

Sexual Discrimination/Repression - We Have Sexual Rights!

Growing up in a catholic environment is not healthy for any children or adults. It is nothing more than a wrapper on Mithraism. Touching is taboo. Affection is a sin. No mirrors (in my parent's home) as it is a reflection of the body. We are alienated if we don't 'believe', treated like ownership, cattle to be turned into homosexual or lesbian indentured slaves if we are heterosexual, void of touch, affection and love. Gays and lesbians 'life styles,' are a sin to these monsters, yet they themselves maybe gay or lesbian. This anti-sexual agenda is perpetuated by the touch/sexual taboos, psychologically neutered and castrated by their God... a violation of human sexual rights.

I liked being with my grandmother as baby. I could run naked in the garden. It was so cool. I would look up at all the plants and flowers. Lake Attitash is beautiful, I have great memories as a child in Merrimac MA.

Going back to my parents house on Summit Ave. There was a shed outback, that was sealed prior to WW2. I remember looking in the windows covered in cobwebs and dust. I finally convinced my father to open the doors. There were several 55 gallon barrels of oil stored from WW2 by my late uncle; a contrast to the freedom I feel in my grandmother's vegetable garden.

The yard had huge trees along the street. I used to play in the fenced in area with my girlfriend. She was a little blonde girl. I think my age, 2-5 years old we hung out. Once out of my diapers, I would take off my clothes and run around with my naked girlfriend. We would play in the sand box, or roll on the ground. Mom would scoop me up and toss me in the tub. I was scrubbed so much that my skin was raw. If I took off my shoes and socks, I couldn't tie my shoes, it was into the tub. My skin was red, irritated and hurt. I learned to hide in the woods and bushes with my girlfriend to stay away from my mother. My skin was so red a raw from my mother's scrubbing that Dr. Milden the pediatrician yelled at her, "stop washing him!"

She was washing the sin from me...

I would sit on the porch with Sinbad my Pennsylvania Shepard. The dog had been at my side since birth. And Puggy, my Boston terrier. Cats would come into the yard. Sinbad would give chase, grab the cat in its mouth and snap its neck. She would bring the dead cat to the porch. And drop it at my mom's feet. My mom would smack the dog lightly. Then would take the cat, grab the shovel and go behind the house. Sinbad would lay down next to me, and I would pat the dog.

Puggy would usually be on my right. I liked Sinbad on the left, Puggy on the right as we looked across the yard. Dogs that came into the yard were chased out. And if they fought, Sinbad was fierce. Puggy and I would watch. If no dogs came, Puggy would venture out and bark. She was a little dog and would draw the bigger dogs to battle. They like to fight with little dogs. She would run back into the yard and Sinbad would fight. Years later mom told me that she had a grave yard out back as Sinbad killed so many cats. My warriors, creating a protective perimeter around me.

Two dogs that were having sex got locked together in the yard. My mother took a large pot and heated the water to boiling on the stove. She took the pot and put it on the porch. It was steaming and told me not to get near it. She called the veterinarian to ask if she should dowse them with boiling water to unlock them. She knew in her heart that being an anti-sexual was wrong, it is unnatural. She would later tell me that the veterinarian told her, "leave them alone!"

I am with my girlfriend in the yard (3-4). She is brushing against me. I can sense her by scent. She is sweet, blonde. I can sense people by their scent and when I am touched or held. My mother could sense people by scent as well.

My grandmother had given me an illustrated medical book for my collection of books. I liked books. My girlfriend and I were looking through the book. It had cross sections of the human body and parts of it. It showed naked woman, man, a pregnant woman, reproductive organs, intestines, muscles, organs of the brain, etc. We were looking at it together and happy. My mother snatched it from my hands and

closed it saying, “the neighbors are talking.” Her shame. The book was placed back into my library.

My girlfriend would come over and see me when I was in my allergy/insomnia season. The allergies were so severe that my face was covered in elastic goo that had to be removed by my parents every morning and during the day. My eyes would seal shut from it and be swollen, eyes like jelly. I would rock on the floor till my sweetheart would come over. We could sit together, but not touch. And when mom was doing something, we would touch each other. I was always so alone. When I stayed with my grandmother, she would hold me. I would look at picture books while sitting in her lap as a baby.

We moved to NH and I would never see my girlfriend again. Sinbad was put down because as my mother later said, “it did not adjust well.” It did not fit in her plan, my dear companion, expendable. I met guys in the neighborhood. We would get together behind my parents house in the woods and get into stick fights. We had two sides. I was always in charge of one side. We set rules, no hitting the face, boundaries where there was no battle. If someone was hurt bad, battling was to stop. We would take limbs and hit each other with them. There was never any winners, we just pummeled each other with them until we understood that this was stupid.

We climbed trees. I fell out of a very tall one, bouncing between branches like a pin ball. I was crying when I landed so hard. My friend, Borden told me that I would be ok. Crying was a good thing, it meant that I was alive. He was ok. I didn't like hanging out with guys. They killed toads and frogs. I liked toads and frogs. They had beautiful eyes. I met a girl in the neighborhood. We would get naked and hang out. I felt safe with her. She didn't kill animals. She was soft. Like cotton. She smelled sweet. I liked her. I didn't like guys, they killed weaker things then themselves such as toads.

My mother took me to the store and we bought a guinea pig. I loved my guinea pig. She was so nice. Everyday after school, I would hold her. We had a box with straw for her and a cardboard box for her to sleep and hide in. I got up one morning and there where 3 other guinea pigs nursing from her. I ran and told my mom that they were eating my

guinea pig. I was so happy, and now I had 4 pets. I took them to school for show and tell. The teacher would allow me to bring them through the class and tell me which kids not to let touch them, and who could. I brought them home.

I was out in the yard and spotted a medallion on the ground. I picked it up and brought it to my mom. It was some sort of catholic paraphernalia. I gave it to my mom. Then I remember asking my mom how that the guinea pig had babies without a boyfriend. The next day, I woke up and the mother guinea pig was dead. There was an intense smell of insecticide in the air. I was crying. My mother said that she sprayed the closet for bugs and that some must have got in the water dish. I was crying all day.

Then the next day, I woke up and all three babies were dead. I was covered in tears. The smell of insecticides filled the air. My mother said that she had been spraying for bugs again in the closet and some must have got in the water dish. I yelled, "how could you do this to my pets!" She said it was an accident. Then told me that the stork brought babies. I was so upset. An older girlfriend sat with me in the bus. I taunted the kids. How can the stork bring babies if you had no chimney! How could the stork put a big baby down a small chimney! I sat next to my girlfriend in the bus. I felt safe. We would laugh as she knew I was taunting them.

When we moved, I used to get together with the girls in the neighborhood (7-8 years old). We would get naked and lay in the sun. I was hanging around with a couple of older guys. One of the guys molested me. As the other guy watched, the by-stander. They were going down on each other. I wasn't interested in guys. I told my dad, he did absolutely nothing. Then I was laying in the sun with my three girlfriends. We were naked and I felt safe with them. My teepee was behind us. Then the guy that molested me, came at me. I was screaming in terror. He was not trying to grab my girlfriends, he was trying to get me. My 3 girlfriends took large branches and nailed him with them. They defended me. Some really good smacks to the head. Then he grabbed my teepee. The four of us pulled the teepee and it folded closed and we hit him with the top of it. It was where all the metal rods to hold the teepee together meet. We nailed him real hard.

He ran away. They held me and I stopped shaking. Then they touched and caressed me. I really loved my girlfriends. I liked being with them. I felt safe.

We were always together walking and exploring the neighborhood woods, fields and stream. We spent time swimming together as cows wallowed in the water with us.

Then the molester came into the yard, tied me up with rope, called two of my girlfriends over and tied them to me. The rope was long, and he stood back and snapped the rope and it hit me so hard that I thought it was going to rip my shirt, I was screaming as he continued to do this. My father ran out of the house and yelled at him to get out of the yard. I had red swollen marks from the whipping.

There was a girl that lived across the street. She was never out playing. They were catholic, and every Sunday, black cloaked ghouls (catholic penguins, nuns) went over had had dinner with them. My 3 girlfriends and myself went over and she came out to play with us. We were chasing each other in the yard, when her mother came out. She was a large woman who looked down on all the Franco-American women as inferior, she coming from France. The beast yelled at me, "girls don't play with boys," and kicked me out of the yard.

In junior high, a teacher took me on. I wasn't going to read the stupid book on the Hobbit. The book was nonsense. I tossed my book in my locker and covered it with books. In class, the teacher had one of my girlfriends sit next to me and read the book to calm me down.

Someone introduced me to a new girlfriend. My previous girlfriend lived too far away, and this one lived almost as far away. We road our bikes to meet at the ice cream shop. It was a beautiful place where kids and families gathered together to sit on picnic benches and have ice cream near a grove of trees. We were eating our ice creams. We were holding hands. Three college women students from Riviere College, the all women's catholic college were several benches away. One of them with dark hair, dark glasses comes over and starts yelling at us. "Don't hold hands! Next he will want to get into your pants!" We are both frightened by this older lady being so insane and

aggressive. One of her friends comes over and touches her, and pulls on her arm. She aggressively pulls her arm back and continues to yell. "He is going to kiss you! Get away from him. Stop holding hands!" Her 'friends,' being bystanders to this, doing nothing, like many bystanders do, 'not getting involved.' We tossed our ice creams in the trash, got on our bikes and road to our homes.

The anti-sexual hatred of others having pleasure, joy or happiness is fought with the same hate and defensiveness that pedophiles have when they are told that their assaults on children are wrong. Sexual aversion disorder forced on others, sexual/pleasure envy, sadistic. They are non-human. This mistreatment has long lasting psychological manifestations and physical illnesses. This is exacerbated by gender segregationist schools that cater towards acceptance of sexual assaults on children. Their concealment being allowed/permitted/perpetuated from by-standers. The by-standers being equally as guilty as the predators.

High school went to Bishop Guertin HS. A gender segregationist catholic school. In recent years, well known for its brotherhood of pedophiles, Brothers of the Sacred Heart from Rhode Island.

<http://www.bishop-accountability.org>

They were molesting children, as the other bothers did the bystander, so well noted with the 'religion' and when there are atrocities and injustices done against others. A student asked one of the brothers why there was no ladies at the school. He responded that women would be over spoken by males, they never raised their hands in class, were not good in the sciences/math and couldn't compete in sports. I thought that this was weird as my mother was office manager for 8 pharmaceutical businesses at the same time. She was an avid horseback rider in her teens and twenties and could take any guy I knew, especially with a blade. I had seen her put a carving knife to my father's throat a few times when he was sucking whiskey from a half gallon jug straight. And had seen her start to run out of the house with a carving knife when some huge lady in the neighborhood had grabbed me by the throat. I knew that she would defend me, and kill if necessary, something my father wouldn't do.

A brother of the sacred heart was walking into the shower areas. He would eye ball the naked students, moving his head from head to toe as he looked at us. We felt very unnerved with being continuously psychologically violated. The other brothers would not step in and do anything about this. My friend Bob used to say, "hide your peckers boys," when the pervert Brother Roger would come into the showers and scan our naked bodies. He molested a dozen children, as the other brothers concealed the predators among them.

There was a brother who taught a religious search class. He would wiggle like a woman as he walked. He would come into the class and say, "hi boys," and snap one of his wrists in a very feminine way. He would get all the desks closer together and talk about men loving other men in a sexual way. Describing men as all being women as fetuses, and then growing little penises. He would animate this by uncurling his as little finger, wiggling it and giggling, asking us to move closer. Bob was really upset, I questioned about getting credits for towards getting into college. Bob brought multiple copies of the Satanic Bible and passed them out in the class. The brother was too preoccupied with describing something sexually uncomfortable. The 'talks,' were usually something about men loving other men with sexual connotations. The next class, I drew a pentacle on the blackboard. Bob filled it in with a goats head. We pulled the map down to cover the pentagram.

The brother came in with his feminine wiggle, wrist snap and saying, "hi boys. Oh someone left the map down." He pulled it down and released it. The map rolled up to the pentagram and he freaked. Running out the door yelling, "Brother Moe, Brother Moe." The vice principal returned quietly erased the pentagram and put his arm on top of the brother's shoulder, saying, "brother, I think that we need a long vacation for you." Moe turned to Bob and myself, giving us a wink. Problem solved, brother transferred to another school.

Brother Roger Argencourt, had been going into the shower room when we were there and looking at us. It was like clockwork. This guy sniffing around as we were naked, scanning out bodies with his eyes, focusing on our crotches as he talked 'at' us. Several of us would turn away as soon as he came in the shower area. Many students would

not take showers after playing sports. They would go back to class smelling sweaty.

I had a class with this pervert teacher. He would do nothing as the students talked. He just stood there, then giving extra homework as a punishment. I challenged him in front of several students, mentioning that many of the students were waiting for the class to begin and that they should not be punished. Especially if he can't handle a class. I said that I would not do the extra homework. He threatened to flunk me. Several other students said that they would not do the extra homework either as they were not talking. Brother Arencourt said to me, "maybe we can talk about this privately." I said, "no," and walked out. The other students followed.

Brother John, the principle used the ace card, he threatened a dozen of us, if there were any more 'problems,' he would call the police that we were selling cannabis. The school was full of drugs from day one. Clearly evident to the brothers as students drank and smoked weed in the parking lot and also right outside of the brothers quarters. He told us that we could do what ever we wanted outside of school grounds, as far as selling drugs, but not on school grounds, which was tolerated till we went up against the brotherhood of pedophiles. He did no want to tarnish the image of a college preparatory HS, that catered to the children of the lawyers, doctors and defense/intelligence workers,

My parents moved across the city, I didn't know anyone, couldn't have girlfriends over. It was just study, go to school and talk about 'future never come' from my mother.

I found a girlfriend. We were lovers. Mom called her a whore. Told my mother that I wasn't cherry when I was 17 and she said that she wished that she had a daughter, and that if my father had not wanted a child that she didn't want any. Sex out of marriage was a sin.

I would go to the unemployment office. Many nice ladies looking for work. I would pass out my phone number. They would call. They were in their 20's. I hung out with them. Sometimes having sex. Sometimes two of them together. I felt safe. They would take my hand and touch their bodies and lead me slowly as not to frighten me. I

would take their hands and touch them to my body. We would tell each other what we were feeling as if I am not told I don't know. I would have to have a beer to loosen my inhibitions, and start to bond with them, and understand feelings without talking.

I could take their clothes off as I wished and hold them close to me, sense emotions and feelings. We could do this when we wanted to each other. My comfort zone, you say yes, I say when. I felt safe to be myself, not hindered or blocked from affection or sexuality. Touching and loving one friend as my other girlfriend masturbated. Then we were on different paths, only to be alone again, always alone as they chased their rainbows of schools, jobs and me, reading the journal articles avidly, or somewhere to get away from my parents. My mother took my phone out of room, she didn't want me talking with women without listening in. Always undermining relationships, and me trapped.

Several guys at BGHS described their first sexual encounters as 'fucking her.' Which grossed me out. The description felt more like rape, not something consensual and shared between two people, but more an act of aggression. I would say, 'making love with,' being more loving and kind. Some tenderness. There were fights at school over women. Gays could not talk at all about sexuality or it would be considered 'perversion.' Yet good friends who were gay, were not bothered, had they, the person would have been told to leave them alone at least.

Students that were being picked on, or abused, I told one of several friends and the person was told not to do this. I don't like violence at all, but sometimes it is necessary. Years later. A friend's girlfriend was grabbed by another guy. He opened the door for his lady. Revved his car, turned it around and hit the guy, tossing his body in the air in front of a group of people. Another friend had a guys legs broken for a sexual assault. Another person, buried alive with a knife in his chest for raping two women. There are rules.

Many of the brothers were gay, anti-women. A brother had left the high school, when we asked what had happened, a brother said under his breath, "he got married."

The hierarchy of dominance by the males was ruled by co-operative co-operation. Everyone had their place. No one was untouchable. The governor of NH, was blocking money for education in the state. He also was against sexuality. I asked a couple of people who murdered people, how much to have Thompson's head blown off. I was told that it could be done but would be rather pricey...

I used to be friends with a psychologist. He had intimacy sessions for folks with sexual blocks or isolation. I learned a lot from him post free-love 60's followed by waves of divorces, broken families and wasted lives for children. Grown men getting in fist fights in yards like school kids too young and stupid to follow rules. Devieres had the sexiness of Christopher Lloyd in Back to the Future on a bad hair day. He described his sessions, it was much like how my girlfriends worked with me, frightened of sexuality, but wanting to be loved. He described the sessions and then the groups, which got too fringe. He asked me if I liked the blonde in the group and wanted to have sex with her. He said, "get a hundred bucks from your folks and I will get you laid." I reached into my pocket and pulled out a roll of hundreds, I had a side job, and began peeling the c-notes and watching his eyes. Simultaneously I felt my conscious kicking in. One side the devil saying go it, the other, an angel saying "you gave yourself to someone. You are hers." Then the conscious kicked in some more. The devil saying, "she will dump you for another guy in a week, the first bump in the road." The angel, saying, "she is true to you. Even if it doesn't work out, you love her and she loves you."

So I stood there. Then pulled out a Grant. "How about 50 dollars?"

Devieres said, "100 dollars or nothing."

So I responded, "No deal."

Devieres was having sex with several ladies. Everyone needs someone to love. Then he had sex with the lady across the street. She was 17, and not very attractive, would have to pay a guy for sex. A nice person. So he added her to his intimate group. We were pleased. She was a nice person. Then he was having 'orgies,' and had sex with her mom, a married woman. We all disowned him. People got away from

him. He broke the rules, there are rules. He set up a school and found his calling. He did very well and the kids were juvenile delinquents. Throw away, he had teachers and classes and they learned basic skills. He was not a freak, he was good to them.

I could have up to a pound of weed at my folks house for personal and guys over. Many of them much older than me, drug dealers, bikers with colors, and people who sold guns, but no ladies. My mother would offer these guys beer and say, "if you get too buzzed, you can leave your motorcycle and Otto can give you a ride home and pick you up tomorrow to get your bike." Everyone liked my mother. I was a teenager. No teenager needs to be exposed to this.

In college, I went to an all women's college. There were many very attractive and intelligent ladies. They were nice to me. There were different orientations. I had a steady girlfriend from another school. The ladies at the college stayed in the same dorm. For a few days a month, I had to leave early or miss some classes, the pheromone levels were so high that I could not think. I would spend time with a lover who went to another school.

I went to another university. Was on a guys floor, guys shower. Guys stink, I just can't be around guys. The body odor is so bad. I came back another semester and spent time with a girlfriend and showered with the ladies. I was very nervous going into the shower, and explained that I wasn't a freak, I just can't shower with guys. They reached out to me. So I told them, that this piece of ass, was my girlfriend's property and slapped my butt, that they could look, but not touch. They were real polite. Would check me out from head to toe but not touch me. I was kicked out of the dorm.

Moved to the beach. Had two roommates. I spent time at the library and on the beach. We had a bad storm. My roommates could not come home. I was alone for 3 days. I was out of my mind when one of my roommates came back. He was old tribe, a psychologist, he held me till I stopped shaking. Then I met neighbors, I got picked up while thumbing. They were into porn. I was given a quaalude to loosen my inhibitions. I hung out with them for a few months. They fed me steaks, quaaludes and sex. The guy went running around and I was

left to have sex with his girlfriend. When we split up, I had a pocket full of quaaludes.

Girlfriends and I took quaaludes to reduce the inhibitions of intimacy. Then I moved back in with my folks. I thought that I would work a while get a place and move on, away from the prescription drugs that covered my parents table, and the nightly fights over how much my father drank.

I met a lady and we were together for a while. I brought her to meet the folks. The first visit, went smooth, then second, mom she wasn't for me, she was upset, this allowed my father to get another drink, as my mother was the keeper of the liquor. The third time, my mother was saying that she was a whore. I was communicating with my grandfather about moving to Maine, I had great memories there as a child and teen. People were good to me. I don't understand things and they didn't take advantage of me. So much has changed here. No love here.

My girlfriend and I would spend time in my parent's basement. I had helped a carpenter to finish it. I couldn't have a tv or a couch in there. There was a bar at the end and a portable bed that opened up. I couldn't have chairs or a couch in the cellar. It was my parents 'party room,' to which they never had parties as my father would pickle himself after a few drinks that were straight up. So I had opened the bed and put a few pillows so that when friends came over we could sit on the bed like a couch. That was ok.

My girlfriend and I were making love. I got stuck in her. Of all the things that happen in my life, this I didn't need. Memories of my mother boiling water to scald the dogs that were having something nature as making love. I told my girlfriend to relax. She was so tight that I would merge with her body/mind, and now fear from my mother throwing boiling water on us was hovering in my memory. We both relaxed and I pulled out.

A couple of days later we are making love again. I had been dreaming of moving to Maine and fix the guest house where we could live. The story had been told to me that the owner had moved their with his

young bride and they lived a happy life. I wished that I could as well. Then there was banging on the door, then kicking, and yelling, "what's going on in there!" It was my insane mother. I opened the door. She says, "what is going on here!" It was very embarrassing. We got up and left.

I didn't see my folks till the next day. During the morning, my grandfather in Maine had called and wanted me to come visit with my girlfriend. When I woke up in the morning, my mother was livid. "You are not going up there with her! You go and we will throw all your books and journal articles out. I had hundreds of books over the years as a child and teen. I did not have possessions like other friends. To me, possessions are useless dust collectors. I like tools of exploration, science. I had books and journal articles. She would throw books out at times. I told her that I couldn't bring all my books. My father was just whining for another drink. The kitchen table, half full of prescription drugs.

Spent time at MIT reading or hanging with lady friends out side of the house. And when they would ask to meet my mom would say, "No, she is hostile." Embarrassed/ashamed by their drug addictions, and its all 'legal'. My mothers hostility towards any relationships.

I got a place with a friend from childhood. He is stable and I would make the night clubs, working the tables like a politician some nights, throwing hand fulls of numbers on the ground, wondering when I and where she would be, to rescue me.... Occasionally connecting for hook ups, dosed on quaaludes or beers till I gave up, allergy season, I can't work cause of the ungodly insomnia. Months of it, moving back in with my parents, sleeping downstairs to avoid their fights under the influence of drugs and alcohol. My father going into nods and talking about classified projects at work and the 'gremlins,' in missile guidance systems. Children of parents who worked at Sanders Associates (now BAE Systems) were seeing the same thing with their parents.

A friend helped me to find a place in the mountains, a nice lake near by, many single young ladies and fresh air. I am getting things ready to move in... my mother calls my friend and 'needs my help.'

I am pulled back into their horror after moving into the mountains away from Hughes doling out pills, and the parents constant attacks on my psyche. Spending as much time as I can in the libraries of the great colleges and universities in the northeast. 3 Months out of the year, insomnia season. Saving to make it thru another allergy season of madness.

Back into their nightmare, to help them. They had sold their house, it was full of drugs, and I was the only one to move them. Called a half a dozen friends and they helped to move them. The neighbors daughter came to the door, she was selling girl scout cookies, I told her to wait in the kitchen as I went into my room to get some money. My mother came out of the room, screaming, "get her out of here!" I had to get between my mother and the little girl scout as I was afraid that she would attack her. The young lady scurried out of the house.

After the torture at St Joseph's Hospital, and caring for my father and his surgery then getting them to Maine and then they want to live in the middle of nowhere, near their friends, my father being offered land in south Maine, but rejecting it to be near a friend that drinks.

Being terrorized by Pratt and Hayden for money, and no one stands up for me, no one calls the FBI to investigate dirty officers, illegal phone taps. Lies on the warrant. Terrorizing myself and my family for money. Michael Pratt, slapping upside my head with a stack of skin magazines yelling at me, "these are all illegal!" I yell back at him, "I am an American!" And not one god damn officer stands up for me. And no one does anything to stop Hughes and the doctors who are drugging and sexually assaulting women. Then Pratt is fired for perjury and both him and Hayden are having sex with informants and commenting adultery. More sexual freaks. No respect for their wives, dishonorable men, as people tolerate this.

Florida, religious extremists, and catholics. Mostly from NY or deep south, KKK territory. I am out of place, as science and logic take a back seat to religious mumbo jumbo. Everyone waiting for Jesus to mow the lawn as we used to say. Human sexuality is taboo, written by the churches that molest children, and strip joints that the fundamentalist hypocrites frequented across the county lines.

Physicians from the 3rd world molesting patients, blacks not being hired at physicians offices as according to a physician's nephew, "they scare away the whites". I met several very good black people that worked harder than many of the elitist whites, down to earth and genuine.

I go to see a few psychotherapists, one seems good, but feels like I am being 'treated,' like a replacement son, that is 'free lance,' according to his mother. After getting the "not to be Polly Anne, but... or have you listened to Wayne Dyer," never doing a write up of what I have been through or contacting the authorities about the physicians drugging, sexually assaulting patients in a defense area. Listening to the how the Deiffenbach's are such patriots.

I meet some ladies. They are nice, but I am shattered, lots of time taking care of my mother who can't drive, needs constant care after the torture in NH, writing. I try to write up about the horrors that I have witnessed. Only to be given the 'oh you have to move on,' by Dieffenbach. What about some validation so that I have some relief. My mother undermining any time I try to connect with ladies. I get her in the car to talk with Dieffenbach. This anti-sexuality from the twisted catholic sexuality forced on me.

So I meet a lady, and get the "how was it," from my mother, just killed it. Two guys I met in Florida were getting the same thing from their catholic mothers. One was hitting the bottle after his mother undermined the relationship with his fiancé another didn't want a woman around when her son had been taking care of her for decades. He moved out and left his elderly mother alone to take care of herself... He got married after placing an ad for a wife.

I tell Dr. Devabhaktuni repeatedly about the drugging and sexual abuse of women by Hughes MD and how it effected me. No write ups, no contact with the authorities. Hughes is carrying on his sexual assaults along with his buddy physicians at St Joseph's Hospital.

I mention about my problems connecting and am told to meet women online. I mention that they are 'avatar personalities,' what about the

real world. I mention my sexual problems and its dismissed to be given the “maybe you could try viagra.”

Everyone in the ‘professional world,’ likes to bury our stories, our lives. When I go online, there are journal articles on how to ‘help,’ sexual offenders in the medical community. Those of us on the receiving end are ‘throw aways,’ to be processed for profit. Never validated.

When I mention that I am having problems connecting with ladies with IQ’s, I get the insulting remark from Dieffenbach, “what do you want me to do, find you a girlfriend! You would need two at all times to keep you calm.” I respond, “what if it would save my life. Does that matter?” Trying not to ‘offend,’ her facade of liberalism, antiquated and shame filled disregard of my sexual rights.

Practitioners feel ‘uncomfortable’ with anything that is outside of their ‘lens’, never current with the psychology literature on sexual rights/problems of those with challenges.

After a few more visits, she would tell me of her husband, Louis, had gone for prostate surgery, to only have it botched, and blood coming from his ass, but a local surgeon fixed it and that he was still able to obtain erections. The elitist mentality of sham professionalism. Her husband killed a patient, it never appears in the MD searches for checking on physicians, as most are white washed, but does appear in the My Florida database.

I was on the Google singles site. A woman wrote to me, Cassandra. I looked at her profile, and decided not to write, I was suffering from a blown abdomen, and would not be able to devote any time to anything else other than myself. A year later, I went into a psychologists office, and sure enough, it was her. She did not want to see me as a patient, but would be my friend. She told me that he liked Aspies as they were very trusting. I did not know what Aspies where. After we became friends, she told me how she had a male that was her boyfriend, but wasn’t any more, but slept in the same bed. She did not know how to get rid of him, and he did not want kick him out, because he worked on her first house. Then I met her second boyfriend, an ‘Aspie’ that worked on her second house, but would not move out from his mother.

When I asked if she could help me to connect with a sensitive lady, she said that she did not connect people because it did not work, yet she had two boyfriends. I speculate, former patients, probably Aspies getting played.

Three other psychologists admitted the serious effects of social isolation and how hard it was to connect. One began looking at my Maslow's and the other was looking at my hierarchy systems of understanding things, but they were leaving the area, there was nothing there to offer anyone, including them, nor did they want their children to be raised in a culturally deficient and socially disconnected area, ruled/managed by 'religious,' medical. We being lower on their caste system by the 3rd world medicine, or the thick overlay of fundamentalist 'religious' gravy on how medicine is practiced in the area. People have to go to other areas not to get dismissed, discriminated against, and milled.

I ask Dr Devabhaktuni to help me to connect, to do write ups of what I have been through, nothing, just more pills, no write ups, never contacting practitioners... just another pill mill quacktioner. As he would say, "me just a little doctor in strip mall."

I am so isolated as my family dies around me. I am ripped up and being milled for years. Then a PT touches me, and all my muscles release, that we had been working on for a years. Body-mind. They say they they had never seen this and ask how long that I had been isolated, I tell them years. They say that I have to get with people who would be close to me. I told them that my family was gone.

I went into physicians offices, shaking from the severe isolation. The nurses and staff hold me to stop the shaking. I am not sleeping from the isolation. No being held, no being touched, no being loved. Always alone, always alone, always alone, always alone, always alone, always alone, always alone, always alone, always alone...

To come to Bangor, to be alienated more like anyone 'from away,' they feed on their own here.... More pills thrown at me, more psychiaquack diagnoses, denied tests, denied medical care, not facilitation to meet ladies who are like me. Who can't be alone, who need to be cherished,

respected, loved. Told by social worker at Husson Family Medicine (after I tell her about being exposed to all these catholic sexual perverts in my life, the horrors that are dismissed as none of the previous practitioners would write about or contact the authorities) to go to places where there are all the drug addicts to meet people, “the together place,” “the brick church,” then told to go to the PCHC Unlimited Solutions Clubhouse, where the pedophiles are there because PCHC makes money doing this, and other members and the public are not told this.

Doesn't anyone in Bangor do anything to help others than the lip service, the spin... virtue signaling... does anyone ever reach out with love to anyone, to empower them, to hold them, to love them... not to betray them, not to play them.... To be sincere, genuine, honest, caring, moral, loving, kind... To reach out to me, to hold my hand...

My dear friend Bob, had suicided when he wanted to move back home with his two girlfriends to his parents house, but that they didn't except his sexuality, and there was no work for them.... He walked in front of car and was killed. Then Vegu in Florida committed suicide after being alienated and ostracized by the fundamentalists. They force their twisted hypocrisy against all orientations, with xenophobia and non acceptance of others beliefs or needs. In the south, gay, bisexual, lesbian and transgenders are committing suicide from the alienation, isolation. What about respecting peoples sexual rights, orientation rights, no age-gap discrimination, no racial discrimination, we are all spectrum, neurodiversified. Human beings, of flesh, blood and love.

The religious charlatans tell the cattle what god wants them to do/act, but doing nothing but for themselves, and not for anyone else. I stood in front of 'christians,' 'catholics,' and asked them, “what would Jesus do? What would he do?” They looked at me waiting for someone else to speak, bystanders, waiting for their god to answer for them or some holy man to take charge of the moment. I said, “he would love them.”

Who is going to stand up for me, or anyone else for that matter. There is no reason to live. I have suffered long enough.... Always alone...

Who is going to hold me, touch me, love me....