



WHAT WE FORGOT

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Aria Dakota

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Introduction

The only unique thing about my childhood is that I *remember* it. Our society has normalized childhood-amnesia because the horror of accepting the trauma that causes this amnesia is too great for most adults to bear. Many other children were hurt in the same ways that I was, but as adults they have ‘forgotten’ these experiences.

Unfortunately, deep-trauma is never really forgotten by the body, unless consciously healed. For this reason, many adults now live with the enduring-symptoms of childhood-abuse: depression; pervasive anxiety, fear; and subservience to violent ‘authority’. The cause of these symptoms is largely hidden from us, because our society relies on childhood-amnesia to perpetuate its horrors on generation after generation.

Elsewhere, I have spoken-out about what happened to me as a child. Millions of people have listened to my recorded-testimonies and voiced their support for my work. I witnessed the torture, rape, and murder of children at the behest of the British Monarchy. My abusers included famous politicians and so-called 'celebrities' from the music and fashion Industry.

I was also abused by my family, who were members of an elaborate pedophile-cult called the Freemasons.

In this memoir, I hope to give a personal account of what it felt like, as a child, to live through such relentless and intense evil; without upsetting the reader. For this reason, I have not included details regarding specific rituals, except in the appendix at the very end of this book. You do not have to read this section.

To a stranger, looking in from the outside, parts of my visible life may have looked unremarkable: I grew up in a leafy suburb of London, went to an all-girls school, and later to university. Superficially, I was part of a family. I went on holidays to France, I watched TV, I went shopping. In short, I did many of the things our culture deems to be 'normal.'

Behind the scenes, however, my family were part of a hideous pedophile-cult, called the Freemasons. This cult believed that it could manipulate human societies by encouraging child-abuse in secretive rituals and then blackmailing adult-participants. These participants were then placed throughout society in positions of 'power' as puppets.

Let me assure you again that, from the outside, my life looked very ordinary. This appearance of being 'ordinary' is a vital disguise worn by children who are victims of these Freemasonic cults. The Freemasons, and other pedophile-rings, have learned to conceal their evil adeptly. This contrasts with the mainstream media's depiction of cults as wildly-esoteric and fringe to our societies. My mother and father were experts in disguising their behavior. After all, they had a lifetime of experience in deception: Both of them were born into Freemason-cult families. So, from childhood to adulthood, my parents had learned to hide the abuse of children from public scrutiny.

Another reason for embarking on this written journey into the past is to heal from the double-trauma of, first, being abused, and secondly losing my entire network of 'friends' and 'family', due to speaking out about that abuse. This is the enduring tragedy of escaping a Freemason-pedophile cult. You lose your family once as a child, and then you lose the tattered-remnants of them again as you process the trauma and speak out.

Sadly, it is not just your family that may be lost if you speak out about abuse, but also a whole host of other alleged 'friends' that form part of the network of silence. I discovered, so often, that my friendships had relied on an unspoken-agreement: That we never *truthfully* discussed childhood.

I hope to encourage survivors of the Freemasons and other pedophile-cults to embark on a healing journey, even if it is

the *difficult* option. There is nothing more valuable than regaining your freedom.

I have written my memoir in 'American' rather than 'English'. You will find American expressions and spelling throughout this memoir. This is to give this book the widest possible audience. In many ways, I spoke differently at the time of my upbringing in London. Now, I do not consider myself to be British; I even have an American-accent.

The names of almost everyone in the memoir have been changed. Firstly, in the interest of protecting those innocent-children, now adults, who helped me escape the Freemason-pedophiles. Secondly, however, I have also changed the names of some perpetrators in order to discourage vigilante attacks on them. Extensive reports have already been filed with the police.

Memories carousel through my mind as my heart gives way to the enormity of what it meant, as a child, to make a genuine friend. The loss of some friends who died in the cult, as children, was a great pain to bear. But the greater loss to me was those childhood-friends whose souls were crushed, and who later became Freemason-pedophiles. These 'friends' committed the ultimate betrayal: To join, as adults, the very cult that had abused us as children; to surrender to depravity and evil, rather than to fight it.

Photographs

I have included only two photographs of me as a child to give some indication of my innocence and vitality back then. I acknowledge what an incomplete picture my childhood photographs show. Most were staged by my family, to document a largely fictitious version of my childhood. This is not uncommon.

In the story of my childhood, curated through the photographs I have, I often appear 'happy' or at least not deeply-distressed. This was far from the reality of that time. I hope that the reader can see all childhood photographs as the selectively chosen moments that they are. All is not as it seems on the surface: pain lies buried behind many images. Perhaps you have similar photographs in your albums that deserve revisiting.

I am sometimes besieged by feelings of grief for the now-irretrievable photographs that I lost when escaping the Freemason-cult-world I grew up in. Yet, a deeper part of me suspects that I lost these photographs on purpose. I could not stand to witness how these images betrayed me. These photographs depicted a childhood I never had, only the *illusion* of it. After using some childhood photographs to process my feelings, as I healed, I felt like I should burn all the remaining photos into ash and smoke. I was furious. Where was I as a child? Not there in those ghostly grins and staged-poses. However, I kept the few remaining photographs I had.

Those missing-photographs belong to a bundle of losses, most of which are far less tangible: A cluster of broken relationships, and a connection cut with my native city, London. These losses were difficult to bear, but my freedom was paramount.

To readers who are exiting an abusive family-cult, or Freemason-pedophile ring: Do not feel alone in your process. It is typically not just the abusers that fade from your life, but a whole network of friends and family that clustered around the concealment of abuse. Letting them all go is the way free, though it is a perilous path.

While writing this memoir, I reminded myself that my story will never be perfect. But, through writing, I can continue to heal my wounds, becoming whole. I can see beauty in the imperfections of this memoir. I take solace in a concept that the

Japanese call *wabi-sabi*: A beauty in things that are worn and lovingly restored. The cracks in my personal story are mended with the gold that is healing.

Kew Gardens

When going back to Kew Gardens, even if it is only in my mind, there is a sense of trepidation. As a child, the tropical glasshouses and exotic plant-species at Kew, grew in me a desire to be an explorer some day; visiting far off places like the wild Amazon rain-forest.

Kew Gardens was a place of danger. Just as wild-tigers hunt other animals for their prey, apex-predators circulated the glasshouses. There were parts of Kew which lay frozen in time; haunted by violence. Remnants of the butchery of monarchy. Kew was built by so-called 'kings' and 'queens', the details of which matter little in the vast-swathes-of-fabrication which make up British 'history'. The truth of what came before can be seen quite plainly in the architecture that has been left behind. In some of Kew's greenhouses is found the iconography of Freemason-

pedophiles. There is also a 'Queen's' garden filled with sickening cherubs: naked children.

As a kid, I could sense, and experience, the darkness emanating from parts of the gardens. Yet, Kew Gardens was also a place where I was occasionally free as a child to run around and explore. With my friends I played for hours between the glasshouses and Chinese pagoda. Outside the Palm House were slanted concrete slabs; next to steps leading up to a raised lawn. As kids, we used to slide down these concrete 'slides' and run up and down the grassy verge.

I spent so many days at Kew Gardens. These were marginally-happier days, before the indoctrination really began at school. I would often visit the gardens with my friend Laura; my mother; and Laura's grandmother, Stephanie. Both my mother and Stephanie were German, so they had that in common.

I used to be furious at my mother for not being like Stephanie, or the other mothers. Stephanie used to bring little iced-cupcakes with us to Kew. Each small cake had a perfect circle of lemon or strawberry flavored icing on its top. Stephanie showed her care for me, and Laura, by dispensing these cupcakes. Like many grandparents, she lavished us with candy. At the core, my anger had little to do with the cupcakes. Stephanie's affection for Laura seemed genuine, whereas, my mother, only *feigned* affection for me when other people were looking.

Soothed by Stephanie's maternal presence, we spent afternoons at Kew in the tea pavilion, where my mother was

placated by Stephanie's calming presence. As Laura and I ran around outside on the lawns, the adults would queue up for scones with jam and cream, later sipping on hot sweet tea, while they watched us play.

Friendly tea matrons would greet us as children, wearing old-fashioned pinafores, and bash away at the old cash-registers which made reassuring beeps. The floor smelled of damp shoes, and soggy English weather. It was cozy in the tea pavilion when the afternoon rain set in. Mothers with their children, and old people, would take shelter there. The tea pavilion in the 1990s had a well-worn charm to it. The building was long and narrow, built in the 1920s. The large windows took up most of the walls and were painted white, with lots of little squares breaking up the glass, to look out from.

On sunny afternoons, Laura and I would run down as far as the Arch Ruin. This was one of our favorite-places because of the three archways with interior passages in the middle. You could play tag there, and giggle away as you poked your head out of an arch to see where your friend had got to.

The rock garden was another one of our preferred places to explore. There, despite the 'No Climbing' signs, we clambered across the rocks to our heart's content. The rock garden had a South East Asian feel to it, with an orange-hued Japanese maple tree as it's centerpiece. On warm afternoons, with no-one else around, Laura and I could roam free, hiking up and down the rocks, as if they were mountains. We were explorers in a foreign

land. On one of our adventures, we even discovered a small waterfall. It was the highlight of our explorations. We carefully wove in and out of the rocks around the water, like little hobbits by the Brandywine River.

The Palm House was the best of the glasshouses because it hosted an underground aquarium. I remember pressing my nose on the glass pane to connect with the colorful, friendly faces of the fish peeking back at me.

I felt so free in those moments, running around and exploring; visiting each tank in turn to say hello to the fish. The aquarium was subterranean and had a space-ship feel to it. With haste, me and my friends would run around and around the aquarium, and then up the spiral stairs to the top of the greenhouse. The air here was thick and humid because water vapor was continually supplied to mimic the plants natural-habitat.

In certain parts of the glasshouse, surrounded by thick, tropical plants, I could imagine I was far away from London, in a magical rain-forest. The walls of the glasshouse disappeared and the fish were no longer in their tanks, but in the wide births of the Amazon River. In these moments, we, as children, almost believed that the adults around us no longer existed; that we were free. But, often, as we ran along the jungle corridors, exploring, angry adult-creatures would lunge at us, their faces twisted and hissing.

Miller

Miller was one of the first friends I had as a kid. We came from a very similar background, his mother was German (like mine), and his father was English. In our years before school, we enjoyed playing dress-up games; going to the playground; and pushing little cars around Miller's play mat, which resembled a racing track. Miller also had a wooden-structure for marbles, where you put the marble in and it would run a wild-course around the wooden-maze that looked to me like a parking lot.

We would both sit in Miller's kitchen, after coming-in from playing outside; down by the river bank. Miller's family apartment in Richmond overlooked the river Thames. If you ran down to the end of the garden, you would be right by the edge of the water. We used to play adventure games by the shimmering light of the water. Then, we would race upstairs, climbing each riser on the staircase; a huge challenge for our tiny legs. Our goal

was the kitchen, where we would sit drinking lemonade and eating hot toast. Miller introduced me to *Apfelringe*. These were sour apple sweets that his family brought back from Germany.

When we held hands or hugged—innocent things that children do—his mother would shame us like we were doing something sinful. During these years, Miller's father would take us into his study and close the door, blocking out all light. It was in these fractured-moments that our connection would be shattered. Later, as teenagers, we became awkward around each other. Knowing that something dreadful had happened but not being able to say what, or where, or how.

I met Miller again after university. It felt incredible to see him and talk to him. He seemed deeply critical of university and the culture of authority that reigned there. Miller was practicing meditation and had been traveling in Vietnam. Altogether, he seemed to be doing quite well, given everything he'd been through. I could still see that he retained his innocent childhood soul. Another kid, like me, who had survived.

It was also Miller who, knowing my true self better than anyone as a child, recognized the change that had come over me. When looking at photographs of me as a young adult, he told me quite plainly that he couldn't see me in many of the photographs anymore. However, when looking at one photograph of me as a child, he said: "But I *can* see you here." Miller was one of the few people in my environment who understood, on some level, that I had changed as a result of the abuse. My true shining childhood

self, had been buried by pain, and I was learning to conceal my sensitive nature.

I felt like Miller was warning me about something as he looked at the childhood photographs. What did Miller mean when he said he could not see me there? Where had I gone? Was there a risk that I might stray so far from the child in the photographs that I would be lost to her, and her lost to me? As an adult, I realize that this is the risk that every abused-child faces in adulthood: The risk of total alienation between child and adult experiences; to become a stranger to your true-self: Just another amnesiac on the planet of the forgetful.

Years later, I tried to contact Miller to talk about the abuse perpetrated by his father, but either my message didn't get through, or he never answered. In any case, we lost contact. It felt to me like his father's study-door remained closed; too heavy for us to open as children, and no easier as adults.

August

When I first met August, it seemed as if I had always been friends with her. Yet, there was a rockiness to our friendship; tensions waiting to explode. August learned to adopt a forced-smile, whenever adults deemed it appropriate for her to be 'having fun', and I begrudgingly played along.

August was the best friend that I had, despite her frequent hostility. I often forgave her her anger because I understood where it was coming from. I felt the same way, but I was better at hiding it. August would periodically overflow. Sudden outbursts of rage would seize her. Once during 'playtime' at school, she scratched another child, Zoë, with her long nails. At other times, August was controlling of me, and I was compliant.

August protected me at times, and I loved her like a sister. At nursery, feeling the general violence of the other abused-

children, we stuck together, two knights solemnly out to battle on the rocking horses. We stayed high up on our 'posts' for days on end. Hoping to avoid the army of grizzly children who were also at the nursery. When we dared to venture out into the yard, some kids ganged up on us, and showered us with rocks.

It seems strange to me now that I cannot remember how I became friends with August. But, from our first meeting, she was a permanent fixture in my life. Most weekdays after school I would go to August's house to play and wait until my mother came to collect me. What I did not realize was that what I thought was playtime, was actually a trap.

It was only, later, as an adult, that I realized that August was specifically tasked with the duty of finding rabbit-prey for the wolf (her father) to consume. My role in August's house as prey for the wolf was a shared experience: I was not the only child-hostage; August's sister, Libby, had also collected a fellow captive.

Libby's captive, Marcia, was like me in many ways; she had the same temperament as me: Quiet and deeply caring. Marcia also looked similar to me. She was tall, skinny and light haired. Both our mothers were superficially beautiful, but terrible. Did August's father sense this combination of personality traits and family history in his victims? Did he train his children to?

I saw Marcia a lot at August's house, and yet, I almost never talked to her. Our wordless exchanges spoke volumes. I could see from her fearful-eyes that she was going through much of the same torment that I was.

At some point, Marcia took her *actual* rabbit to August's family's lair. The rabbit was, like Marcia and I, another victim destined for the slaughter. Although, from Marcia's perspective, she thought she was entrusting her dear friend to someone who would care for the rabbit.

The strange thing about August's recounting of the story was that, in it, her father had not noticed that the rabbit had died. Was this a case of extreme neglect, or had the wolf slaughtered his next prey? Just as August's father seemed unable to tell if children, like Marcia or I, were dead or alive, he likewise failed to notice it with the rabbit. Or so he said.

August was a kid like me. She had not yet been fully corrupted by her hideous family. August's grandmother was a 'politician' in London. This, of course, is known to be a euphemism for being a pedophile, or an enabler of pedophiles.

August, young as she was, still had many positive aspects to her personality. As a child, I pushed aside her complicity in bringing me to the wolf's lair. We would play together in uneasy denial. The realization that something was deeply wrong in our friendship would haunt me at night. Once, I woke up screaming,; entangled in my bed sheets with an earache; saying that I did not want to be friends with August anymore.

In brighter moments, August seemed like she came from another time and place. Both of us loved dressing up, and we often adopted long dresses, as if we were little girls from a

hundred years ago. We would pretend to sail in our pirate ship, in the back garden of August's house in London.

Things got better for us, in terms of popularity, when we reached elementary school. We made friends, although we often clung to each other. Sometimes, I felt the weight of August's anger was too great for me to bear; I wanted to be free. In year four, August became friends with Zoë, and I felt that I had a moment to play alone by myself, without anyone getting mad at me.

It was a sweet bliss to be able to hop-scotch on my own in the playground, and wander around the quiet garden with time to think, all by myself. I quickly became lonely, though, and I was glad that August rushed back to me after fighting with Zoë.

Aged eleven, August apologized for her desertion of me in the school playground. I was sometimes amazed at August's ability to apologize for things that she felt she had done wrong.

There were small rivalries between us. I used to get upset that August was so *clever* in class. She always knew the answer, and I felt so stupid and dull beside her. August shone very brightly in her best moments. I felt like a side-kick. I also felt that my mother loved August more than me; which is to say more than *zero*. When we visited Kew Gardens together, my mother, would impress everyone by doing cartwheels with August. As a teenager, my mother had been a highly-skilled gymnast.

At the end of year show, at my elementary school, August had her heart set on us both being court jesters from the middle

ages. I went along with it because it was important to August, and I didn't want to let her down. Our performance was social suicide. August's little sister Libby, our only fan, applauded wildly at the end, and I could have hugged her for that. She carried us through the shocked silence of the rest of the room.

The violence that punctuated our childhood bliss, was not our petty quarrels, but August's father. On quiet, rainy afternoons we would mold clay into tiny *Polly Pocket* houses. Then, often, we would hear a booming voice above our heads; before we were dragged away. There was a repulsive demonic-form that seemed to take over August's father sending us spinning into the darkest places with him.

For both August and I, these sudden thunderstorms-of-abuse sat impossibly-close to normal-life. As kids, one moment we were living in a world of hedgehogs and ladybirds, daffodils in early spring, conkers in Autumn. Then, alongside all of the natural wonder and inherent goodness of nature, there was an interrupting force; a devastating crime that kept recurring.

I had no way of comprehending this evil as a child. A darkness with no explanation was ever present. The sweetness of every moment of childhood was tainted with the possibility of its complete-undoing moments later. I tried to have fun with August; to laugh; to cry; to sing; to do all that is right and good as a child during the sunlit hours. But, I was haunted by the awareness that August's world would regularly be shattered; the tablecloth ripped

out from underneath the crockery of our lives. Her father's booming voice and roaming hands.

After a while, I felt I was defective. How could people laugh and smile around me, when inside I held a shattering sadness that could not be heard?

At the best of times, August and I glimpsed the absurdity of the aquarium we were born into. At the indoctrination camp the adults called 'school', children would all be marched single-file into a room. Thursdays meant singing assembly. We would be escorted, like little cadets, by the 'commanders' into the school hall with the sticky, plastic floor.

During this exercise of conformity, August and I were anointed to supervise the projector-screen where the song lyrics would be beamed up large across the wall. One song contained the lyrics "star of wonder, star of might, star of royal beauty bright". At the absurd idea of something 'royal' being beautiful I couldn't contain my straight face any longer and burst out laughing. Once I'd started, August couldn't stop either. It was so unexpected in the monotony of the school-assembly structure, that the 'prison-wardens' did not know how to react. The singing continued. I had to jump up and leave the hall, as once I got going there was no stopping me.

Things returned to a daily drudgery again after this short blip of resistance, but it kept the fire of my soul burning brightly within me; knowing that some day I would escape this mundane horror show with my mind intact.

Rebellion

As we became teenagers, August and I found the world around us more and more darkly humorous,. We felt a rushing sense of freedom, as our walking-paths grew longer. The prison gates of our homes would sporadically open on Saturday afternoons to allow us to escape temporarily. We would walk into the local town, Twickenham, and rent a movie to watch, and some of the darkness that was stored up inside of me would occasionally find its expression in American New-Wave cinema.

One time, we found fake cigarettes in a joke shop. We found it hilarious to burst through the front door of August's house, 'cigarettes' in mouth. Looking back, our fake-cigarettes disguised our more extreme drug-taking habits, which were going on unbeknownst to our families; though our families had no interest in our health anyway. The outhouse in August's garden was our make-shift den. August, the expert alchemist, would

bubble up various potions, and we were freely experimenting. The soaring euphoria as we hit the ceiling. Unending laughter. We lit ourselves up, our faces glowing in the dim light. Ghost children of the night.

Propelled out of our prison-homes and into the anonymous streets of London, August and I were reborn in the rain. We sang along to old, vinyl records at record stores and dived into piles of vintage clothing to find a hidden gem. The night of our escape, I wore a red blouse with a collar that could be tied into a bow. It reminded me of elegant people in the 1940s. I was thrilled, having paid only five pounds for it. This was almost the sum of my pocket money each week. It left just enough for the bus fare home.

After spending my lunch money on clothes, August and I ended up in a friendly looking restaurant. We sat like miniature adults by the window in the twilight, laughing and reveling in this new world of excitement. The streets of Shoreditch had a forbidden appeal. Every store was unfamiliar to us, and the people seemed so free. It was a world apart from the suburban politeness of Twickenham. For an evening, we were released from everything we hated at home.

We escaped the boredom for bright lights. Soothed ourselves with music and laughter. Danced until our feet rebelled. No-one to tell us that the world was wrong.

The nighttime brought out a different side to August. A side that I did not recognize from her tightly organized daytime

persona. Now, I understand that August had been fractured so much by her father's abuse, that she had multiple, completely-separate identities. Her studious daytime personality of complete dedication to her schoolwork and life as a vet, contrasted with her malevolent side. I had not yet accounted for this darker split in her fractured mind.

When August, Chrisann, and I, partied in London, Chrisann and I could see how different August's behavior was around guys. Often, when Chrisann and I were dancing and having fun, we'd find that August had completely disappeared. When we found her again, she seemed to be on a mission of seduction. Not a friendly encounter, but a hunt for a *victim*, just as I had been hunted and brought to the wolf's lair as a child.

August never seduced me literally. However, the same dynamic was in operation: She captured people to be brought into the cult. It was jarring for me to see this side to August and I blocked it out, telling myself that it was just an anomaly. My childhood friend was still there. Wasn't she?

Rupture

On the most normal days, terror would strike. After some time apart, I went to meet August, but an entirely different person greeted me. August had begun to disappear. I suppose they would call it something like anorexia, but this is not what it really was, it's just what they would *call* it. August looked skeletal. Her father's dagger had been stuck into August's soul so many times that she could no longer continue the charade. August had begun to look like we both felt; like a ghost.

Life did continue, despite my belief that everything had died. In moments of such intense pain, it is a mystery that the world outside of you continues. August's father had sexually abused her to the point where August was vanishing. The evil-banality of school and home began to blur. I continued to move between these two obligatory destinations, and make the correct

gestures when required, but my soul was buried deep under mountains. My friend August was disappearing.

August called me again to hang out. Her voice sounded the same on the phone and I wondered if she had gotten better as quickly as her sickness had begun. I felt the dryness in my throat, and my stomach hit the floor every time I thought of her. When we met again, August looked the same: all bones. But, her temperament was improved. She was bright and spirited, as she had been as a younger child. This marked the beginning of another phase: Me visiting August with a shocking regularity because I felt incredibly responsible for her. I felt like I was the only one in the universe propping her up.

Before August's disappearing act, there was a catastrophe: August was staying over for a sleepover at my house and we were watching the movie *Titanic*. This was back when August still looked like August, and not like a ghost.

August and I were huddled in blankets on the living room floor, and were engrossed in the movie. All of a sudden, August launched an attack on me, subjecting me to a similar form of violence to that of her father. I was drowning. The *Titanic's* sinking was reenacted in painful three-dimensional reality.

It was after this attack that our friendship truly died. I did not realize how my floating feeling of responsibility for August's vanishing body, was not mine to feel. I felt the guilt that August should have felt for attacking me that night.

Thereafter, the dinner table at August's house became a battlefield. August would now serve the meals, a task previously allocated to her father; the supposed "head of the household". Suddenly, August was serving me ice-cream-stuffed-shakes with gallons of full-fat milk, and bananas-plus-cookies as a side. August would always look to me now for cues about how and what to eat. I felt obliged to go along with these odd, monstrous portions because then August would eat them too. If I could encourage August to eat anything, even if it was these bizarre concoctions, perhaps her body will stop disappearing, I thought.

Before, sweet treats had been a delight, now they became a horrible ritual. I felt obligated to eat everything offered to me, to ensure that August didn't die. It was as simple as that in my mind. If I refused the extra cookies, I couldn't be at August's house next Saturday because August would be dead.

I am sure that August's sister, Libby, felt much the same way as I did. August also looked to Libby to follow what she was eating. It must have been even harder for Libby as she was around August all day, which meant eating all sixteen peculiar-meals a day, or whatever the new standard was. Another oddity that occurred around the dinner table was August's mother and father asking whether August would like a 'bite' of their meals. I went along with it in silence, only just bearing the incredible tension of these meals. I smiled and acted as unaffected as I could; stumbling through; all the while close to tears.

One Saturday, August's mother took us to the Hampton open-air swimming pool. I dreaded this because I was not much into sport; the constant assaults at home left me limp, and lacking in energy. To begin with, I swam alongside August. After two lengths, I thought: great, I can get into this. After six, I was lagging behind. After fifteen, I was out of the race. August continued happily, as if I didn't exist. I stood stupidly at the side of the pool, not knowing what to do with myself. I tried to engage August, but she was on a mission.

Hours went by.

August swam.

Finally, it was over.

I asked August how many lengths she had done.

She said: one hundred.

Fashion

When August and I were fourteen, I got spotted by some modeling scouts. It happened on Oxford Street, just outside a gigantic clothes store. I used to go there a lot with my friend Emma, and browse the clothes our pocket money couldn't afford. The store was packed with rows and rows of sweatshop spoils. Most of the clothes would end up on the landfill half-a-year later, but glittered enticingly on the rails.

Model-scouts used to lurk like vultures around the big shopping-areas where teenagers liked to hang out in London. One time, I was on my way to meet a friend near the big Urban Outfitters on Oxford Street, and one swooped from its perch and approached me. I hurried on, out of its grip. Its sinister last words were, "You'll regret it".

What these model scouts were offering had an appeal: To be told that you were special and beautiful, I mistakenly thought, *compensated* for the love you could not receive at home. These predators had plenty of British teenagers to choose from.

I never spoke directly to August about what was feeding off me within the modeling industry, just like August and I never spoke about the abuse at home. I wondered whether the same thing might be happening to August.

One afternoon we visited Oxford street. There had been a stabbing somewhere along the street, and all the train stops were temporarily closed. Big events like a stabbing in broad daylight didn't affect me back then. These street-crimes could be spoken about out loud and digested, while what was being done to us at home could not.

August and I tried on clothes in a changing-room, and I whipped the curtain back, complaining that my legs looked fat. A horrible teenager cliché; and the beginning of what would later evolve into full-blown dysmorphia. I was distraught. August told me that I needed to do some exercise. From then on, I did start to exercise. I began my own little routine of cycling around a local park, Bushy Park. I didn't like cycling to school because my mother forced me to wear a helmet, which I hid in the bushes of our front garden, and only took out when returning home.

August, and I, felt an incredible pressure to be 'thin'. This was, after all, the mantra of the the fashion industry; the idea that something is wrong with your body. My modeling agency told

me to lose weight. Bear in mind, that I have always been naturally slim. In retrospect, it seems likely that this was the way they greeted all models, to keep us all in a state of anxiety and subservience. Where people in other industries greet each other with a simple, "Hello", those in the modeling industry greet each other with, "Lose weight".

After this encounter with my agents, I joined August in her attempts to disappear. A course of mild-starvation and an incredible dedication to exercise began. August and I also began baking cakes just to *look* at them; like forbidden treasures. I would bake my woes away and create wonderful muffins, cookies, brownies, cakes and macaroons for all my friends at high school.

August also became a habitual baker. Every year she started her Christmas cake preparations in October. I baked a spectacular cake for her eighteenth birthday (a salted caramel). Both of us would counteract the debt incurred by these cakes with excessive exercise so as not to gain any weight. Our lives became a struggle to attain an impossible-perfection in cake-baking. I would become so frustrated if I got one little detail wrong, or was missing a cake ingredient. The cake baking was a major stress-outlet that provided an escape during the horror of the school exam period. Our self-esteem, routinely obliterated by sexual abuse at home, had to be kept afloat by our "academic excellence" and increasingly elaborate cake designs.

Behind our performances was the darkness that lay in wait for us at nighttime. During the day, abusers in the fashion-industry

clustered in corners of rooms, waiting to strike. Constant distraction was required to prevent me from seeing the reality of my life, and collapsing from the pain. Our parents wanted to destroy our innocence; the modeling agencies wanted to exploit me in the same ways as my parents did. School was an indoctrination-camp terrorizing us in pressure-cooker-exam-halls.

To tolerate all of that, immense self-discipline is required from even the most apparently wild-teenagers. August and I were experts at disguising our pain. We spent most of our time never sitting still. The way free, I kept telling myself, was through modeling, or academic success. Then, I would be free to travel; to read books; to live in America.

August's outlet for her anger seemed to take a different form; one that was quite different from my own. While the modeling agencies were preying on me, August took trips up to London to meet with the a mysterious man, called Renoir, at the *Hollister* in *Westfield* mall in London. *Hollister* is a company owned by *Abercrombie and Fitch*, whose former CEO Mike Jeffries was charged with sex-trafficking and prostitution.

August would always meet Renoir at the *Hollister* store and not somewhere nearby, where we lived, in Twickenham. This meant that she made long journeys up to London to visit the store. This always seemed strange to me, and she never mentioned that she was working there. When I talked to her about it she wore a gleeful smile that I felt was concealing something darker.

August had been groomed as a child to work for the cult in capturing other children, and bringing them in to be abused by her father and others. August had captured me as a child and brought me into the cesspit that was her family home to be abused by her father, a cult member. August's sister, Libby, had captured Marcie to bring to her father. It is likely that both sisters were trained for this role as 'spawn ranchers'.

A spawn ("Spahn") rancher is clearly depicted in Quentin Tarantino's movie *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood*. In the movie, a teenager (who is still a child, but looks like an adult) tries to seduce Brad Pitt's character. However (unlike in so many other movies) this time she is asked for ID to prove her age, and the audience understands that this is not an adult woman. Like August, the child in the movie has been trained by the cult to seduce (mainly men) to be blackmailed. Or, to capture other girls, and bring them back to the ranch (or cult) to be abused.

Hollister's link to sex-trafficking and prostitution makes me suspect that August was connected to the exploitation of children through Renoir, who worked at the store, likely helping to bring in teenagers to be abused there.

Resolution

Years later, I took the bus up to Scotland to visit August at University in Edinburgh. When we met, I saw that she was still disappearing; more ghostly than ever.

There were some disturbing aspects to Edinburgh. August pointed out a piece of land called the 'meadows' where a student had been raped. There were also lots of people living on the streets by the station. This gave the place a vibe of precariousness. This precariousness could also be found in the students who August introduced me to. Edinburgh's student nightlife scene seemed more like a collective cry-for-help. The alcoholic-binges of the students there were transparent to me: It was self-medication against recalling the horror of their childhoods.

The moments I most enjoyed in Edinburgh were when August and I spent time alone together. We went to the early morning screening of a film in an old, historic cinema. We

listened to loud music; jumping up-and-down on the sofa and chairs in the apartment she was living in. We laughed so much. We were kids again.

August said that she had been releasing her grief and sadness by watching movies she could cry to. She also told me that the veterinary department at the university wouldn't let her continue her studies unless she put on weight. I knew how much animals meant to August. She had taken long summer-holiday internships at so many different places where they looked after animals. August had even been to the plains of Africa to look after wild animals.

I didn't see August again until one year later. August had put on the weight she needed to continue her studies. When I saw August this last time, I was immensely relieved. She looked so much healthier than before. She had also discovered a new love of weight-lifting. August was no longer dying. Was she fighting back?

Annabelle

Annabelle lived very close to my house in Richmond. Annabelle and her mother left a big impression on me as a kid. Her mother, Erin, was colorful and creative and her house looked different to all the other houses. It was a small Victorian terrace house, a former railway worker's cottage. It was different from many houses in the area because it was not a rich person's house. On the street Annabelle lived on, all the kids would play together. Erin had drawn pictures on the walls of the house, and she displayed things that she had collected when traveling. In the bathroom, Erin had poster collections of the Greek gods and goddesses, and other personal treasures brought back from vacations abroad. There was also a tiny kitchen, where Erin would create masterpieces of food heaven.

When Annabelle had her birthday, Erin would make her an iced white chocolate cake with little sweets on the top that

looked like pearls. As teenagers, Erin would invite my mother and I round for afternoon tea. I loved the triangular cucumber sandwiches with the crusts cut off. We would eat her delicious scones and wash it all down with tea. Erin had a knack for buying the best food on a small budget. She would wait until the end of the day at the organic grocery store in town, when they would pull out the red stickers that would mark down the price of the food that was about to expire.

Erin encouraged Annabelle and I to be creative. One Christmas (or Cosmos, as I like to call it now), she took us out to a graveyard to pick some holly and other winter time evergreens for an art project. Then, we went back to her house and crafted the leaves into a beautiful round wreath to put on the door of the house.

When Erin picked us up from school, she would drive us down the hill in a green and white colored car, with the radio bursting out. She made us laugh with her long list of harmless obscenities said in one breath of six or seven words.

Annabelle and I had our birthdays close together, only two days apart. So, we had a tradition of going birthday camping. Her mom would drive us into the English countryside; we would camp in a tent and have fry-up breakfasts. I would read books, and we would visit small fairs with rides.

Annabelle was a bright kid, like I was. We were tomboys and were insulted by the vision of womanhood put forward to us by Barbie. We took our Barbie dolls and put them in the sink and

cut off all their hair. This was not a sophisticated feminist-statement, but we were acting-out, through the dolls, some of the abuse that we ourselves had been subjected to: threats by the Freemason cults to cut our hair, and near-drowning.

We also expressed our distaste at the garbage shown on TV to children in the 1990s. We hated most kid's television shows and would mock their theme tunes when they came on. We were living in the 90s, where most of the magic from the kid's television of the 1980s had vanished. Still, some good style lingered outside the world of television, and we would wear our colorful t-shirts and leggings as an antidote to the cultural decay elsewhere.

Like August, Annabelle found it difficult to eat as a kid. We would sit round the dinner table, and her mom used to worry that she wasn't eating enough.

As teenagers, Annabelle, and I, rejected school and the whole culture of 'education'. I would often find Annabelle sat at the computer that was built into the cupboard of her house, writing or working on small hacking-projects. Her cat, Mannie, would curl up in the lower-drawer of the large chest just opposite her. Sometimes I would see Mannie on the table sitting proudly in a woven-wooden basket. Neither Annabelle, nor I, had brothers or sisters, so our cats became them. We were also like sisters to one another. Both Charlie (my cat) and Mannie were about the same age, and we would talk about them, and pet them.

Annabelle didn't get on well at school. Annabelle was an exceptionally colorful kid, and she always wore whatever she wanted to school, even though there was a clear military-style uniform. Her mother, Erin, never listened to the teachers decrying Annabelle's freedom to dress as she wished. I could tell that she was a smart kid, but her grades were never brilliant. I was surprised when she didn't get top marks in art because I could see how naturally creative she was. This reassured me about the cold reception my own drawings were met with: clearly our school knew nothing of art.

School

My experience of school was of hours of intense boredom interrupted by shards of terror. However, among the mix of predators were some exceptional individuals who worked against all odds to support the children. One such superhero was my final year elementary school teacher at the Vineyard school in Richmond. Ms Street was really tall and had wonderful dark curls that swept down her back. She was physically strong and assertive. The sort of lady to send pedophiles running in fear. She was incredibly kind and understanding with the children. Her laugh was totally unreserved: She was *American*. I will never forget the energy and warmth Ms Street brought to my time at elementary school. She was so upbeat and enthusiastic.

Ms Street even organized a class adventure holiday trip, alongside being coach of the girl's netball team. I suddenly threw all my energy after class into being part of the netball team. I was

chosen to be the team shooter. We played matches against other local teams. I loved being outside, playing together with all my friends.

During an adventure camp, Ms Street instilled the whole experience with love and care for the children. For the first time, on my own, I was around adults who were kind and gentle. These moments have stayed with me until now, as an adult. I got to try out archery and climbing. I really liked learning about all the different types of birds that lived out in the countryside. It was fun getting muddy. Despite all my conditioning to believe that all adults are predators, when I got scared on the adventure course, a kind adult helped me out.

I stayed in a room with all my best friends. My parents surprised me with a small photo of Charlie (my cat) that I hung on my wall next to the bunk-bed I slept in. Our room even got an award for being the most tidy! Because of our shared love for Ms Street, my best friends and I followed her every word. Following the teachers strong hints on how we could get awards for our rooms, such as one for being tidy, we quickly endeavored to alphabetize our toothbrushes.

In the evenings, we would sit around large tables, and have our meals. There would be bedtime cocoa. After our trip, Ms Street inspired us to make creative journals about our experiences there. I adored this task. I loved how I could personalize my journal by drawing, and writing, diary entries in a composition

notebook. I drew a picture of the trees, and did a fact file for the a wild bird.

In school assembly, winners of the creative journal got called up onto the stage and were given a certificate. I was so surprised to discover that mine was a winner. I often felt that my work was not good enough, but I had poured my heart and soul into my creative journal. Everybody also got a certificate saying what they were good at. Mine said I was the most fashionably dressed. I was mortified. Did I not have any capabilities? Now, I find it quite funny. I must have looked awesome, wrapped up in my mother's home-knitted jumper. I called it an 'ice cream jumper' because of the stripes that looked like those tubs of ice cream with three flavors: chocolate, vanilla and strawberry. My misshapen jumper was much wider than it was long.

Ms Street was also unique among the teachers that I encountered because she did not have favorites. This meant so much to me as a kid when, elsewhere, we were constantly pitched in competition with one another by the adults.

On Friday afternoon, she read us an American children's book called *The Phantom Tollbooth* by Norman Juster, which I really connected with. The little boy in the story, Milo, is bored. That is how it begins. I felt the exact same frustration as a kid, at school and at home. Nobody gave me the answers I wanted. This book helped me make sense of my frustration with the world around me, and it allowed me to enjoy the inner world of my imagination.

Ms Street also played the flute, and gave August private lessons at her house. One time, when she had just finished a lesson with August, Ms Street came out to see me in the kitchen. I must have looked extremely distressed because I have never forgotten the expression on her face. She was close to tears. She stopped giving August flute lessons after that, and she may even have quit the school.

I'm not sure if Ms Street, coming from America as she did, realized the extent of the depravity being perpetrated against kids in England. Ms Street's kindness and traditional American values gave me a sense that somebody cared, and that there were other places in the world that were much brighter.

Waldegrave

Emma was my best friend during the lonely years at Waldegrave School in London. We went round to each other's house most weekdays, and worked on homework together. We spent long days, even at weekends, revising for exams by throwing a little Russian doll, who we named 'Delhi' back and forth between us. Delhi represented an inspirational place to visit in the future, India, a place of mystery and dreams, far away from England. Delhi also represented our fragmented natures. Like the Russian dolls, the *Matryoshka*, we had been fragmented. Our true inner core was covered over by trauma. We had adapted to extreme circumstances. We had become like dolls: frozen on the outside, and broken within.

At school, there was an Easter bonnet competition one year. Emma and I made a giant papier-mâché bonnet. It took us about a week to finish the bonnet, working every day after school.

We found a furry rabbit toy and some chicks to stick on top of it. Then, on the day of the Easter bonnet competition, we carried it proudly into school. Everyone was amazed by it, and we won the competition.

After we received our Easter Eggs as a prize, we carried the huge papier-mâché masterpiece home, and threw it in a garbage dumpster halfway down the street back to Emma's house. As with so many things—exams; teacher's praise; school prizes—once the reward had been given, the whole pursuit seemed *meaningless*. We didn't care about the Easter bonnet one bit, as it could not fulfill our longing for genuine care and love.

Up until the end of school at Waldegrave, Emma and I hung out together all the time, even going on holiday to Cornwall, to Ireland, and to Germany with the overlords (my parents). Something began to change as we got older. Emma had always been a kind child, always looking out for other people. She spent hours making me a beautiful card for my eighteenth birthday full of pictures of me and my friends, and she baked me a wonderful cake. These were among many other thoughtful things that she did to show her affection for me during our friendship.

Emma, like me, had a very warped perception of her self-worth, and always believed that she had done much worse in exams than she had. She used to frustrate me by always saying that she thought she'd done really badly in exams. Then she would get the top grades.

I began to notice that Emma was struggling. Emma came into school with small marks on her neck, and the other children at school said that she had 'hickeys'. She used to laugh it off and say that it was burns from hair straighteners. I wasn't sure if it was the hair-straighteners, or marks left behind by her father's night time visits to her bedroom. The marks scared me.

Emma and I would sometimes pass through Twickenham on the way back from a day shopping in Richmond. Here, Emma would insist that we stop to buy a huge bottle of sugared soda. I would moan and complain at this because the fluorescent lights of the convenience store were so oppressive. Emma insisted we enter those gleaming aisles, because there lay the magic medicine bottle of Doctor Pepper. Emma would buy a massive two-liter bottle of it to take home with her to drink.

I begged and pleaded with Emma not to get the stuff, as I knew on some level that she was necking the pop to numb her pain. It made me feel so uncomfortable and responsible for her. I was there when she indulged in her sugar-addiction. I tried to refuse to go into the shop, but she would go in without me anyway, when I was not there.

Then, in the summer before high school was to begin, Emma called me one day in tears, because she felt like there was a problem with her hair. She had decided to buy hair extensions to help disguise what she felt the problem to be. I couldn't see a problem with her hair. I liked her curly hair. After that point, Emma began wearing long extensions in her hair, and using make-

up. It felt like a cover-up was beginning to take place. With this change in appearance, so began a change in her personality. I felt that I was losing my childhood friend.

Emma and I became 'popular' for the first time during high school (junior and senior year), and we had 'pretty' friends. It was a difficult time for all of us, as there was subtle competition and endless comparison. No-one I knew was sure of themselves. It felt like much of this insecurity could be fixed by endless 'make-overs'. There was, however, no amount of make-up that could fix the problem for any of us, and I just felt like my friend was slipping away from me. We all longed to be more 'European' and 'sophisticated', but these were just code-words for wanting to escape the sexual abuse at home.

One night after Emma had been attacked at home, she subjected me to a repetition of similar violence. This came as such a shock to me, as Emma had been my best friend. Someone who I trusted completely. We would share beds together and curl up like little kittens. And then suddenly there was this act of aggression. I could not be around Emma in the same way again. Years later, I have an understanding of why Emma acted out in this way. She was just a kid, and did not fully understand what she was doing. It was the responsibility of her father not to hurt her.

Later, Emma came over, unexpectedly, to my house and, in floods of tears, she told me that her mother was dying. They called it cancer. In moments like this it is hard to feel the enormity of what is happening. You long to go back to the beginning of the

day, where the sun was still shining. I wondered how Emma would ever survive this, it felt so horrible. I felt so confused about what was happening, and how to react to this change in Emma's life. I felt angry at Marie, Emma's mother, for abandoning her like that. It felt to me like she had betrayed Emma, by becoming ill and abdicating her responsibility for protecting her. After the violence of Emma's attack on me, we were drifting apart. It became harder and harder for me to empathize with Emma's pain. I felt that they were turning her into one of *them*.

Marie died at the beginning of our time at university. I was relieved after Marie's death. Relieved that her painful life during the illness didn't need to continue. She was free up there in heaven. On the day of her funeral, an amazing light shone over Bath, as we returned there, I felt she was with us.

Of course, I always liked Marie. She was kind enough in her own way, recommending me interesting books to read, as she had a deep love of literature. But, there was such a neglect in her duty of care for Emma. That was hard to overlook. Why had she not protected Emma from her father? Instead, Marie lavished Emma with guilty-gifts of clothes. Emma was bribed for her silence, and her rage slowly became unstoppable.

Prison

Waldegrave School was like a prison without the prison walls. It was a mind-control trick. The school was in an 'affluent' area filled with leafy, green trees and pedophiles. The teachers were well-practiced in their trickery, repeating to us over and over again that we were so “privileged”, and that “the world is your oyster”. They made it seem like we could do whatever we wanted when we were adults: get a good job and be rich.

One of my classmates, Rose used to live on the same road as the school, and I remember thinking what a nightmare that would be. To see your jail-cell all the time. The days felt endless. The clock-watching; the feeling of time melting, as in a Dali painting. The weird hum-drum normality of a dystopian reality. Every day my heart ached with loneliness. I felt that I was the only one dying inside. I know now that all the children at Waldegrave were slowly dying inside, but we all expressed it in different ways.

Some children 'acted out' in class. Throwing over desks. Shouting. Others took out the pain on other students. I was a survivor of one such attack by a group of girls. Many of the teachers were expert pedophiles and focused all of their attention on training-up the next round of Nazi child-recruits, who they hoped would turn out just as they had. Well-bred-kid-fuckers.

I was so miserable, I turned to heroin to survive the school day. I was a perfect A-grade student, believing that if I was a good student, I would be loved by my parents and not abused by my teachers. I would inject heroin in the girl's bathroom. I would float on the ceiling, and talk to myself as an 80-year-old woman; reassuring myself that I would survive. These experiences saved me. I threw a jam jar of rose petals out of the same bathroom window; this window was only a few inches wide—to prevent children jumping out in suicide. The petals were the broken parts of my soul.

One of my classmates was so desperate that she was openly contemplating suicide. Carla was her name. I was so scared that she would kill herself that I wrote a note and stuck it to the door of her locker. A suicide note. The teachers started really panicking then, and spoke to everybody about it in assembly. I believe that it saved her life, to have everyone notice her pain.

I used to spend hours after school at the Textiles Club because I was scared to go home. The abuse at school was horrible, but the abuse at home was worse. Textiles Club was a strange limbo. Here, the quiet of the classroom, and a teacher

who did not abuse us, helped me and my friend Emma find some solace.

Our cookery teacher, Ms Anrad, was always ill. We only ever learned to make fruit salad and Cornish pasties because every other week she was ill. Surely, she was reacting to the pedophile-hive environment. It was killing everyone.

On the less-severe end of the trauma spectrum were the sport's lessons. Children fainted and were nauseous. It was an excuse for the teachers to vent their pent up rage at us. I lucked-out by having an old hippy teacher take me for sport in my final years. She was kinder than most, and let us sun ourselves on the tennis courts, and relax doing yoga. I really enjoyed her classes, as she didn't force us to do anything. Many of the children at Waldegrave had been so hurt, that our bodies didn't work as they should. There was so much pain from the abuse stored up in our ligaments that even a simple run could become unbearable.

I confided in one teacher, Miss Tahoe, that I was being bullied by girls in my Sports class, and abused at home. She had sympathy for me. But, she couldn't deal with the full horror of this. She listened and moved me to another Sports class, but she didn't manage to stop the abuse at home. Perhaps, she was running an elaborate-calculation regarding the best move to make. People had tried calling the police in the past, and it had made things worse. I am glad that Miss Tahoe was there for me, and I do not know what action she took, beyond the great gesture of listening to me.

My ability to express my trauma through art was almost totally obliterated by my art teacher. I sat, for hours on end, drawing a picture of myself split in two: one half me in the present; the other another little girl from the past. Instead of encouraging me to draw what was happening to me, my teacher humiliated me in front of the class. She shouted at me because my drawing was not 'realistic' enough for her liking, even though I depicted, with painful clarity, my reality.

I was distraught. I had spent five hours painstakingly doing my drawing. I ran out of the classroom crying, which was, later, mortifying. This critique hurt me so much, that I almost never drew again. This would have been a tremendous shame, as I am now an illustrator. Ten years later, I was accepted into one of the most famous art schools in the world.

Math Class

I was in the third group from the top for Math, and I was frantically desperate to ascend to a higher class. My initial desire to move up groups had been spurred on by my teacher in the fourth group who was abusive. After that point, I felt that, if I kept moving up classes, I would get further and further away from the pedophiles. When I landed in Ms Fortress' math group something magical happened. She was a kind person. She was elegant and tall. Yet, she had the kind of voice that I associated with abusers. In fact, she looked and sounded very much like my aunt, who was all high-cheek-bones, and elongated vowel sounds. But, Ms Fortress was different. When she saw how me and the girl who sat next to me, Chloe, worked really hard in her class, and were always raising our hands to answer questions, she took pains to encourage us.

Chloe and I developed a friendship, and I was delighted during these hours to be experiencing friendship both from my teacher and from Chloe.

Chloe and I decided one Math class that, as we lived so close to one another, we would take the same bus to school in the morning. As a very isolated child, with little to no friends at this school, I jumped at the chance. When we attempted this, however, my coordination skills were flaky. I might have been a whiz with equations, but when it came to anything practical I was at a loss.

So, Chloe and I both ended up waiting for each other for the bus—and both missing each other. It was my fault for my lack of time-keeping skills, and I ended up making us both late. Ms Fortress was very upset, as she thought that we'd been in an accident. I feel now that part of me wanted us to be late for class. I hoped that Ms Fortress might notice my distress, and rescue me from my parents' abuse. But, to Chloe it seemed that I had cast us both into trouble. I was, now, not someone she wanted to hang out with. Chloe's fear of getting in trouble was greater than her need for our friendship.

I was touched that Chloe had waited for me at the bus stop, and I felt cared about. That had been my main motivation for working with Chloe; friendship, and not the math work. I also wanted to be held in the shining warm light of Ms Fortress' regard.

Science

One teacher, Ms Roar, got annoyed at some of the children for not taking their work seriously. She got really angry at two girls for not doing as well as they should have in their exams. I don't agree with the concept of exams, but I feel that Ms Roar's heart was in the right place. She had fled a war-torn Iraq to teach at the school. Coming from a place where girls have zero rights, she pushed us to succeed. She was aware of the opportunity we had in comparison to students in Iraq. Of course, Ms Roar did not see our home lives.

In the classes, with good, non-pedophile teachers like Ms Roar, I worked really hard. Ms Roar really cared about me, and her students, although she still restrained an anger within her, partly from the trauma of her war-torn home country, and partly from her awareness that something was very wrong at Waldegrave. Luckily, Ms Roar was generally able to contain her

anger, and use it as a positive force for change. Ms Roar loved and praised mine and Emma's work. She let us use her office for a project when she wasn't there. She trusted us.

Emma and I would spend hours of our time over the summer holidays making beautiful science booklets to learn about the topics we would study in class. Ms Roar made me feel like I was a good kid: lovable and bright. Because of her I wanted to study the mathematics of the universe.

Ms Roar was a force of nature. She seemed to be on a mission to redirect the course of the school. While the legacy-teachers dripped in the ugliness of their own pedophilia and incompetence, Ms Roar shone like a bright star. She became a leading figure in the school, and it seemed like she was motivated to take the school back from the pedophiles.

Classmates

In spite of the brutality at school, I experienced great kindness from some of my classmates. A girl in my class, Nathalie, nominated me for an award, as one of the most under-recognized students. Another friend, Nikita, invited our class to eat at her father's Indian restaurant, which had the most delicious Naan bread and Tikka Masala curry. Another kid, Kitty, complimented me on my stylish bag.

It wasn't the children's fault that our school was so hellish. The 'popular' kids were trying to get by. The 'bullies' were trying to get by. The 'unpopular' kids were trying to get by. The 'invisible' kids (like me) were trying to get by. The 'nerds' were trying to get by. Our little acts of outrage seemed so minor compared to what was being done to so many children there by the pedophile teachers.

Beneath the superficial demarcations of social-groupings, were wounded children who wanted to be heard and loved. However, because of the extremity of the abuse being perpetrated on the children at Waldegrave, our pain was expressed in terrifying and different ways. There was a kid, Charlotte, who almost turned herself into a human-calculator. She seemed to have lost interest in the physical realm. She would attend the quiz nights for families, like my my parents and I did. I was at risk of turning out like Charlotte too. However, I retained within me a deep-sensitivity and artistic-interest which barricaded me against the world. I feared for Charlotte because she was losing the sensitive core of her being.

Despite efforts to connect with Charlotte; I couldn't. She shut everyone out who might have posed a risk to her internal defensive structures. She was like many kids who we saw idealized on TV at the time; the 'child genius'. She ended up going to Cambridge University, and I fear that they trampled on her soul even further there.

I also had school-friends who dressed like Barbie dolls. These friends dyed their hair extreme-blonde and almost stopped eating. Again, this was an attempt to gain control over themselves, and their bodies, when there were so many attempts to break them physically.

By becoming human Barbie-dolls, these children transformed themselves into caricatures of women. In the sick world of the pedophiles, it was 'desirable' for children to dress like

adults. These Barbie-doll-children were signaling to the world: Look at what is happening to me; look at how I am being abused.

At school there was a competitive aspect as to how short your skirt could be. The shorter your skirt, the more 'popular' you were. Really, it could have been any item of clothing that was used to mark individuality.

In the schools where they had to wear ties, the shorter your tie was, the 'cooler' you were. I started wearing trousers, but when I got banned from wearing anything with any elegance to it, I opted for the mid-length skirt. One that certainly did not denote me as popular, but one where I retained my dignity and style. The knee-length skirts were so hideous as to be avoided.

Eating disorders were common at my school, and I have never seen such a prevalence of this condition anywhere else since. Again, these 'eating disorders' were a reaction to the attacks made on the bodies of children by the pedophiles at home and school. Children, like me, were often unable to control what went into our bodies. So, when a genuine choice arose, at meal-times, we chose to refuse entry. Food was an area where some control could be exercised over our bodies.

An atmosphere of hostility pervaded the school throughout my time there. There were some really mean children, the type that seem to proliferate often in girl's schools. The negative aspects of what it is to be female were amplified and took on perverse forms. There was a ruthless arrogance to some of my classmates. These were the type that breezed through

school in the knowledge that their Freemason-parents would have something 'prestigious' in line for them in the future. They never had to try too hard. These girls spoke in an absurd-accent I had only heard before in royalty. Their aristocratic dialect set them apart from everyone else. They were the next-generation of apex-predator in-the-making.

I am surprised that I managed to stay sane at Waldegrave school. From the outside, it looked like everything went perfectly. I obtained twelve top-grades, and was even featured in a local newspaper because of my exam results. I threw all my energy and time into 'doing well', to distract myself from the horror of the adults who surrounded me during my time at the school. The grades I achieved ultimately ended up doing nothing for me, and all the hideous-abuse remained stored up in my body for years, waiting for the day when I could fully process everything.

The chains of abuse that bound me to Waldegrave as a child have been broken and, as I sit writing this, I'm overlooking a magnificent mountain valley in North America. I couldn't be further away from those disgusting classrooms and depraved teachers.

Released

At sixteen, I was released from Waldegrave. Now, it was time for a low-security prison-complex. My next school, Richmond College (the equivalent of junior and senior years in high school), was much larger and for older kids.

Richmond College stood as a prison, towering over the children who were driven towards it; swallowed up by the factory. Every morning, streams of children would enter its gates. Sucked into the bare corridors, we shuffled along to meetings with predators. Children encountered two types of adult in this giant encampment: wolves or sheep.

The wolves sometimes 'ate' the children. The sheep gave cover for the wolves, closing their eyes to the wolves' hungry mouths. The rarest type of adult was the radiant-human-being who transcended the wolf-sheep archetypes. Enlightened adults

were so rare in this factory. Almost extinct. Yet, I know of at least one who existed.

The college's giant structure of unending brick walls, dwarfed the terraced houses which surrounded it. It had a front: a clean, tree-lined entrance that it presented to the world. English-garden respectability was the school's cover for its illicit activities. The back entryway was where the degeneracy could be felt. Children clambered out over brick walls topped with frayed barbed wire, like those brave free-thinkers who jumped the Berlin Wall. The back entrance separated the containment zone from the outside world. The decay of civilization became increasingly more apparent the closer you got to the jail's shadowy core.

Children, searching for a 'fix' for their pain, rattled down the college hallways, which funneled them to nowhere. Hungrily, we sought something that would allow us to function, to suppress—if only temporarily—the gloom that descended over us when alone with our thoughts.

They were hooded figures who could press pills into your hand outside the college in exchange for cash. The brief shock of pain—a blow to the head—was worth it. Pain felt real. It broke up the gloom, that threatened to sink you forever.

How did I get to become one of the amnesiacs? I was sold a vision of the future, that was radically different from this minimum-security incarceration cell. I was just a kid, sitting in a classroom, listening to a kind girl's appraisal of the International Baccalaureate (the examinations you took before university).

Filled with the hope of a freer life, I looked up eagerly at the older girl who stood before me, telling me wonderful things about this International Baccalaureate. Instead of being at school all day, we had 'free' hours where we could do as we pleased. This suited me greatly. This educational-path was alledged to guarantee you a golden ticket to the next tier of freedom: University.

All I wanted was *freedom*. Like at Waldegrave, I mistakenly believed that getting good grades would help get me out of the hell-realm that I inhabited.

At one of the first information meetings about the IB (International Baccalaureate), I saw two girls who I instantly felt I could be friends with. I sat behind them and admired their beautiful, long hair. There was something about them and their energy that made me think that we could be friends. Sure enough, their hair did not lie: These would be some of my best friends for the next two years. It was during the IB that I first found a group of companions to hang out with, who liked and respected me. This had never been the case for me before, having had only a few connections at Waldegrave.

Unfortunately, with girl-cliques power dynamics often play a large factor in the choice of 'friend'. But, for all of the superficiality, there were glimpses of genuine connection and trust. Emma and I had arrived at the college like two lone soldiers from the aftermath of the war at Waldegrave. Even its name sounds like a battlefield to me now.

I remember, in the Springtime, before we took our final exams, standing outside the library in my hometown, Teddington, and thinking about freedom and escape. Emma reassured me that in two short years we would be planning on going to university.

The hostility of the girl's school I attended, and the absolute lack of people I could relate to, meant that I had suffered from extreme alienation. My only close friend at school was Emma. It was a very jarring and disturbing experience to be socially isolated like that. Whilst the other girls in my year went out; partied; and met boys, Emma and I were comparatively hermit-like.

I felt so much like a child back then. I couldn't relate to the other teenagers who seemed to mature so much quicker than I did. I even looked a lot like a young kid.

At sixteen, I felt it was finally the right time to 'be a teenager.' Due to a lack of social connections, Emma and I had to rely on each other for all of our recreational activities. My derranged-father nicknamed us "the ladies who lunch", implying that we had become middle-aged society ladies. Despite the confusion my father had as to our real ages, we 'dined' off the kids menu (pizza with fries and lemonade), then headed to the movie theater.

In retrospect, I admire the child that I was. I kept my soul pure, and my head held high. I did gentle activities to pass my time over the weekends. I poured my energy into schoolwork. Ultimately, this secured my exit from that strange time and place

where who I was wasn't appreciated. Sometimes, the loneliness was unbearable. I would cry into my pillow at night. I felt so disconnected from everything.

So, with new hope, I began at Richmond College with a set of 'international' friends. The girls that I became friends with there seemed so sophisticated. They were a world away from the thoroughbred-English girls I knew at Waldegrave.

Samantha was the first friend that I made one day, when taking the bus back from high school. She intrigued me with her quiet demure. Samantha's mother was Iranian, and she had grown up partly in The-Unseeded-Territory-of-the-First-Nations-People (a region previously-known as 'Canada'), which I thought to be incredibly cool. She was shy, like me, but funny and silly, and I felt comfortable around her. Katarina was her close friend, and was always close by. Katarina and Samantha lived in close proximity to where I lived, and they would get off the stop after me on the bus.

On those first days of Autumn, at the new school, I was filled with a sense of optimism, Maybe making friends could be easy? By the time Waldegrave school ended, I had become so used to just being in my own company, that I thought that there was something wrong with me. But, this new experience of meeting such interesting people so quickly, who were kind and respectful was an awakening.

Emma and I talked anxiously on the phone that week describing the nice people we'd met, and the potential friends

we'd made. We thought that we could join forces and share out our friends like stickers, so that everyone would be connected.

That was how I met Sophia and Millie—through Emma. With time, our group expanded to include Lydia (whose mother was Japanese); Amalia and Mina (the two German girls); and Lea (who lived in the big manor house down the road). Our group of friends was so big that we felt buffered from attacks.

It was so reassuring, at last, to have friends; not to be alone. For the first time in a long while, I had plans on the weekend. Even though the IB was insidious and abusive, my classmates were very free and kind. It seemed like all of my IB classmates were used to not being the 'popular' kids at their former schools. So, there was a general sense of camaraderie; and no one was excluded. Even though there were distinct friendship groups, everyone would invite everyone else to parties at the weekends.

We would go to the park and build bonfires there, and talk among our new friends. There was always something happening. Unfortunately, our gatherings also involved a lot of drinking; a means to mask the shared-trauma of childhood abuse. Still, our friendships developed in strength. We would look after each other in our silly, stumbling states like the family we never had. At one party, I remember Mina stuffing a blue, iced cake into my mouth, to bring me back to physical, grounded reality.

Lea, my friend who lived down the road from me in a gigantic 'palace' that overlooked the river Thames, would throw

house parties. All the guys would be inside dancing to dubstep and all the girls would be outside wondering what was so epic about this type of music. It was a magnificent place for a party because the gardens were so big. You could wander down to the boathouse and sit by the water.

When we were eighteen (and even slightly before), we would go out in London. The best places were underground, like the strangely named club 'Your Mum's House.' I remember going to the Notting Hill Carnival and enjoying the blur of color and sound. It was liberating to find a sense of life in all its rich tones outside in the world. Having temporarily escaped from the iron-container of 'the family home', I was experiencing the world: free and more alive.

The world of Richmond College was refreshing compared to Waldegrave. You just had to look at the kids who went there. It seemed like many of them came from non-Freemason backgrounds and were still rebellious and free.

I could see students expressing their anger at the adults around them in comparatively non-harmful ways. We were now as big as the teachers. This meant they could not get away with hurting us like they did when we were small kids. I saw teenagers throw fire crackers down the street. DJ sets in the corridors were common.

This was a place where I got to try out a new sense of my almost-adult-self. I would proudly strut down the catwalk corridors of the school in a 1980s forest-green baseball jacket.

I would periodically raid my mother's wardrobe for new outfit inspiration. She had a collection of clothes, going back through the 90s to the 80s, where style (in my opinion) was at its peak. I particularly liked the dark, denim jean jacket, which she had kept for 20 years. It had a distressed look. Later, I would wear her elegant trench coat at university, and feel like a glamorous person from Paris.

During my later high school years, I would also discover a new love of music and would spend so much time going to gigs with my friends. Particularly, my friend Georgia was a major inspiration for me in my taste in music.

I would go and visit Georgia at her North London house in Kilburn. I loved the journey to visit her because this area of London was totally different from the suburban nightmare that I inhabited. Georgia and I would eat green-pesto-noodles from small bowls. This was Georgia's specialty dish. We would watch movies together. She introduced me to *Donnie Darko* and *Clueless*.

I would watch these movies again and again, especially *Donnie Darko*, as a way of understanding the world I inhabited. On the movie website, you could try to unravel some of the mysteries in the movie, such as that of 'The Philosophy of Time Travel'. I wondered now how much of this was a decoy disguising the movie's explosive subtext of pedophilia in the school system; and in Hollywood.

After school, Georgia and I would write messages to each other, 'daily musings' where we would reflect on our lives. These

daily musings were a constant source of introspection and creativity that kept my soul alive during that time.

One weekend before Christmas, I went to visit Georgia and we went shopping on Oxford Street. We took the bus from her house and looked at all the neon-lights reflected in the windows. I spent all my money that weekend, and didn't even have enough for the train ticket home. The cashier at the ticket office said that, "as it was Christmas", he would give me the ticket for free. I was so warmed by his kindness. It was so rare for an adult to be kind to me, that this memory has stuck with me all these years.

One particularly enjoyable new activity for me at the weekend was hanging out with Mina, who I thought to be deeply stylish. We bonded over our shared love of clothes. So, when asked to fulfill the volunteering requirement during our time at the IB, I jumped at the chance to work with Mina in Oxfam, a charitable thrift store in Richmond. It was a quiet and peaceful place for us to be because we were stationed in the basement, sorting through donations. Anything good that came through, we got to keep at a discounted price.

I was delighted to find a pair of boots, that I wore to Glastonbury music festival. Mina and I would talk endlessly about style and the designers that we liked, whilst steaming cardigans. Steaming clothes turned out to be a profoundly therapeutic activity.

When Mina gave me a floral *Jack Wills* wash bag, I knew that she understood me. Mina told me how her Spanish best friend had been asked to work at the *Jack Wills* store. I would also later go for a job interview at *Jack Wills*. This was organized through 'connections', my cousin who worked somewhere high up in the company.

It was only later, after that fateful Job interview, that I understood what *Jack Wills* really was. It was a hunting ground for pedophiles. The manager tried to abuse me during the interview process to work there. Incidentally, I did not get the job.

I fought back at attempts to attack me. I stood my ground, and apparently that was not what was required from employees there. When I think of that store now, I am filled with disgust. How they mislead children. Their advertising campaigns legitimized the pedo-aristocracy. Flicking through the *Jack Wills* catalog—or 'handbook', as they pretentiously called it—the images of models seemingly having a fantastic time at mansions in the English countryside, looked idyllic. As a teenager, who didn't want to be popular, having fun with friends?

But, these images had such a dark undertone. They created a sense that your life was not enough. You were manipulated into thinking that you wanted something more; to be a part of that elite group who got to have all the fun.

Shortly after my obsessional phase over *Jack Wills*, and the girls in the photos who I wanted to be like, I actually became one of them. At eighteen years old, I became a model.

My cousins were very much part of the *Jack Wills* aristocratic cult, and went on joint ski trips together. We would have an annual trip to Glastonbury festival as a family. I would eat at pretentious restaurants on the Kings Road, a very wealthy area of London. So, I began to fall into that way of living.

And yet, that whole time, I felt so lonely. It never felt real, or perfect, or the way I imagined it to be. The modeling didn't introduce me to artistic and creative people like I hoped that it would. Nor did it allow me to travel the world. I didn't even become lasting friends with any of the other models. It kept me isolated and alone: the thing that I most wanted to escape from.

The pivotal point was discovering that this whole edifice of the fashion Industry was built on abuse. I experienced it as a model, and then I exited it quickly. It was *depraved*.

As I sit here and write this, I feel more whole and connected to myself than ever. I have never, technically, had less friends, and yet my friends today are good and true. I have never been happier, more myself, more free, and more able to do the things that I enjoy and that enliven my soul.

I had to strip back everything from my life. It was like peeling back the layers of an onion, until I reached my true self: my innocent core. During this process, I plainly saw that this world of glamour and fashion that I aspired to be a part of, was completely insane, and predicated on abuse. The images were fake and the friendships were fake. The whole dynamic of *Jack Wills* was predicated on the exploitation of children. Many of the

major fashion brands, photographers and designers (I know from personal experience) are abusers. It is disgusting, and I am glad that this world is crumbling.

Now, I have real style. I shop ethically, mainly in thrift stores. I ignore the mind-control that is 'fashion'. I prioritize high-quality, ethically-made clothes instead. I spend my time drawing or writing. I no longer spend hours taking photographs of myself to reaffirm that I am still here. By continually taking these photographs, or looking constantly in the mirror, I was deepening the split in my self. I exist in the wonderful, unfiltered, sparkling light of reality. I base my days on integrity; I try and stay in alignment with the values of my soul.

Now, my focus is inward. I concentrate on healthy, vegan living; yoga; and aerobics to heal myself from the inside out. That way I trust that my true-self will be reflected in my appearance without my needing to curate it. What is important to me now is being *present* and *alive*. I look out into the world, not back at my reflection in the mirror.

After a long battle with dysmorphia, I realized that the mirror was actually causing the problems I sought to avoid. It took me a long time to understand that my skin irritations; hallucinations about my body size; and other supposed 'imperfections' were all because of the mirror.

I realized that your eyes can deceive you. It is possible to completely *hallucinate* your appearance. How did I heal my continual battle with dysmorphia? I got rid of all my mirrors.

Mina

It was unbearably difficult to go through the process of seeing friends that I grew up with metamorphose into zombies or worse. It requires inner-strength not to waste my time trying to find ways to contact these lost childhood friends again. I sometimes have this naive delusion that if only I could tell them what happened to them, that they would understand, and become the person they once were. In reality: this almost never happens.

When trying to talk to Mina—a close friend of mine—about the past, I was met with absolute hostility. Opening up to her about my childhood trauma, led her to shut down completely and shun me. She treated me like some kind of repugnant specimen, that was no longer worthy of social contact. Of course, to save face, at the end of our conversation, she reassured me that should I need anything, she would always be there for me.

I never heard from her again.

Months went by after this meeting. She was perpetually busy; avoiding the confrontation. It was not just my own childhood trauma, which was causing her avoidance of the topic. She had her own history of abuse in childhood to contend with.

When I knew Mina best, in late childhood, she was like a sister to me. Not only did we look quite similar, but she also was half-German, something that connected us in an unspeakable way. She had spent many years at the German school in Richmond, one which I was also forced to attend by my parents, at the weekends. On a some level, perhaps, I understood that Mina had gone through many of the same traumas that I had.. As a teenager just forming my identity, I longed to be like her: cool and impeccably stylish. I admired her elegant, tall frame and beautiful hair. I felt more confident in myself when I was around her.

I was delighted then when Mina invited me for a weekend in Paris with her mother and younger siblings. I felt so lucky to have been invited. During the ferry ride, we half-heartedly completed our French homework, whilst her mother fed us *Oreo* biscuits.

We stayed in the magnificent apartment of Héloïse's family—Mina's Parisian friend. It was a large apartment *de bon goût* in a wealthy part of the city. The house seemed so still and perfect. It was like walking through a museum. We chatted loudly, and put our things in Héloïse's room. I remember straightening my hair and looking in the mirror; reflecting on this new world I had entered.

The next morning we met in the circular living space, and ate a traditional French breakfast with Mina's mother. I was overjoyed by the sweet patisseries, baguette, pain au chocolat, fruit, and yogurt. In short: The breakfast of dreams.

Mina and I were excited for our day exploring the city. My eyes wandered over to a large object in the center of the room. It was a bird cage, in an elaborate, old-fashioned style, where exotic birds of the brightest colors lived. I only took small sideways glances at it, so as not to feel the full impact of seeing these beautiful creatures behind bars. I was enjoying my breakfast, and didn't want to be disturbed by a nagging fear.

The rest of the day, Mina and I went out in the city. We had pistachio macaroons at Ladurée and went to the Louvre. We tumbled through the bare-leaved trees of Paris in the winter. We walked past flower shops, laughing with a little old lady calling after her tiny dogs 'Jules' et 'Pierre'. Jules and Pierre would be our nicknames for each other after that. While Mina's mother went out to run errands, we spent the afternoon in the cinema 'improving our French'. The movie turned out to be very average and cliché, but still it seemed better than the English equivalent because the actors were mysterious and French.

The real horror came when we went on a trip to the 'Swedish club'. The atmosphere inside this old, fusty building was stilted and jarring. We stood awkwardly holding *hors d'oeuvres*, that we didn't eat so as not to be impolite. There was a reason for our discomfort: Mina's younger brother and sister were taken into

side rooms by old, stooping club members, and defiled. The horror of this enraged me. Though also a child myself, I tried to stop it happening. Mina's mother pulled me aside and chastised me in the restroom. I could tell that Mina was terrified, and was doing her best to avoid being pulled into a side-room herself.

It seemed like we were too old for it this time.

Amy

I never had any brothers or sisters growing up. I was an 'only' child, or *lonely* child really. It was incredibly difficult to be alone with my parents, as they were both extremely horrible to me.

Salvation came through my cousin, Amy.

Amy was a year older than me, well a year and a half to be precise. It matters a lot to you when you're a kid. Amy was born at the opposite month of the year. She was January to my June. As Amy only had brothers, I was the sister she never had. We had the closeness of siblings; sometimes we didn't talk, yet our quietness would be mutually-understood more than conversation. We didn't have to plan activities together, we could just *be*.

When I was a little kid, Amy would come round and play at my house in Richmond a lot. We would pretend to be twins, and dress up in matching floral shorts and t-shirts. It was the 90s

so bright colors and leggings were on trend. In the car going home, Amy used to put her head on my shoulder. She spent so much time looking out for me and protecting me. This small gesture felt like an acknowledgment of her affection for me, and her exhaustion at all that we were going through. I used to put my head then on top of her head and make her laugh.

Amy and I used to be taken swimming on the weekend. When journeying back in the car, we would eat the chocolate candy that we'd been allowed to choose earlier at the gas station. We would act-out a radio-show themed around the candy bar, and make up funny quizzes. The imaginary reward was always a life-time supply of chocolate.

Amy and I would often have sleepovers at each other's houses, and this tradition continued right through our teenage years. We shared a bed like two kittens, and the comfort of being close to her helped ease the pain of the abuse.

At Christmas, we always baked gingerbread a day or two early, before the annual Christmas family get-together. Amy and I would walk to the big grocery store near where she lived in Hammersmith, and get all the ingredients. The special touch would be the store-bought American-whipped-vanilla-icing, and the candy-colored buttons.

The cousins always bought each other small gifts at Christmas. I remember going with Amy to a store where everything cost less than one pound, to get silly things like toothpaste. One year, I bought one hundred penny sweets for my

cousin Toby. Amy had told me how he had saved up his pocket money as a kid to buy one hundred pear drops from the corner shop for one pound.

The best sleepovers were when I went to visit Amy at her mother's house in Hammersmith. Her parents had divorced when she was little. I didn't talk to her about it much. I think she had worse things to contend with. I used to savor my trips to Hammersmith to see Amy as a teenager.

This bus journey was comforting for me. It was one of the rare moments where I could sit and daydream, staring out of the window in peace. I would listen to my music, and feel the melancholy inside me that, otherwise, had to be suppressed. I sometimes wished the bus ride would never end, and I could just sit there in serenity looking out at the rain. Perfect and unharmed. I knew all the streets so well, as the bus went through Twickenham (very ugly) and Richmond (even uglier).

The bus passed all the new styles in the clothing-store window displays. The bus passed the grocery store, where my mother used to buy me giant cookies to placate me as a little kid.. The bus trundled by the toy store, where my mother bought the little-gifts to put in party-bags for me at my birthday party. The bus passed the apartment where I was born.

The bus passed the road that led up to my elementary school, bringing back memories of that daily walk up and down the hill. Next, came the gas station where my dad would buy baguette, croissants and pain-au-chocolat every Saturday morning,

along with the morning papers. So many of the ordinary looking buildings that I passed on the bus, were edged with memories of terror. Richmond was a place in London where wealthy adults were permitted to rape children without consequence.

The next part of the journey traced the old-route of my parent's car as it drove to Putney—an area of southwest London—where every Sunday as a child, I would visit my granny Alison.

The bus continued on, past sodden playing-fields where local-schools played rugby. Watching those ragged children shouted-around in the rain, I would give thanks that I was warm and dry on the bus; and not at school.

When I finally reached Hammersmith, my favorite cousin, Amy, was waving at me from outside the bus as. Without fail, she was there to meet me. Amy and I would catch up on everything as we walked back quickly—Amy walked quickly, it was a family trait—to her house.

Her house was a huge building on a grand street near a shopping mall, which seemed to engulf the city where it lay. Amy's house looked elegant and old from the outside. I felt I had to be on my best behavior stepping through the door. Everything in the house was on a bigger scale.

The rooms had a grace to them, but were also very cold. The furniture was there, but the soul of the place had departed. You could never fully relax there. I remember having lunches at the dining table with Amy's brothers and her mother. It was always very formal and stiff, as it always is in those evil-aristocratic

circles. Everything is make-believe. The people are all actors, disguising hidden-horrors beneath their demure faces.

Amy and I slipped in quickly, to avoid too much conversation with her mother. She would nag Amy, and pry out information from me. We would make our teas quickly and scurry upstairs. When we were younger, we would often sit in the living-room and play *Mario Kart* with her brothers.

Amy had a beautiful room almost at the top of the house. There was an epic view of the garden and the rooftops of London. I was always mesmerized by the elegance of her wardrobe, which filled the entire length of one of the walls. It was filled with embroidered, floor-length ballgowns. At the very top, were bottles of alcohol; the very expensive kind; proudly on display. I tried my best not to look at these.

Amy would put on the American TV show *Ugly Betty*. It was being an outsider in the Fashion industry. We would sit and watch it as we drank tea and Amy worked on her Latin corrections. That was something that used to annoy me. I couldn't understand why she could never be present with me. Amy was always trying to do ten things at the same time. She would take me to a giant mall during our precious time together, as she last-minute had to find a gift for Ryan, her older brother, or another unexpected task.

I now understand that this was Amy's way of coping with all that engulfed her. Amy was constantly running around, focusing on her schoolwork and social life. I did the same, to some

extent, but I was never very good at multi-tasking, and was more of a dreamer.

The best times were when Amy and I talked about music. We shared the bands that we liked. Amy introduced me to the joys of thrifting on *eBay*. She was a 'bargain hunter', something that she had inherited from her father, who was a delusional-minimalist. He claimed to focus on just the essence of things, yet lived in an enormous house in Hammersmith.

Amy would bid on Kurt-Cobain-style shoes from America. Amy would talk to me about America, as she was lucky enough to visit there with her mother. She mainly talked about shopping, though. She would stock up her wardrobe with clothes to keep up with her extravagant school classmates.

It was Amy who followed the celebrities of the day, who told me the Kate-Moss-style was *cool*. At one point, Amy went totally Paris Hilton and wore wear colorful velvet tracksuits. She even bought a tiny dog, Poppy, that was so small she could fit into her purse.

Amy took me to a discount designer-clothes store, and we would search out the *hottest* labels. She was delighted with me when I found adult jeans which I could fit into since I was only fifteen years old. Amy wore another expensive brand of jeans. This very same designer used a child in its exploitative advertisements.

Clothes were a big deal for us. As a kid, Amy's mother, Sally, would sort out Amy's clothes and give them to me, as I was

younger. I was delighted by this. I remember wearing my reversible-hoodie from Camden high street all the time. It had a gentle scent of Amy.

This psychotic-focus on fashion was caused partly by the fact that both of our mothers were models, and we were being groomed for the same role. Amy spoke to me at age sixteen about the idea of us becoming models. She was also being pressured into it by her mother.

Really, what I loved about Amy were the contradictions. On the surface, she was a society girl, with all the trappings of it. She could be critical of me, when I acted too wild as a kid. Her mother had been very strict with her, and she was very careful about how she *appeared* to the world. My parents had tried to do the same thing to me as a kid, but too much of my personality stayed intact. Secretly, Amy loved it when I said the wrong thing in conversation (which I often did). It was a break from the social convention that had a strangle-hold on us.

Amy was deeply religious, but in the honest, spiritual sense. She wore an elegant necklace, like a locket, but also with a cross on it. Unlike many other 'believers', Amy never boasted or bragged about her faith. Yet, I knew that it was important to her; it was more than just symbolic. She went every week to church, never for show. She never talked about it.

I think that one of the reasons why she went to church was to hold on to a sense of morality. I know that this can seem very strange given that so many churches are places where the

ritual abuse of children is enacted; especially in Europe. However, some people manage to find hope and strength in heavily self-customized parts of a religion. I could see this in Amy's behavior. There were many many times as a child when she sacrificed herself to save me from the clutches of an abusive family member.

Amy was very protective over me. She was very good at navigating situations to get us to safety. She would make excuses to end small talk at parties at my uncle's house, so we could run upstairs, and play on the computer. She also kept me away from her whole social-sphere as a teenager. At the time, I thought it was because she was embarrassed by me, her awkward, younger cousin. Now I know that she was shielding me from the chaos and evil of the people that surrounded her.

Amy had to go to Baden-Baden over the winter holidays to de-stress from all the attacks. She was covered in eczema—which I never acknowledged at the time—on her face and arms. I would hold Amy's arm to stop her from scratching, and it pained me to see her like that. She would visit her Austrian friend Hannah. I believe Hannah was one of Amy's few true friends, and Amy always seemed to be smiling when she talked about her.

Things began to change when Amy went to university. Like her mother, Sally, before her, Amy had been accepted at Oxford. Also, like her mother, Amy was part of the rowing team. This was meant to be a Big Deal. Amy 'read' Classics, a common turn-of-phrase used only at smug-universities like Oxford and Cambridge. In Amy's first term at University, I went to visit her in

her Halls of Residence. This was a big trip for me, and I was feeling sleepy and weary, having been out dancing in London the night before. It was a good evening, and I had talked to some nice people; made new, temporary friends.

Amy's apartment seemed palatial compared to most halls of residence. Amy lamented that it was not one of the *finer* Oxford residences, but it still had its own kitchen and bathroom, which, for student housing, was very extravagant. Amy showed me around her space and made us cups of tea and chocolate muesli. As we were both so tired, we napped. Amy seemed very quiet to me and exhausted. It felt like her mind was on other things. I couldn't understand yet what horrors surrounded her there.

When I saw some of Amy's friends, I began to understand what Oxford life was like for Amy. One 'friend' stuck in my mind. Isadora seemed to be more like a character from a mythical novel. She was always wearing long dresses, and never raised her voice above a whisper. Although, at first, this elegant waif seemed fascinating—so elegant and poised, much like my cousin Amy—it didn't take long for the thin-veneer to crack.

Isadora lay stretched out on the settee in Amy's apartment whilst I talked with Amy and her other friends. Isadora had the audacity not to engage in any conversation. Instead, she surveilled the conversation, lying there, prying into everything said. This lion had a strange command over Amy and her friends.

Now, I understand why Amy felt so uneasy. Her spirit was being crushed. My suspicions were confirmed later in the evening, when we went to see a play put on by the students. Almost everyone seemed 'off'. There is this type of person, who has been groomed since birth to be part of the elite-pedophile class.

They have no grounding in everyday reality, and seem totally aloof and unreachable. Almost everyone I saw that evening at Oxford University fit into this category.

One of Amy's classmates asked me where I was at school. I replied: "Richmond College". I was met with a sneer of disapproval that I had not gone to private school, or to boarding school. Amy also seemed to be very uneasy around these people. Although she was invited to a party, she made the excuse of leaving early, as she had to babysit me. We ran back to her room and watched *Ugly Betty* in peace.

I was shaken up by the eerie atmosphere at Oxford, and the next day, I left early. I resolved never to apply to Oxford or to Cambridge, as I had been advised to do by some of my teachers. I had aspired to go the universities, until I saw that almost everyone there was a Freemason-pedophile, or being trained to be one.

I was beginning to lose Amy too. The more she hung around these people, the more the pressure on her increased to become *evil* like them. The Oxford students were astonishing to behold. I quietly watched the way they were behaving towards me and Amy; their general air of insufferable arrogance.

Mother

My mother was beautiful—from the outside. She had an elegance to her that made her seem mysterious in public. When I was with friends, she convincingly played the part of the *cool* parent showing off the cartwheels that she could “still do at age forty”.

My mother made individual party bags for each kid at my birthday parties. When my class went on a school trip to Hindleap Warren, she knitted me a woolen jumper and the teachers nominated me the most 'fashionably dressed' child.

She could be fun when she was free of the burdens she chose to carry. During the school holidays, we used to go to the movie rental store down the road, and watch old movies. We'd sip on home-made mango smoothies and laugh at silly comedies. Or, we would take day trips out into London, and explore new areas of the city; or visit museums and galleries; or, go to *Legoland*, a theme park.

I savored these days because these were the times when my mother was really my mother. She would laugh and play with me, and it felt like she was there for me. I used to adore us having picnics together. As a child she told me how she used to go on adventures with her friend in the German countryside, and bring along a picnic which was devoured at the first opportunity. My mother, and I, used to have fun going to a fancy British grocery store and picking out sandwiches; apple and mango juice; and croissants.

I wished that my mother would be this fun, good-natured person all the time. Most of the time, I saw her confined to her study; her back absurdly-straight because of a chair that she had bought to improve her posture. She would sit at a table in front of the computer all day on weekends, and on weekday evenings she would mark school-books in front of the television.

Whenever I went into her study on weekends to break up the isolation of having a mother who's whole attention was so engrossed in her work, she could not take her eyes off the screen to look at me. I had to win her attention by giving her neck a massage, so that she would speak with me for just one moment.

I got very angry at my mother sometimes. I knew that there was a side to her that she was hiding from me. One time, I was rummaging through the drawers in her study. My mother was in the room sat at her desk, and I found that she had a diary there that she had kept when she was younger. I wanted to pull it out to look at it. I had a quick look through it while I was in the

room with her, but she stopped me. I thought that I might sneak back in when she wasn't there, and read it for myself. But, when I tried to find it again, it was gone.

How my mother *looked* was a big part of who she was. My mother told me that she worked as a fashion model in her early days in London. She came to London as an *au-pair* from Germany, planning to learn English. She wanted to go on to Spain, where she would improve her Spanish. Something about London must have trapped her, as she never ended up making it to Spain. Something, in any case, drew her to London.

She played volleyball in the early years; sharing a bed with a roommate to afford the rent; and, I guess, working part time as a model. When she met my father, my mother barely had any clothes, and had to borrow all his things. Perhaps, she would have turned out differently had she not been sucked into the *glitz* and *glamour* of London; or met my father.

When she talked about how she was as a kid, it seemed like my mother wanted to give to others. She was studying to be able to help children with disabilities. According to her, she left that because she felt that the children were being hurt by the caregivers.

She floated around, and in the 70s, she enjoyed the tail-end of the hippy movement. She lived communally with friends in an old barn in Northern Germany. This seemed to be a time when she was happy. Or, *happier*.

Later, when I was older, she took me to visit Germany during the winter holidays. We spent some time exploring Bremen, the city near where she was born. My mother had lived in Bremen for a few years in her twenties. Here, she enjoyed the independent cafes, and the freedom of being young in the city. I saw a strong sense of nostalgia sweep over her as we sat in a cafe on the banks of the water. It seemed to be a place that she had often visited. It may have been that she was remembering her younger self, unmarred by what was to come.

My mother never talked about what happened to her as a model. Instead, she acted it out. Once when in a changing room in a thrift-store next to Richmond bridge, she attacked me.

I stood, beaming, in a pair of blue, cord trousers that I had tried on. She attacked me in much the same way as she was attacked as a child. A similar pattern followed when we visited an expensive women's clothing store in Richmond, one of her favorite haunts.

I enjoyed being with my mother in Germany some of the time because she seemed like a different person. She seemed to be able to remember her true self better in Germany. I had been searching for such a long time for some sense of belonging; a family, people around me who loved me. It had been very difficult for me to connect to my English family.

All my cousins were older than me and stone cold, apart from Amy. They had all been abused as children, and it felt like any attempt to get close to them was met with a shove back.

Back at home in London, the television was like a shrine to our family. Instead of being alert and present during your television-worship, you were required to be stretched out and pacified.

There was a sickly comfort to lying on the sofa next to my mother-watching-the-TV, with my cat Charlie curled up beside us. In the cold television-light of the living room, the brutality was suspended for just one moment as everyone's attention was glued to the 'box'. I found the TV programs boring and meaningless, so I drifted off.

University

The thought of university conjured up ideas of supreme freedom. A fantastical image of reading books in cozy cafes, unwashed hair and hippy be-ins. Where did these ideas come from? What awaited me at university was vastly different from my expectations.

I was so unsure of who I was; where I was going; and what I wanted to do with my life when I chose my university. I eventually just settled for what my best-friend at the time was doing. She wanted to go to Bath University, so I said I was planning to go there too. Bath University seemed small, pretty and non-threatening; the kind of space I needed the most at that time.

In the first year, who I chose to hang around with was based on fear and insecurity. I dyed my hair blonde to match my German friends at high school. Now, I used the same criteria to

find my new friends at Bath: Were they *blonde* and *pretty*? Check. Then, they would be my friends. I felt so small and ugly inside myself. I thought that if I hung around pretty, confident people, it would rub off on me.

Freshers week was a strange social-phenomenon. In a Dionysian frenzy, there was mass-drinking; free-spirited reveling; and dancing. This week was a terrifying blur. A blur because of the obligatory drinking, but I saw the horror of what lay beneath the madness. I saw first-hand how other students, hurt as children by the cults, were now going out abusing other students. Alternatively, they adopted new students as 'friends' and watched over them; likely reporting back to the cults what they observed. If this sounds like wild paranoia to you, then enroll there and see it for yourself.

Freshers week was an opportunity for these malevolent-spirits to unleash all their aggression onto other students. I experienced an attack from a 'friend' in her dorm room. The attack happened when she got angry at me, whilst we were drinking our own concoction of Vodka mixed with blackcurrant squash from my rose porcelain teacups. I had brought an English porcelain tea set, of all things, with me to university.

For some reason, my list of priorities were: a quilted floral blanket; and an old English tea set, complete with cups and saucers and a large old fashioned teapot. Perhaps my choices in tea sets were reflective of the conditioning I had been subjected to. I was, supposedly, destined to become a member of the evil-

elite. In this projected future, most of my free time away from perpetrating evil at Freemason lodges would be spent flower-arranging and selecting crockery.

I tried to have fun. I smiled and *pretended* to have fun. But, by the end of the week, I was losing the will to live. It felt like everything was out of my control. Luckily, I had befriended a sane person on my course called Amanda. Amanda was not like my other friends: She was kind. She was funny. She had *integrity*.

Amanda and I left the strange Roman-themed evening. We escaped to the grassy verges on the outer limit of the university. Cocooned in nature—badgers and green woodland—we found solace, far away from strange human psychological experiment that was Freshers week. We talked for hours.

Love

There were times at university when I felt like I wanted to be in love; I wanted to be loved. I was a romantic, and I was disappointed by the short-lived attractions I experienced in discothèques. I use the French term for a 'club' here, as I strongly dislike the word club, it being something you use to hit things with. I was in love with everyone I kissed, and thought that they felt the same way. Unfortunately, this led to continual disappointment.

I once left a pair of my mother's diamond earrings at a guy's house. The next morning I went home in tears, feeling so empty inside because what I had believed to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship, was in fact a great goodbye. The earrings symbolized something to me: Something precious that I was leaving behind in his heart, that was not shared. The love I sought was never requited.

By my second year, full of disappointment, I gave up drinking and the discothèque-schedule completely. I withdrew into myself and became an *existentialist*. I found a job at a women's clothing store in the center of town, in the old post office building. This store was one that my mother used to drag me along to as a child. It was a very grand sort of place, and I had fun there dressing up in fanciful outfits.

I wore a wide-brimmed hat, a pink over-sized floral shirt with pink cords and boots. It was whimsical and imaginative. In my head, I was back at Kew Gardens, playing with my childhood friends; or playing dress up with my grandma's stylish dresses, that I found in my wooden trunk.

Working at the clothes store at the weekends, and going to university every day, provided me with a life-saving routine. I walked up and down the hill through the pretty landscape of cows, fields and little streams. The puffy clouds soothed my soul, along with the mellow skies of the countryside. You couldn't find a better place to fall-asleep in that picture perfect vision of the English countryside than Bath; with its unusually sunny-days and micro-climate. I enjoyed seeing the sun change the color of the leaves and dapple the sidewalks.

I put on my big headphones and blocked out the world. On stormy days, I listened to David Bowie's 'Starman' and dreamed of another planet. The moments that I had free at university, I went to the student cafe and ordered myself a hot

mocha chocolate after the steep ascent of the hill. I quenched my losses with banana-flavored flapjacks.

Home was a mess. Home had *always* been a mess. Though, now, I was living in a house with real-life, physical problems like damp, and the silvery trails of slugs and snails that wove their way across the living room floor. My disconnected student-housemates and I forgot to take the trash out for weeks on end. By the time we remembered, we had to take about twenty bags out from the back garden to the front of the house. The towering trash-pile severely alarmed the people caring for the community through trash-collection

During the second year, I spent much time considering what I wanted to do during my Year Abroad. The Year Abroad is a year at the university that you spend outside of your home university, in countries which speak the languages you are studying. For me, this meant I was going to Paris, France and Berlin, Germany. I always was a capital-city girl at heart.

At first, I believed that I wanted to get a job in fashion. This is what I had been groomed to do since childhood. The impulse to work again in that arena came naturally to me, after my early-years in the modeling industry. I came across a mysterious-looking recruitment company in Paris on one of the main fashion streets. The address was at number 33, another blind-spot I had back then. Now, I am extra careful if I see this number bandied about, due to its link with the mumbo-jumbo of the Freemason-pedophiles.

Not heeding the warnings of my career advisor who told me that it was exceedingly difficult to get a job in Fashion without any contacts in the industry, I foolishly applied.

Little did she know about my former-experience in this sick, little world. Not having the true knowledge of what I was entering into, I naively contacted the company, and got given an interview in Paris. Before I got to the interview, a former employee of the company contacted me on the popular surveillance website *LinkedIn*.

I was taken in by Louis' charming demeanor. He was French, and had also worked for the Fashion company in Paris. He asked whether I wanted to have a drink to talk about the position I was applying for. Full of innocent hope, I gladly agreed to go and meet him to talk about the upcoming interview. I thought it was very kind of him to help me understand what I needed to know before flying to Paris. Filled with excitement, I got an afternoon train from Bath to London, and arrived in good time to meet him. I spent some time drifting around Oxford Street; trying on some clothes for the interview. Eventually, it was time.

The drink was short. In my inexperience, I just ordered what he was drinking. He talked to me as if I already had the job. What I didn't realize was that his offer to accompany him home, was also part of the application procedure. If I went with him, I would have the job. I didn't go with him. I had my train to catch back to Bath. There was no way that I was going to this strange man's house. I didn't realize it then, but that was the end of my

chances to get the job in Paris. Despite the prematurely precluded decision, I flew to Paris the next weekend. This was a most exciting event, as I flew all by myself from Bristol airport. Luckily, my friend Avril had grandparents who lived in Paris. So, I stayed with them the night before the interview.

Touching down at Paris Charles De Gaulle, I was taken in by the apparent charm of the city. The lights twinkled up at me through the black night. Seen in the right light, for a short space of time, Paris could really be the stuff of dreams. I took the bus from the airport to Saint-Germain-des-Prés, home of 'Les Deux Magots'—a cafe famed for being the coffee-drinking-spot of my existentialist heroes. I reveled in the rain-splashed streets, and could almost hear Camus whispering philosophies in my ear.

I retreated into Camus' world. *The Myth of Sisyphus* seemed to be my life's destiny as a child, eternally struggling against the repressive boulder of my parents.

In the quiet evening hours, Paris retained some of the magic of bygone years. The Paris that Hemingway frequented was the one I expected to find. A Paris without the modern-day people around to ruin it.

Avril's grandparents lived in a beautiful apartment on the square of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. The building was very old and round. It felt like travelling back in time staying with them. They were very formal, but treated me well. I stayed in Avril's mother's childhood room. The line drawings on the wall, carefully placed in a dainty frame, took me back to a mythic, lost world. I felt very

peaceful in their home, and savored every detail of it. After drinking a vanilla tea in the morning, along with Madeleine cakes, I was engulfed a strong *souvenir-de-l'enfance*—a memory of childhood, as Proust told it.

On the way to the interview, I had felt glamorous in my mother's floral sixties-style French dress of a few seasons ago. I wore my blazer, also from the same French designer. I wore classic boots and did my hair in a nice, simple, elegant style. None of this mattered, of course. Despite being dressed like the outcome of a five-year subscription to *Vogue* magazine, the decision had already been made. I would not lower my moral-standards to those of a prostitute just to be given a modeling job, so I was ditched by the fashion industry.

In the end, it didn't really matter. I had enjoyed my brief time in Paris. I soaked up the energy of the space. Its *glamour* and intrigue, and left happy to have been given the free-ticket (paid for my parents) to be there.

During that same year, I received another opportunity to visit Paris. This time I had applied for a teaching job; teaching English to business professionals. I had no interest whatsoever in being around these suited-parasites, and trying to teach them something. But, my parents urged me to go anyway, especially as the company was paying for my flights.

I felt like I was tricking the company somehow. Knowing that this in no way matched my idyllic vision of my Parisian life as an artist, I felt guilty for accepting the job interview. My parents

propelled me forward though, so sooner than I could imagine I was sitting on a plane again to Paris.

Avril's grandparents were away that weekend, so I couldn't stay with them. My parents arranged for me to stay with August's long-time family friends Marlène and Bennie. I had stayed with them as a small kid with August's family. I had then stayed with them again, later, as August and I went on our train journey (Interrail) around Europe.

Marlène seemed delighted to have me there, and didn't hesitate to show me around her Paris. She was flamboyant in her red coat, and vivaciousness. She immediately took me to the Chagall exhibition exclaiming that: "You must see Chagall!"

Her enthusiasm rubbed off on me, and I left a sincere Chagall enthusiast. I was blown away by the dreamlike quality and passion of his paintings. This was a world that I could finally relate to, not the lackluster world of England and the University at Bath. Marlène told me about her time as a student frequenting the cinemas of Paris, and skipping her afternoon lectures.

Every time I visited Paris subsequently, I would visit some of the cinemas she recommended. She was a student at the Sorbonne in the 60s—the golden era. I would also go on to study there. After Chagall, she took me to a café which served crêpes. It was nice to have a role-model: an adult whom I admired, and who was interested in the same artistic pursuits as I was. Her daughter was a movie star, so she was well immersed in the arts scene.

I awoke the next day to a good breakfast of baguette, yogurt, fruit and *café au lait*. I was running late for my interview, having been taken to new artistic highs. Marlène kindly dropped me off at the building, but I don't think she liked the idea of the interview any more than I did.

The building was a strange, modern-architectural nightmare. I ran around frantically, not finding the exact location of my interview. I apologized profusely when I got to the correct place, and I expected not to get the job, given this incredible interview faux-pas. I was underwhelmed by the interview, and what was being proposed. Perhaps, because I was so nonchalant about everything it worked in my favor, and I was offered the job. The buildings were soulless and set on a modern development where everything was made of glass; even the people.

Travel

The first breath of true freedom came when I decided to explore Europe by train, together with my two best friends at the time, August and Chrisann. We hoped that the trains would take us away from the hell of where we were, to somewhere new and brighter.

Chrisann and I would begin our travels together across Europe, and then August would join us at a later date because she was doing work experience with wild animals in Africa; as part of her training to be a vet.

Chrisann visited me at university, when I was in my first year there. It was the springtime and we started planning where we wanted to go. We were sat in an ugly, modern library at one of the generic computer pods, planning our journey. We decided we would start in Berlin, and travel on from there.

Great anticipation rose up in me at the thought of being on another landmass, with no obligations. Although university was a lot better than being at school, there was still a *pressure*. The train adventure through Europe meant complete freedom, being with my best friends, and exploring new worlds.

Chrisann and I were sat in my room the night before our train adventure through Europe began. I had left packing to the very last minute. The first thing to pack was a giant-collection of Sylvia Plath's diaries that I had found in the library. I was fascinated by her writing at that time, and had cycled out in the pouring rain on my bicycle to collect this treasure.

Plath was one of the writers closest to my heart. I could never have afforded to pay for the book outright. So, Sylvia went in first. This was my comfort and my protection from the world. Whenever I had felt scared or uncertain that summer, I had buried my head in Sylvia's universe. At the beach in France with my parents, my head was permanently stuck in Sylvia's world-of-words; blotting out the strange landscape of people there. My mother had bought me a small notebook, with cupcakes on the cover, to keep as a travel journal. I packed this, along with the other essentials for travel.

When Chrisann and I arrived in Berlin, our dress changed to a more grungy and boyish style. I wore a camouflage t-shirt with my white high-waisted jeans and Chrisann adopted my rock 'n' roll jacket. We spent long, glorious days wandering around the city; drifting about, and following our intuition.

The hostel had, on first appearances, a free-spirited vibe to it. There was a communal kitchen and there were dreamy, watercolors painted directly onto the walls. We shared a dormitory with many other traveling spirits. Chrisann made herself a sweet hot drink in the kitchen, and put on her boho leggings. We giggled over hot cocoa.

The reference was lost on me at the time but 'redrum' was written on the mirror, which reflected back became 'murder'—a Stanley Kubrick reference. This and the notice on the door to 'never open the door to Aliens', should have been a useful reminder to leave the space. The hostel was also ridiculously cheap at five euros a night, where the average cost was twenty. This should also have been a major red flag. Alas, I had next to no filter for danger back then, so I was an easy target.

In Alexanderplatz, Chrisann and I explored a book store that was shutting down. We sat by the fountain in the middle, among the bleak, gray concrete-slabs of the square. We decided to visit the Berlin wall, and find some more color.

The bright murals painted on the collapsed Berlin Wall appealed to me. A stone-wall of childhood, now discovering freedom in color. I was glad to be away from *home*; far away from the terror and captivity of childhood. What a thrill to be totally free in the world for the first time. It felt euphoric.

Chrisann and I space-hopped around the city, exploring archaic thrift stores with mountains of clothing, and buried treasures. The theme tune of our adventures was laughter. We

went to ‘Tresor’, one of the big techno clubs, and I was mesmerized by the deserted city streets. We walked for what felt like miles on end, until we came across a *Döner* (kebab) stand, which looked like the last standing remnant of a lost civilization.

I was entranced with this new way of being. My true self found its expression. Before, I had only been going to clubs in London. These clubs often adhered to an unwritten—but strictly enforced—dress-code of short skirts and high heels. I was sick of this fascist uniform, and so embraced whole-heartedly the opportunity to wear jeans and a jacket—techno-grunge. The Berlin bouncers didn’t care what you looked like as long as your soul was intact. In fact, had you been wearing London-club attire you would have been turned away. Here, being seen as drunk was not considered as popular as it was in London. It was not cool to be an alcoholic in Berlin.

It was fascinating to be in the dark rooms, with the other worshipers, genuflecting at the decks of the DJ. Instead of the focus being on how you *looked*; and who you were *with*; and what you were *drinking*, I saw people dancing alone in scrappy T-shirts. As their bodies swayed, finding catharsis in the beats, they appeared to be having inner-epiphanies, releasing their pain in a techno-dance.

After experiencing the neo-grunge of Berlin’s dimly-lit dance world, we were ready to try a “prettier city”, as Chrisann described it. Something more *feminine*. We passed through Prague and stayed with some of Chrisann’s strange, banking friends. This

was a very bad mistake. Their dark energies threatened to crush us, and we were 'saved' by a female friend, Mel, who rushed us to her family house in the countryside.

At Mel's, things were calm, and her parents fed us an enormous lasagna. We were so grateful. We had been so hungry.

Vienna was a place where I sat up, and paid attention once again. The archaic, pedo-elite culture of the Crown could be seen embedded in the city's architecture. Buildings in Europe often carry symbols that betray its real, evil purpose.

I had grown up in Europe—swamped in ugly buildings. What attracted me to Vienna was the underground music scene, rising up from the ashes of its creepy-royal-nightmare past.

On our first night in the city, we investigated Vienna's art scene. We went to visit one of the major galleries in the center of the city. An art event was happening in the gallery. The bouncer told us that we were free to go up and see what was happening. On the rooftop, there were groups of sick people from the art world, engaged in trashy cocktail-talk. Chrisann and I felt quite out of place, dressed in our summer-daytime-hippy-travel wear. We were also the youngest people in the room.

The event turned out to be an incredible education into the real interests and darkness that lay beneath the creepy oil-paintings of the gallery. Just as the oil-paintings depicted a stilted reality of pedophile elites, the cocktail party landscape showed us how the aristocratic values displayed in the paintings were being acted out in real time in the gallery space. One hog-like lady

started talking to Chrisann, and beckoning her into a dark space behind one of the huge gallery doors. I had the sense to realize what was happening: a dark congregation. I told Chrisann that we needed to get out of there right now.

A handsome photographer, JD, asked to take our photograph in front of one of the ugly-pedo-trashy buildings, that you were supposed to think look *cultured*. We were taken in by his charm, and so agreed. He mentioned in passing about a gathering that would be happening that evening in one of the main city-center parks. Eager to experience everything we could of life, we happily agreed. We thought, in our inexperience, that he wanted to be our friend, and we would have a fun time with his DJ friends.

The first part of the evening, we took part in easy, mindless conversation. One of JD's friends tried to take me on a walk. I didn't know where it was headed, so I circled back round to the main flock of people. We watched an indie movie about old people growing pot in their gardens. We thought that everyone was so *subversive*. I tried to concentrate as one of our supposed new friends tried to put his hand on Chrisann's leg. She fended him off. The evening required a lot of fending-off of vampires.

Chrisann and I escaped. We giggled and delighted in how free and wonderful the evening had been, sugar-coating the more unsavory aspects. We were elated with happiness; and high on sugar.

Throughout the entire trip through Europe, we decided not to drink. This gave us a much keener eye for spotting danger, despite our naivety.

We adored the artistic vibe in the apartment of a friend in Vienna: dead flowers on the table, and a small window opening out to a valley of narrow-city light. Having been suffocated in a girl's prison-school for so many years, our aim to have friends that were guys was finally being realized. We thought how gracious it was for our new friend to take the couch in the kitchen to sleep on, offering Chrisann and I his room. Little did we know that once again we would have to fend off unwanted visits in the nighttime.

I was successful at stopping any harm coming to us.

August's Arrival

I dreaded August arriving. It meant being alone with her for the rest of the trip. She was so unwell at that point. I felt so unstable myself, and controlling my eating was giving me a feeling of security. I knew that when August got there, I would feel *responsible* for her again.

Unexpectedly, things got better when August was there. August was more structured and organized. Chrisann had been going off the rails since we were attacked by Chrisann's 'friends', the bankers, in Prague. A metamorphosis had taken place. Chrisann had snapped: the Chrisann who I knew at the beginning of our travels had gone.

Next stop: Ljubljana in Slovenia. At the station, a breath of freedom, and endless possibilities greeted us. On the spur of the moment, August and I decided to go to Barcelona. This

seemed so exotic and far away from England. Going to Barcelona meant going on a night train.

Determined to get to our destination despite our tickets being in some way *wrong*, we hid from the ticket collectors. We mooched around the dining carriage, drinking orange juice, the cheapest thing on the menu. When the ticket collector came around, we dodged him as if he was Dr Robotnik. We were Sonic and Tails from the *Sega* videogame, giggling to ourselves. All the time, we feared that we would get 'caught' like in school.

August and I arrived in Barcelona late in the evening. August got sick promptly after our first adventure into the downtown area. We sat at one of the open cafes on the central promenade, and August drank the tap water. Then, August didn't return from the bathroom for half an hour. I went to see if I could help her, and she was so sick. Her color was off. During the metro trip back to the hotel, August's head hung in her lap the whole time. I was very worried about her.

A day later August was feeling much better again. We visited the music venues by the water, and enjoyed dancing light-heartedly. We met a strange lady with lots of tattoos, who recommended that we visit the wild cemetery by the water. The tomb stones were like visions of art. In the end, we freaked out and decided not to be around dead people.

Trapped in guide books, August and I tried to experience some of the Gaudí architecture. Thankfully, we only got to the outside of the Sagrada Família, a monstrous building. Luckily,

Park Güell was outside. This meant that we found an easy alternative to facing the twisted, warped, sickening-style of Gaudí. Instead we chose fresh air and some trees.

I was not fully aware of just how sinister Gaudí's style was at the time. Now, having spent time in North America, I don't know how I could stand being around it. It looks to me, with my wiser eyes, like an homage to Freemasonry with its checkerboard patterns and roman columns.

Soon, we were ready to head on to our final city before returning home to London. We decided that it would be Paris. August and I had visited Paris as kids together.

We stayed in a sketchy hostel by Barbès-Rochecouart. We gave no forethought as to what the neighborhood would be like before going there. In the evening, we visited a café in Northern Paris in a quarter called Belleville. It was a recommendation from one of my newly-acquired French friends at Bath University.

At the café, in the twinkling evening light, I felt we were in the Parisian's Paris. Savoring the twilight hour, and our good fortune, we met a girl in her late twenties, Émilie. She seemed to us to be very *sophisticated* and very *French*. We told her of our plight at the hostel, and she very kindly offered to host us at her apartment. She said that she regularly did couch-surfing, so it was no special inconvenience for her.

We trusted that Émilie was good to her word, and she was. We spent a restful night on her sofa. We were fascinated with

the simple elegance of her Parisian apartment: the large shuttered windows; her simple, beautiful things; the enormous bookshelf with well-loved books; an elegant comb; and no make up. She tied her hair simply with a ribbon.

In the morning we bid goodbye to Émilie: our savior and inspiration. After all the hostile energies I had encountered in Europe, it was a relief to meet someone honest and truly kind.

Later that day, August and I would enjoy a simple *carottes rapées* and *couscous à la menthe* from the grocery store. Everything in French grocery stores seemed to taste better than in England. It had wonderful names and it was *raffiné*.

In the afternoon, we spent time visiting the obligatory art galleries, with the Establishment paintings. I yawned at seeing another Reubens painting. We waved pistachio macarons in the air at the Jardin des Tuileries, all the while heatedly debating which French patisserie was the finest.

As the evening approached, we realized that our problem with the hostel had not yet been solved. Despite Émilie's kindness, we could not go back to her apartment for another night. August decided to call her family friends, Marlène and Bennie, who I had stayed with during my interview in Paris. Even as a small kid, I loved the French *joie de vivre*.

Marlène was a genius chef, and when we stayed with her as kids, the flavors of her home cooking left a lasting impression on my memory. Marlène was delighted to be able to accommodate us. We slept well in the library of their suburban

Parisian house in Pont de Sèvres. No darkness befell us in the night. In the morning, we found fresh bread and fruit waiting for us in the kitchen. I loved every moment, taking in the French way of living. Marlène was very pleased that we had visited the galleries, as an art lover herself.

One encounter stuck in my mind. It was in the kitchen of Marlène and Bennie's house. August and I had been sat at the table looking at an old map of Paris that Bennie had been showing us. There was a moment when he was really looking at us, and I believe he could sense our vulnerability. With so many predators orbiting us as children, we had an unnatural trust for every adult. Bennie, perhaps, saw this power that he had over us in that moment. Then the moment passed. There was no disturbance in the night.

Bath

After spending time traveling, the thought of returning back to boring Bath University felt like such a drag. I had been living to the fullest, experiencing life outside of England. I felt free of the shackles of conformity that were placed on me by my handlers in England.

When I was abroad, I could embody the person I always dreamed of being: *extravagant* and *interesting*. I was free to dress as I wanted, and live the life of a poet and writer. So much new creativity arose in me in those new cities, that I couldn't contain my joy and excitement. I needed to express it in some creative form.

During my time in Bath, I experimented a lot with my journey of self-discovery. I tried to understand who I was and what I enjoyed doing. The course was something I didn't enjoy. I

knew that right from the beginning. I was in anguish as I found the classes so uninspiring. It was all a question of order-following. Absorbing things and then regurgitating them on the exam paper. I thought I had been freed from this after escaping school. I wanted to ask questions, not be given answers.

After the first week of hell, which they called “Freshers week”, I was on the verge of a complete breakdown. Studying had always been a way for me to find structure, and to focus on something outside me, so that I didn't let the pain of my childhood start affecting me. But I found university *disturbing*.

Things felt jammed. I spoke with my parents and realized that, if I didn't want to do my course, then I would have to return home to them. Nothing could have been worse than this possibility, so I decided to keep going. There was something *wrong* with the course; there was something intangibly wrong with my life. It always seemed to be in *opposition* that I found myself.

I tried out being a sporty person. As a rower, I felt exhausted and fed-up. I didn't like the competitive mentality; the early morning gruel; the pretentious gossiping. In my childlike naivety, I had pictured boating down a river like my friends Ratty and Mole in *The Wind in the Willows*. The university rowing club, however, was more like *Eyes Wide Shut*.

Next came high-jump and running club. Also tragic. Competitive sport was not for me. Next, I became addicted to the gym. Every day, I took my anger out on the treadmill. In long,

elegant strides, I watched my rage dissipate as my headphones blasted out David Bowie. It was my meditation.

By the second year, I was fed up with the freaks of the gym. I started walking up and down Bath hill every day to university. This way, I could listen to podcasts and dream. Taking the back route through the fields, I could see cows grazing like in an eighteenth century pastoral scene. To stave off death, I decided to get a part-time job. I walked into a pristine French clothing store that my mother liked, in the center of Bath. I wore my khaki jacket and purse. I tried to look understated French-chic. The lady in the store who looked a lot like Kate Moss, took a liking to me, and asked me back for an interview. I was delighted.

On my first day, my new boss—the Kate Moss lookalike—persuaded me to buy a new blazer. I was shocked. It would cost one hundred pounds! I was a student. But, how could I say no? It was an incredible blazer, over-sized and chic. She has good taste. It looked boyish-French-understated-cool.

I used to delight in going to work in such a pretty space every Saturday. The store was in a beautiful old building, and everything was spotless on the inside. I loved talking to my colleagues about style.

One time, the husband of my boss came into the store. He was very handsome and kind, and looked like a rock star. I loved talking to him, and feeling sane and grown-up.

The other friend I made at the store was Lucy. Lucy had also been brought in by my stylish boss. Lucy was rock and roll.

Everyone thought that she was adept at life. Lucy was outspoken and bubbly. She had a wonderful smile, and incredibly kind eyes. I knew that she stood true to her values. I imagined that, despite her upbringing in Bath, and being raised as a part of the hideous child-abuse elite, she was not one of them. Her skin spoke of her struggle; her honesty with the pain she had experienced.

One time, a child was crying in the changing room with their parent. I was shocked and said to my colleague, Rebecca, that we needed to check whether the child was okay. But Rebecca ignored the distress of this child. This was where we differed quite dramatically. I was on the side of the child. She was on the side of the abuser.

Paris

I had been dreaming of Paris my whole life. Later, I discovered that my ancestors were French, after a family ancestry search that my uncle did. I had always felt a connection to the French *joie de vivre*, and now I knew why: it was in my genes.

Learning perfect French was the means by which I knew I could escape from England. Since I was a teenager I had become obsessed with France, particularly Paris, and the style that emerged from there. I loved its apparent simplicity, its appreciation of good-quality clothes that were worn simply. French women didn't follow fashion, I told myself, they had *style*.

After holidays in France, I would sit in the living room back home in London and cut out my favorite outfits from a French clothing company's brochure. I liked how they used real people as their models (mothers and daughters) and showed how

they could each wear the clothes in their own way. I hoped that my mother and I could be like the people in the pictures: a real family.

After half-heartedly applying for work internships in Paris, I gave up on the idea of working completely, and decided to follow my creative interests. I had always longed to study literature and cinema, so I applied to do this at the Sorbonne university in Paris. I had also dreamed of studying philosophy, so decided to take courses in metaphysics in Berlin.

When I first arrived in Paris, I stayed with my former French tutor's sister. She lived in a grand apartment in the 17th, and I was immediately taken in by its elegance. I loved that the walls were covered in books. I was beginning to live my Parisian dream. I swore I would read poetry by the light of the moon.

Later, I moved in with Eleanor, my French friend at university's sister. Eleanor's sister was only there at the weekends. During her brief visits, she mainly hung out with her kind boyfriend. So, I had a lot of time to myself.

What began in me as wonderful freedom, slowly metamorphosed into despair. The first weeks, I had a good time. I made friends who were students, like me, from England. I hung out with them near-continuously, at their Montmartre apartment. Everything felt free and light-hearted. We would buy the cheapest wine and drink it with baguette on the side—the epitome of delapidated-sophistication. We stayed up late in the evening in the Montmartre apartment, drinking wine and smoking out of the

small window. When night came, we clambered onto the tiled roof, through the little attic room to enjoy the view over *les toits de Paris*.

Gene and Arron made a strong impression on me. Arron was studying English literature, and so was one of the first friends I could talk to about books. We had many discussions about literature and poetry. He recommended that I read Ezra Pound and T.S. Elliot's *The Wasteland*. I told him about my love for Sylvia Plath, which his girlfriend Claudia also enjoyed.

Gene was boyish and tall. He loved music, not like most people do; it was his life. He used to put on old records at his apartment to listen to, like Hendrix. It was his connection to music that inspired me so much, and we went to see great DJ sets in Paris. When Gene listened to music he looked truly alive.

On one of the first nights I hung out with Gene and Arron, Gene was walking along the Paris metro train carriage. There was something so startling about his presence there. It was his immediacy, I suppose; his way of *being right there*, not anywhere else. He was able to be still. In the barren twilight of my childhood, this was a lot. On top of the Arc de Triomphe, he stood overlooking Paris, with such sadness in his eyes.

Gene carried with him so much love for everyone. He seemed like an old soul in a young body, weary with the world, and what it had done to him. He was from England, and had been to boarding school. So I can only imagine the horrors that met him there.

Back to our group of friends, Claudia (Arron's girlfriend) was ill. It was something that we couldn't really talk about, and ended with her going home from Paris, back to England. Later, I understood that she was also struggling with the after-effects of childhood abuse.

Caught up in the glamour of my new literary friends, I took all of Arron's book recommendations very seriously. I loved how he and Gene would quote authors, and we would live among the film classics. One time, we all watched *Withnail and I*, remembering how terrible England was. Ruined by the evil of England, we were living out our own *Withnail and I* in Paris. We were united in our inability to move on from what had happened to us, and our shared choice of self-medication: We lived off croissants and cigarettes. Arron and Gene's kind French flatmate Daniel occasionally soothed our hunger with his excellent *croque monsieur*.

Having these friends, hurt thought they were, was vital to me for my time in Paris. Especially, as only a few weeks in to my new life in Paris, I received a phone call early in the morning.

My uncle had killed himself.

Death

It was my mother who told me the news. I collapsed onto the steps of the hallway outside the apartment door. My friends in the Paris apartment consoled me with red wine. I didn't eat all day, and arrived back home in London worn out emotionally. We ate fish and chips in the evening. My aunt and uncle were there. Everything felt strange and *wrong*. I went up to my room and broke down in tears.

Maybe it will seem selfish to say it so plainly, but I'm not sure that much, if any, of my sadness was for my uncle. He was, after all, one of *them*. I believe his suicide gave me the absolute proof that something was profoundly broken in my family: a suicide invites a lot of questions.

The next day we went over to my other uncle's house. I was mainly worried about how my cousin, Amy, would react.

When we arrived, Amy was lying curled up on the sofa in the living room, sleeping peacefully. I didn't want to wake her. I sat by her side until she awoke naturally.

My dead uncle left a note before blowing himself up in a suburban basement. Yes, even in death, he left behind him the greatest possible mess he could. The note read:

“I hope you can forgive me for what I have done because I cannot forgive myself.”

This was clearly a riddle. If the note had been referring to his early departure from planet earth, then my uncle would not have killed himself, because he would not be able to forgive himself for doing it. We knew he must be referring to something else that was unforgivable: How he had violated us as children. However, my uncle had the courage to finally stop, and blow himself to pieces. My father—his brother—simply continued.

My father was a very high up—really abysmally low-down spiritually, but high up in evil—member of the Freemasonic cults. You ascend the Freemasonic ranks based on how depraved you are. My Dutch grandfather was a spy during and after World War Two. I was told that he came over to England, anglicized his name, and never told his children that he had been born in the Netherlands. Our roots were murky.

My father believed my grandfather to be English until his Dutch siblings turned up on his doorstep in Putney, London, when my father was fifteen. According to my father, his father never disclosed many details about his work, only saying that he

was a civil servant. I learned recently, that sometimes those working for MI5 fabricate identities for a specific mission.

My father often hinted that he was a part of the intelligence (stupidity) networks like MI5. He told me that people were recruited from the universities by being given a letter. My father had an broad knowledge about guns and seemed to think he was some kind of secret-agent.

In order for my father to have become so violent as an adult, he must have been subjected to extraordinary brutality as a child, finally resulting in him losing all his morality, and becoming a pawn of the royal-pedophiles, like his father before him.

Adam

My cousin Adam was a brave soul; a vegan mathematician who resisted becoming a Freemason cult-member. He cared for me as a child and gave me a lot of hope to escape my family.

At Granny Alison's 80th birthday party, there was a big celebration at the Cannizaro House in Wimbledon. All the family were invited. At this event, I almost got abused by my great uncle. I whisked my cousin Amy and I off to the pond to "feed the ducks." We had a lucky escape.

There were not many occasions when I saw Adam, but he was here at this event. He seemed so ill at ease around the adults. I remember his kindness to my cousin Amy and I as children, giving us hope that some adults could be kind.

The only other clear memory I have of Adam is at one of my Auntie Kay's Sunday family roast dinners. He had just begun studying mathematics in London. He had spent his childhood in Liverpool, so I did not get to see him or his sister much. At this dinner, he seemed so different from the rest of my family: he was a vegan before it became popular. I found this inspirational as a child, and I longed to be like Adam: independent, intelligent and kind. Adam was, perhaps, on his way to fully exiting the family. He never returned to the mandatory Sunday dinners again.

When he died in a rock climbing accident in France, I tried to piece together what happened, but the details are vague. I know that, at the time, he was part of the anarchist scene in London. There is a plaque outside an anarchist book shop in London remembering him, so he must have been significant in that community.

I wonder about his death. Was it an accident, or was it suicide? Due to the extreme abuse that he was also subjected to as a child, suicide was a possibility. Or, was it murder by the Freemasons made to look like an accident? I raise this as a possibility, given my own experience of leaving a Freemasonic family. Countless attempts have been made on my life, and I have been violently attacked on the street, and by armed soldiers.

After leaving my Freemason-pedophile family, there was a time in Germany where the cult tried to recruit me back into their clutches. I was gradually surrounded by 'friends' who were actually handlers. Strangers approached me and tried to get me back under the control of the Freemasons.

One man in his thirties, a student at university, spoke to me as I was coming back from my lectures on the way to the *U-Bahn*. I hung out with him quite a bit, and he seemed friendly and charming. He wanted to take pictures of me for modeling. He also took me to a very dark space which posed as a cafe, where it seemed like they were putting on an after-hours fashion show, for elite clientele. It was all very sinister.

Luckily, I managed to escape from this horrible person, trying to sell me back into fashion slavery at the behest of the Freemasonic cult. The Freemasons communicate to their networks across different countries. I include this information as a warning to other survivors trying to escape these cults. They can be very well-organized in their attempts to try to suck you back into their world. They will not succeed however, as long as you are vigilant and keep your soul pure. You are protected against their evil in the energetic-realm by keeping your conscience clear. This makes it very difficult for them to harm you.

This attempt to control me again, came at a very low point in my healing journey to freedom; when I was at my weakest point. The cult killed one of my closest friends in Berlin, a cat that I lived with, Wilbur. This was a repetition of a similar trauma that had already been perpetrated against me as a child. It reinforced earlier programming that taught me: never leave the cult. I was not aware that programming to stay in the cult would be reactivated by the killing of Wilbur. I fell into a state of utter loss and hopelessness. However, I never compromised my values and my integrity, by becoming one of them.

During this time, I lost contact with my best friend, another survivor, who was also escaping the Freemasons. When we were together we were strong. Apart, I was at the mercy of very dark, orbiting forces (Freemasons), posing as friends.

Once, I was having lunch at a cafe in the neighborhood where I lived in Berlin. I was eating a delicious vegan, hummus

bowl, when I was spoken to by a man across from me at the table. He seemed very interested in me, and talked about his connections in the South of Germany, where he made out that he came from a very wealthy, aristocratic family (aristocratic families are rife with pedophilia and cult-gang activity). He seemed to want for us to meet again, as a date. I was quite surprised by this. It was also strange as his friend seemed to be very uncomfortable during the whole encounter. Something felt very off to me.

I declined his offer, and left quickly, feeling disturbed by the encounter. The strangest part of it was that I saw him again, when I was returning home from the '*l'Institute Francaise*' on Kudamm, a main street, in Berlin. He was in my train carriage. Now, I was really scared. I got off at the next station to go into a different train carriage. When I exited at my usual stop, Warschauer Str., the man was following me.

I moved quickly up the escalators, and as fast as I could till I was out of sight of him. The whole experience was very sinister,, I believe this was another attempt by the Freemasons to intimidate me.

Suicide

After my uncle blew himself to pieces, I found myself plunged into a melancholy with no resolve. I went back to Paris and tried to continue, but I lost interest in most things. Paris is the perfect city for the melancholic soul. Paris is *designed* for sadness. I took long walks alone, trying to be present with my feelings.

I didn't want to return to university. I wanted to stay in Paris; study at the Sorbonne; and become a writer. I wanted to escape England and all its ugliness. I didn't want to go back to the structured-chaos of university at Bath. I started writing more and more in my journal during this time, and a new sense of creativity arose in me. I became ever more distant from my parents. I became close to a person who took me even further away from my parents. I went to live in Berlin, and started writing a book. I wrote the story to my own freedom. The turning point on my journey inwards, towards understanding all that had happened to

me, began with my uncle's death. It allowed me to begin grieving for everything that had happened to me as a child.

My uncle's suicide came as less of a shock for me, and more as a relief. It was an event I had been preparing for my whole childhood. In many ways, I was better equipped to handle death than life, and it was a relief to have a concrete reason for the abstract sadness I had been feeling for so many years.

When I got back to Paris, I continued with my classes at the Sorbonne. I took classes in French Fantasy Literature. I loved the emphasis on the paranormal and the haunting aspects of existence. This nighttime world felt real to me. I also read *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, which had less of an impact; aside from its jazzy name and the thought of Berlin. *Perfume* (1985) would have been a better book to read back then to truly understand Paris and what was happening to children there.

I delighted in going to a well-stocked bookstore and picking out old editions of all the books I had to read. Later, I would sit in quiet courtyards reading. It was comforting for me to immerse myself in another world whenever I felt scared or alone in a big city.

In other quiet, free moments I visited a historic cinema in the city frequented by many filmmakers challenging society. I would go and watch old movies. At other times, I would walk and explore different areas of Paris. I particularly liked the banks of the Seine, lined by book vendors. I would pick up interesting second-hand books cheap.

Then, I would continue up the boulevard Saint-Michel, weaving through backstreets and savoring the anonymity of it all. No one knew where I was. I would eat *crêpes* from the street stands and sit in cafes near the Sorbonne to admire the passers-by. The highly-idealized picture I had of French people was delusional, but I put all the effort I could into it.

These moments of total indulgence in my solitude included sitting on the banks of the Seine, on one of the stone steps going down to the water. Here, I would think about how far I'd come, living out my freedom in Paris, rather than being caged back in England. I watched the water swirling below me. It was bitter-sweet. Sometimes I thought about how calm it would be to sink below the currents..

I took a particular dislike to my Art History class, because of the stupidity of the tests we had to complete each week. I received the worst marks for my efforts in naming and dating various paintings. I found it infuriating because I saw no point whatsoever in mechanically learning the names and the dates of various famous French paintings.

I wanted to understand the painting. I wanted to *feel* what it was about, not just show my ability to regurgitate information with no real understanding.

After receiving one out of ten in the quiz, I walked out of the University near Censier-Daubenton station and towards the Jardin des Plantes, a large park. I often walked here after class. The building with all the historic artifacts felt familiar to my internal

self: a strange collection of memories put on for show, the real truth lying murkily below the surface.

I stopped in the small park on a bench and sobbed. I felt that no one in the world could understand my pain. I had no interest in grades or a career, I wanted to find the answer to the riddle deep inside of me. The door to my own secret history remained locked. But, I was getting closer to it. This break with the traditional indoctrination-education system was bringing me closer to what was wrong with the world, and therefore, what had happened to me as a child.

Many children are abused, and then brainwashed at school and university. Then, as adults, they spend the rest of their lives funneled into near-slavery in the work place. Here, they have no time to question what happened, and how they lost themselves

I particularly liked the Musée d'Orsay because of its many Impressionist paintings. The Renoir paintings made me feel like there was a kind way of looking at people, a way that encouraged their innocence, and not their disgrace. I spent a lot of time looking at a painting of two children by a piano. I saw in the children's faces the golden glow of childhood; hazy and bright with the sordid details missing. I erased my real feelings about the horror of my childhood and replaced them with the golden image of the children as depicted by Renoir. My childhood was now a beautiful shining haze in my mind.

One time, when ambling about the Impressionist section in a floaty-dream-colored-world, a man stopped me as I stood in

my trench coat, one that my mother gave me, gazing at Gustave Caillebotte's 'floor sanders'. The man offered me his business card, and asked me whether I would be interested in modeling in Paris. I fought the urge to punch him. Instead, I took his card, walked out of the gallery, and dropped it neatly into the trash can.

Music kept me sane in Paris. My friends Gene and Max were taken in by the glamour of the city. They would put on old vinyl records like 'People are Strange' in their apartment in Strasbourg Saint-Denis. People were *strange*—including all of us—but particularly Max. Max took the extravagant lifestyle we had in Paris to an excess. We thought it was hilarious at the time how Max would dress up in fur jackets, and prance about the city's thrift stores. When on a day out with Max, no expense would be spared. On our student budgets, he miraculously afforded caviar with our baguettes, and champagne to celebrate life on an all-too-regular basis.

There was a darker side to Max's extravagance. He confessed to me secrets about his home-life.

In the evenings, I passed Max and Gene sitting in bars. Just the two of them drinking there. Only, it wasn't just at weekends that I saw Max and Gene drinking there—it was almost every day. I put this dark realization aside, as I always did, and occasionally I spent the rest of the evening with them; all of us drinking alone.

In Paris, I saw Chrisann on the other side of a platform once on the Metro, and we ended up spending the evening with her gossiping over *café au lait*. I was also known for my

extravagances. These were encouraged rather than frowned upon by my friends, in our childlike attempts to be free from all constraints.

My spending spiraled out of control. I had to survive my last week in Paris with just twenty euros. I went straight to the local *tabac* and bought a packet of cigarettes. I then bought a French *Vogue* magazine. Like my fashion heroines, I felt it would nourish me more than dinner.

Berlin

I hated being at home in England, where my body was stolen by my father in the nighttime. I hated being at work there, with my angry boss. It was such a dark time. I used to not even leave the store on my lunch break, preferring to sit in the basement and read my book. I lived through the books I was reading. I didn't want to spend any of the money I earned, as I was putting this all towards my escape in Berlin.

At the weekends, I would visit my friend, Victor, in Bristol, and escape my life in London. We would go out for meals all the time, and I would buy more and more books at thrift stores. I was learning who I was, and how I wanted to live my life.

I knew that I liked the independent arts and music scene. Bristol was pounding with creative energy. There was a sparkle to the streets. Walking back home in the early evening when the

skies were almost dark, I found a second hand book seller who was selling titles about psychedelics. This sparked my interest, and I bought a book from him: *Steppenwolf* by Hermann Hesse. It was this book that I read so eagerly in the basement of the clothing store. I was branching out into forbidden territory; the dark underworld of my subconscious; the uncharted-geography of my mind that escaped the day-to-day concerns of my normal, working colleagues.

I found a place to live quickly in Wedding, in the north of Berlin. I was intrigued by the apartment, as it was full of books and antique furniture. It had a distinctly Berlin-minimalist vibe. Dead bouquets of flowers sat on the table; empty wooden crates formed tables; and a slender, silver birch tree branch was used to create a clothes rail. I was to live with a couple, two women, which I thought were *hip*. They asked me in the 'interview' whether I was homophobic. I thought that this was obvious. I said, "No, of course not." I believed that because they felt like they were being discriminated against in society, that I would be left unharmed, and that they would not interfere with me. How wrong I was.

The dynamics played out much like my family dynamics at home, with Gemma my angry non-verbal father, and Connie my narcissistic mother. I became like the unborn child they were expecting. Connie mothered me in the way, I expect, she had been mothered as a child. I found my mother's replacement in her.

My new 'mom' took me to Berlin's organic shops where we would buy organic lemonade. Then, we went to sit in Tempelhofer Feld, a large open space which was formerly an airport, to look at Berlin's creative skies. In the summer, lots of creative people hang out there; have picnics; and go rollerskating.

Surrounding Connie was an air of melancholy and silent rage. Her long-forgotten childhood was acted out, instead of consciously remembered. My surrogate parents took me to the cinema one time to watch a very strange and violent movie. It was a precursor to how they would assault me later in the apartment.

Art

I decided that the only way that I would survive my time in Bath University was by using its lifelessness as a calm space to write and be creative. The idea for a story—my very own story of my escape to freedom—had come to me in the form of a dream whilst I was in Berlin. My soul animal took the form of a hummingbird and gave me wings to fly out of my enslavement.

I sat in philosophy classes in Berlin, staring out at a beautiful cherry blossom tree. Its petals were falling gracefully into a small pond. Dreamily, I saw visions of color and myself, with a guide, flying through a mystical world of light to freedom. The dry-words of dead establishment-philosophers had little hold on me. I was determined to express these visions. Bath turned out to be the perfect place for such inner exploration.

I gave up on the idea of making friends through sports activities, I looked at the list of other activities and saw, to my surprise, that there was a painting course. This course was not held at the university, but in town. The teacher was a children's book illustrator.

I was thrilled to discover a new love for painting. It was the only time in my week where I could feel and express the raging storms of emotion that welled up inside of me. I would draw out my dreams, the ones that had inspired my desire to write a book.

The teacher was very encouraging. In a little studio, along with other adults from the Bath community, I felt like I was coming home to myself. It was very freeing because there were so few other people of my own age there. The encouragement I received from my painting teacher gave me hope.

My desire to continue drawing was crushed by my art teachers at school. They saw that I was drawing things that depicted how I felt after my childhood trauma, and sought to censor this self-expression. At the time, I had believed that it was because I was 'bad' at art. Now, I have the wisdom to know that they were censoring me because they did not like the reality of child-abuse that I was giving expression to.

Things were different with my painting teacher now. She was genuinely impressed by my paintings, and urged me to continue working on them. She seemed delighted when I said that

I was working on a story, and told me that she would love to read it when I was finished.

The time that I was not at painting class, or in the dull tedium of university, I spent writing. Like Mark Twain, and many other writers, I wrote from my protected cocoon, my very own writer's nook: my bed.

Inspired by fellow Bath artists *Tears for Fears*, I used the gentle light which fell across the nearby hills, as the perfect backdrop for my creative crucible. While the other student-worker-bees were busily cramming for their exams, I relinquished any desire to succeed in these conformist terms.

My friend Mathilde, who I lived with in my final year, had found us the elegant space. The apartment was located on St James' Square, a pretty row of Georgian terrace houses that surrounded a central garden. From the bedrooms on the front side of the building there was a good view of the large oak trees, that stood looming in the square. They had been there for hundreds of years.

I chose the room on the ground floor of the apartment. It had a view over the Bath Crescent (houses which formed a crescent shape) and a landscape of gardens. Sometimes, I saw a hot air balloon against the sky. The landscape looked tranquil from high above.

I remember distinctly a French friend, Claude, remarking on how *English* the settees in the living room were: green with a large floral pattern. It had never occurred to me before—being a

fish in water—but yes, the apartment was deeply *English*. I tried to enjoy the apparent luxury of my surroundings. It was strange because everything was so classical; it was like living in a Jane Austen novel. This was exactly the problem. I was also acutely aware of the amount of money it took for most people to live in such grandeur.

I spent most of my time alone in Bath during that final year. Sometimes the French girls that I lived with would invite me to hang out with them, or go to parties. I declined and declined.

I pushed away my uneasiness, and struggled to understand why I felt so uncomfortable around these people. One time, my housemates were going to the drinking-hole (a pub) which lay just footsteps away from our front door. I decided to go along, just to see whether all my fears were correct. It started out fine, with the local people being friendly enough.

As the evening progressed, I saw a child enter the bar—very strange. I then saw the child being pulled by a stout, aggressive man into a restroom. I was furious, and wanted to intercept this horror. My friends stood about me and talked me down. They were too scared to take a stand against a child abuser. So, I left. Pubs were no place for the enlightened.

Beneath the veneer of respectability, Bath had a pervasive dark underbelly. Sometimes, it felt like I was in a time loop. In my everyday world, I would go shopping at the organic grocery store, a leek sticking out nonchalantly from my shopping bag, which I proudly got in Paris. Every day I would stop by the cafe, and get a

fresh juice. This was the sunshine world. But, when the sun went down, a spookiness jangled in the city.

The houses looked empty of life, most of them crammed with rich-people's junk. Ghosts fluttered past the windows. I would go round and round in circles at the Bath Circle, a supposed architectural-wonder, near where I lived. It felt like a place of misdeeds and shadows.

Almost home, I would walk up a small alleyway of shops where an antique shop crouched I was fascinated by the strange objects in the window there. What fascinated me most was a cat, who, unperturbed by the eeriness of the space, would invariably be lying asleep on different antiques in the store. He was the only form of life that I ever saw there. A friend of mine at the clothes store said of Bath: "People come here to die."

During the last semester, when I was supposed to be revising, I decided to start going on daily walks.. I would walk a new route out into the fields every day. It was surprising to me how soon I could be out of the town and into the green. I had taken a film class that semester and was obsessed with the movie *Stalker* by Andrei Tarkovsky.

To me, the darkened hills took on the color palette of a post-nuclear space. That's what Bath felt like to me: an apocalyptic space where the remnants of the blast lay heavy in the air, but few survivors were seen.

I decided to focus a lot on my future with the present being so haunting and alienating. I applied to study Film and

Philosophy in London. Movies were really what captured my attention, and I particularly liked the philosophical ones. I related to the timeless, existential questions.

To apply for the film course, I submitted an in-depth study of Tarkovsky's work. I was fascinated by how the camera moved. His tracking shots, in water, showed the decaying remnants of a civilization; drug paraphernalia; and other war machinery.

I took a train ride up to London, on a Friday night, to visit the open day for the Film and Philosophy program. It was comforting to be back in the heave of the inner city, where the crowd absorbed me. In Bath, I felt humiliatingly visible at all times, especially as I was not acting in any way 'normal'.

Moments of connection during this final year were vital to me. My friend Amanda invited me to an event night in Bristol, one of the only underground music events. This felt elating; to be back in the meditative music space that resembled the techno venues of Berlin. Through the mist, I saw the figure of a boy. His name was Austin, and he was in my French Existentialism class. I had only spoken to him briefly before. When I saw Austin in the deep fog, it was like a shining light coming towards me. I knew then, by his smile, that he felt the same alienation that I did.

After our brief meeting at the music night, I dared to go and speak to him while he was quietly smoking outside the student café. He was one of the only people in the mind-asleep-zone, that seemed to have the same questions that I did. I had even seen him go to some open talks on Philosophy. I knew then

that he was trying to understand things on a deeper level. He had exited the slave-mentality of working hard to get the grades; to get the high-paying job; to be another robot in the system. I intuited in him a shared-feeling that something was *profoundly* wrong. He was also a writer! It delighted me to have someone to talk to who also an artist. Austin was focused on something beyond academic achievement; beyond getting a 'career'.

Amanda, also, in many ways, kept me afloat during that desperate final year. Sometimes, on a Friday after a dreaded French translation class had ended, we would go and sit together.

Together with Amanda, I was able to ruminate on the freedom of Berlin, and the constriction of Bath. It consoled me enormously to reflect on this, although Amanda still seemed taken in by the competitive energy that smothered Bath.

Kindness

Looking back on all the friendships that formed my world growing up, I feel very angry at everything I was deprived of. I never had many kind people around me. I never had a *tribe*. My environment was so hostile that almost everybody I knew was either affected by the abuse, or actively participating in it. The kindest people I knew were other children, like me. It is for all these lost children that I grieve the most.

With many friends, the amnesia surrounding the topic of childhood-abuse is so great that it seems like there is no way to reach them. They live as permanent *amnesiacs*.

I cannot be part of the life of an amnesiac. I still hope that there is a way through for them, especially for the incredibly kind and strong people like Miller, and Amy.

I remember all that Amy did by protecting me from countless attacks as a kid. I will never forget her resistance and strength. I wish with all my heart that she could be free, free of the illusion that her father was a kind person.

Unfortunately, when you come from a Freemason-pedophile family, almost everyone you knew as child will have been involved in the cult somehow. That is the strange realization that I have to live with now. Contacting family members, or in fact anyone I used to know from the past, is a big risk. I learned this the hard way. When contacting childhood friends, and my so-called family, I was often sent emails containing content intended to induce me to harm myself.

I share this information as a warning to other survivors of cults: It is not secure to contact anyone in the old 'circle' of people that you used to know. Even if you knew them as a sweet and innocent child, you do not know what they are like now, or who they are connected to.

Unfortunately, most children of cult families grow-u into adults who are just like their parents. Even in the very best scenario, when cult-survivors do not become freemason-pedophiles, they are typically still in contact with their 'family' and other abusers. It is so very easy for an abuser to manipulate a naive family-member into writing something harmful to you, or arranging a meeting where you will be attacked. Freemasons create chaos and have almost zero impulse control.

It is a miracle that I managed to escape and free myself. Not many of us do. So-called 'Prince' Harry is a rare example of another Freemasonic abuse survivor that managed to partially-escape with his integrity. Harry is remarkable in that he managed to endure the forces of evil that encircled him throughout childhood. Instead of becoming another monster in the pedophile monarchy, he wrote his own memoir exposing ritual abuse.

The memoirs of 'Prince' Harry, Cathy O'Brien, Roald Dahl, and Chrisann Brennan, gave me the courage to write my personal account of what happened to me as a kid.

The encouragement and love of my best friend Dakota was also essential in giving me the courage to finish this memoir. Dakota has continually supported all of my creative work. I would not have realized that I was an artist, had Dakota not encouraged my first drawings as an adult. I had stopped drawing after the criticism of my art teachers at school.

When I think back to how I managed to survive the evil that surrounded me in childhood, I remember kind people, too. Even though I have lost contact with them, they showed me love so strong that its memory has never left me. Some were strangers.

One of the 'strangers' who helped me enormously through their love, was a 'refuse collector' or guardian of the clean streets in Richmond, who noticed my despair at my dad shouting at me openly on the street. I ran to the collector, to hug him, and he held me and stroked my head. I didn't want to leave him; so he called the police on my father.

Of course, in Richmond, mega-Freemason-hive that it was, the policeman was a Freemason. The guardian of the clean streets did everything he could to help me, but the environment in Richmond was so disgusting, that calling for help did nothing. I had a strong sense that I heard his prayers that night; prayers that he and his family sent to me.

Another time, on a train back from London, two 'strangers' saw that I was covered in urine after being horribly abused by my father, and some of his work colleagues, in London. These two kind adults, a man and a woman, held me and stroked my head. They confronted my father. But, as it was London, and the abusers were given so much entitlement at the time, there was nothing that they could do. By comforting me and telling me that everything would be okay, these strangers kept my inner flame alive. This gesture of kindness stayed with me a lifetime.

There are other moments of extreme kindness that I could mention: A man working on the ghost-train ride train at Brighton Pier who confronted my father for abusing me on the ride. Or, when a lady burst into a bathroom cubicle in a cinema complex to stop me being abused by my father. Also, there were two very kind women, one in a tea shop near to the big museums in London, and one at a Fish and Chip shop in Richmond, who both also prevented me from being abused.

Some people in London were very kind and awake. These moments of compassion, or as Alice Miller would say, these

moments of having an 'enlightened witness' to hear my cries, helped me to retain my soul, and know that I was innocent.

I know, from being present in the world, and looking around me, that the planet is now very different now to how it was back when I was a child. So many survivors have come forward to confront evil pedophiles. Consider the Jeffrey Epstein scandal, among others. The Freemasons are running scared. They no longer have the confidence they once did.

It is now with love and courage that I go forward. I have released myself from the pain of broken-friendships and pseudo-family in writing this account. I try to focus everyday on small acts of kindness; living in freedom and in love. I have grown more than I believed imaginable. I am happy and excited by my life.

Having healed from the trauma of what happened to me, I am no longer addicted to substances like chocolate, coffee, sugar, and cigarettes. I eat entirely plant-based food. I have been liberated from consuming alcohol, which studies have confirmed is the most dangerous recreational-drug known to mankind. It is technically a poison.

I am sat now on the North American continent with my best-friend; a childhood dream realized. I see how far North America has come in rejecting the monarchic-cults, and living in happiness and liberty. It is enormous the progress that was made here. Unfortunately, nowhere on planet Earth seemed to entirely escape the black and white matrix of the Freemasons. Everyday I feel grateful to be on this strong and brave continent.

When I think about how many people I knew as a child, and the complexity of each human life, I could fill many books doing justice to each person's unique individuality. In this memoir, I have focused on some of the major friendships that defined my life until I was twenty-one years old. There were, of course, many other friendships along the way which go undocumented. Even though some of these friendships were equally powerful at defining my sense of self, Some friends I have left out had just as much of an impact on me as those written about here.

Elsewhere in my private creative-writing and drawing, I have remembered many more friends; both those who remain alive in the earthly realm, and those who have departed. I will treasure you always in my heart, you are not forgotten.

I feel that humanity has a bright future ahead, now that we are, collectively, remembering what we forgot: That ensuring the safety and protection of children is the most important of all human pursuits. Children are the next-wave of our civilizations. How we care for children decides the future of humanity, and is the measure of our souls.

Appendix

— *Transcripts of Interviews with Aria* —

The remainder of this book contains transcripts of episodes from the Phoenix & Aria ***Speaking Out*** podcast. These transcripts are substantially edited for legibility, and to add new information.

Aria is a survivor of rape and torture by the Freemasons. She is also a whistle-blower against the British Monarchy. Throughout the 1990s Aria was abused by Freemasonic-Pedophile cults in London; in organized rituals. These interviews are her witness statements. The audio interviews can be found online, at: vo.lc

ESTABLISHED ABUSE

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— August 1st, 2024 —

ARIA: I remember lots of strange abuse happening at these strange gatherings, which were almost like parties for the Freemason pedophile rings.

PHOENIX: How old were you?

ARIA: Below the age of 12.

PHOENIX: As a child, I also experienced ritual abuse. This type of abuse sounds implausible because it was designed by the abusers to *sound* implausible. In my experience, these abusers specifically choose to do things that are *unbelievable* so that the children they do it to are not *believed*. Do you have other memories of experiences at this Masonic Lodge in Surbiton?

ARIA: Yes, I was hung by one leg and lowered into the water of a children's paddling pool, and then my head was smashed against the floor. It caused me a lot of confusion.

PHOENIX: You and I met a few years ago, and through this friendship we've discussed the abuse that we experienced both in our family homes, and also by groups in the UK. What I find most interesting and disturbing about the spinning-torture you experienced is that it's a known practice by these groups because it disorientates and confuses a child.

Then, to combine this torture with near-drowning which is another well-known ritual abuse technique. Again, some people might think that this sounds wild; that this ritual-abuse concept sounds ridiculous; that they don't believe in that.

Consider, then, that the US government used the same method of torture; they called it waterboarding. What is most shocking and disturbing about that particular memory for you is that almost exactly the same thing was done to me by a different group in England in an entirely different location.

I find that very very upsetting because it demonstrates that these torture-practices are both widespread and formulaic. These specific processes have been intentionally designed to traumatize and compartmentalize the minds of children. These children are subjected to carefully-planned torture.

Later, these children are unable to recall the programming they were subjected-to under torture. This is because psyche of the child that was subjected to this torture is split. These abusive-groups often us spinning, and combine it with near-drowning to intensify the trauma.

ARIA: Other things happened with this Masonic group at another location; this time a swimming pool. I was taken there one evening with other children. There, another drowning exercise was performed on me. I was tied up; they threw me into the pool; and my dad 'saved me'. I now know this was to induce in me the feeling that he was my 'rescuer'; that he was a trusted person. In reality, however, he was the one perpetrating the abuse.

PHOENIX: Yes, again this is a known abuse technique. If listeners are curious about researching these ritual abuse techniques you'll find there are a wide-selection of different things that abusers do to condition responses. Typically these abuser want to induce a fear-response in the children they hurt. The abusers also want to engineer a dependency.

One of the ways in which a dependency is engineered is when abusers subject a child to extreme torture and then 'save' them from that torture later. Here, the abusers create, in the child's mind, what is called a "double bind" by psychologists. A double-bind is an irreconcilable, opposing, perspectives that collide with each other and cause great psychological harm; in this case to the child's understanding of a consistent, reliable reality. When a person who is torturing a child appears save that child from that same torture, they become both perpetrator and 'hero'. The child feels a strange and deep allegiance to that abuser because they have, apparently, saved the child. However, this is a hugely contradictory experience for the child.

The 'hero', in this instance, was also the one who put the child in the position where they were almost killed. In these cases, a traumatic-bond is created. This is known more broadly as 'Stockholm Syndrome' where, essentially, a victim starts sympathizing with their captors or their abusers.

Torture followed by relief is a well-trodden method of manipulating people. We can also consider the ways in which governments sustain themselves by the same technique: causing

great trauma to citizens and then offering to rescue those same citizens. Again, this might sound like new information to many listeners. I would suggest that's because many powerful individuals wish you to remain ignorant of what is done.

ARIA: On the theme of drowning: One evening a group of other men took me to the River Thames in Richmond, along the riverbank, and just dropped me in the water. I don't think they had any intention of wanting me to survive that. I just remember sinking down to the bottom of the water going into quite a timeless state. Being down there, it felt like an eternity and the concept of time gets very distorted.

I just remember, at one point, feeling like I had a choice whether I wanted to stay alive; or whether I wanted to die. But, it seemed very peaceful on the edge of the other side. Everything seemed much more peaceful than this existence here on Earth. During this kind of near-death experience, I think you may find strength that you don't normally have. I managed to get rid of the rope on my foot and swim back to the surface. It was a big shock for the men in this cult and they were shouting at my father

I think these Freemasonic cult members thought that I was going to die, and they would just get rid of me. But, they hadn't got rid of me and I came back to the surface; and there was my dad; and then he just threw me back into the water; and then raped me in the water; so that now I just have a horrible memory of being abused again in the water.

PHOENIX: Did you feel like, at the time, there was anyone you could talk to about what was happening?

ARIA: No.

PHOENIX: Did you feel like you could go to the police?

ARIA: No.

PHOENIX: Why was that?

ARIA: Because I was abused by a police officer. Yeah, again, because if I told anyone...

PHOENIX: Because people don't want to believe that the British police are so corrupt. People don't want to acknowledge that children can be abused people in such extreme ways. I have to refer listeners to the most obvious example of this, and that's the Holocaust.

I'm sure some listeners here probably think this sounds way too extreme, this doesn't sound like what humans are capable of. I would suggest that anyone who thinks or feels that spends maybe an hour or two looking at photographs of what happened in the Holocaust, and reading accounts of survivors of the Holocaust. Or taking a look at how the British Monarchy caused the deaths of over 30 million people in India during their invasion. Or numerous other horror that have been perpetrated by the British establishment.

So, Aria, you were raped by a police-officer, and you've told me before that this was after an experience of being prostituted as a child. This took place above a shop in Richmond.

ARIA: I was taken there when I was a child by my father, of course, and prostituted. There were loads of little girls and boys being undressed. They put dog-chains around their necks and led the children into small, disgusting rooms where people, sick people, would come and pay.

PHOENIX: This was one floor above the Russell and Bromley shoe shop in Richmond. Your observation was that a group there was prostituting children, and that adults were entering the space and paying to abuse children in rooms. Did you sense the abuse was ongoing in this place?

ARIA: It felt like my father took me there to make money from me. There were other parents who would just take their children there to make money.

PHOENIX: It's not really your responsibility to answer this question but I wonder if you had any feelings about why it was that parent's would be doing that to their children?

ARIA: I feel like they're sick, and they have no empathy and they're just completely focused on money and power. I think a deeper reason is that these sick-adults had probably been through the same abuse when they were children.

I feel that these adults were so badly abused as children that they have no recollection of what it felt like to be abused like that. So these adults are just repeating this abuse on to the next generation. I think these abusers have completely detached themselves from the feelings of being a small child, and completely-identified with being an abuser.

PHOENIX: After you had the experience of being prostituted with other children in the space above the shoe shop in Richmond what happened?

ARIA: My father took me and another little boy, who was also being prostituted, down back steps; down an alleyway; and took us to the police station. Basically, my father pretended that the little boy was lost. It all seemed like some big club with some network that they were all part of.

My father seemed very friendly and familiar with the police officer, and then the police officer took both me and the little boy and abused us. They made the little boy abuse me through his hands.

PHOENIX: You were prostituted. Your father then took you to a police station where you were then abused by a police officer. Your father seemed to have some foreknowledge of the police station. Your father and the police officer seemed to be part of the same group. I advise listeners to do their own research into this: There was a survey made of the British police force and the survey asked the question: "Are you a member of the Freemasons?" Two-thirds of those British police officers refused to answer the question. That's some indication of how many of these abusers there are.

ARIA: There's definitely a network of these abusive groups. I was also abused at a Freemasons Lodge in Brighton, and I also have other memories about other institutions like a bed-and-breakfast, and a fish and chip shop, where there was also abuse happening.

I feel like there are internet-groups and places where people

involved in child abuse are able to seek out locations in different towns to be able to abuse children.

PHOENIX: You felt, based on your experiences of being abused at these different locations, that there was a network?

ARIA: There is an organized group. There are just so many different locations. There was an understanding between my father, and the people working at these locations, that they were places where Freemasons could openly abuse children. I feel like there must have been some communication there.

Also, there were three different locations that were Masonic temples and Masonic lodges. There was the one in Surbiton; there was the one in Brighton; and there was the 'Grand' lodge in London; in the center of London, where I had another memory which was very extreme.

PHOENIX: Would you be okay describing what happens in that lodge in London?

ARIA: In central London, the most central Lodge, the biggest one, there was a ceremony happening there. It was mainly boys, little boys, and me, and the Freemasons were all wearing their long, stupid costumes. There was a ceremony in which they drank blood. There was a sacrificial animal on an altar at the front.

PHOENIX: I just want to add at this point to listeners who are again potentially thinking this sounds outlandish. As one example, some groups believe in something called transubstantiation. That is where the wine that is drunk during their religious ceremony trans substantiates or metamorphoses into literally the blood of

Christ, and these ceremonies often have their origins in older ceremonies which involved literal-sacrifice where those who are participating in the ceremonies actually drunk blood.

So, shocking though it may be to acknowledge that this happens, it is not without precedent. Such primitive rituals sit within the lineage of bizarre religious-practice throughout time. It may sound shocking, it may be difficult to accept this has happened but it also resonates with my own experiences of what these people can do.

Freemasons specifically concoct these rituals so that they are repellent; so that they are confusing; so they do go against the grain of social convention. This is done specifically so that those who survive them sound incredible when speaking out. This is the reason, or one of the reasons, why these ceremonies are designed in this way. They're designed to sound unbelievable so that when someone exposes them, that person is not believed.

ARIA: The worst thing about the ceremony was that there was a sacrifice that happened. They wanted all the children to come up and put a knife in this poor little boy's heart, and kill him. I just remember being in this line and then as soon as I got to the altar I just ran away and I hid under a bench shaking; and I just kept hiding and protesting; and they'd try to drag me back. Then I'd kick and scream, and I wouldn't participate. I refused to. Because he had done nothing wrong. I'm glad he could go to a safer place.

PHOENIX: That little boy probably feels that you are very strong speaking out about what you saw happening to him. Most people

never speak out about what they've seen, so thank you.

Why do you feel that the Freemasons made all the children stab this boy?

ARIA: I think that they wanted to really confuse children, and I still feel this confusion now a lot of the time. The Freemasons want to make children feel guilty; they want to make the victims feel like they are the ones perpetrating the abuse.

Freemasons want to put all the guilt onto you, as a child, so that you feel scared to ever speak out. It's hard enough going through the abuse the Freemasons subject you to. On top of that, the Freemasons can suddenly force you to participate in something that you absolutely would never want to do. The Freemasons make children feel responsible, and the children in these 'ceremonies' feel like: "Oh my goodness, I'm turning into an abuser." Children feel like: "I would never want to do this, but I've done something that I would never want to do." This creates a lot of doubt, and prevents these children from speaking out. The Freemasons want to make you feel like you're becoming an abuser.

PHOENIX: That's been my understanding of it as well. It's called forced-participation. It's essentially where an abusive group forces those they're abusing to participate in the abuse, often as children. This type of ritualistic cult-practice often involves sacrifice in different forms. We can see how, during war, child soldiers are abducted by militarized groups and traumatized into becoming perpetrators of violence.

These children are trained to kill. This is a more open form of ritual-abuse. The child-soldier is disconnected from their emotions, and their humanity. Some of them grown into monsters who participate in the murder of other humans. We see it also on a larger scale; on an international scale; where large, abusive organizations that call themselves 'governments' force individuals to participate in wars.

We see soldiers coming back with post-traumatic-stress-disorder (PTSD). These are various conditions which are related to the fact that the soldier has essentially been coerced into killing for rich, abusive people.

I see this abuse dynamic is quite fractal. It makes sense to me: If you have a large abusive organization running a nation (called a 'government') coercing soldiers to attack others, in other nations, then those soldiers suffer the consequences.

Soldiers suffer the consequences of breaking the essential laws of human decency. Soldiers bear the emotional burden of having perpetrated violence at the behest of gangs of organized-psychopaths (known as 'governments'). That this causes PTSD makes a lot of sense to me, I also had experiences, similar to you, to the point at which I was forced to participate, as you were as a child, in the murder of another child.

This might, again, sound very very difficult to hear. It probably goes against everything that some listeners believe about the structure of the world. When I was being abused, and that

sounds like it was the same for you, there were many other children being abused.

ARIA: There were many other children. Many other children lost their lives. I don't know how many. Also, on the same day during this ceremony, Freemasons would pair off with the little boys and me, and go to different rooms, behind the main altar in the back building, and be raped and abused. My uncle, who was also there, he was the one who took me into a room and raped me. That was pretty normal.

PHOENIX: So, your uncle was a member of the Freemasons as well.

ARIA: Yes

PHOENIX: And he had been abusing you outside of the Masonic Lodge at other times.

ARIA: Yes

PHOENIX: So both your father and your uncle were members of the Freemasons; and they would supply you to other members of the Freemasons; who would abuse you and force you to participation in rituals which included the murder of a child. I would like to say that, again, this is something that's not unusual in these ritual groups. They use these methods specifically to confuse, disorientate and split children.

ARIA: I remember, on another occasion, being in a graveyard. I had made friends with a little cat that lived in the graveyard. It was a little cat; and it was black; and I loved the little cat; we were

friends. The cat was kept in cages all the time. At one point, my father forced my hand to kill this cat. Of course, it's not something that I would ever want to do. I loved the cat. But, I mean, my father stood behind me and forced my hand, to kill her, so he killed her through me.

PHOENIX: I'm sure she is also very glad that you're speaking out about what happened to her. This is another known ritual-abuse technique. The abusers will encourage a child to befriend an animal, or another child, and then they will force that child to kill the animal, or child. This is done specifically because it breaks a very deep bond, and is deeply distressing. It was done to me, so I know the experience, and I know the technique very well.

It's not done offhand. It's not been invented on the spot. These Freemasons and other pedophile-rings will create a situation where a child befriends and deeply-loves a being; whether that's a cat, or another child. The Freemasonic-pedophiles then to force that child to kill that other being. This creates such a deep wound, and such a deep conflict in the child.

The sense of guilt and confusion is overwhelming because the child feels responsible, and the child is told that they're responsible. When I was subjected to this trauma, it felt very organized. It didn't feel like this was a random-group of people casually acting out some weird abuse they weren't fully conscious of having experienced themselves. It felt like it was designed. It felt like it was well organized and designed. Your experiences seemed to echo that.

It's interesting to hear how many of your experiences involved the Freemasons, and these Masonic groups. It's also interesting to note that, immediately after being abused on one occasion, you were taken to a police station and you were abused by a police officer. Is there anything that you would say to other survivors who might be listening, who feel like it's difficult if not impossible to speak out?

ARIA: I'm realizing myself that law enforcement, and I think any form of power in most countries, is so corrupt that I don't trust these organizations.

I feel like it's so worthwhile to remember, and to speak out, because there is a higher form of justice. We should speak out for the sake of those children that lost their lives; and for the sake of good. Goodness is something that you can feel in your heart.

The feelings that they create in you by making you commit acts like murder are difficult to navigate. You feel bad, and you feel guilty. You feel that you are responsible. But when you actually listen to your heart; that's your true-self. You know that you would never do something like that. I think it's just important to trust that inner-voice because that's your true nature.

PHOENIX: I would say to those survivors, like me and you, that it is okay to speak out. That many of us are speaking out. Maybe don't hear our voices as much, or as loudly, because a lot of the ways in which we might reach you (through television or radio or

newspapers) are owned by very rich organizations who have a vested interest in this information not reaching you.

But, don't be confused: There are many of us out here, and there are many of us speaking out. If you want to speak out, then do. There's enough of us doing it now for there to be strength in numbers at this point.

I'd like to say thank you to our listeners, if you've made it this far, then you've been very brave because this is a very difficult topic to hear about. Most people do not want to know how power and authority retains its power and authority. Most people do not want to know what happens to children, because many people have had the same experiences, or similar experiences. Wounded citizens do not want to reflect, or remember, that because it's extremely painful.

It's also extremely difficult to remember and process the past. Our society does not support the remembering process. Our society supports the forgetting process. I want to thank you, Aria, for everything you have spoken about today, and for your strength, and for your courage.

SIGNS OF ABUSE

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— September 1st, 2024 —

PHOENIX: How can teachers spot abuse?

ARIA: Children who are extremely-quiet are the most worrisome. This is because after the disruptive-phase comes the silent. Once a child has fallen profoundly silent, things may be so traumatic at home that the child no longer even tries to resist; or to fight back; or say anything. The child has learned that any effort to resist just invites more pain from the abusers. The child reverts to near-silence in a last-ditch effort to avoid attacks.

Effectively, the child enters a completely-hopeless despair. That point is so dangerous because the child really feels they are at life's end at that point. The child can see no hope; can see no way forward. If you see a child in that state, this is a major indicator of serious abuse.

Conversely, you may witness extreme acting-out from the child. This is another defensive strategy of the abandoned child. Starved of love, the child seeks attention even if that attention is negative. Additionally, the child may be extremely angry about abuse which is occurring elsewhere, in private. The child may then appear to be aggressive or angry, in public, or during play.

Obviously the challenge is to interpret the child's behavior as a meaningful-expression of distress. Too often, the child is attacked privately at home, and then attacked, later, in public for expressing their justified-anger. Often the child will 'act out' the private abuse they are experiencing, later, in public. Watch the child's public behavior carefully. Is the child trying to non-verbally express what is being done to them in private?

Society relies on the myth of the 'tantrum' or other smears that children are subjected to. If children's emotions were taken seriously, society would have to confront the reality of the child-abuse epidemic.

PHOENIX: You feel that when a child becomes very silent it is a very strong sign. I would agree: What we call shyness is a symptom of trauma.

In essence, society has decided to label as 'shy' those victims-of-trauma who were so scared of social situations that they dare not speak; or who feel uncomfortable, awkward, and reluctant to be present.

I believe that the word 'shy' a massive whitewash. These so-called 'shy' people have been very hurt. I speak as someone who used to have that symptom. I did have what many people labeled as a shyness. But, it was not shyness, whatever this word actually means; a sort of vague intangible origin-less fear of social situations.

I didn't want to be in public spaces, and around people, because I was *scared* of people. I think this is what shyness often is.

It is fear of people. But, society does not want to ask: Why is this child scared of people?

As humans, we operate under something called behavioral-conditioning, whereby a stimulus-response system operates. Once we have a negative experience in connection with a certain stimulus. For example, we're raped by an adult, then around other adults we will be reluctant and scared and confused and distant.

To call this behavior shyness is an affront to humanity. It's an act of violence even to call someone 'shy' when they have been hurt, and consequently reacts to society with extreme caution. There's such a lack of vision; such a lack of understanding in the use of this word.

ARIA: Yeah, I feel very strongly about that. I have this problem a lot of the time because I still feel very scared around adults; around a lot of people; around most people.

If you look at animals, I don't think I've ever seen a shy animal. Maybe, they're shy around humans. On the whole, you don't see a shy cat, really, or a dog, unless it's been traumatized; unless something's happened to it.

PHOENIX: My other experience of school was at boarding-school. This was a boarding school outside London, which I was sent to, and essentially abandoned at, and I think this happens to many many children.

Many people have been encouraged not to speak out. So many of them blocked that experience out because of fear. There was a small-resurgence and interest in boarding school on account of the Harry Potter movies because the Harry Potter movies depict boarding-school as an absurdly idealistic, magical-place, where children go to learn about the mysteries of life, and the natural world, and ways in which they can cast spells.

However, the reality of boarding school for me and for many children that I've spoken to, and many survivors of boarding school is that it's a deep, and dark, and terrifying place, very akin to a prison. In these schools, children who have been neglected and abandoned by their parents are then invited to raise themselves, and to inflict anger and pain on each other because of that abandonment.

Boarding school is another very disturbing, ugly, British construct. It's not surprising to me that Britain has fostered the most-malicious modern society. The Monarchy has repeatedly pillaged and exploited other countries. The British Establishment has repeatedly invaded other countries without any self-reflection.

Looking back at my time in England, and at the British school system, it really doesn't surprise me that this is the same British Establishment who murdered over thirty million people in India; who starved over a million Irish people. It doesn't surprise me that these thugs, who went unchecked-in-their-violence for so many hundreds-of-years, have something called a monarchy. This

is a disgusting system in which you give some humans gold-hats and tell them that they're above everyone else.

It doesn't surprise me that these people hang a flag, the Union Jack; the British flag. This flag is, to me, a swastika. It is even worse than a swastika because a swastika is recognized as a symbol of evil and malevolence whereas the British flag has gone largely-unremarked as a symbol of pervasive evil.

Now, having left the UK, and having looked back very carefully at my childhood; having looked very carefully back at the crimes of the British Empire, I now recognize that the Union Jack is a swastika.

There is no difference: The only difference between a Union Jack and a swastika is that most Germans have the good sense and awareness not to fly the swastika.

However, the British have continued to fly their swastika, and they hang it proudly above their houses. There is one flying above Buckingham Palace, where a woman in a gold-hat sits and collects millions-and-millions of pounds across the world from those whom she gives nothing to.

ARIA: I think the United Kingdom is one of the worst examples in Europe, possibly the world; based on our experiences. But I know of the experiences of other friends; other European friends, who also went to elite schools in France, or other European countries. It's awful all across the European continent. In my opinion, these friends in Europe also experienced terrible abuse. You can tell from their symptoms.

THE PRICE OF FASHION

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— September 3rd, 2024 —

ARIA: I thought being a fashion model would allow me to break free from all the abuse that enveloped me as a kid. I thought modeling would enable me to travel, and escape my abusers.

Instead, my work as a model led to me being violently-attacked by 'celebrities' in the industry. Modeling also left me with eating disorders and a persistent *dysmorphia*; a distorted-perception of my own reflection.

As a teenager, I loved fashion. Picking out the clothes that I liked to wear gave me a sense of control in a world that was crumbling around me due to violence. I also loved reading, and learning about the world. But that was never taken seriously by adults around me.

My parents, and other caregivers, always thought that I was really stupid. They gave me the impression that only my appearance, as a fashion model, gave me value.

When I was a very young child, I was groomed at Mick Jagger's house in Richmond, London. It took me a long time to realize that my later interest in the fashion world was subconsciously-programmed by these grooming experiences in very early childhood.

I went to The Vineyard School, which is in Richmond. This school is located behind Mick Jagger's house. Jagger is the lead-singer of the *Rolling Stones*. He was listed in the 'Black Book' of notorious pedophile, Jeffrey Epstein, and photographed planning with him.

When I was around four years old, I was taken to this house along with two school friends who were also attending the Vineyard. As a young child, I had no concept of what these adults could want with us. It felt like they were preparing us for something. It felt like they wanted to prepare us to be models.

On this first occasion, I'm not sure who took me to the Mick Jagger house, but on the subsequent occasion — when I was between the ages of sixteen to eighteen — it was my father who took me there. He drugged me at night; put me in a car; and took me to the house.

It was a really elaborate house, and there were lots of alcoholic drinks everywhere. I just started drinking to try and escape the situation because it was so overwhelming.

The alcohol switched-off my instinctual fear response. I told myself it was a normal party. But, I was drinking to deal with the strangeness of the situation; being so young and surrounded by important-looking adults. Then, something very painful happened to me.

It felt like this party was designed to groom teenagers into becoming models. At the party, I recognized two friends of mine, both around the same age as I was — sixteen to eighteen years

old. These two friends had also been taken to the Mick Jagger house while we were still in primary (elementary) school. Like me, these friends had likely been groomed to be models.

The party was full of photographers from the fashion industry. I also saw someone I now know to be a famous model. At the time, she was just a teenager like me.

The party appeared to have been designed as a venue for abuse. Men in a room forced me, and my childhood friend, at gunpoint, to perform sexual acts. They filmed everything. They found my other childhood friend, and then she was made to participate in it; also at gunpoint.

My father delivered me to the party, and then picked me up at the end. His motivation for taking me there was purely monetary. He profited financially from it.

On other occasions, throughout my childhood, my father drugged me in order for me to be abused by pedophiles. My father was a Freemason, and this is what most Freemasons do to children. I have discussed this topic extensively elsewhere.

It is likely that these men from the Fashion Industry were filming me because they thought they could sell the violent film detailing the abuse. They wanted to abuse my childhood friends and I for money; for financial gain; and for power and control.

Paris Hilton, who was also a former model, has now spoken out publicly about the abuse she was subjected to. She

experienced something very similar to me. She had an abusive video made of her.

A video was released of Paris Hilton, probably in an attempt to control her. Would the abusive videos made of me, and my childhood friends, been used as a way of controlling us; later, if we had become significant models in the industry?

There were other teenagers present at the party. Some of them are now major models in the fashion industry. Many young models were abused at these grooming-parties.

There were drinks everywhere at this party. Everyone seemed to have drugs on them. If you went to the bathroom; you would take cocaine. I was drawn to very dissociative behavior. My automatic reaction to the fear was just to start drinking; or to start doing lines of cocaine to overcome the terror of the situation.

The age range of the party was a split; an even mix of young models and people from the industry; known photographers, young 'cool'-looking kinds of people. Everyone there was fifty-years-old or below. I'm not sure why Mick Jagger was not present. Perhaps it was too risky for him to be seen by us when the group did not yet have sufficient blackmail material on all the models present.

It is now common knowledge that Jeffrey Epstein was a notorious pedophile who posed as various things including a scientist; an investor; a businessman; a modeling-agent, whilst he was actually trafficking children. Epstein owned a plane which he used to transport people to an island. On this island, children were

routinely raped and tortured. Various 'celebrities' and politicians flew on this plane.

Bill Clinton visited the child-rape island at least 26 times that we know of. Numerous other high-profile figures also flew out there. One of the items of evidence that they collected on Jeffrey Epstein was what they call his 'black book'. This was a collection of phone numbers of the people who he was connected to.

One of the phone numbers and names in this book was Mick Jagger's. I experienced abuse at Jagger's house, and witnessed the abuse of two childhood friends there. The abuse was filmed.

I was first taken to Mick Jagger's house when I was a very young child, around four years old.

In the summer of 2011, when I was eighteen years old, I 'worked' as a model. I was not really working because I barely saw any money from this arrangement; and on all the occasions I was abused in some way. All my shoots were arranged by my parents, so it was not the independence that I had hoped for.

I often went to central London to do castings, and I remember this one particular occasion, it was a fashion shoot, and there was one other model there. It was meant to be an advertising campaign. First, they took pictures of us. They gave us drinks beforehand as well. They just told us to drink. They put something in the drink. It was typical on a shoot to be offered alcohol to drink.

The other model and I were coerced into drinking before the shoot. They just put a glass on the table, and said: "This will help you. Just drink." And then they did this supposed fashion shoot. The photographer sexually abused us; touched the models. This would happen a lot with these fashion things.

The most 'famous' person in the industry who abused me was Karl Lagerfeld. A photographer on the shoot abused me first by touching me. Then, I was passed on to Karl Lagerfeld, which just felt horrible. Obviously, I knew who this person was.

After the shoot, I was taken by the photographer into another room, and then I was inappropriately touched by this photographer. This seemed to be preparation for me to be abused by Karl Lagerfeld. Next, I was then taken to Lagerfeld in a different room. It was very intimidating seeing someone that you recognize, and who's so powerful in the fashion industry; you know who they are.

It felt like things were being done to me, it didn't really feel like I had any control, or any power, or any say in what was happening. The photographer on the shoot, groomed and prepared me to be abused by Karl Lagerfeld. I was raped by him.

I feel that Karl Lagerfeld did this to me because he had, most likely, been abused himself at some point in the past. When abuse, particularly in childhood, is not remembered, it is acted out. This is described accurately in Freud's theory of *The Compulsion to Repeat*. Early abuse can be acted out in different ways — it can, alternatively, be turned inwards, and result in self-

harm — but Lagerfeld seemed to act-out his trauma by casting himself in the role of the abuser.

As an adult, I am now able to understand that Karl Lagerfeld — like many other people in positions of power in the fashion industry — was most likely abused himself. He was then placed in a position of power in the hierarchy of abuse.

I was taken to Mick Jagger's house, at four years old, and I was groomed. Then, I was placed in a position of average-power, where I was a model in the fashion industry; I was creating, for the 'consumer' a sense of what 'fashion' currently was; and what direction it should take; and what people should buy.

To ensure that I did not step-out-of-line in that role, I was subjected to violence. This violence eliminated much of my free thought. I was traumatized to become compliant. There were also those above me in the hierarchy. They had been groomed to abuse me.

Presumably, there were others above them in the hierarchy who had been groomed to abuse them. There was a pyramidal-structure to the power system that controlled the industry.

The power system operating within the fashion industry analyzes your character, to determine what role you will play in this hierarchy of abuse.

If you are more violent, they will place you in a violent position in the pyramid. Often, after they have abused a child

sufficiently, the child will gain a proclivity towards violence. Repeated abuses may have worn the child down. This is how they create monsters.

I was never violent. I never showed a violent energy. So, it was useless for the fashion-cult to install me as a violent abuser in their hierarchy. Freemasonic-cult-power systems train children to fulfill different roles. Karl Lagerfeld was, clearly, prepared to take on a very violent, active role in the system. For this reason, he was promoted to the higher-ranks of the pyramid.

Abusive power-relationships in the fashion industry are later modeled — literally *modeled* — throughout our societies. What a model is really modeling is not clothes, but a *way to be* in the world. The subconscious messages transmitted by the fashion-industry have a much more powerful effect than what superficially appears in photographs.

The subtext of all fashion marketing is the idea that we must consume more to become happy. But, this is merely the easiest programming to detect. Much more subtle messages are also being transmitted. There is the non-verbal normalization of violence. Many of these photographs are taken in abusive situations. The photographs then transmit a violent-energy through their depiction of a model; through clothing choices; or lack thereof.

These insidious messages, and the idea that it is okay to treat people like this, is received by children who aspire to be like

the models they see in the magazines. The sad truth is that many of these aspirational' fashion models live in hell.

The fashion industry also creates a sense of worthlessness and personal-devaluation in anyone who does not fall into the remit of beauty defined by those 'higher up' in the fashion industry. Even at the height of my 'career' as a model, I was told my skin was bad. At the beginning of my career, I was told to lose weight. So, even when your role is to define societal standards of beauty, you are constantly told there is a problem with you.

This relentless critiquing of models is common in the industry. It is a way to crush a person's spirit. Telling a model they need to lose weight emotionally robs the child. Models typically start out at fourteen years old and I was groomed to be a model from *four* years old. These children are robbed of vital-energy to fight back against their abusers.

Constant comparison of models against each other creates division. This is done intentionally. If there was unity between models, we would fight back against the common experience of being treated like a slave, and abused like an object.

What is fermented in the pages of fashion magazines sends messages which filter down into the rest of society. These abusers and their cameras create eating disorders in children; dysmorphia; and a preoccupation with areas of the body that were totally normal until the Fashion Industry, through video and magazines, suggested there was something wrong.

We're collectively beginning to get a sense of how the power systems on planet earth work. The fashion industry is entwined with blackmail and child-abuse rings. Jeffrey Epstein was involved with the fashion industry and provided Prince Andrew with children to rape. Sick pedophile-gangs, like the British Royal Family, feed off wounded-children in the fashion industry.

These legacy-power-systems put people in positions of power, and they invite those people to abuse children. They film the abuse, and then they use the videotapes of adults abusing children to control those adults. These 'elite' pedophile rings know it's socially unacceptable — to the majority of people — to abuse and rape children in this way.

Jeffrey Epstein was fed children via his contacts in the modeling industry. He was supplied with children to abuse, and he supplied children to other pedophiles, like Prince Andrew. Part of this abuse-of-children was designed, presumably, to traumatically-condition these children. I was conditioned, and other children were conditioned, by abuse in the fashion industry. We were conditioned never to speak out against these monsters.

Hearing the accounts of other survivors, and knowing what I do now about how the modeling and fashion industry works, the mechanisms of power become clear to see. The fashion industry is linked directly to sex traffickers, like Jeffrey Epstein, and pedophiles like Bill Clinton and Prince Andrew. It feels like the veil is being lifted. People are figuring it all out.

Many people are slowly realizing that power is sick. If someone turned up on your street; and put a gold hat on; and said "I'm the King now give me most of everything you own; and sing songs about me", people would say, "No, that's crazy, that's crazy!" That person on the street would last ten minutes.

The question has to be asked: Why are there people in gold hats in palaces in the UK doing exactly the same thing? Why is nobody stopping them? Reading my account we have the answer, and reading the accounts of others gives us the answer.

No one is doing anything about the British pedophile-Monarchy, and the fashion-industry it partly underwrites, because so many of us were abused as children.

Some abused children have, as adults, become abusers: They are placed in positions of political power — or power in the fashion and entertainment industry — in order to sustain a system, where adults do not speak out against the Royal-pedophiles and the 'elite' classes. Many people are terrified because they were abused as children. They were taught to be passive.

Fortunately, now the spell is broken. Fashion has fallen out of fashion. Many survivors are fighting-back and speaking out. It's become clear to most people what the true cost of a modeling career is: Your self-respect; your body; your soul.

LOVE AFTER ABUSE

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— September 1st, 2024 —

ARIA: Do you have any advice for people who are in a relationship with a survivor? Both in a friendship, or in a romantic relationship.

PHOENIX: Looking back on the relationships I've had, I think it's quite possible that almost all of my relationships were with survivors of sexual abuse. The thing that made those relationships different from each other is that there were different levels of awareness, in me, that my partner had been abused. And there were different levels of awareness, in my partner, that they had been abused.

Statistically, one in three women are sexually abused before the age of 18, that's a huge number of women. The numbers are probably very similar for men, they are just under-reported.

There is typically a perfect storm of love-and-dysfunction in male-female relationships. Because of the fallout from sexual abuse, many of us are in very unhealthy relationships.

Because of the abuse I was subjected to, as a child, I often regarded my sexual desirability, or my need to have sex, as being a

symbol of my self-worth. There was often a perfect-storm in relationships where I felt loved through sexual connection, and the partner who I was with felt awkward or uncomfortable having sex. So there was a perfect mess.

Making-love, which made me feel comforted, secure, connected, was often exactly the same thing that my partner felt confused, threatened, uncertain and insecure in doing. This is a dynamic that plays out in a lot of male-female relationships. Culturally, the male is led to believe that their self-worth is based on their propensity to have sex, while many women are healing from childhood sexual-abuse, and terrified by physical intimacy. It's a perfect mess.

I can remember relationships years ago, where I was very reluctant to accept that I had been sexually abused. It wasn't something that I reflected on, or connected with. I was sold this idea by our culture: That somehow this idealized sexual-connection would bring me a sense of completeness and wholeness that was lacking in me. That seemed to be promised by the culture: This idea of a relationship or someone 'saving' me.

I remember this movie Jerry Maguire. The two lead characters are in an elevator together and there's this deaf couple in the elevator and they sign to each other. Then Jerry Maguire asks the woman that he loves in the film, "What did they just say?"

And she replies, "They just said, 'You complete me'."

And in the film it's depicted as this romantic-ideal. This idea that there is a missing part to each person and this other

person can somehow fill-in or 'complete' this sense of absence. Which, in my experience, is a very dangerous idea. That said, Jerry Maguire is, overall, a great movie.

I think a stable-connection relies on each person being complete and wishing to share themselves, in that completeness, with another. However, the cultural ideology suggested very strongly to me that I needed to find someone to complete me.

ARIA: I would agree with that. For me, it felt less about sexuality and more about finding love. When I was thirteen or fourteen, I remember feeling — not that I even particularly wanted to be in a relationship — but this enormous pressure that a relationship was the thing that was always missing in my life: A relationship, or love. But I guess that feeling of something missing was because I didn't feel love as a child.

PHOENIX: Did you feel it had a big influence on you that there were loads of Disney characters singing stuff like, "Some day my prince will come." This idea of this missing aspect that was a kind of knight in shining armour?

ARIA: Yes, definitely. I remember feeling like there was a lack. I remember going through a phase when I was a teenager where I thought, "This is the one thing that I am never going to be able to have. The one goal of finding a relationship."

PHOENIX: Do you feel like our culture, in a general sense, wounds children to the point that they feel there is a deep-absence and then tries to sell that absence back to them as a product? As in, this romantic ideal.

ARIA: I think so, definitely. I feel like having "a relationship" brings a certain status as well. Because, as a teenager, I always felt this pressure. It felt like people would always ask me about relationships that I was having, and stuff like that. If you're a victim of abuse, that whole topic is surrounded with anxiety.

PHOENIX: Talking about the impact the culture has on our expectations surrounding relationships, and the extent that it models, or creates, an ideal that we have to fulfill in our society: Have you ever seen the movie *The Little Mermaid*?

ARIA: Yes.

PHOENIX: I find this movie very interesting. It presents a very interesting-narrative which I think is massively-corrupted in the Disney retelling of it. However, the original fairytale narrative depicts a female being in a kind of magical-world under the sea, then she emerges into the world of men.

The mermaid is given legs, she is allowed to move around. But the condition under which she is allowed to move around in the world of men is that she cannot speak. For me, that seems like quite a strong metaphor for the ways in which the feminine has been suppressed in our society: The way in which the feminine was allowed to participate in the society of men as long as she was quiet.

But, in the Disney version, it's quite a troubling story because it does imply there is this missing part to her and she has to find this male aspect, external to her.

Whereas, I feel that the problem in our society is that the aspect that many of us are looking for — whether male or female — our ‘divine feminine’ or ‘divine masculine’ aspect is not outside us; it’s inside us.

We’re seeking to fill a hole that is somewhere within our psyche, in other words: Our spiritual core. But we’re invited to find that missing piece outside of us, instead of inside of us. Do you think that’s accurate?

ARIA: The ideal state to be in is one where you feel comfortable and happy with yourself. It’s like that with a lot of areas of our life. We don’t need these things to complete us. You just need to be centered in yourself and all these other things are just external things. I think eventually a shift happens, where you’re not seeking these things to fill a hole, and you’re in a state of peace. Things will just come to you.

PHOENIX: It’s like Obi Wan tells Darth Vader in Star Wars, “The more you tighten your grip, the more star systems will slip through your fingers.” For whatever reason, our reality works in a similar way. It does feel like, when we grab for things, they tend to disintegrate. But when we wait peacefully, and explore gently, they tend to be more likely to come our way.

I think there’s also a complexity in this idea, and that is: A survivor of abuse often feels like they have to be rigidly independent. That they can’t rely on anyone else. That they have to find their own way and they have to be self-sufficient in every

sense. Because, from the very moment they were born, they were self-sufficient.

I feel like there's a complex nuance here, and it is this: That, on one hand, it feels like a healthy, independent human being is whole and complete in themselves and does not seek desperately to find people to complete, stabilize, or complete them. However, some of those traits: Independence; stability; being alone, are also symptoms of social discomfort, or someone who has been very, very hurt.

For me, the way the system ideally should work is that a child is given unconditional love, support, independence, trust. Then, as a result, they learn to develop those qualities in themselves and then they are let go into the world as a complete human being.

The problem is that we have so many people that are deeply wounded. Huge numbers of us are walking around, essentially, with massive wounds in our sides, just pouring blood out everywhere. But because these wounds are psychic, they are not so easy to see; because they exist within the psyche. There are a lot of walking-wounded about the place. These people do need connection, they do need love. But the tricky balance is: To support and love a survivor without fostering a dependency.

It's very dangerous, I think, to become the missing piece for a survivor of sexual abuse. I think that is the difficult line that you tread when you support, or love, someone who has experienced sexual abuse.

What do you feel about that delicate line between supporting and loving a survivor, versus becoming overwhelmed by their need to fill a hole in them with you? Have you had experiences of helping or supporting people who you felt have overstepped a boundary, in terms of overwhelming you with their needs?

ARIA: There was a friendship I had where, on the surface level, we had similar interests, but on a more unconscious level a dynamic was being repeated, linking back to my mother. The dynamic was: I felt like I wanted to help her, and make her see abuse that was happening.

I could see she was being hurt, based on a lot of things she was saying, a lot of warning signs; things she was talking about. The way she talked about her family.

I wanted to help her, to help her get through this, to help her get through her struggles. But what I didn't see — and this is what I could not see with my mother because I was a child — is that she was very manipulative. Both my mother, and this friend, would use vulnerabilities, like saying how hurt they were, to get attention and to get love from me.

I just didn't realize that they were saying these things to manipulate me. In the end, it was a friendship where there weren't enough boundaries. There were little things that I didn't pick up on. She would come over to my house unannounced and expect me to help her with something. At the time I explained it to

myself as, “Oh, that’s really spontaneous, that’s fine. That’s just how she is.”

I didn’t really feel like I had a choice. I felt sucked into it. It felt like I had to please her all the time, which was how it was with my mother as well. It ended really dangerously.

PHOENIX: Feel free to describe what happened if you want.

ARIA: As a kid, I was given no skills to identify dangerous people. So I have been ‘eaten’ by all these ‘wolves’ the whole time because I have no way to see that someone is a wolf.

That is precisely because both of my parents were wolves. Really angry wolves, and yet I had to completely suppress all the anger that I felt towards both of them and form some kind of sick connection.

The connection was sick, on their part, but normal on my part, because you have to be connected to your parents to survive. But, it means that you don’t see obvious things that are happening: If there is a wolf.

It was like that with this friend, in particular. Something really bad, really terrible, happened which, again, makes me feel a lot of shame. I feel, “How could I not see this?” I feel it’s my fault that I keep getting into these kind of relationships.

I expected it to be a platonic friendship, which is always my expectation. But then this horrible violence came out of it.

PHOENIX: I think, when a child is raised within a family with aggressive, abusive, sexually abusive people, then it’s very hard for

them to find a new way of relating to people. There's a phenomenon called The Compulsion to Repeat, which was identified by psychologists.

The Compulsion to Repeat is where we are drawn to situations in the present that resemble traumatic situations in the past. The idea being that we, unconsciously, seek to resolve those patterns of behavior. The mind keeps compelling us to revisit and heal those traumas. But, very often, in seeking out the same type of relationship, we simply repeat the past. That is the very difficult thing about this process.

I think it's very difficult for many survivors to acknowledge that, throughout their lives, they have been unconsciously-drawn to very damaging relationships. This is because the relationship model that was established for them — the ways in which they know how to relate — were dysfunctional. Because of the original abuse they experienced.

It's very easy to fall, repeatedly, into the same pattern. However, I do not hold you responsible for that, and I think it's unhealthy, although understandable, for you to hold yourself responsible for that.

Although, the dynamic plays out because one individual has been wounded and the other one, most likely, has been wounded too. The problem is that one, or both, friends seek, not to heal, and not to reflect, but to reenact and feel power through that reenactment. There's a danger there. The fault does, however, lie with the aggressor.

It's every individual's responsibility to reflect and understand their past, and not to repeat it.

ARIA: It was particularly difficult in my case, and maybe for other survivors. I agree there is a compulsion to repeat. I think I was seeing Vanessa as my mother and I wanted — instead of sexual abuse to be enacted — for me to tell her about the abuse I experienced and for it to stop.

I now see, and understand, this idea of The Compulsion To Repeat. With this friend, I wanted it to be unlike in the past, with my mother hurting me, and perpetrating sexual abuse on me. I wanted it to end differently. I wanted to be able to go to my friend and tell her what was happening, and for it to stop.

What made it hard, in my case, and for other survivors is that, because dissociation was the main way of surviving as a child, if something happens to you, you're not even aware of it enough to defend yourself in any way, so you just go into this shutdown, freeze state.

PHOENIX: So you feel the friend you're describing was sexually abused as a child and then, unconsciously, repeated that sexual abuse in her relationship with you?

ARIA: I don't think it was unconscious. I think it was conscious. This is the thing, this is really important: I did not want to be in a friendship with someone who was going to abuse me. I had no sexual interest in her whatsoever, I just wanted a friendship. That was how I felt about it. I think, from her part: No. There was a

conscious motive there. She prepared all these materials to bring with her to hurt me.

When someone makes the decision to act violently, then it's a decision. It can't be excused as some kind of unconscious repetition of something.

PHOENIX: People who abuse others should be fully held to account. I agree, based on knowing you and having heard your description of this experience in the past, I would say she was fully conscious of what she was doing. I'm curious, and perhaps it is hard for you to answer: Do you think she was conscious of that having been done to her as a child?

ARIA: No. This is the thing with most abusive people, I feel that if they were able to go back and feel what it felt like to be abused, to feel the pain and the helplessness, and all those things connected with that abuse, they would not be able to commit an act of violence. They would not be able to hurt someone else in that way, because they would have empathy for the victim.

In that moment of abuse, there is no empathy. There is no understanding of what that feels like for the victim.

PHOENIX: I agree. Aside from the pain and terror of actually experiencing this abuse, let's look at the psychodynamics of what is happening: Those who sexually abuse or violently attack other people are unconsciously repeating the original trauma they experienced. So, they are unconsciously repeating something that was done to them.

During this blind-repetition, the perpetrator is defusing the free-floating emotions they feel by casting themselves in the role of the aggressor, and casting someone else as the victim. The abuser gets to feel strong and powerful and they get to defuse their emotional 'capacitors', by vicariously forcing someone else to feel the emotions they should be feeling for themselves. That, in essence, is the cycle of trauma.

Those who were abused become abusers if they do not face the pain and fear and confusion of having been abused. Our society, largely, does not encourage people to face the original trauma. Our society is so deeply unconscious on this issue. You can see it being played out in the court systems. When someone attacks someone and is brought to court, the court does not acknowledge the fact that the person is most likely reenacting earlier abuse.

This does not excuse what they did. It does not mean they should get a lighter sentence for whatever they have done to someone else. But it does mean that there is a fundamental-problem here: For some reason our society had decided that people do things for no reason. It has decided that people, for absolutely no reason, attack other people.

I think this is a vast stupidity: To completely ignore the historical basis on which people behave in the ways that they do. It deeply puzzles me.

You don't have to, but how would you feel about describing what it was that you experienced in terms of the abuse

that you were subjected to by this individual? The value in doing it is that they rely on your silence. And I feel that whoever did it to them relied on their silence. I feel like it is time to break that cycle.

ARIA: It's time to break that cycle and it's time to not be ashamed because I haven't done anything wrong. These things were done to me.

We went to the forest, collecting herbs. We had a really nice day. Then, there was a point where we were sat down. She took me to one side, into a different part of the forest. She tied my hands with rope and threatened me with a knife. She basically was raping me.

I had no control and no power to do anything to stop it. I feel like it's important to say that there's a strong link — and I think not many people are aware of it — between all these materials like ropes, and chains, and things like that. They are all often used to torture children. Then, they seem to come up again in a different form in 'romantic' relationships, or other sexual relations.

I find it particularly disturbing, as a survivor, because for me those things just symbolize abuse and violence. In this friendship — well, I thought it was a platonic friendship — these objects were used to hurt me.

PHOENIX: I think it's a very accurate observation. Because our society is so deeply unconscious of the most basic psychology, it does not understand that people often reenact, unconsciously, trauma they were subjected to.

This is the depth of societal unconsciousness. I feel like what I'm about to say is going to surprise some people — hopefully not those people who have any understanding of depth psychology. The entire S&M scene, the entire scene of sadomasochism, where people voluntarily tie other people up and subject them to pain, these people, without exception, are unconsciously-reenacting abuse they were subjected to as children. I believe that unequivocally.

If anyone wishes to dispute that, I would happily sit with anyone, you can write into the podcast, anyone who participates in that behavior, I would happily sit with them and have a conversation for an hour. I think it would be very likely that we would see through that process, that we would see through their compulsion to reenact those behaviors.

ARIA: What happened was one hundred per cent rape. There was no ambiguity in any way.

I think, with the S&M scene, the difficulty is that it appears to be consensual, in a way. It is different from what happened to me, in that way. But I still find S&M disturbing and it worries me to see that. Like you said, there's a clear link there between reenactment and the past.

PHOENIX: My view on the S&M scene is that it is consensually-non-consensual. As in: The adult in the present, participating in it, has given consent. However, their consent was not based on a full awareness of their past.

So, in a sense, it is consensually-non-consensual. Because, had that person been fully aware of the reason why they feel compelled to enact these behavior they would not repeat them. Typically the reason is that they were abused as children, using the very same objects that have become a fetish for them, because of associative conditioning.

Associative conditioning is where we unconsciously pair stimulus and response.

In other words, certain objects and ideas are paired with feelings. For example, if you associate your sexuality with a certain set of behaviors – a fetish — the question is: In which way, and why, have those behaviors been paired with sexuality?

Psychologists and neurologists say: What fires together; wires together. So, for example, if someone has a fetish surrounding being tied up. Then, the question would be: How did being tied up and sexuality become wired together in that human's consciousness?

I don't want this to sound threatening, or confusing, for anyone. I want to approach this topic with compassion and gentleness. But I believe that if anyone participates in this behavior, I think the most important question to ask is: How did these things become associated? And if they did become associated through acts of violence in childhood, is it really consensual in adulthood to repeat those behaviors, while remaining unconscious of the original reason for those behaviours, which was abusive.

There are many, many people reenacting vague-pantomimes of what they were subjected to as children. I'm not sure that anyone would consent to that, given the original reason for that pairing of materials.

ARIA: I'm now going to ask Phoenix a few questions which might help some survivors in understanding more problems in relationships. Are there any particular difficulties you faced in relationships?

PHOENIX: [Laughs] I would say relationships for me have been universally difficult. My foundational relationships with my parents set the tone for all my future relationships. I think that a lot of people dismiss Freud, but I think — despite the fact that he went off on some wild cocaine binge — initially, he had some amazingly enlightened theories.

It's become a bit of cliché that a psychologist says, "Tell me about your parents." But I feel like the key to so much of our behavior is that original relationship.

I have, unconsciously, many times remodeled my relationship with my mother and father through my relationships. And that relationship was not a healthy one. It was one in which I was deeply hurt. So, I have often been drawn unconsciously into relationships where there was a wounded, but aggressive, female.

I often found myself trying to appease this wounded-female figure. Conversely, I felt very lost and without foundation in myself. So I would often look to someone else to support me. But I kept choosing people who were unable to do that. Plus, no

one should really have to do that. That should have been done for me as a kid.

It's only been in distancing myself from relationships for a while, and really building the foundations — so that I don't feel lonely when I'm alone — that I am able to have authentic relationships. A relationship where I don't need anything, and I'm not partnered with someone who needs anything. A place where I don't feel controlled or disrespected.

ARIA: Can you describe the link between common problems survivors confront within relationships, and how these are linked to the abuse?

PHOENIX: Many of my behaviors in relationships were patterned after my mother's behavior. Not only was I attracted to people who, unconsciously on some level, replicated my mother's distance and inability to connect deeply with me, but I also took on some of her behaviors myself.

Behaviors like becoming very vague and distant when I felt threatened or attacked. I also developed a habit, in childhood, of repressing my anger. This continued into adulthood. My mother did not repress her anger. I learned as a kid, because my mom was so violent — she literally beat me until I was unconscious — I learned not to express any strong emotions.

It's very hard to be in a relationship if you're not emotionally honest. But now that has changed for me. In acknowledging these things, in literally speaking these words, I have become much more connected to myself.

ARIA: Can we develop more compassion for ourselves when having difficulties in relationships?

PHOENIX: I've got a good formula for this that I developed over several years and the formula is that you imagine that you are your own parent. Except not the parent you had, but one that is kind, compassionate, and loving.

It has taken a while to be able to do this, but it means that, when I feel sad or confused, I don't do what I used to do, and what my parents used to do, which is dismiss me or push me away.

Instead of dismissing myself, I imagine: What would I do if I was a kind parent? If I feel sad, I'll take myself for a walk; I'll read a book that I enjoy; I'll make myself some tea. I'll be more aware of my needs rather than getting angry at myself for feeling emotions that I don't feel like I should be feeling.

As a kid, my emotions were heavily managed. This was because I was only allowed to express a small repertoire of emotions. If I got angry, then I was violently abused. If I got sad, I was pushed away. It's taken me a while not to do those things to myself. It's been a process of re-parenting. Many survivors will find huge benefit in being the best parent they can to themselves.

ARIA: How can people in society become more aware of the difficulties survivors face in relationships?

PHOENIX: So many people have been affected by sexual abuse. So many people are survivors. It's almost like asking the question: How can society better deal with relationships per-se?

The most beneficial thing society can do to become more aware of the needs of survivors is to understand that a huge number of society — who were also sexually abused — have become predators. They've become aggressors.

Some survivors have become, like you described, 'lambs'. And I mean that in an affectionate sense. A lot of us are very gentle and caring and we are looking for affection. But we also attract those who are very aggressive and exploitative. The greatest gift that society can give survivors is to acknowledge how many members of society are aggressors.

Society should take steps to resolve that problem, and reflect on the ways in which society rewards us: Wealth; fame etc. These trophies are largely given to vampires.

We largely give our trophies in society to vampires; to those who have hoarded the most money; to those who have become such huge narcissists that they have attracted the most attention. We give trophies to these vampires.

I have no deep hatred for vampires. They are stuck in their own dynamic. But I think it would be really amazing if a few of the vampires who have done this to society could reflect, and take steps to acknowledge their role in this abuse dynamic.

ARIA: Can you explain the psychological-phenomena of displacement and how that can cause problems in relationships?

PHOENIX: Yes, the psychological process of displacement is where someone takes emotions and feelings that they have for one

person and dis-places them on another person. A good, and typical, example of this is where someone had an abusive, aggressive father and then, simply because the partner resembles the male figure in some vague way, will displace all their feelings about their father onto their partner.

It also happens within families: One of the parents may be attacked at work by a boss who is angry and aggressive. They may then feel unable to stand up for themselves at work, The parent will then go home and displace these feelings of anger towards their boss onto a child.

Displacement is where you take the feelings that you feel for one person to another location, and then you dis-place those feelings onto that other person. It happens a lot in intimate relationships. It happens a lot to survivors. Often, those who have been violently, sexually abused, who feel unable to confront their father, or feel unable to confront their mother, will confront their partner for things that the partner has no power over, and is not responsible for.

It's very, very common. A lot of anger and aggression in relationships is displaced anger towards the parents, expressed years later. This is because our society has such a strict taboo regarding speaking out against parents.

I have experienced this in the worst ways imaginable. I've seen very vividly how many different friends of mine have taken anger that should have been directed at their parents, and dis-

placed it on me. Simply because I am willing to listen and understand.

This is something that partners of survivors — whether the partner is a survivor themselves or not — will encounter a lot. It's not that any survivor is immune to this, but it's very upsetting when finally you meet someone who you feel a depth and connection with and then they attack you.

The paradox of it is, that an attack of displacement from an intimate-partner often comes because of the intimacy, because of the love, because of the connection. It is only because that person feels safe to displace those feelings onto you that they do so. So, it's another sad, but understandable, storm of love and dysfunction.

ARIA: Can you explain what projection is?

PHOENIX: Projection is not entirely dissimilar to displacement. But, instead of displacing the feelings you have for one person onto another person, you displace feelings that you feel in yourself onto someone else.

For example, if you feel angry, you might accuse your partner of being angry. It's essentially this: Disowning emotions that you feel in yourself and placing them on someone else, and then attacking them in that other person.

It's very, very educational and useful process for survivors, and partners of survivors, to be aware of these two processes,

among others. That is ‘displacement’, which we discussed, and ‘projection’.

Disowning of emotions is a big problem, generally, in relationships. This is because so many people have been hurt. We’re not taught as kids to feel and process our own emotions and so, as adults, we’re wild lawn-sprinklers, pumping out different feelings in different directions and accusing other people of feeling them. It’s hard territory to navigate.

ARIA: Can you explain what transference is?

PHOENIX: Yes, transference is another psychological term and this often happens within the therapist-patient relationship, but it can also happen within intimate relationships because they also have a therapeutic element.

Transference is where you take the character and core essence of a person who — often — hurt you in the past. Then you mistake the person in the present for that person in the past.

A practical example of this in therapy would be when a patient begins to unconsciously react to the therapist as if the therapist is — for example — an abusive father figure. The ‘patient’ will begin to transfer all of the essential meaning of that person’s character and personality onto the therapist. But this can also happen in intimate relationships. It’s not entirely different from displacement. There is some crossover there.

Transference is essentially where you mistake, unconsciously, the person you are with in the present, for someone who deeply effected you in the past.

ARIA: What is narcissism and how does that play a role in relationships?

PHOENIX: Narcissism is a form of energy vampirism. What I recommend listeners have a look at Meredith Miller's work on narcissism because she provides a much more substantial and interesting round-up of this topic that I can provide on this podcast. It's an enormous topic.

Meredith Miller's videos describe these individuals as narcissists, but this is just a more socially-acceptable term for 'energy vampire'. These are people who are so hurt that they need to grab energy and meaning from their interactions with other people; rather than provide energy for themselves. What surprises me is how much this dynamic echoes the mythological phenomenon of the vampire.

The 'narcissist' is a modern euphemism for the vampire. Except, whereas a vampire in the myths bites your neck and draws out the blood, the narcissist, in our reality, can't literally do that. We have social conventions that typically prevent that.

However, energetically, narcissists can do the same thing and I highly recommend those videos. I think every sexual abuse survivor has, in essence, been bitten by a vampire, and perhaps several vampires.

Just as in the vampire myth, you have to take serious steps not to become a vampire yourself, or not to become victim to more vampires.

ARIA: What is triangulation and how does that effect relationships?

PHOENIX: Triangulation is a narcissistic tactic. It's something that vampires metaphorically do to those that they feel like they have been 'seen' by. So, what a narcissist may do is: Triangulation.

Triangulation is where you tell one, or more, other people, something about another person in order to destabilize, confuse, or suppress that other person. The literary-metaphor that is used most by 'vampire hunters' describing this problem is that of the Flying Monkeys from the Wizard of Oz. Here the Wicked Witch of the East... West... - it's always a bit of a mystery - sends out monkeys, flying monkeys, to attack Dorothy.

I speak about this with a sense of understanding, I do understand these vampires are very hurt, but what is happening is that the 'vampire', or the 'narcissist' or 'abuser' feels like they can disguise their attack on those they are abusing by sending a third-party to attack. This is, in essence, what triangulation is, or what this Flying Monkey technique is.

This can be done by spreading gossip, rumors, disinformation, or simply finding ways to attack and destabilize a person without attacking them directly. In other words: Vampires use triangulation to provoke two, or more, other people to abuse a person.

ARIA: What is the role of consent in relationships?

PHOENIX: Consent, as we all know at this point in history, is essential. It's at the very core of every connection that we have. If there is no consent, there is no relationship, there is only abuse.

Let's quickly look at the history of it: Until very recently in many countries it was not illegal to rape your wife. That's unbelievable to me. Until recently in many countries it was not illegal to rape your wife. I'm talking about developed, western nations. That is shocking. So, we had a system where a certain legal status, as a man, gave you permission just to rape your wife whenever you wanted. There would be no consequence to that.

ARIA: What is the role of Hollywood-induced romantic delusion in the dysfunctional-structuring of modern relationships?

PHOENIX: There's a big problem with the way in which our media, and film, and television depicts romantic relationships. It narratively-formulates these relationships in which, often, the female figure is lost, confused, and abandoned until she finds the male counterpart who 'saves' her.

This myth permeates fairy tales, it's not necessarily a modern, Hollywood concoction. It's something that pervade other forms of art that predate Hollywood by centuries. However, these earlier myths are more nuanced. They represent a realistic, literal-necessity.

The Hollywood formula misdirects the audience, suggesting that they need to find the missing masculine or

feminine aspect in a physical form; in a romantic partner. The earlier myths are more sophisticated: They explore the psychological imperative to find, within yourself as a human being, your masculine and feminine aspect, and to unite those aspects, in balance.

I was looking the other day in a ceremonial space at a very interesting symbol. The symbol was, I believe, the Star of David, although it obviously represents many other things in many other cultures. But the interesting thing about this symbol is that it, to me, looks like the divine feminine and the divine masculine combined.

The universal archetypal symbol for the divine feminine is a downward pointing triangle. The universal archetypal symbol for the divine masculine is an upward pointing triangle. If you overlap these two triangles it produces the Star of David, which is obviously used in many other religious context, and outside those contexts.

The symbols for me represents something very important, and that is the balance between the divine masculine and feminine. I think that many of these stories and fairy-tales, and very misguided Hollywood movies, do seek to present a truth. That truth is: There should be a balance between these aspects, between the feminine contemplative; feminine creativity; reflection; self-understanding, and the divine masculine aspect, not strictly 'male', but 'masculine' aspect of: Action.

I feel that when these two things are combined, when thoughtfulness and compassion is combined with action, then you have balance. When we have reconciled these aspects, our planet will be in a much better position.

That doesn't mean looking for a Prince Charming. And it doesn't mean looking for a maiden with long-hair in a big tower. It means finding, within yourself, this balance and taking 'action' with 'compassion.'

ARIA: This idea that you need to look for someone else; as if people are just there to fulfill your needs. It's just so wrong, this idea. People are sovereign in themselves. They're not there to complete you.

At the same time, all humans need connection. All different types of connection as well. Not just romantic relationships. You can be so happy and secure in yourself if you have just a few good relationships. Even if these relationships are with yourself, or with nature. Then you can build from that.

Another question for Phoenix: The dictionary defines 'slavery' as the application of property law to humans. Is marriage slavery?

PHOENIX: Is marriage slavery? This is, for me, the big question. And also the most challenging one because I can imagine, as you were asking that question, so many listeners saying, "Arghhh!" They have some good reason why marriage isn't slavery.

It works like this: Imagine there's a big war, and hundreds of thousands of people go out to this war. There will be a certain percentage of people who come back from that war who say, "Man, war was great, I made all these friends, and there was camaraderie, and we felt like we were all working together, and we just stormed those battlefields, and it was amazing."

I feel it is the same thing with marriage. There is a certain percentage of people who go into this marriage experience and have a really great time. But this is not because of the marriage, it's because they were lucky that within a system that was corrupt — they had an unusual, good experience.

There are a lot of people who are very, very deeply hurt by this marriage experience, as with a war. And there's also a certain percentage of people who were hurt but don't really want to talk about it.

As with a war, when you ask, "How was the war?" They'll say, "Yeah, it was good. I don't want to talk about it, it was good."

For me, marriage is the same thing. The problem with marriage is that it is property ownership in disguise. The marriage vows clearly state, "I take this Man to be my lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forth. Until death do us part."

That is not entirely dissimilar to the wording of a contract connected to ownership of a house, or property. It's very, very similar. The question here is: Can any relationship be authentic

and loving if you are compelled to be in it? Can any relationship be authentic and loving if you are compelled to be in it, by law? I think: No.

Why tie yourself to something you love? If you love someone, you should trust them. And you should allow them to be free. Presumably, people love other people because of who they are. But so much of who they are is tied to their ability to be free and expressive.

Marriage feels like a good idea, just as it feels like a good idea to pick a beautiful flower and put it in a jar in a house. The problem is: As soon as you do that, the flower fades. The very thing that you sought to capture fades. The very freedom, the very excitement, the very dynamic that you sought to own is destroyed in the ownership.

At the crescendo of society's mis-steps, the finale of this wrong-footed dance, within relationships, is marriage. It's the point at which someone says, "I want to own what I love."

ARIA: I agree that is the case in a lot of marriages. I feel that the marriage concept itself is problematic. I don't think it's right to want to own someone. But I think there are still — despite all this abuse and terrible things happening in the world — and these horrible structures — I feel like there are still good, and kind, people who would not enter into a marriage for those reasons. They wouldn't enter into it to control someone else, or to want to own them. But more as an expression of their love, or to show commitment to someone. Which is a different reason.

PHOENIX: What does that mean to you, “commitment”?

ARIA: If you care for someone, then you’re there for them, for a long period of time. I feel that is maybe what — in the best sense — wants to be expressed in that ‘marriage’. That you’re there for someone. You’re in their life and you care for them for a longer period of time.

PHOENIX: I see what you’re saying. It sounds like — and correct me if I’m wrong — it sounds like you might be conflating marriage with intimate-connection. And, I’m not speaking out against intimate, long-term, connection. I’m speaking out against state-endorsed, legally-defined, long-term connection. I’m questioning why we need documentation, or The State.

ARIA: I feel like there’s people out there who have not been hurt as much, or had more of a stable experience in their younger-years, and they are able to have a marriage relationship that isn’t a catastrophe.

PHOENIX: If that’s you, write to us. We’d love to speak to you. I think, probably, everybody would like to hear from those people. Where are you? I’m going to find you one day, you happily married people. Where are you? Where do you think they are? Have you seen one recently?

ARIA: [Laughs] I don’t know any married people.

PHOENIX: Well, I know some married people who are happy, but I think they got married slightly ironically. I don’t think it was necessary. I think they wanted a party or something.

ARIA: That's what I mean.

PHOENIX: I don't know anyone who is seriously married, who took it all seriously, who is happy.

ARIA: Yes. Definitely. Especially not if it's the goal of your life or something.

PHOENIX: If you're happily married — and I mean really, don't lie to us, really — then email us. Explain how. Explain how you found love within the rigid structures of The State. Thank you for joining me Aria, and thank you for listening to us, listeners.

RISKS IN REPORTING

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— September 3rd, 2024 —

ARIA: If you escape a cult, the cult networks will often send people to violently attack you.

I experienced this shortly after I broke contact with my parents, who are both pedophiles and Freemasons. It was shocking for me to see how these cults can operate internationally. I was mainly abused in London, but I was living in Berlin when I was attacked by the cult; as a punishment for escaping.

At the time, I was embarking upon a journey of self-discovery. I was beginning to learn what I was really interested in doing with my life. I was escaping my traumatically-programmed path of being a fashion model.

My authentic self found its expression in the visual arts. I love drawing. My love of drawing brought me to an art school, where I could develop my art skills.

It was here that a classmate of mine posed as a friend, and attacked me in my own home. I kindly invited him for tea to talk about his troubles, but he took this opportunity to rape me.

At the time that it happened I didn't imagine that the Freemasons would be able to send someone to attack me so far

from London. I was wrong. Another survivor of a Freemason-cult in Germany, who was being heavily sedated in a so-called 'hospital' (a torture-prison-camp), told me it was common for cults to send people to harm you if you try and leave. This other survivor warned me to be alert.

She was completely accurate in her assessment. Yet, in the torture-prisons that go by the name of 'hospitals', she was being treated as a crazy person. She remains one of the sanest people I met in Berlin.

The experience of being raped happened shortly after I believed that I had left all of the abuse behind. It was horrible to have this experience just when I thought I would never be abused again.

When I reported this attack to the Berlin police, they subjected me to an interrogation of sorts. Reporting the attack felt like the right thing to do. The attacker threatened me with a knife. I suspected there was a high risk that the attacker might come back and kill me. Despite repeatedly-bad experiences with the police, I felt an obligation to report the attack.

The police process in Berlin went terribly right from the start. I had a lawyer who didn't support me. She seemed to know the police officers who were interrogating me.

It was very strange because this lawyer was recommended to me by an organization which had previously helped me a lot when dealing with my childhood traumas. The lawyer was affiliated with this organization.

It felt like the police and my lawyer were on the same team. They seemed to be on friendly terms when I entered the room. It was as if they had seen each other many times before. She didn't protect me from any of the outrageous questioning from the police.

The experience was completely degrading and shattered my confidence. When talking about the attack, I felt like a child. It was horrible to be cast into a stereotype of a victim by the police officers. They asked really cruel questions; disgusting questions like: What kind of underwear I was wearing.

I think the police officers were perverse. They implied — and I think this is very much in the abuser's psyche — that, as a victim, I somehow wanted to be abused. This is probably because it's easier for many police officers to delude themselves into thinking that survivors of this type of attack wanted to be abused. This numbs them to the reality of what is going on in the city. Nobody wants to be abused. Does a child want to be abused? Does an adult? No.

I can see now, the clear link between the police officers and the cults who perpetrate exactly this type of abuse. I understand why the police attempted to degrade me as much as possible with their questions. The police are an essential part of the power-structures of abuse: It is a big risk to the power-structure of cults when people come forward and speak out about what is actually happening. Sadly, many police officers are Freemason-pedophiles.

I reported one of the police officers who had been asking these strange, insulting questions. The police responded to my complaint by writing a written letter to me. They said that they had considered my complaint, and they found the questions entirely normal. They said that the officers had not deviated from their protocol at all. They believed that it was totally okay to ask these types of questions.

So, essentially, the German Police force believe that asking questions like: 'What kind of underwear were you wearing?' is acceptable.

The police also asked if I had consumed alcohol or drugs on that day — as if that would make a difference to what had happened. In any case, I was completely sober.

The worst part of this 'interrogation' was when they made me demonstrate the part of the abuse where I was drugged, before I was raped. They said my lawyer had to pretend to be me and I had to put a piece of fabric over her mouth, as it has occurred during the attack.

In other words, the police made me reenact the abuse. Now, I was to play the role of the abuser and my lawyer as the victim. That was a normal process, according to the police.

It was a hideous experience. It took so much courage to even go there. I just wanted to answer the questions as clearly as possible and provide as much evidence as I could. At that point, I still naively believed that there might be some police officers who were on the side of good. There still are such police officers, of

course, but I doubt they put them at the front lines; where it really matters; where survivors, many of them formerly abused-children, are being hurt.

It was so hard because of the power-dynamic. I wasn't able connect with my emotions at the time. Afterwards, I felt like a wreck. It felt like a second abuse. Because of the way that they were treating me.

The police officers lied when they said this type of questioning was entirely normal. I verified this when I had a second interview. Here, I had to continue making my report.

This time I specifically requested to have two female police officers. Normally, it doesn't matter to me whether someone is male or female as long as they are a kind person. But, in this case, I wanted to see whether it made a difference to the type of questions they asked.

I had such a terrible experience with these two male police officers that I thought it might help having female police officers. It did help.

It felt like they were attempting to make an impartial report. But, the questions were much kinder. They were just kinder. I could tell that they weren't sexualizing me, or looking at me weirdly. It felt like they had empathy, they were empathetic. That made such a difference.

These female police officers didn't ask me questions that I thought were degrading. I didn't come out of the second

interview with a sense that any of the questions were problematic.

When I came out of the first interview, with the male police officers, I felt like I had been attacked again. It was very strange because I could feel the energy emanating from the police officers. It felt like they were holding back violence. I felt really scared. I felt shaken by their hostile questioning.

It felt like the whole time, I was the one being questioned. It seemed like they had researched me on the internet beforehand. The whole tone of the questioning was very skeptical from the beginning. The police generally gave me the impression that I had committed the crime, and I was under investigation.

Why do the Police feel like this is a normal way to treat anyone who has been through that experience? It's obviously not.

It seemed like the police officers' objective was to disprove my report. Why would they do this? Sadly, many police officers are members of Freemasonic-pedophile gangs. They are given orders from their lodges to discredit survivors of cult attacks.

Other police officers may have had their own experiences of abuse — often as children — which they can't admit to themselves and which they want to cover-up. Frequently those who felt powerless as children are drawn to authoritarian jobs, like being a cop.

I have rediscovered my interest in art and it has become a powerful medium in which I can transform my childhood traumas.

Drawing was something that got lost, especially at the time of the abuse. It's been so nice feeling that I've recovered my true identity.

Drawing as a kid allowed me to go to a different world. It still feels like that. I feel like I receive messages from the universe when I am painting and drawing. It is super-cosmic and transcendent. I still feel most connected to myself when I am drawing.

My art tends to be playful and hopeful. It is art that has sprung out of the imaginary in my current life. I've also drawn a lot of my experiences as a kid. I've drawn a lot of the abuse that I experienced. It has provided me with documentation of something that went undocumented. So much of my childhood-abuse went undocumented by the adults that denied it, and by the perpetrators who hid it.

Art has allowed me to fully integrate many early abuse experiences. I know that when I have drawn out a memory and transformed it, it no longer has a hold on me. I can go to my folder of drawings and see that the memory has been processed.

It feels like part of the reason why I'm here on planet Earth is to remember what happened to me as a child, and to speak out about it. To stop it happening to any other children.

FAILURES OF THERAPY

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— September 1st, 2024 —

PHOENIX: You were first drawn to therapy when your uncle committed suicide.

ARIA: At that point, I was at a crisis point. I was just stranded in Paris, and I remember every time I stood on a platform. I was drawn to jumping over the edge. I kept looking down into water under bridges; and things like that. That was my feeling at that time.

PHOENIX: And your experience with that therapist was?

ARIA: Coldness. Just no understanding, no empathy. Going there, and just saying how I felt. But, the therapist not giving comfort or showing compassion.

PHOENIX: Do you feel that therapy is useful? I'm maybe specifically referring to traditional talk-therapy. Do you feel it's useful?

ARIA: I haven't found it to be that useful. Most of the time I can't even identify what's going on because it's so deep in the subconscious. Everything's so suppressed. Everything's inaccessible.

PHOENIX: I feel the same. I feel like there is some purpose to talk therapy. I don't discount it entirely. But, it feels like it would

take many many, many, many years with a very good therapist to get anywhere near the source of the problem.

I sat with so many therapists. Looking back, I see they were all deeply wounded themselves. Did you feel that, often, you were sat with someone who was deeply-wounded themselves and who was hiding that from themselves by setting up this patient-therapist model and calling themselves the 'therapist'?

ARIA: Absolutely. I definitely felt that when I went to see a therapist in Berlin. By the end of it, I could see that she was the one who needed the therapy. I felt quite exploited. It just felt like I was doing all the work, experiencing all the feelings, which is always the hardest thing. It felt like the therapist was there using me to work through her own feelings.

PHOENIX: I've definitely sat with therapists who have out-sourced the feeling of their own feelings to me, as the alleged patient. It's interesting the word 'patient' because the word 'patient' means waiting without complaint.

That's what a lot of people in therapy do, they wait without complaint while nothing-much happens. To take these linguistic constructs to the next level. I also think it's very interesting that the word therapist breaks down to two words: 'The' and 'Rapist' It does make me wonder whether a lot of us are sitting with symbolic-replacements for the person who abused us as a child. I think Freud would probably have agreed because he was very big on looking at the latent meaning behind words and dreams.

As we talked about in the previous podcast. Freud discovered that all of his female patients had been sexually abused. He was then hounded to retract this discovery.

It interests me deeply, the language we use. In this 'therapy'-dynamic, we have the-rapists, or therapists, and you have the patient, the one who waits without complaint. It feels like the dynamic itself might be deeply flawed.

JM Masson, whose book 'The Assault On Truth', we talked about in the last podcast, he called psychotherapy the dark art. It's also interesting when you separate the compounds in the word 'psychotherapist' you get 'psycho'-'the'-'rapist'. This presents an interesting new perspective on what might be going on.

I agree that 'therapy' is a dark art. Very few practitioners offer the light version of that. And by light, I mean the good true, compassionate version of that.

You had an experience with one of your therapists, where you explained to her that you had been sexually abused throughout your childhood and what was her reaction to that?

ARIA: I was in a crisis, and I reached out to my mother because I didn't know what to do, and I felt completely lost. She came over to Berlin.

Together, we had a therapy session with this therapist. The therapist advised my mother to go back to my father.

PHOENIX: A professional-therapist in Berlin, with presumably some kind of certification, on learning that your father had

sexually abused you throughout your childhood. She advised your mother to return to him?

ARIA: My mother hadn't left him at that point. She just left him to go to Berlin. I basically advised my mother never to go back to the UK, to my father, to stay here with me, and to help me.

It felt like my mother trusted the therapist more than me; and she went back to the UK.

PHOENIX: So a professional therapist on being told that a man had raped a child many many times throughout that child's childhood: did she recommend you go to the police?

ARIA: No.

PHOENIX: She recommended that your mother return to your father. Did she recommend that you speak-out about what happened?

ARIA: It felt like she had probably experienced similar abuse when she was a child.

PHOENIX: Had you talked about the sexual abuse previously in therapy sessions with her?

ARIA: Yes, I always felt like I never really felt understood. It was very hard because I was having really severe flashbacks and feelings, and just very extreme states, and the therapist would always just tell me things like, "you should make a lavender tea, and have a bath". This was never going to help me.

This is just pathetic advice. You know you say that to someone if they've been caught out in the rain or something, not someone who has been violently abused most nights in their childhood. It felt like, when my mother got there, my mother completely took over. The therapist was also very happy to take the side of my mother.

PHOENIX: Do you think it's dangerous that many therapists haven't faced their own abuse experiences as a child? Then they sit with their certificates, in rooms, presiding over another survivor of abuse. How is therapy supposed to be healing when most therapists don't want to address their own problems?

ARIA: Absolutely, that's a fundamental problem. I don't see how you can help anyone with something that you don't even understand in yourself. It's like a teacher teaching math who has never studied math.

PHOENIX: I agree. There's a massive problem in our society with therapists who don't want to address the problem. The challenge is that most of these therapists study in institutions that also don't want to face the problem.

It's very dangerous in a society to be a therapist that actually helps people because if you start actually helping someone, then you start uncovering the truth of that society, then you come into conflict with that society.

ARIA: That was definitely the case with the therapist that I saw in Berlin. She was very happy to have her 'lovely' therapist studio, you know, and which is understandable. I guess everyone wants to

have a certain quality of life. But once you start unraveling the pain of childhood, your whole worldview falls apart. A lot of people don't take that road because it's hard. Instead, they become 'therapists'.

PHOENIX: I remember things got so bad with your therapist in Berlin you came to me, and you said that you felt like the therapist was uncaring. You were shocked that she advised your mother to return to a man who was sexually-abusing children. You felt like there needed to be some sort of intervention, and I went with you to your therapist, and we confronted her about her behavior.

ARIA: I felt very scared when I we arrived to confront her. I sensed a lot of anger in her.

PHOENIX: It felt as though she started malfunctioning. I didn't really say anything to begin with. I was just sat in the room with you guys. It felt like she sensed that the game was up before I even spoke.

I remember hardly saying anything, and she became absolutely obsessed with me being in the room. I also observed, and I don't if it was typical of your therapy sessions, when you began to speak she almost immediately started speaking over you.

ARIA: That's so true. That was was the theme of all the therapy sessions. Ultimately, I was there to speak. It was a therapy session. It was very invasive to be talking over someone. Especially as a therapist.

PHOENIX: I felt that your therapist's advice to your mother was so dangerous that it warranted a total confrontation. I told your therapist very clearly: I think what's happening here is that the therapist was abused as a child, and she's now avoiding that by being a therapist, and by telling people to return to their abusers because she hasn't faced the childhood-trauma in her own life. Do you remember her reaction to that?

ARIA: I remember her reaction. I just remember she looked like a cartoon character. It was like her eyes were bulging. I didn't realize that that could actually happen to a person, until I saw it with her. She just lost it then, and she she told us to get out.

PHOENIX: She opened the door to her room, and essentially kind-of pushed us out the door, basically.

I think what was most interesting about that is her office is full of mindfulness posters that basically said be calm, breathe — these kind of cliché mantras — and yet, here she was shouting at us, essentially, to leave. I don't know if I had an impact on her, I hope it did.

Finally, someone had said to your therapist: Stop doing this. You're abusing people by telling people to return to the abuser. It terrifies me how many people she might have given that advice to, or how many people sit patiently in that room while she essentially ignores the problem. She is the one who requires therapy. If, of course, therapy actually worked.

Your therapist is the one who required self-reflection. I think this is a massive problem in the medical community in

general. It's very easy to take on these roles of doctor-patient, therapist-patient in order to assume a position of authority and control. This gives therapist the impression that they understand 'what's going on', whereas so often the therapist is the one who really needs the help, who really needs the support, and I say that with a sense of love.

I took no joy in confronting your therapist, but I hope that it had an effect on her. I hope it means that she doesn't do to other people what she did to you. How did you feel after the confrontation when we were sort of thrown out onto the street?

ARIA: I felt very shocked because I felt like I hadn't seen that side to her before. I guess I'd felt it, but I had always been playing into her dynamic, that she'd created.

It was only after we questioned the whole setup, that her real-self exploded out. Afterwards she wrote an email to me that was very insulting. She wrote that she felt like I was unstable, and that I needed more help.

PHOENIX: Some interesting projections there. That is the entire problem with the power-dynamic isn't it? Luckily we live in slightly more enlightened times, but I could imagine like one hundred years ago, if you'd confronted a therapist like that, they'd claim, "This woman is hysterical, put her in an institute."

We've evolved slightly from there, but there are still echoes of it.

ARIA: Right.

PHOENIX: There was apparently nothing for the therapist to confront in themselves, but you were unstable because she'd kicked us out; thrown us out on the street. You weren't stable.

It's amazing. The incredible gymnastic-acts these therapists perform in order to retain their sense of power, and control, in the face of the obvious fraud of what they're doing.

It was also interesting that this alleged therapy session, where we confronted her, lasted about ten minutes, yet she sent you a bill in response.

I sent her back a bill for the same amount, for the therapy session she experienced with me as therapist. She was the one in therapy; with us. I believe what we participated in there was a direct-intervention against a very abusive person who was supposed to be helping people. I hope that had an effect on her. She hasn't paid the bill yet.

This question leads on from those experiences and it is: Do you feel like most therapists are wounded?

ARIA: They're scared. Another therapist that I spoke to, she seemed kind, but it felt like this topic of ritual abuse scared her.

She said that she needed to think about herself, and her own sense of safety, and if she wanted to explore the topic with me. I'm glad that she was clear about that, but I felt it was very disappointing. I mean it's her job as a therapist to help patients, even with extreme stories.

PHOENIX: Do you feel like a lot of therapists are scared of confronting your story; your experiences?

ARIA: Another therapist that I went to, she was, in theory, able to treat ritual abuse-because she'd worked at a clinic which dealt with dissociative disorders. She had a very nice office, in a very nice part of town, and everything seemed very nice, but I remember coming out feeling very hurt after only half an hour and she treated it like I was some kind of clinical-study. She literally used the words "this is like the abstract of a paper", and I was like. "No, it's not. It's my life."

It all felt very bizarre. She made another comment, she said: "I don't think that you're close to your true self". This was after half an hour of meeting me. I took this completely to heart and really personally.

It really made me feel so upset. After the abuse and the torture I experienced as a child, a consequence of that is that you don't feel close to your true self. This is because your true self is ripped out of you by those abuse experiences.

You're completely fragmented and split into parts. She was accusing me of something that I can't even help. Something that was done to me.

PHOENIX: It's very likely that she was again projecting. I think this is the big problem with therapists. I admire a lot of Freud's work. But I think he very brilliantly encapsulates this limitation-of-the-therapist. Freud famously said: "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."

Of course, Freud smoked cigars frequently. Essentially, what he was saying is: This stuff, these projections, displacements, these theories, they apply to you. They don't apply to me. Of course, this is plainly ridiculous. We are all vulnerable to these errors-of-attribution.

Too often the therapeutic position that is that a therapist is infallible in their diagnosis. Unfortunately, those who are most wounded are typically drawn to therapy. It is often a career path for those in denial, seeking power.

Few therapists reflect on their own behavior, and the possibility that they themselves might be subject to the very forces, confusions, processes of denial, that they claim to observe in the patient.

That's why I feel like the dynamic itself is problematic because it assumes that a therapist is in a position whereby they can essentially reach in and pull you out. But, often the therapist isn't themselves 'out'.

ARIA: Absolutely.

PHOENIX: I was in this cafe the other day. This experience was strange for many reasons. There was a woman sat at the back of the cafe, and then this haggard-looking man came in, hunched over.

I immediately thought: There's something troubling this person. He sat down with this woman and I realized, after a few minutes, that they were having a therapy session.

It was strange that they were having this session in a cafe in the open. He was late for the therapist, and she said to him, "Why are you late?" The she started making notes.

He began to describe how he missed various forms of transport. I, myself, as someone who has an interest in depth psychology; I immediately thought this guy is late because it's an unconscious expression of anger.

I thought: This guy's late because he's angry. I was going to listen some more but I just thought: This is so heavy. I was making a lot of quick judgments, I thought this guy's angry at the therapist, so I kind of put my headphones in because I didn't want to get deeply involved in this thing, and then after a while towards the end of their conversation I took my headphones out.

He was telling the therapist this story about a piece of short-fiction that he was writing for a class. For me, this story was a metaphor, a very clear metaphor for abuse that he had experienced. He was trying to express the fact that had been abused.

The alleged-therapist sat opposite him, taking notes. She seemed very dispassionate. I noticed she didn't ask him any questions about the story or the reason why he wrote it.

She was missing out on a huge-chunk of his inner world. As she walked away, I could see that she had this look of distaste on her face; as if she hadn't enjoyed the meeting at all; as if she felt obligated to meet this individual.

Obviously, I'm reading a lot into the body-language here, but I think it was significant. I thought: This guy seems so troubled and yet he's talking to someone who doesn't want to listen.

I'm an unwaged "guerrilla therapist" - maybe that's not the right word. A renegade-prophet, or something. I sometimes see myself in those who have been hurt. I wanted to do something, so I walked up to the guy, and I said to him: "I listened to some of the conversation you had with the therapist and it reminded me of the things I said to my therapist when I was struggling to be heard."

I said to him, "I said those things because I was abused as a kid. I said: 'I don't know if that happened to you but if it did, then you should find someone who wants to talk about that, not someone who doesn't.'" He looked bewildered, but kind of affected by it. He didn't say anything, and I said have a good day and I walked away.

I didn't want to get any more deeply involved in that, but I wondered: How many people in this city, and other cities, are going to talk to people who are supposed to be listening to them who are just doing it out of an obligation because they get money for it?

Most therapists don't have any deep interest in the individual or their inner world. Really, unconsciously, most therapists not want to talk about their own problems. That's why they chose to be therapists.

There's also a recent-fascination with Cognitive-Behavioral-Therapy (CBT). There's also a recent fascination with concepts like 'mindfulness' now. I don't want to discount these methods entirely, but it's much easier to get lost in treating symptoms in the present, instead of looking at the origin of the problem, and fixing it properly.

To use an analogy: A lot of the therapies that are popular today simply mop-up the blood from a bullet-wound, and keep mopping up the blood from the wound. They put 'patients' in a mundane holding-pattern; functional at a basic-level, but they never remove the 'bullet' causing the pain.

To really heal ourselves, we must go deep into the wound, and pull the bullet out. But this process is one that requires genuine love from the person you're participating in that process with. It's also a process that puts you in direct confrontation with the taboos of our societies.

PHOENIX: I also wanted to mention Alice Miller who has written an amazing series of books. She was once a therapist but she turned against psychotherapy as soon as she determined that there was a very strong link between childhood conditioning and psychological problems later in life.

Alice Miller abandoned the therapist-community. She disavowed therapy entirely because she felt like there was too much of a power-dynamic within the therapeutic relationship.

There was too much opportunity for wounded therapists to harm their patient. She felt, and I agree, that the entire doctor-patient dynamic is itself flawed and it should be evolved.

I wanted to ask you, Aria, if you had any positive therapy experiences? I was curious about any therapies that perhaps encompassed more than just talking. Perhaps massage, or bodywork, or things that you've done yourself?

ARIA: The best therapy for me has been the sauna. The sauna helps me a lot, in a very gentle way. I feel like it's a good place for meditating.

Very gentle yoga has also helped. Running has helped a lot. Just doing things that get me in touch with my physical-body have always helped. Drawing and analyzing dreams has also helped a lot.

Analyzing dreams is very useful because they can tell you so much about what's really going on in your mind; rather than what's happening consciously during the day.

PHOENIX: I agree. I'm broadly of the Jungian perspective and Freudian perspective, with many many caveats.

I know that there's a huge volume of material lurking in the subconscious of most humans, and this really is the material that needs to be processed. Dreams are a powerful way of accessing this material. This is precisely the reason why dreams are marginalized, or dismissed as meaningless, in our societies. Listening to our dreams is an antidote to tyranny.

ARIA: Art has also helped me. Through my art I come to significant realizations.

PHOENIX: Is the best therapy self-therapy? Perhaps the entire concept of going to a therapist for help is a symptom of abuse?

Abuse survivors are conditioned to believe that some external authority has the solution to their problems.

Tragically, in seeking an external-authority to provide a solution to the problems caused by external-authority, we simply end up in a nightmarish-loop.

The problem, the fundamental problem, for many abuse-survivors is that we were not allowed to expand our self-volition. We were not allowed to build the resources within us to heal ourselves.

Citizens in broken-societies have been bred to depend on external authority figures. The very act of looking for a therapist; finding one; and going to see them is a tragic-repetition of the original problem. Seeking a 'therapist' is motivated by a socially-programmed error-in-thought: We are taught that someone else; in a position of authority; with a certificate, is going to heal us.

ARIA: I've had so many disappointing experiences with therapists now. It feels like it's so easy to go back to therapists that resemble an abuser.

Typically, I have repeatedly been drawn to 'therapists' who resemble my mother. When I was a child, my mother would comfort me sometimes, but she was also a very dangerous person

to be around, It feels like this pattern has repeated in therapy sessions, which just leads to more instability.

PHOENIX: There's another big problem with therapy: We pay for it. There's a transaction there; a demand for 'payment' in exchange for love; for attention.

The original problem in childhood for me, and for many people, was that love was not given freely. The 'payments' that I made for occasionally receiving affection, and care, as a kid, was to keep quiet about the sexual abuse.

There was a transactional agreement throughout my childhood: The agreement was: We'll feed and clothe you if you keep silent about the sexual abuse.

There's a direct-parallel here with the therapeutic relationship: One where you go to a therapist, and the therapist says, in an obfuscated manner, "I will love and care for you occasionally, if you pay me."

ARIA: Therapy is a very strange concept. Self-therapy is the best way. Also: you should be able to talk about things that are affecting you in your life with the people around you. People that that love and care about you, for free. That's a more natural way.

PHOENIX: Those with power and authority have fractured our societies to the extent that we don't really have this sense of community anymore. The function that that community would have provided, by giving us a place to talk and express our

feelings, and communicate, is now being out-sourced to strangers called therapists.

The 'community' has been destroyed, and its function has now been monetized by therapists.

Do you feel like therapy might be the monetization of social disconnection?

ARIA: Yes. I was thinking about this with art as well. It's a bit of a side-topic, but I don't understand the connections being made between art and money; or therapy; or love and money.

PHOENIX: I'd like to add, at this point, that not all of my experiences in therapy have been entirely negative. I did have some good therapeutic experiences. But they were so rare that they can be viewed as occurring despite the 'patient-therapist' dynamic, rather than because of it.

I had one very positive experience with a therapist in London who hadn't gone through the traditional therapeutic route. He had trained as a computer programmer. His approach to therapy was very different. So different that I doubt there is anyone else using his methods.

This 'therapist' explored my psyche on a very systemic level. Almost like computer-code. He interpreted my problem in terms of a self-construct based in language. He could see that, through my use of language, what it was that I've been programmed with.

I think he regarded me as a very sophisticated computer system. Although that might sound like a slightly cold perspective, there is a lot of functional-overlap between computers and the human-mind. After all, mankind designed computers in its own image.

This therapist was quite a warm-hearted individual who set strong boundaries, but seemed really to listen. He really listened to me. This was likely a combination of his non-traditional methods, and his newness in the profession.

He was the first therapist I'd ever met who really listened. I don't think that was a function of his training. It think it was simply who he innately was. He really listened. That made a big difference.

This therapy was transactional, I did pay him. He was actually one of the cheapest therapists that I ever had. He was also the best because he actually listened. This quality was absent in so many people around me, yet he had it. In this case it made sense to me to pay him for this supernatural-attentiveness; for his time.

It's also worth noting that I was in therapy with this rare-genius for only a few weeks before he got me to the point where I didn't need him any more. He helped me to leave him. This is obviously not to the financial-advantage of therapists; and rarely occurs. Sadly, this one therapist was a rare gem in the muddy battlefield of haggard, broken individuals claiming to be therapists.

I also had a therapist in California who was briefly helpful. She was very bodywork-based. So, instead of working with language, she used the methods outlined in a book called: 'Waking the Tiger' by Peter Levine.

This book describes the concept that animals in the wild, when they're faced with the traumatic experience, either respond with a fight, flight, faun or freeze response.

The theory runs that, as kids, we often employ the freeze response, and so the therapeutic-unraveling and resolution of those experiences involves going back into that freeze response, and release what would have been used, the energy that would have been used, for fight-or-flight.

If you're new to that theory that might sound like strange, wild new information, but I recommend that book by Peter Levine.

With this therapist in California, I was very lucky to find a therapist who was authentically compassionate, who genuinely listened, who really cared about me as an individual, and she was also really prepared to hear my story because like you said it felt like many therapists don't want to talk about the slightest aspects of trauma.

Most therapists are much more fascinated by what's happening in the present because it's much easier to deal with. It's easy for a therapist to talk to someone who has a stressful job, and claim that they can use mindfulness to address that. It's much harder to understand why that person chose a stressful job. When

you ask the deeper-questions, the conversation leads back to childhood conditioning and, often, to horrific trauma.

Aria, I wondered if you had any advice for people who were looking for a therapist? Perhaps, the advice is don't do it, or do you think there is some purpose to the game?

ARIA: I don't have any advice for people looking for a therapist. I haven't found a therapist that will help me. I have no advice to give anyone else.

PHOENIX: The advice I would give is: It's an absolute minefield out there. It's absolutely a minefield.

The therapeutic-scene is full of priests, gurus and shamans who have certificates on the wall, but who are denying their own pain. Most of these vampires are looking for some way to make money or to outsource the expression of that pain to someone else.

I know that sounds like quite a devastating verdict on the therapeutic industry, but it's quite fair. My advice to anyone looking for a therapist is: Enter into your search in the full knowledge that you're walking into a town full of pirates. You've literally walked into a town full of pirates as far as 'therapists' are concerned.

Most of these 'pirates' are hiding knives down the back of their shirts. They'll get you drunk and steal your money. This is who we're dealing with really. However among those pirates there's a few renegades, and you might find that individual. You

might find that rare pirate who is a visionary, and does have a genuine interest in healing you.

There's a danger in looking for a therapist without an awareness of just how wild and villainous most of them are: You will be exploited.

So many people who go into the pirate town called 'therapy' are already extremely vulnerable. They're very desperate. Often, people seek therapy at their lowest point; at the point in which they're least able to see who around them is likely to exploit them.

Be be very, very aware. Be aware of what you're getting into. Be aware that certification doesn't really mean anything. The size of the office, and the beauty of the decor, means very little. In my experience, the cheapest therapist was the best. Again, that's hardly a rule, but I do think it's a weird paradox.

The skill-set that an individual requires in order to judge whether someone is a good therapist emerges out of a deep connection with the inner-child. Ironically, at that point of self-actualization, you don't need a therapist anyway.

If you don't have a deep connection with yourself -- which is likely because you're seeking therapy -- then you are probably going to choose the wrong person to assist you.

ARIA: I feel like you've been the best therapist.

PHOENIX: Ah, thanks. Likewise. I also feel I've been the best therapist to myself, and maybe you feel the same about yourself?

I wanted to finish by asking you, Aria, if there are any books that you recommend? I discovered, in my own healing process, that the best therapists have been people who weren't even in the same room; people who reached me through their books.

One of my favorite 'therapists' is Gabor Maté. He's written some great books like 'The Body says No.'

Alice Miller was an excellent therapist, although she disavowed therapy. Her books are so healing, and so eye-opening.

I am curious: Were there any books that you felt stood out as titles that helped you heal?

ARIA: Yes, *The Courage to Heal*.

PHOENIX: I've read that book also. What was it that you felt was useful about that book?

ARIA: That book was very helpful because I came to it just having a sense that I had been abused. There's a section at the beginning which lists all the symptoms, and I had almost every one. I felt like it was very clearly written. It was a good starting point.

PHOENIX: I really enjoyed *The Courage to Heal*, as well. I found it very powerful in my healing process. It's very comprehensive. It lists all the symptoms that those who've experienced sexual abuse may experience. The book also goes through the entire spectrum of feelings the survivor of abuse will go through. The book includes guidance on confronting the abuser -- or not confronting them -- and on aspects of the healing journey.

WAYS OF HEALING

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— September 2nd, 2024 —

ARIA: During our friendship, we've talked a lot together about the remembering process. I think it would be interesting for others to hear about your healing-process. My first question is: What made you want to begin remembering?

PHOENIX: Before I went through the process of examining what happened to me as a kid, I was what the medical community might call *depressed*. I now know that 'depression' is a self-containment of all the anger that should be expressed towards those who abused us. Because we are taught, as children, to repress this anger, our self-containment process becomes habitual. Feelings of anger are habitually directed back against the self. Depression is anger turned inwards.

This might sound like a controversial position on 'depression', but that is because our society is lagging dramatically in terms of its understanding of what depression is.

As I went back through my childhood, and I began to acknowledge what had happened to me, my depression lifted. My suicidal thoughts also lifted. I was led to believe that all of these symptoms: depression, anxiety, and confusion had no cause. I remember going to several doctors earlier in my life.

All these doctors gave me the impression that depression was a disease without a cause. But, I now know that it's not. It is, however, a disease without a cause that society is comfortable discussing: The widespread abuse of children.

In my case, my depression, or my anger-which-was-turned-against-myself, was directly caused by the violent abuse I was subjected to as a kid. This violence was both physical and sexual abuse. I first began to accept this with the help of a very good, renegade psychoanalyst.

I want to emphasize, however, that psychoanalysis almost never helps anyone. I had a very rare experience, with a very unique guide. He was more a *shaman* than a psychoanalyst. Most often, psychologists and therapists impede our healing. I do not recommend working with a 'therapist' at all. Most of them are extremely dangerous and will derail your healing.

That said, I briefly worked with a renegade Freudian-psychoanalyst. After numerous terrible experiences with 'therapists' he was the exception that proved the rule. This psychoanalyst, interestingly, had originally trained as a computer-programmer and only recently moved into psychology. He looked at my condition as if regarding parts of a computer operating-system that were malfunctioning. Again, this is a completely novel approach, and I have encountered no literature on this method; despite extensive research.

This psychoanalyst-programmer-shaman was looking very closely at the language I used and, within just a few weeks, I

began to piece together a connection between my confusion and anxiety in the present and what had been done to me as a kid. To be more specific: I was hit a lot, as a kid, in my family home. I was beaten unconscious. I was also emotionally abused; I was rarely given a chance to speak or express my feelings.

Eventually, when a child is consistently disallowed any expression of their feelings; when a child consistently finds their needs met with violence; that child then develops a defense mechanism. This defense mechanism causes the formation of something called an 'introject'.

An 'introject' is an internalization of an external abuser. In other words, the abused child begins to form — inside their psyche — a 'simulated' version of the person who is abusing them. This internal-simulation will preemptively attack the child *inside* to avoid attacks from the *outside*. This abuser-'introject' is both *protector* and *persecutor* of the child.

As a child, I formed introjects of many abusers around me. I began to model, unconsciously, their attitudes towards me. Before I could vocalize a need, I would suppress or push-down my own needs. Before I could express any anger at what was being done to me, I would stave off that anger by getting angry at myself. This process became a way that I survived childhood. By attacking myself, inside my psyche, I avoided some violence in the physical-realm.

This was useful as a kid, it was a survival mechanism. But as an adult, it wasn't so useful. It was no longer necessary. As

neurologists say: 'What fires together; wires together'. When a certain set of behavior-patterns establishes itself in the mind, it tends to establish itself for the long-term. Especially in a child.

You could say, "Oh I theorize that your depression is linked to childhood abuse", but to actually witness the programming unravel itself first-hand was a powerful education in human neurobiology. This was not a theoretical experience for me, it was a visceral reality. This is a topic that the medical community is very reluctant to speak out about.

There is a problem in speaking out about this connection. Doctors and therapists are scared to publicly state that depression is largely caused by childhood abuse. The problem is that this realization breaks some of the biggest taboos in our society. Those taboos are: Do not criticize parents; do not criticize people older than you; Do not criticize authority.

ARIA: It's like the brilliant book that we talked about. The one about Freud.

PHOENIX: *The Assault on Truth* by J.M. Masson.

ARIA: Yes. That book goes into detail about Freud and how he was prevented from sharing his research on this topic.

PHOENIX: Yes, Freud presented a paper early in his career called *The Aetiology of Hysteria*. I highly recommend reading the paper. The paper could have been written by a high-level expert trauma theorist today. Freud essentially figured it all out.

In *The Aetiology of Hysteria* Freud wrote that all of his female patients, who were presenting with psychological problems, had been abused. They had been sexually abused by their parents.

When Freud presented that paper in Vienna, society said: "You can't say this." And they almost destroyed Freud's career.

In response to those threats, Freud retracted that theory in fear. And then he concocted something called 'The Oedipus Complex'. And 'The Oedipus Complex' turns the situation on its head. 'The Oedipus Complex' claims that children are sexually attracted to their parents.

ARIA: It's so wrong.

PHOENIX: It's the opposite of the situation that Freud observed.

ARIA: It's putting the blame back on the child again.

PHOENIX: I think that's what Freud was encouraged to do. It feels like Freud went off on a tangent at that point.

This book by J.M. Masson, *The Assault on Truth*, is fascinating. It's not just a theory that Masson has come up with, it's documented thoroughly by Freud's letters.

Masson went back through all of Freud's papers and he presented irrefutable proof that Freud had discovered this connection between sexual-abuse and mental-health problems, but was not allowed to publicize his work. It's been over one hundred years since Freud uncovered the truth, and for more than

one hundred years it's been suppressed by the psychology community.

ARIA: I thought it was interesting in *The Assault on Truth* how the book presents evidence of doctors in the past, looking at autopsies of children, and seeing how many of them had been so severely abused. In the medical records it was just undeniable. I found it a shocking book to read.

My next question is: What was it like growing up in London when you were a kid?

PHOENIX: London was a strange place when I was a kid. It was a very aggressive, violent place. At the time, Margaret Thatcher was the Prime Minister.

She knew that members of her government were raping children at the time. There were several TV presenters: Jimmy Saville, Rolf Harris — both knighted by the Queen — who were abusing many, many children.

I remember, as a kid, having this sense of: Where am I? What is this place? What is this strange planet where these people don't care about children?

Adults seemed to be much more concerned about objects. It was the peak of the 1980s, so it was the point at which the generation who became absolutely-obsessed with money and possessions had reached their crescendo of madness.

My dad worked for an oil company. It seemed as though the general-attitude of people, not just in that company, but in the

city in general, was: 'Let's make as much money as possible.' Emotional connections didn't matter.

I remember at the time, the Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher she said — I'm paraphrasing — “When I see a man riding the bus, I see a man who's failed”.

It was an age of selfish-individualism. It was very much about getting ahead as an individual. I remember there were office parties that were held at my house. These oil company members would get very drunk and stumble around the house interfering with me and my sister. It felt like a very strange pantomime where all these big creatures seemed to think they were very superior whilst they hurt children.

I don't know what it was like to be an adult at that time. I don't know what steps they took to deny or distract themselves from what they were doing.

There was a lot of drinking. And there was a lot of pain. This pain was expressed through this pointless grabbing at possessions.

ARIA: It was acceptable to do that. Among those circles, nobody said anything.

PHOENIX: Yes, there was complete denial. It was a very, very surreal place. The UK still is hell for many kids. It's very strange to be born into a country that is so hurt, and unable to see how difficult it is for a kid to be in a place where there's so much deception and so much hidden.

ARIA: It's interesting that you said your dad was working in an oil company, because my dad was working at one too.

Something that just came to mind was: I remember once when I was at university, I had started giving a little bit of money each month to a charity. My dad was really shocked by that. He couldn't understand why I would do that. I think that encapsulates that mentality of individualism.

PHOENIX: What you said reminded me of some strange thing that my dad did once: He was abusing me and my sister and yet I remember this odd event. There was a guy who was in a traffic helicopter over London for a radio station. My dad gave this guy money in order that he would read out my name on the radio, with the intention, apparently, of supporting a charity called *Help A London Child*.

There was this weird, massive contradiction which I think encapsulated the entire bi-polarity of being a kid at that time in London and that was: Why is my dad giving money to a charity called *Help a London Child* as publicly as possible whilst abusing me and my sister?

It was completely mind-blowing. But, actually, I think it's not inconsistent with the behavior of many abusers. To return to Jimmy Savile again: He was notoriously affiliated with many charities and he appeared on the surface to be doing a lot of charitable work, but you peeled back the curtain on that man, like you peel back the curtain on my father, and underneath was someone doing completely the opposite.

I think we have a word for it now, and it's called virtue signaling. It's where you give the impression of having virtue not because you want to particularly do anything good, but because you want to appear good.

ARIA: That makes me reflect on how I remember, as a kid, feeling the same: Everyone around me just seemed very strange which made sense because most of the adults were abusing me.

Now I'm much more in touch with myself, I wouldn't go anywhere near these kind of people because I would feel their energy.

It's super hard when that's your only environment. You are around these people that have a really strong, violent energy. But, because you're around them so often, you have to stop feeling.

PHOENIX: You're exactly right. I feel this strange thing about my childhood, and it's probably true for many people: I didn't know anything else. I only knew monsters.

As far as I knew — and it was true in many cases — it was entirely normal for parents to sexually abuse their children, and it was entirely normal to have to keep quiet about that. It the only reality I knew, and it was the reality for many children around me. I wasn't alone in that experience.

When something is normalized to that extent, it can take years to perceive the horror of it. You many have to leave a space for many years, traveling overseas like I did, to look back in and

see "Ah, that wasn't normal at all; there are different ways of being a family. A family doesn't mean that you're being sexually abused. A family doesn't mean you're spending a lot of your time covering up sexual abuse."

For someone who hasn't experienced this, it might seem very strange, or difficult, to understand how normal it was. How completely 'normal' it is to abuse children in the UK.

ARIA: As a child, you don't have the words for it really. You don't have any concept of what it is and, yet, you know it is happening.

Of course there were also direct threats, violent threats, forcing children not to talk about it.

PHOENIX: This is the corrupt masterpiece of most religions: The taboo, or the apparent taboo, surrounding sexuality, and talking about sex.

Many societies think that its scary or dangerous to educate children about sex at an early age. Largely because of so-called 'religious reasons'.

I see this as quite a malicious design. I could imagine quite vividly a bunch of priests sat around saying, "Okay, if we're going to sexually abuse children: What is the best way that we can not get caught? I know, what if we say that children can't have any language to describe sex. Or, if we say children can't be told what sex is, or understand the process. So when we abuse them, they won't have any language to explain what we did to them."

To me, it doesn't seem like a strange coincidence; it seems engineered. I know that many people would like to think there is some sort of moral-basis for it, there's some sort of good reason why a basic knowledge of sex should be so secretive or hidden from children.

But I think it should be out in the open, so that when a child is abused, the child has the language to describe what has happened.

Because, currently, we have a society where children are not allowed access to the information, or the language, to describe what one in three of them, we now know, have been subjected to.

ARIA: I remember, I had a difficult experience as a child when that topic of conversation came up at school. It was so distressing because, for me, sexuality was just violence.

So, it was like someone talking about exactly what was happening to me; something that I knew I couldn't talk about. So, I just felt very scared.

I found it very traumatizing. Especially given the situation for so many children: The abuse that so many of those children are facing and the insensitivity towards that topic.

PHOENIX: I agree. I feel like the first thing that should be said in a sex education class at school is: "Well, one in three of you will have been sexually-abused by this point. So, this topic is probably going to be distressing.""

There's this engineered blindness to that. It's very carefully calculated. I feel its very much about the Catholic church and many other cults. So now we're seeing that organization exposed essentially as a pedophile-ring and it seems as though there's still a large number of people who think that the Catholic Church is a religious organization; that in some way it connects people. Of course, there are also the Freemasons, another pedophile ring, and sects of basically every other major world-religion.

Most of these organizations are designed from the ground-up to hurt children. It makes a lot of sense that if you want power and control, that you would deeply wound as many members of the population as you could so that they would be unable to stand up or assert themselves against your control systems.

We know that the most effective way to prevent someone from feeling confident; from feeling able to speak up; from being able to assert themselves; or to present a strong argument. We know one of the most effective ways to prevent them from doing that is to abuse them as a child.

ARIA: Especially sexually abuse them.

PHOENIX: Especially this. Horrible though it may be for us to acknowledge, I understand, now, that organizations like the Catholic Church, the Freemasons, and many other 'religious' cults have engineered this. It's not some strange aberration that has crept into churches and other buildings under darkness. These

cults were engineered, from their inception, to injure children for power and control.

ARIA: It makes a lot of sense to me, especially when — and we won't go into this too much today — we consider things like ritual abuse and mind control.

So, my next question is: What part did violence play in your family home?

PHOENIX: Violence was a central part of the family system that I grew up in. It seemed as though one of the key methods of communicating between parent and child in the society in which I grew up in was to hit the child. We know, from the experiments that Pavlov did with his dog, that there is a process of psychological programming called associative-conditioning. That is where you have a stimulus and a response. And you can pair a stimulus with a response.

For example, Pavlov would ring a bell every time he fed the dog. Then, the dog began to associate the bell with the arrival of food. And what happened, after a certain amount of time, is that Pavlov would simply ring the bell and the dog would salivate in anticipation of the food.

In other words, you could create a desired-response simply with the stimulus alone. This is basic mind-control.

I think some people might think: Mind control? That sounds a bit weird and science fiction! Well, it's not very science fiction. Pavlov demonstrated mind control. That is: Ring a bell

and provide food; keep doing that. Then just ring the bell, and then the dog will anticipate the food so much so that there is a physiological response.

The same thing is true with children. A parent can mind-control a child by choosing a behavior — it could be anything as simple as the child putting her elbows on the table or something — then every time the kid does that, the parent will hit the kid. Then, eventually, the kid will begin to get a sense around tables, for example, of fear.

Experiences can be paired with pain and, as a result, you create a situation in which you are not allowing a child to explore the world; you're not supporting them in their discovery of the world; you're programming them. It's a programming system.

I think the difficulty for me is that I do sometimes feel, when someone talks about mind control or programming the human nervous system, the reaction often is: 'Oh no, we're free individuals, nothing controls us.'

If someone thinks that, they haven't examined closely enough the process of child-rearing which many of us undergo in this society.

Many of us undergo a process of being hurt when we do certain things. And often that thing is: Asserting ourselves. It's interesting when you look at the parallels between governmental systems and the family home. For me, these things are fractal to each other. As in: they are self-similar at different scales.

When we find oppressive governmental systems; we also find oppressive family systems. The essential purpose of both these systems is to maintain power for a small number of individuals and that is done through threats and coercion.

ARIA: For me, books and stories really created different worlds, or a secure world to grow. It was a world that I didn't experience anywhere else.

Did you have some favorite books or films that helped you through the abuse that you suffered?

PHOENIX: Yes, I often escaped into books. I remember enjoying the Narnia series of books by C.S. Lewis, like *The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe*. I enjoyed any book in which children, or a child, escaped their normal reality into another one. *The Box of Delights* by John Masefield was also a favorite of mine as a kid.

I read through most of my childhood. I used books as a means of escaping the abuse. The same thing with films, I used to watch films a lot.

One of the films that I feel is most useful — in terms of understanding and processing abuse — is *The Labyrinth* (1986). It's a movie by Jim Henson. With a lot of different puppets in it, and David Bowie.

I loved this movie as a kid, but I never really understood why. However, as an adult, the deeper-themes in *The Labyrinth* revealed themselves to me. I began to realize that *The Labyrinth* is one of the most intensely-sophisticated movies ever made.

In *The Labyrinth* Jim Henson shows us with a working-model of the human psyche and the way in which we shut off traumatic memories in order to protect ourselves.

In *The Labyrinth*, Sarah's brother, Toby, is stolen by The Goblin King, and taken to the middle of The Labyrinth. Sarah then spends the rest of the movie trying to make her way through The Labyrinth to save Toby from The Goblin King.

I feel, now, that Toby was Sarah's inner-child and that Sarah was going back through The Labyrinth of her own mind. She confronts different defenses and difficult challenges that she built into her own psyche to prevent herself from having to face the trauma of having been hurt as a kid.

And I feel very much, through my own journey of recovery, that I've gone through my own labyrinth, the labyrinth of my psyche in which I face those same challenges that are presented in *The Labyrinth*, the movie.

There's this really great scene in *The Labyrinth* where Sarah is almost at the center of The Labyrinth and there's all these different rock formations with faces and they're saying things like, "Turn back now, there's no hope." And then Hoggle, who is Sarah's little friend in the movie, says something like: "Just ignore these guys, they're just defenses, they're lying." I encountered the same internal-constructs, so many times, in my own recovery.

I often found that, when I was going back to process memories, there would be defenses and they wouldn't say things as benign as defenses in *The Labyrinth*. They would say things

deeply disturbing or threatening. These were things that were said to me by abusers, when I was a kid.

When an abuser said, "If you talk about this we're going to kill you." I really believed that as a kid. And in some cases it was probably true.

So, when I go back into those memories as an adult, I face those defensive-structures that psychologists call perpetrator-introjects. These perpetrator introjects are effectively: A threatening voice or feeling. It's the abuser, in a sense, installed into your psyche, preventing you from going back into a memory. This is because the threat they made at the time seems so real. And the risk of remembering as a kid was overwhelming.

For me, there were so many instances of abuse that it feels like going back into those memories is a challenge. Even as an adult it is hard. As a kid, it was more or less impossible. The best move for me as a kid was simply to shut those memories away and attempt to survive.

I think that was the same for many, many kids. I think so many of us locked the rooms in our head.

I had so many locked doors in my head. So many corridors I hadn't walked down for so many years. So many defenses. So many children, part-selves of myself, left in different experiences where I was abused.

But, slowly, over four years, I unlocked many of those doors and I re-met many of those children. And I led many of

them out. And I think most of them are now out. And that's given me a great sense of relief.

ARIA: You went to an 'elite' London school. What was your experience of what they subjected children to there?

For me, the reputation of King's House School is one of abuse. I have written extensively on this topic elsewhere. My experience of that school was that a great number of teachers there abuse students and others deny it or cover it up. The school is still covering it up.

The problem is that organizations like King's House School have huge amounts of money and I think that many people send their children there because it is 'prestigious'.

I'm not sure what this word means exactly. Based on my experience as a child, a 'prestigious' school is a school where — if you think your child is a product, like a trophy, that you need to demonstrate to others the value of; you send them to something called a prestigious school. That seemed to be true of the other kids that were there.

A lot of these kids came from very rich families who were very neglectful. Parents basically felt that their children were a trophy to show off. There was very little emotional connection. I went to many of the houses of the kids there; very big houses; very empty houses. Strange places. Some of the children at the school had parents who were TV presenters, or famous musicians, this kind of thing.

King's House School was a very cold, aggressive place. The parallels with the Catholic Church strike me. The school was a pedophile-ring disguised as a school. A lot of my experience there was simply surviving; just staying out of the way of teachers who were sexually molesting me.

A lot of the time I spent at King's House involved staying out of the way of teachers who were emotionally and physically abusive. A lot of the time I spent there was trying to avoid being sent to something called detention.

Detention was where you were kept after school and then a teacher abused you. Teachers would use detention as an opportunity to be alone with a child after school and they would molest them. And this seemed to be the way that the school was run.

It might be the case that someone casually listening to this; or someone who hasn't been through this experience; or someone who isn't familiar with the ways in which elite British schools condition kids might think: That sounds implausible. That would never happen.

I have to refer people to other camps along the same lines. There's been examples of this kind of behavior during the holocaust. We know that humans can do terrible things to other humans. We also know there have been other camps throughout the world, and schools, in which huge amounts of abuse has taken place.

I feel like there might be a tendency, in those who didn't personally go through this, to disbelieve what I am saying, and to think, "This doesn't sound plausible. What's he saying? A pedophile ring disguised as a school! That wouldn't happen.'

Let's remember that the BBC employed a man called Jimmy Savile. He raped children in the British Broadcasting Corporation whilst I was a kid. Why would it be so implausible that a school, a major elite London school, King's house, Richmond, was allowing children to be abused on the same scale?

ARIA: You mentioned trying to edit the Wikipedia page for King's House School and problems you experienced there. And also this newspaper article that came out recently about another student accusing the headmaster.

PHOENIX: Yes, a headmaster of King's House School, Neville Chaplain, was charged with abusing boys; raping them. I've obviously made a report myself to the police. Like you say, I went to the school's Wikipedia page to add information on another teacher at the school who had been convicted as a pedophile for abusing children at the school.

I put that information on the Wikipedia page because I thought it was important for people to know the history of the school, if not the current nature of the school. The school removed that from the Wikipedia page.

I then added information on the Wikipedia page linking to my reports of my own abuse there. The school removed that

from the Wikipedia page. They didn't contact me. They just removed it. I put it back on; they removed it again.

They didn't contact me. They could have contacted me. They have my name. They didn't contact me. They removed it again. I put it up; they locked the page.

That was their response to the abuse. That was King's House School's response to my sexual abuse as a child: was to silence me again.

ARIA: My last question is: How have you used music to heal?

PHOENIX: When I was a kid, I was abused by my piano teacher at King's House School and that led me away from music. It made me not want to be around the piano, and it took many years before I slowly moved back to it.

It feels, again, like it was very maliciously designed.

The piano teacher realized that I had a natural connection with the piano and, on the basis of that, he decided to destroy it. This felt like it was the objective of many of these people: They simply wanted to destroy anything that felt alive.

ARIA: I felt that with a lot of abusers: That there's a certain magic to children and that spark, or that magic. The abusers just want to take that away because they have lost it completely. Maybe it was something similar?

PHOENIX: I think so. It took me years before I felt comfortable being deeply involved with the piano again, but it's been

something that's brought me back to myself and really helped me to express some of the experiences I've had.

I think it's the same with you and your art, Aria. I feel like, with the piano, it allows me to express things that there really aren't words for. I can express whole experiences that I went through as a kid in a vocabulary that doesn't really exist in the English language, or maybe in any other language.

The piano has been a very powerful way of me speaking out about what happened. It's an interesting medium because I think it's not directly expressive, in the same way that language, is of the experience itself. I can write a piano piece that expresses the essence of how it felt. The sadness of it.

At other times, I can express the elation and freedom of having been through that experience and healed. The piano has been a friend to me for a long time, and it was a friend that I really needed.

I suppose it has an advantage over language, perhaps, and that is that I can speak out about the abuse I experienced, using the piano, without confusing or disturbing those who really don't want to approach this topic.

But it still resonates. I think the piano pieces that I write convey something about the nature of what happens to so many children. But it's not confrontational. It's something that people can experience and connect with without feeling threatened, or confused, or upset.

ARIA: I've always thought that music has the most direct impact in a way, because you're surrounded, and you feel it, and everyone can feel it together.

PHOENIX: It would benefit so many people, even if they feel they are not musical, to express themselves through creating sound. Even it means banging drums, or smashing keys on the piano, or gently pressing keys on the piano. I think it's a great way to express feelings and to move through pain.

SCHOOL AS PRISON

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— September 2nd, 2024 —

ARIA: Do you feel like schools are inherently abusive, because of the power-dynamic between student and teacher?

PHOENIX: The social architecture of a school invites the exploitation of children because, in a classroom, you have a bunch of students who are overlooked by a teacher who sits at the front of a class and issues instructions. Teaching is theater-acting for adults who couldn't hold an audience that wasn't forced to listen.

I agree with those people who argue that school, although it looks like an educational system, is not an educational system. The content appears to be 'educational' but the system in which the content is delivered is designed to condition children into compliance.

School is primarily designed to condition citizens into following orders and respecting an 'authority'. School is designed to produce submissive, weak, unquestioning citizens. It's a open-prison system.

ARIA: The system is very harmful because you're praised and supported if you follow orders, and follow what the teacher is saying. This is not a good skill for survival in the world. It's a good

skill for keeping powerful people in power. But it's not a good skill if you want to change anything.

In an optimal school, teachers would encourage children to question, and to think, and not to necessarily follow what the teacher is saying.

I remember the exams we had to take. It was just so obvious to me that there was no point in me expressing anything that I really thought. I realized at that point: The best way to get through these exams is to say exactly what the teacher thinks. Which I did.

Students do very well in exams if they just agree with what the teacher tells them to think. It's not a useful skill at all. Blindly following-orders leads to disaster.

PHOENIX: School is quite a strange phenomenon. Implicit in the structure of a school is the idea that the teachers know what's going on here — on planet Earth — and they're going to tell the children what's going on.

Except: What have the adults done? At the point at which I arrived at school what had the adults done? The adults had blasted a hole in the ozone layer; the adults had created a social context in which we now know that many members of the government were sexually abusing children en-masse.

We know that the BBC was sexually abusing children en-masse. There were also multiple-invasions of foreign countries for nothing more than resource acquisition.

Only a few decades before I arrived in the British education system, there had been World War II in which almost everyone on the planet decided to fight each other. And yet, when I arrived in the school building, I was given the impression that, 'We know what's going on and we're going to tell you children what's going on.'

As a kid, however, I just thought: Who are you people? What possible credentials do you have to tell me anything? You know nothing. You almost destroyed yourselves in a war; the school is full of pedophiles; the economy is exploiting people; the Prime Minister at the time, Margaret Thatcher was actively enabling the sexual abuse of children by many of her ministers. What possible thing could these adults have to teach?

I expect children today arrive in school and think: "Okay, so you teachers are going to tell me about how the world works and then I'll know? Because you've designed an economic system that is so corrupt that just one percent of people have the majority of the wealth? And now I'm going to sit in a chair, in front of you, in a room, and you, the teacher, are going to tell me how the world works?"

It's the most absurd proposition I've ever heard. I can't believe schools still exist. I don't understand the purpose in them.

I think it would be a better idea to give children space and time to find their own interests. Then, provide children with research material, and access to people who are doing those things: Engineers; Mathematicians; Scientists. Allow children to

be exposed to the true nature of things; the physicality of the world.

Not this strange system we have now where a 'teacher', sits in front of children and tells them what the world is, and what to do. It's very, very perverse. It's nothing but mind-control.

What do you think about that dramatic and forthright rant?

ARIA: I think there are nuances to it. I don't think you can say that all teachers are like that. On the whole, it's true that adults have done that to the world. But that's not to say you can blame all teachers. I think it's a shared responsibility among all professions.

PHOENIX: I don't particularly blame teachers for all the horrors of the world. I think it's more of a problem with adults in general. And this whole idea that adults are going to teach a child anything. I think children have so much to teach adults.

ARIA: I'm seeing how we have different opinions. Because I have had positive teachers and that makes a massive difference: The fact that I had teachers that cared. That's why I have a slightly different viewpoint. But I also see how these things are all interlinked and I would much prefer a free-school system. I definitely feel like children have so much to teach adults.

PHOENIX: I would like to set up some schools where adults have to attend. In these schools, children will tell adults how they feel, and what they think is going on. Most adults have become deeply

locked into a fixed pattern of behavior. Many adults are obsessed with money and power and these things. They have completely lost the plot.

Obviously, my view is rather more radical than Aria's, but my view is: Abolish the school system entirely and use the buildings as adult-education centers. Adults can visit the buildings and children can explain to them the challenges that children face, and the problems that children experience in this world.

By the time most people have become an adult, they have become completely numbed to the reality that they live in. Everything that was difficult and abusive for them, when they were children, has become such a part of their everyday life that they don't recognize that it exists anymore. They are trapped in a weird fishbowl.

I can talk a bit more about a very strange experience I had at school which demonstrates the general stupidity of the school system: It generally teaches what has already happened, and it doesn't teach it very well.

For example, at the time I was at school, computers had only just begun to become popular. People had only just begun to get interested in them in a big way. Computers were quite new to the school system and no one really knew what computing would become in the future. I remember I was very interested in computers and I spent a lot of time around computers.

At the time, it wasn't obvious to adults that computers would be the future of our world; that computers would be at the very heart of every profession that we know.

I remember I had this school report from, funnily enough, a religious-instruction teacher, who said something like, ""Because this subject does not involve computers, [Phoenix] can not see much point to it."

The implication was that somehow my interest in computers wasn't productive; that it was a distraction from school work. And yet, it was the very thing that would be central to the future of humanity. So, I feel like my instinct was correct. And so many children's instincts must be correct.

And yet many children are told by these 'teachers', who are essentially living in the past; who are dragging these ancient books out of the past; and demanding that we apply them to the present; what is and is not relevant.

It also didn't help me that the computer teacher, called Mr Anderson, at King's House School, was sexually abusing me and other children. That was a spanner in the works as well. But it also felt like, on top of that, so many people suggested I was distracting myself with computers because they were just a toy. That's the inherent madness of the school system.

I can imagine, today, that if a child gets interested in whatever is coming up next they will sabotage his interests too.

ARIA: They do that all the time with the arts as well. I remember that I was completely put off art at school. I had a terrible art teacher. That was my worst subject when I was fourteen to sixteen-years-old.

I struggled so much with it because art was really important to me. In art, I was communicating a lot about the abuse. I would draw things like a Russian doll that was crying. I remember drawing two girls who were divided: The divided self. Symbolizing how much pain and suffering I was going through.

At one point, I spent five hours on a drawing that was important to me. Then, the art teacher gave me a critique, saying, "You should have done this another way." Then I burst into tears because it felt like it was so important to me but, at the same time, I felt so frustrated with the subject because I wasn't able to express myself the way that I wanted.

Because I was still being abused so much, I was not able to be communicate what was happening in words. I didn't feel able to express myself though art because the teacher did not recognize or support me in any way. In fact, she completely hindered me. After this experience with the teacher, I stopped drawing for seven years.

PHOENIX: How old were you at the time?

ARIA: Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

PHOENIX: It's kind of amazing isn't it? The extent to which some of these teachers put down students, or deter them from

their paths. You know music critics? They don't really play anything or do anything, they just sit in room and type reviews, often quite acidic, negative reviews of peoples' work; of other peoples' music.

I think there's a fair number of teachers who do that. I don't think it's fair to say all teachers. I did actually have one good teacher.

But yet, so many teachers were basically critics. I feel that so much of the education system is filled with theatre, and music, and art critics who just criticize everything a kid does so that when they emerge from the other end of the system, they have such an internal monologue of detrimental, angry, suppressive voices telling them: This isn't good enough, or this isn't quite right, that it's very hard for them to break free from all those negative messages.

At my primary school, I was about eight years old and I was in a recorder lesson, and I was told to leave the recorder lesson and not to come back because I didn't have any musical talent. It had quite a big effect on me. Obviously, now I am a musician. I play a number of different instruments and have done professionally. It's strange to think: How many children's futures have been destroyed by one of these theater critics in a school.

ARIA: It's a bit strange to base everything on this one test. There's a lot of that: Putting people into categories of how well they can do all the time.

PHOENIX: I had another report, which I'll put up on the website, from an English teacher. I was eleven-years-old at the time. And the English teacher in his report says that, as a result of my approach to the subject, I'm playing a dangerous game. I was just thinking: I was eleven-years-old. I was playing a dangerous game? I don't think so. I think I was probably just exploring the world of language.

It really confuses me, the extent to which these teachers reacted to the work of their students. As if they were art critics for the New York Times or something. I mean, I have problems with the art critics for the New York Times, but to sit in a school and start critiquing children as if they are Andy Warhol or Van Gogh or something. What are you doing? Why are teachers subjecting these children to such harsh criticism at a stage at which the children should be exploring, without constant assessment.

If there's one stage in life at which we should not be assessed; at which we shouldn't be critiqued; at which we should be given freedom to explore. It's as kids. Except, what has society done? It's decided that this is the time at which we will critique citizens the most.

Childhood is the time at which the 'education' system will assess you the most. It will examine you the most as a child. It will determine, through a series of weird, mechanical processes, based on standardized testing, whether or not you are acceptable to The State. I think it's disgusting.

ARIA: I remember, one teacher that I had for math, in particular. We used to have to read out our grades. Once I got 8 out of 20 in some test and I remember the teacher looking at me and asking, "Why?" In such a horrible way. It was terrifying. I felt like I'd done something so wrong. There's so much blame put on you.

We had a science teacher who would just tell us all the answers to all the questions. We would just copy her written answers for our exam. She was more interested in keeping up the appearance of us doing well than teaching us anything.

PHOENIX: In exams at school, when the exam results came out they'd put them on a big list on the wall. All the children would gather around and you'd see where you were placed in the class. If you were in the lowest 25th per cent of the class, you'd have this sense, which I often did, of impending tragedy. Violence, in fact. When I scored badly at school, at home I would be beaten. Or I would have things taken away from me, or I would be excluded.

There was a threat looming over me constantly in terms of performing. It's such a strange thing to be asking a young human being to do: To constantly perform to meet some abstract measurement, devised by—in my experience—people who were pedophiles. Essentially, at my school, a group of pedophiles were designing tests for children and then ranking them according to how good they thought those children were..

What a strange, and corrupt, and malicious system. It doesn't make any sense whatsoever.

Aside from the fact they were pedophiles, and aside from the fact that standardized-testing is a perverse, and mad, and completely largely-irrelevant system. The things they were testing for had absolutely no relevance to the reality in which I would live later.

For example, there were absolutely no exams for computing. I'm not saying there should be exams, but what a strange system: To determine; based on a certain number of abstract points; designated by a system designed by, essentially, madmen; to then have a projected-idea of the success of that child; and yet to exclude the most fundamental subject that our reality, and our future, would consist. Which is: The microcomputer.

The computer permeates every aspect of our existence. It didn't exist on those tests. And, yet, at the time, we were told that those tests indicated our future success.

I do not understand exams. Personally, and I have run several businesses, I would never employ someone based on their exam results; based on a standardized test. Because I know how it works. You jam your head full of facts a few weeks before the exam, in most cases, and then you just vomit it all out onto the paper.

Exams are no indication of someone's ability to do something. Whenever I have hired someone in the companies that I've worked for, it's been on the basis of who they are, and what they can do in terms of practical things. I'm not interested in what

a piece of paper says. Because I know that behind that piece of paper is series of very Machiavellian and twisted individuals, often. With some exceptions. What do you feel about tests?

ARIA: I remember being so scared of failure and what my teachers would say about me. I used to refuse to go to the parent-teacher evenings because I was so scared that they would say something bad about me. I remember being so terrified of failing or not getting the result I wanted. I used to cry and I used to be so upset, and I felt like the world had ended.

PHOENIX: You felt, as a kid, that there was some deep significance to the test results and the reports the teachers were giving you?

ARIA: I felt that, if I did badly, it meant I was a failure. It's something that I still struggle with. If something goes badly for me, I automatically blame myself: I'm bad; I've done something wrong; I'm not good enough.

PHOENIX: I think that's a problem with schools. They give children a constant sense of not being good enough. If you're at the lower-range of the testing scale, you feel like you're not good enough. If you're at the higher-range, you feel like you're on this perilous precipice on some mountain, and that you might fall off at any point and then all self-worth will disappear.

It's very strange to rank people by these numbers or some sort of numbering system. It doesn't make sense. We're all so different and unique in so many different ways. A certain skillset,

which might be very valued in this moment in time, might be completely useless in a few years.

For example, Steve Jobs. I feel that, had he been born sixty-years before, most of his skillset, in terms of his expertise in micro-computing and the application of technology may well have been completely useless.

There are so many people working, in so many fields today, that, sixty or a hundred-years ago, their area of expertise would not have existed.

ARIA: There's so much importance placed on measuring everything and grading things. It's very strange because that just permeates your thinking throughout life. It's strange because, actually, the most important things, the most valuable things, cannot be measured. They cannot be put into that value system. They cannot be given a number or a grade.

It's weird how society encourages the pursuit of things that we can measure and see, when they're not even the most valuable or important things to us.

PHOENIX: I used to be part of this chamber choir at King's House School. And it was a very famous chamber choir that used to tour around London. We used to sing in the Royal Festival Hall. We used to sing in different hotels in London. We used to be hired by movie companies to sing on different films.

One of the boys that I sung with in the choir, sung on the soundtrack to a Steven Spielberg film. We sung for different pop-

stars. When the choir was toured around. Boys were taken by people in different hotels and sexually abused. This seemed to be a way in which the school did two things: One thing that it did is that it increased its perceived prestige. So, it allowed itself to be seen in these rich and elite public spaces, and to get credit for that.

I never saw any money from that. So the school used to send choirboys out and they used to exploit them. They used to exploit our work. Effectively, it was child-labor. So King's House School send us out in a choir as child-labor. They received profit from that, they exploited us. They then sexually exploited us at different hotels, allowing us to be sexually exploited.

They also supplied choirboys to Cliff Richard for his music video and for his pop-song. I think it's very disturbing what went on in that choir. I think it's very disturbing that we were exploited, financially. I think it's very disturbing that were were exploited sexually. I think it's very disturbing that the school decided that they were going to use us as an external advertising campaign.

I think it's very disturbing the connections between that choir and many elite members of society, including people like Cliff Richard and Steven Spielberg. I think that's very disturbing.

Phoenix Kaspian has reported extensively on abuse by King's House School. in Richmond. in several other articles, which you can read online, here: vo.lc

THE TESTAMENT

Witness interview of Aria Dakota by Phoenix Kaspian

— August 31st, 2024 —

ARIA: This is a video showing me as a kid. I was around 11 or 12 years old when this video was recorded. I was going to school every day. On the surface. I had a normal life. But ever since I was a young child I was being raped by my father. But it got a lot worse as I got older.

My father is a Freemason. I was taken to a lot of rituals in central London in the Grand Lodge or, sometimes, more locally in the local area where I lived, which was in Richmond, Teddington.

PHOENIX: What was the main way in which the Freemasons abused children, and you specifically?

ARIA: The main way was rape, but the worst ways were using children's hands to kill another being.

PHOENIX: Can you describe that type of abuse? Just so that viewers can then understand what you're acting out here as children, in this video.

ARIA: I saw a little boy being murdered by the Freemason group. This particular ritual took place in the Freemason's Grand Lodge in London. I've talked about it in other videos.

There were many little boys. I saw children being raped in different rooms in this Freemason Building. Little boys, and me,

were taken into rooms and raped by these men. This boy, he was lying on the altar, and then they made each little boy, in turn, come up and stab him with a knife in the heart, to kill him.

PHOENIX: Why do you think they did that?

ARIA: To have power over children, so that we won't speak out.

PHOENIX: There is footage here that includes your father. He was the man who took you to these Freemasonic lodges. He participated in rituals in which you were abused, together with other children.

What is your intention in sharing this video and what is your intention in showing your father in this video?

ARIA: I hope this video can help people identify children that are being abused, in order to help those children find support and help. It is especially important to see the ways in which children express trauma through play. Children will often act-out in public what's happening to them in private. Children who have faced extreme violence are often masters at hiding what's been done to them. This is because their life depends on it.

PHOENIX: I also wanted to talk about my intention in making this video: I do not want any more children to be abused by the Freemasons. I do not want any more children to be abused by their fathers, or for adults around those children to ignore what is being done.

The man who you see in this video is Aria's father. He is an abuser. He is a member of the Freemasons. He is not the only

member of the Freemasons. He is not the only abuser. In fact, my experience in England would indicate that this type of family situation is not unusual in England. Our intention with this video is not to single out this individual for attack. It's to demonstrate, to others, the signs that children exhibit when they're being abused. I also want to make it clear to other Freemasons that, when you abuse children, you will be exposed.

Aria, and I, are not scared of speaking out against these men. I don't want to live in a world anymore where this is permitted and where it's covered up.

ARIA: My mother was actually filming this. Me and my friend had planned the film together: How we wanted it to be shot; all the different elements; and the story-line.

PHOENIX: You talked to me before about how what you and your friend act out here. This is a way of you processing the ritual in the Freemason Lodge in London, in which you saw a little boy killed.

ARIA: Yes, so this is my friend. She is playing the murder victim. She hears a noise so she goes to the door, and she's shot.

PHOENIX: You've shot her.

ARIA: In this play-act, I've shot her. Yeah.

PHOENIX: In this reenactment, you're playing the role of the murderer, which is a role that you were forced into as a child, with other children, it sounds like.

ARIA: Yes.

PHOENIX: At some of these rituals, you were forced by this Freemason group to enact violence on other children, in order to traumatize you as a child.

ARIA: As a normal human being, you feel immense feelings of guilt, and disgust, and horror because you feel responsible. You feel like you have committed this murder, and it's the worst feeling in the world to be carrying around, and it's impossible for you, as a child, to realize that you were not the murderer; that it was the group; that it was the people who forced you into that position. Also, it was always the abuser that made the movement to end the other being's life. It never came from you; as a child. Without the abuser making that movement, there never would have been a death.

In this case, with the little boy, I refused to participate in the little boy's murder and I hid, away from it. I was spared having to participate like the other little boys. On other occasions, like with a cat that was killed, the abuser, my father, used my hand to make the movement. But, without him forcing my arm, the death would never have happened, so again, it comes back to the abuser as the murderer, and not me as a child.

In this video you see me, the 'murderer', going into the house and into a cupboard. I'm wearing a long black robe, black gloves, my face is covered. This is exactly the sort of attire that the Freemasons wear in their rituals.

PHOENIX: In this opening scene of the reenactment, with your friend, you dress as the Freemasons were dressed in the rituals. In

a sense you're both showing how it was that the Freemasons appeared, and you're processing the trauma by assuming the role of the aggressor in order to understand and process what it was that happened to you.

ARIA: Yes. I go into the cupboard. The cupboard is a really important part of the house because, in this cupboard, there were loads of shoes in different bags. My father was keeping a lot of drugs in these shoes, which were administered to me in the ceremonies, to further increase my confusion and disorientation.

PHOENIX: Your father hid the drugs that he was using to sedate you before you were taken to the rituals; in which you're abused and raped and tortured. He was hiding those drugs in the shoes and the shoe cupboard.

ARIA: To return to the video-footage: You can see that I go into a bag, and I open it, and inside is a document and on it is written "The Testament". I think the word 'testament' is very apt because I feel this is video is a testament to what happened.

It is an account of the truth. The testament to my experiences as a child. In the scene in the video we're looking at now, we see a 'detective' who's looking into the computer. I was never actually normally allowed access to the computer. My father had a lot of pornographic films on the computer, images of child abuse.

PHOENIX: So, in the video, this outline of the body on the floor, and the blood on top of it, you told me that you understand this,

now, as your means of processing as a child what was happening in these rituals.

You've described how a little boy was murdered using the forced participation of other children in that murder, coerced by the Freemasons.

ARIA: Yes, at the Grand Lodge in London.

PHOENIX: Yes, not some small local Lodge, but the Grand Lodge. That's not some tiny splinter group of the Freemasons. This Grand Lodge is connected to the the establishment, the government. Prince Philip for example is an extremely high-ranking freemason. Prince Philip, of course, is husband of the Queen, Father to Prince Andrew, who we now know is a man who rapes trafficked children.

Prince Phillip was also best friends with Jimmy Savile. As we've described in a previous video, Prince Phillip was patron at a camp where I was ritually abused called Outward Bound. That camp, Outward Bound, and the group Outward Bound Global, was under the directorship of Jimmy Savile. You can look this up in official records: Jimmy Savile was the director of a group of camps, and to return to this scene here.

So, there's a lot of blood on the floor, and you and your friend who are playing the roles of detectives are attempting to determine who it was that committed this murder.

ARIA: There's blood on the hands. There was also blood on the hands in these ceremonies. In this video, you can see that we're

acting-out the kind of normal-thing that detectives do. They take pictures for evidence of what's happened. Many of the abuse experiences at Freemason temples involved cameras, and men who took images of me as a child. Here in the video, we are acting-out that experience.

PHOENIX: Typically, photographs were taken of you as you were being abused, and other children as they were being coerced to participate in the torture of other children. Now, in this video, in reenacting it, you are the one taking the photos.

ARIA: I remember being in the attic when I was a small child, and my father took me up there and took photos of me naked.

PHOENIX: But, it's interesting because I hadn't heard that from you before. My father also took me and my sister into the Attic to take photographs of us. The more I learn about your experiences as a kid, Aria, the more I discover how similar so many British families are, and it's not surprising given who the Royal Family are.

It's interesting how those who are at the highest levels of the social hierarchy in the UK, their behavior and their abuse of children is mirrored in the abuse that's committed by those throughout the society.

ARIA: Yes.

PHOENIX: You and your friend have acted out collecting evidence. Your friend just took a swab of some blood.

ARIA: Yes, you can see how uncomfortable I look in this part of the video. Here, I'm talking to my mother. The first thing I do is wipe my hand across my face.

This sort of gesture is repeated quite a lot in the film and it seems almost like a mask, that I have to wear when my mother is present in the room. I seem a lot more compliant.

I feel really strongly like I'm showing our relationship here. I was being manipulated by her. She had so much control over me. You can see my discomfort. I'm restraining one hand. I'm doing this because I feel so anxious.

I feel incredibly anxious, otherwise I think I would probably just shake or make random movements out of fear.

PHOENIX: You're restraining yourself?

ARIA: Yeah. And also protecting myself. I've got my arm across my body, which is a very protective move.

[Mother speaking in video]

My mother said "penetrated the heart", which is quite violent language. The word "penetrate", as well.

PHOENIX: And, when your mother says penetrated the heart, it sounds like she's describing there what it was you witnessed at the Freemason Lodge: Children being forced to penetrate the heart of a little boy.

ARIA: Yes. You can see as well I'm nodding a lot, looking at my mother a lot. This is something that children are taught to do in

violent households. You have to show so much respect to adults. You look very compliant a lot of the time because that was forced upon you.

PHOENIX: Because of the structure of British society, you were constantly looking to your mother to let you know whether everything you were doing was okay because, if it wasn't, there would be a threat of violence?

ARIA: Yes.

PHOENIX: It's also interesting because the UK has a monarch, a Queen, who many people look to for approval, and if they don't get approval there is a risk of violence.

It's interesting that there's a relationship between the British family in the house, and also the overarching British family, the Royal Family. This exposes the nature of hierarchy in the British establishment. These social-structures operate on two different scales: Both inside your family, and also in wider society.

ARIA: If you think about the "Queen's Speech" every Christmas. Many families watch this and nod along and say "yes" to it, just like I'm doing to my mother, or the "National Anthem" how we sing along.

PHOENIX: The British National Anthem is fascinating because it contains the lines:

"God save our gracious Queen... Long to reign over us"

An entire nation gleefully sings along with the notion of it being ruled over by a monarch. It would be funny if it wasn't so

sad and tragic. These is the same British society who are desperately seeking something they think is "sovereignty". But you can't have sovereignty if you have a sovereign. You cannot have personal freedom if someone rules over you, and you sing, gleefully, inviting that person to reign over you, "long to reign over us."

In watching Aria's video footage I'm also drawn back to my own experiences of London, and growing up as a kid. So there are certain emotions and memories that are rising up for me, but one of them is the strange ritual of chanting this national anthem. The strange reverence that we gave to this old lady in a gold hat, who was on every bank note.

It's a very strange cult they've got running over there. The very definition of a cult is you have a single charismatic leader who rules or reigns over you.

ARIA: To return to the video footage: We have now entered the back room of the house. This is where my father had his study.

PHOENIX: At this point in your reenactment of this crime that's been committed, you've walked into the back room, and you're questioning your father. Both you and your friends are playing the roles of detectives and your father is playing the role of a suspect.

ARIA: Yes.

PHOENIX: I imagine that, as children, this is probably what you wished could have happened: that two detectives could have come into the house and questioned your father.

ARIA: Yes.

PHOENIX: You begin to question your father while your friend takes photographs of him; or acts out taking photographs of him. I think this scene is very interesting because we have a situation that I think many children in England wish could have happened.

As children, we wished there had been detectives who could have come into our houses and investigated what was being done to us. But, of course, in England at the time, and still now, we know that two-thirds of British police officers refuse to answer the question: "Are you a member of the Freemasons?"

Two-thirds. One of the highest-ranking Freemasons is Prince Philip. So you effectively have a secret police force running within the existing police force. It's very hard for any children who are experiencing abuse to speak out, and be heard. The majority of police officers who turn up if a child requests help will be members of the occult groups abusing children.

ARIA: Yes.

PHOENIX: And the Freemasons, who are represented by a checkerboard pattern, have their logo wrapped around the heads of British police officers. That logo was put there, the checkerboard pattern, was put there by Percy Sillitoe, who was a prominent Freemason who designed the police uniforms.

You wonder what is it going to take to wake people up. When you literally wrap the logo of the Freemasons around the heads of British police officers... I'm very confused about British

society. I'm very confused about how it got to the point where the Freemasons, a known pedophile-ring, are in control of law enforcement in the UK.

Just to return to the video, you're questioning your father.

ARIA: My friend is showing an image of the body and the wounds. Like you're saying, it would have been my dream, as a child, to have detectives come in and ask questions about what's happening.

You see that my dad looks at the camera, and you can see that dead behind his eyes. It's important to note that my mum was filming this part, so my father was sort-of communicating with her. I don't know what he's trying to communicate.

PHOENIX: To me, the look that your father gives the camera is a kind of a knowing-arrogance. He's looking at the camera, held by your mother, and implying 'I am in control here. I know what's happening.' He thinks you're stupid.

But, to me, looking at this footage, I think you're both very clever children because you're acting out what it is that happened to you.

You know that your mother is making a record of it, and perhaps you know that at some point in the future, you'll be able to get this footage and use it as a means by which to help other children.

ARIA: I think so. I think we were actually very aware of what was happening and we knew, as well, that through the power of play, and through fantasy, we were able to tell the true story.

We knew that this was a good way to make a record of what was being done to us because many adults don't understand this language. Whereas, actually, for people who are connected to themselves, the subtext and metaphors are very clear.

To return to the video: In this scene, we're acting-out going to a gun shop. We are two detectives doing their investigation. We ask about different guns, and my father reels off like a whole list of different weapons.

I don't think this is normal standard knowledge. It's very specific gun knowledge, and it shows my father's arrogance, his feeling that he just won't get caught.

PHOENIX: This is a very revealing scene in which your father lists a series of guns quite quickly to you, and quite nonchalantly, as if this is knowledge that he's quite familiar with.

ARIA: He's mainly just showing what a dangerous person he was. He was living in a world where he knew about weapons, and how to commit crimes, and how to cover it all up.

He was living in this dark milieu of drugs and violence, and he thought he was a very important Freemason. I guess he had a lot of power in this underground world.

Now we're watching the last scene in the video. Up until this point, I've been very clear in what I'm trying to communicate, as a child.

It's important to me that I show who committed the murders; pointing the finger at my father because he was a leading Freemason, and involved in all these crimes. He was perpetrating the crimes; he was organizing the crimes.

But, for me, the play-act in the video is real. I'm depicting what's happening in real life. It's not a play to me.

At this point in the video, you see me laughing, when the detective says the name of the murderer. Because I at this point, my true emotions spill out. The detective names the wrong person, and it seems absurd, it seems ridiculous to me, that this is the murderer. I know who the murderer is: It's my father. It's not this random made-up name.

PHOENIX: In reality, you have reported to the police the activities of your father, and the abuse perpetrated these Freemasonic groups. What has happened?

ARIA: Nothing has happened. The police pretended to start an investigation. Ultimately, they said they will not continue with it.

You see, at the end of this video, I'm led out. I'm named as the guilty one. I'm charged, yes me as a child. In the video, I'm going to go to prison. This is basically how you feel as the victim. You're the one that is sentenced.

It's already a life sentence to carry around the pain and terror of what happened to you. On top of that, the police are so corrupt that they blame the survivor for upsetting the Freemasonic system of abuse. As survivors, we're made to feel like the guilty ones. The whole time I was treated as a suspects by the police.

PHOENIX: There is a secret-society running the British police force, headed by Prince Philip, who we now know was associated closely with Jimmy Savile, who ran a network of camps called Outward Bound at which children were raped and abused.

Prince Charles was very close friends with Jimmy Savile, who was marriage counselor to Charles and Diana. He had intimate access to all of the Royal Family's properties, among other properties.

We also know Prince Philip's other son Prince Andrew raped sex-trafficked children supplied to him by Jeffrey Epstein. This is all public information now.

When you have a police force in which two-thirds of those in the police force are members of the Freemasons, it's not very surprising that when a child, or an adult, reports the abuse of children, that the police turn the survivors into the criminals.

It's got to the point where it's become ridiculous. The British police force, and the Freemasons are effectively the same group. They are a two-part pedophile-ring.

