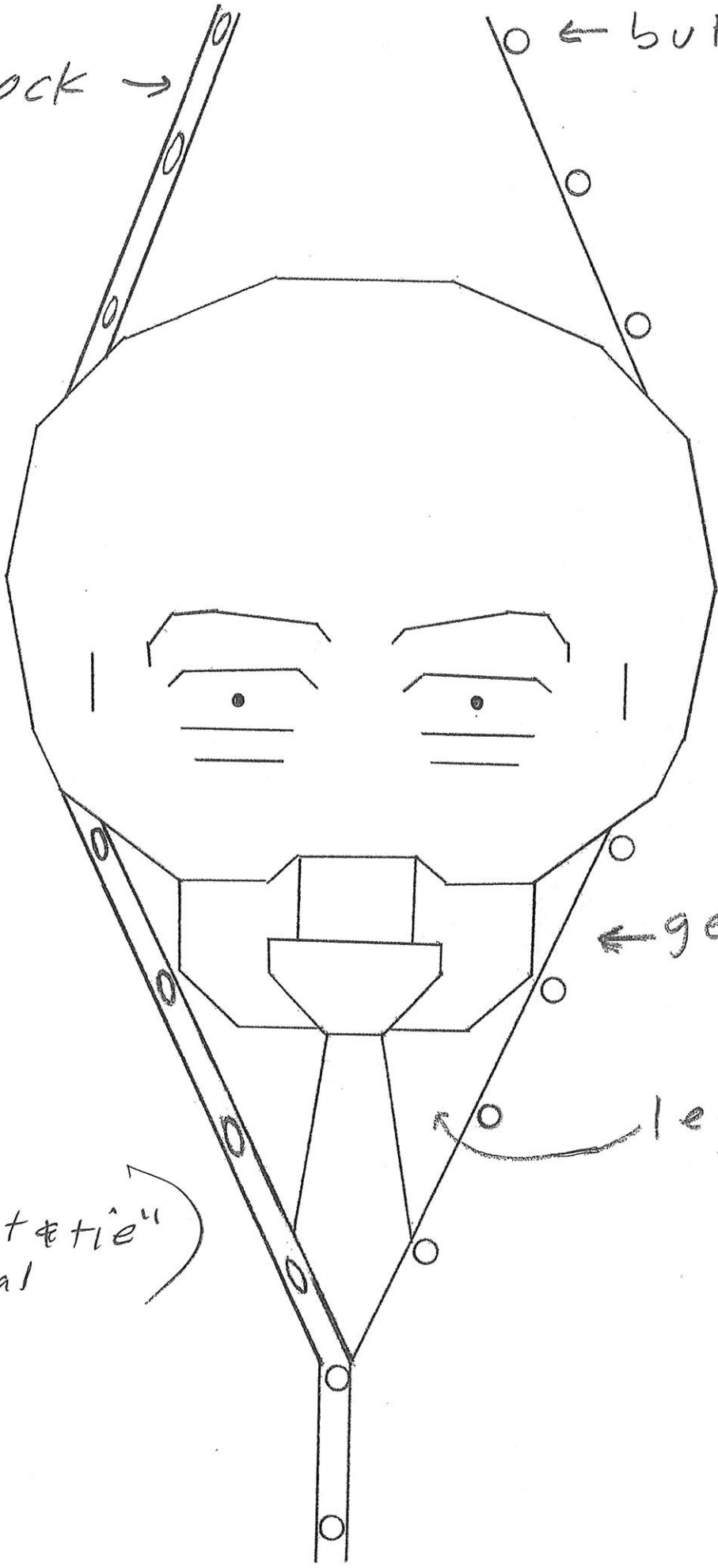
← buttons

"God"
mask
strapped
around
hips

← genitals

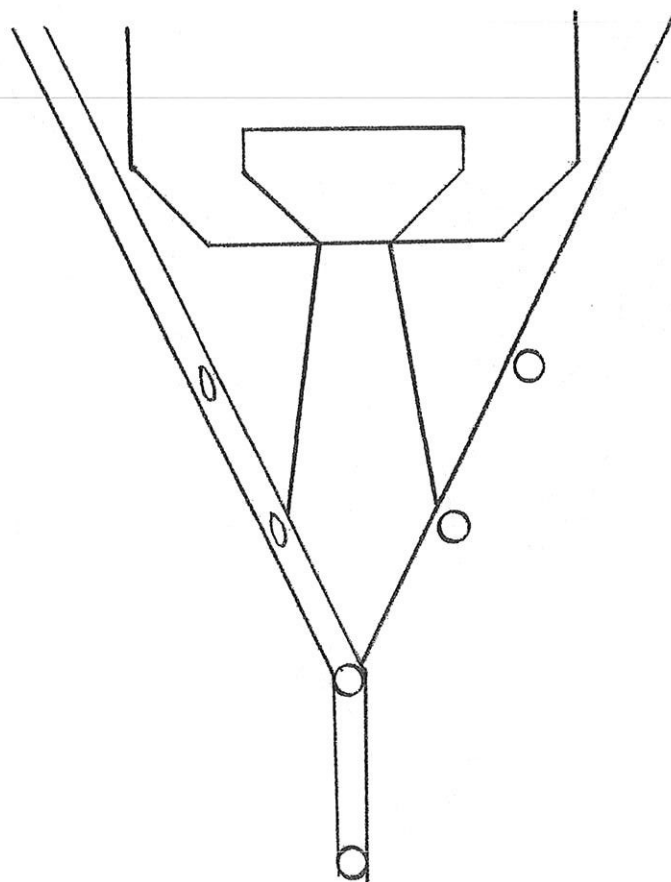
leg

(see "suit & tie"
ritual)

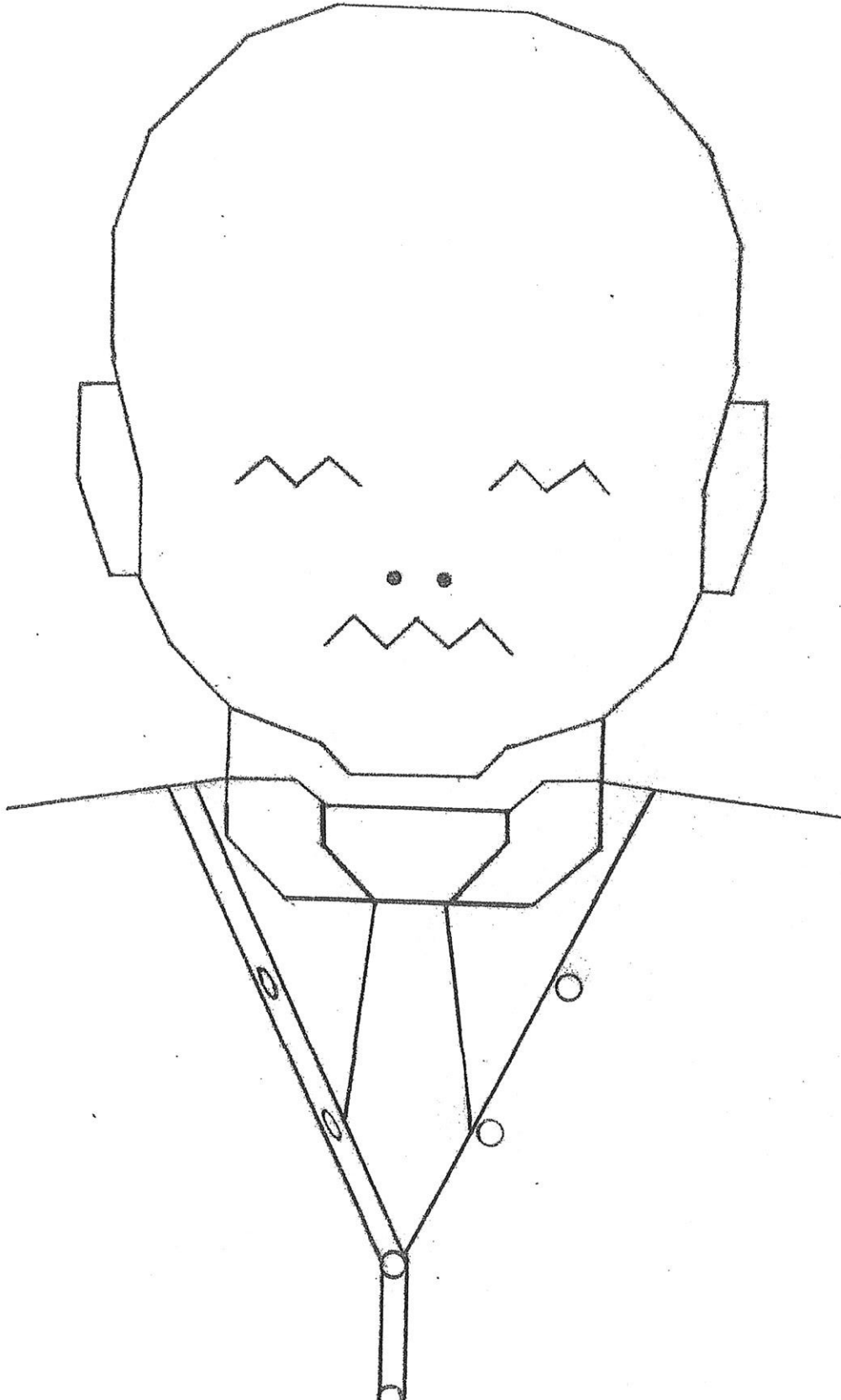


~~11/11/11~~

geometry of "suit & tie"
(photo "negative" geometry)



me standing next to "God", crotch
high, looking in mirror at us.



"the boss"

