

The Garden Party: A Profile of the ritual abuse-torturer

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The Invitation

You are cordially invited to attend
on
Saturday, June 16th, of this year
The Garden Party
To be held in the beautiful grounds of
Mr. & Mrs. John Doe,
your political representative.

Bursting with Garden Party stories she wanted to share with her co-workers, Sally skipped into the office. Excitedly she told of the men and women she had met, the political representative and his wife, their small children whom Sally described as standoffish but thought maybe they were simply shy. She also noted the children's teenage sitter whose parents, a municipal politician and his wife, shared with Sally their commitment and involvement in many community groups—how they were the first persons in their neighbourhood to have a Block Parent¹ sign in their window so that children would be safe; how they both volunteered at the local fire department, and were members of the Masonic and Rebecca Lodge. Then there was the official who worked with the blind and gave time to the Boys and Girls Club,² and who invited Sally to drop in one day given she was a new activist in her community. Sally shared with her friends her amazement that in such a short time she had met women and men from all walks of life: a helicopter pilot, a CEO, therapists with different healthcare backgrounds who, with councillors from a safe house, spoke of their work supporting women abuse prevention programmes. There were doctors, nurses, social workers, lawyers, professors, clergymen and clergywomen, teachers, fishermen, firemen, grandparents, single moms, and shopkeepers. People told of spending summer holidays on boats, at lakeside or ocean cabins, where they enjoyed their privacy to gather around out-of-door campfires.

¹ Block Parent programs provide a network of police-screened, easily recognizable, safe homes for members of the community, especially children, to turn to in times of distress. Block Parent is easily recognizable by the red and white Block Parent sign placed in the window, a sign that is a symbol of a safe refuge. Additionally, the program offers supportive community education programs. www.blockparent.ca

² Boys and Girls Club of Canada offers children and youth safe caring environments and opportunities to develop the skills, knowledge and values they seek to become fulfilled individuals. www.bgccan.com

Little did Sally realize that the Garden Party was a surface event, a cover for a “ceremonial” gathering planned by some of the women and men in attendance at the Garden Party, who, before the week-end was over, would intentionally fulfill their needs and desires for the infliction of human cruelty—for the infliction of ritual abuse-torture (RAT). A cover encapsulated by holding powerful positions within the community, by being associated with good organizations, good causes, and with good people like Sally, and for instance, by seeking out community activities or jobs that allow them to hunt for vulnerable victims and vulnerable families. These men and women belong to interconnected groups³ within a co-culture of ritual abuse-torturers, who obtain pleasure and satisfaction from pedophilic torture, and from all acts of torturing—physical torturing, sexualized torturing, and mind-spirit torturing. Who satisfy their hunger for totalitarian oppression, for domination over their selected victim(s)—this weekend their victim was to be the teen-age sitter—the teen-age sitter who would try to prevent the smaller children from suffering pedophilic-based harm.

It was always a no-win situation for the sitter because the RAT perpetrators took pleasure in agreeing not to harm the smaller children only if she, the sitter, did, as they wanted. But the truth was the smaller children never escaped the pedophilic torture, rages, and savage orgies regardless of the sitter’s efforts to keep them safe. Manipulation of the sitter was the perpetrator’s pleasure.

Because the sitter had been born into an inter-generational RAT family/group, her early survival meant her Self-esteem was bonded to pleasing and “doing good” for “the family”. To do good, to make her parents happy, to try and be perfect, she did her best to successfully endure their torture test, and to avoid their unavoidable wrath—their whippings, the plastic bag over her head until the “blackness” came, the burning hot enemas, the knife in her vagina, the nicks to her breasts, the clothes pins on her nipples, the penises in every orifice of her young body, the blistering caused by the hot light bulb in her vagina, electric shocking, and the forced necrophilism⁴—induced by drugging—that left her temporarily paralysed, defenceless, and death-like.

And, there was her own need to request more of the drug-laced Kool-aid, a matter of her survival, a helper that deadened the unspeakable and unbearable pain. Drinking drug-laced Kool-aid, a survival skill, a technique that directed her attention away from the next up-coming group assault, as she dissociated from her life-threatening ordeal⁵ and ever-

³ Staub, E. (1993). *The roots of evil The origins of genocide and other group violence*. New York: Cambridge University Press. Staub (p. 27-28) writes that groups can develop characteristics—values and practices, decreased moral constraints, a diffusion of responsibility, and the power to repress dissent—which enhances the potential for abandoning the Self to the commission of group evil.

⁴ Necrophilism is a deeply embedded morbid preoccupation with themes of death, a predominant RAT characteristic that was evidenced by the descriptions given to us by the persons involved in our “kitchen table” research project.

⁵ Logan, R. D. (1993). *Alone: A fascinating study of those who have survived long, solitary ordeals*. P. 9. Mechanicsburg, PA: Stackpole Books. Logan referred to an ordeal as a situation where an individual is utterly alone and forced to confront experiences of:

1. prolonged physical suffering, pain, and debilitation,
2. a prolonged threat to life,
3. the prolonged stress of fear and arousal,

expanding terror. Mirrors. Mirrors—for the amplification of the perpetrators’ pleasures—amplified the sitter’s horror as she was forced to see her-Self in the mirror, to see her perpetrator’s sadistic pleasure, to bear witness to her horrific victimization! Horror that invaded and permeated all of her senses: the sounds of the perpetrator’s breathing; the putrid smells on their breaths; the smells and tastes of feces, urine, blood, semen, vaginal fluids; the sensation of smearing of body fluids left on her skin; the imprinting of their smiles as they slowly butted lit cigarettes on her skin; the rawness of her nakedness drilled into her spirit; the clicking of the gun and the RAT perpetrators’ laughter as they played Russian Roulette—the cold hard gun to her temple, in her vagina, her anus, her mouth. Click ... click ... click. A memory forever imprinted in her mind-spirit.

This inner circle of RAT perpetrators, the never-ending group perversions—urophilia, exhibitionism, voyeurism, narcissism, torture, the need for and pleasure from seeing terror in her eyes, necrophilism, bestiality, blood-letting, that go on and on—unsatisfied, proceed to take pedophilic pictures, trophies to be enjoyed at a later date. Pedophilic pictures they would use to educate the younger children of the family—teaching them the meaning of normal insider family adult-child relationships. Degradation amplified as the RAT perpetrators snapped their cameras and rolled their videos—horror amplification—forced again to endure seeing her dehumanization—viewing the pictures and the videos. Humiliation off the Richter scale! For others, it is time to call in the family dog—bestiality and pedophilia—for-profit pornographic images to market to the insatiable appetite of adult pedophiles whose lust will, combined with the trafficking of the family children, over the next ten years, contribute to the organized global crime of modern day slavery, that it is estimated will make more money than all the illegal drug and gun running trade combined.⁶

And, by chance, when Sally meets the sitter again, she will answer Sally’s question of “How did you enjoy the Garden Party?” with “It was bad”. Sally, surprised by the sitter’s response, will not ask “Why?” Could the sitter answer the question? Does she remember or has she dissociated her torture, terror, and horror of the insider Garden Party from her everyday outsider memory?

The sitter will, however, leave some clues with Sally. She shares that she was on her way to see the therapist, the one Sally met at the Garden Party, that her appointment is always the last meeting of the day when everyone has gone home and is on the night that the cleaning staff are not allowed onto that specific institutional floor. The therapists, who,

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4. forced to live with severe restrictions to one’s freedom,
 5. forced to cope with prolonged and extreme uncertainty, and
 6. faced with demands that constantly threaten to overwhelm one’s physical and [mind-spirit] resources.

Persons forced to withstand RAT ordeals, although not utterly alone in the physical sense in that their RAT perpetrator(s) and possibly other victims are present, it is our opinion, that Logan’s definition gives shape to the reality of the aloneness experienced by persons who survive RAT ordeals.

⁶ Lochhead, C. (2003, February 26). San Francisco entry point for child sex slaves. *Chronicle Washington Bureau*.

with other like-minded female therapists, counsellors, and other professionals, are planning a weekend of torture pleasures—the sitter is the victim.

The engagement and disassociative process starts in the privacy of the therapy office—hypnosis, intimidation, physical and sexualized pain. Tied to a chair, forced to watch a film about multiplicity, the therapist will verbally assault the sitter’s mind-spirit with threats that the therapists will force the sitter to be labelled weird, crazy—to be pathologized as being mentally ill. Under the fog of dissociation and of nighttime’s darkness the therapist and the victim—the sitter—will leave the institution. In the privacy of the therapist’s home the sitter is drugged, beaten, whipped, cut, electric shocked, gang raped, photographed, threatened, horrified ... terrified that she will be killed ... yet, somewhere in the recesses of her mind-spirit wishing she would die. Torture, terror, horror that goes on and on. When Monday comes her father drives her to school screaming obscenities at her, trapped in his car—a cell, a cage, a prison, from which there is no escape. She walks into school, she sits at her desk, and she concentrates to achieve good marks so she can go on to university. Poor marks, she knows, means she will be forced to stand over the hot stove burner on which has been placed a plate, she will be forced to stand there until the plate explodes in her face.

Arriving home after school she will be taken to the basement by her father, forced to lap urine from a dog dish, on all fours like a dog. Before being forced into the cage, a noose is placed around her neck; the danger is that if she moves the noose will tighten. Released she might be restrained with a dog collar around her neck and leashed to a hook on the wall. Her mother says this makes her look cute. Deprived, starving, she draws pictures of food on scraps of paper, eating the pictures deadens her hunger. These are simply everyday insider child-rearing ordeals—ordeals that are different than the inner circle of ceremonial group ritualisms that followed the Garden Party.

Because of her naivety, or perhaps her ignorance, or perhaps both, Sally will misinterpret the sitter’s verbal cues of “It was bad” and her description of the organization of the therapy sessions; the sitter’s anxiety and poor eye contact at being spoken to; her pallor; the small cut under her eye, or the fact the sitter, on this bright, warm, and sunny day is wearing a turtle neck sweater with long sleeves and long pants. A few moments later, Sally will meet the sitter’s parents—unaware that their presence means they are tracking and controlling their daughter’s every action. She is their object—a renewable resource—exploited to others for money. Intimidated, the sitter is frightened when speaking with Sally, an outsider, because, later, she will be interrogated about the conversation. She will be reminded that outsiders can contaminate her. That is the belief she has been taught since toddler-hood, a belief that has been used to keep her isolated, friendless, and held captive.

Sally, unknowingly, has just connected with the social face and shaken hands with the insiders. Their social face is a mask of interest, of smiles, and of kindness—a mask of deceitfulness. The pedophilic RAT perpetrators whose highly skilled ability to manipulate others have just derived a thrill from knowing how effective they have been at deceiving the outsider—at deceiving Sally.

Based on our caring work and “kitchen table” research project⁷ we share with readers this profile of the RAT perpetrators as we have come “to know” them!

⁷ Our “kitchen table” research project consisted of listening to six women describe their ordeals of RAT and “the sitter” is a composite of the horrific RAT ordeals and human rights violations the women described surviving. For further information see our web site: <http://www.ritualabusetorture.org>