



kohl zine

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CHRISTMAS WITH ARISTOCRATS

Let me guess, your Christmas was sad and lonely, right, Bernd? Family problems? Oh, really?

So get this. My Christmas starts off with me walking in on my parents having sex. No, I didn't walk into their room or something weird. I traveled an hour and a half to get to the driveway, presents in hand, faked the key in the door and there's my ass naked plowing my mom and get this, get this, my little

Mom and dad immediately get up upstairs ass naked like they thought of my sight fast enough it'll be fine for them. Little sister retains her composure and goes, „Great. You ruined the show

I'm pretty much raised that kid. I graduated uni with a BA in psychology, so she tells me she started a podcast with mom and dad. She's been secretly faking a cocktail of psychiatric meds to make herself more docile and since these people are so tired and never leave the house



them she's some sort of god. So she films them having sex in various positions in various parts of the house and people apparently pay money to watch my mother and father having sex. Gold members can even write their own script and my sister will direct it. Using the man and woman who raised me as her own pornographic puppets. As public entertainment.

So, all right. That's some weird shit. Our family's always been kind of fucked up, this is serious- but my life is too fucked up for me to do a big deal out of this so I just pretend nothing happened and when my dad comes back home wearing clothes, we start drinking

my older sister and her husband come over. They're drunk as shit already. Starts drinking with my dad and the ladies stay in the kitchen where they cook food. I'm getting pretty drunk at this point because the whole seeing my parents having sex and finding out what my sister's doing with them has me a bit stressed out.

I'll sit down at the table. We say grace. After grace, my brother-in-law vomits all over the table. My older sister starts crying. She's drunk as hell, too, and just starts telling everyone in the family that she found out her

husband can't give her children because he his testicles don't work properly.

As soon as she says this I just look at him to see what his reaction is and he goes, „Oh shut the fuck up, Bernd, you don't even have a girlfriend.” He then projectile vomits again but this time across the table and onto my stoic face.

My younger sister tells me to stop causing problems. My mom and dad agree with her.

I am told I need to take off my shirt and use it to wipe up all the vomit off the table so the family can eat. I do this. I notice my younger sister secretly filming.

My dad at this point is also quite drunk and suddenly stands up on his chair, pulls down his pants, and blows diarrhea out of his asshole onto the table.

Everyone in the family cackles.

My brother-inlaw goes, „Clean it up Bernd Don't cause problems!”

Little sister goes, „With your pants.” I notice she's filming again. I do as I'm told.

I sit back down in my chair wearing my underwear, shit, and vomit. Suddenly my mom goes, „Oh this

dinner is just so awkward with Bernd acting like this. Let's go out to eat instead.”

Everyone agrees. I'm told I'm not invited. I'm told I'd better eat all the food before they get back so it doesn't go to waste or I've ruined Christmas again.

My family gets in their car and drives away. I'm left at the dinner table half naked, covered in the feces and vomit of people who are not me, forcing myself to eat an entire baked ham, something like 24 bread rolls, and I don't even remember what else was there. I finally finished it.

My family still hasn't come home. I'm posting this on my laptop in my underwear covered in feces and vomit listening to the Frank Sinatra Christmas album. A couple minutes ago I heard eggs being thrown against the windows of my house and someone yelled, „Fuck you, Bernd!” from their car. I'm pretty sure it was my family.

So, that was my Christmas. I hope yours was wonderful. Good night, friends.



GET WELL SOON

I hate waiting rooms. I hate having to sit here and stare off into space and pretend I'm at ease around all these sick people. I try to just lurk kc on my phone, like everyone else, but I can feel their eyes on me. The receptionist, especially. I tried to smile at her when I gave her my name, but I must have done something wrong because she keeps glancing at me nervously. Eventually, she looks at her clipboard says „Bernd...Lauert? The doctor will see you now." I think we're both relieved.

I am ushered into an exam room, where I have to wait some more, but at least in here I am alone. Left alone with my thoughts, I start to feel nervous about this visit. Then the doctor enters. He seems fairly young for a doctor, with a tanned complexion and dark hair. "How are you feeling today, Bernd? I'm Dr. Goldstein."

"I'm fine, Doctor. I really don't need to be here." Just let me go back home and get the hell out of here.

The doctor frowns. "Well, that's not what your therapist thinks. And looking at your chart," he pauses and glances at his clipboard for a moment. "I'm inclined to agree."

I scowl at this. “She’s overreacting. I don’t see what the big deal is.”

“Well, Bernd, that’s why you need help. Aside from all these public intoxication citations—

“Having a single beer on the bench behind the shop hardly constitutes intoxication.”

“Then there is the bus incident,” he said darkly. “We take these things very seriously nowadays.”

“B-But I only sat down next to her,” I protest. My voice has a wheedling note to it. I feel my face flush and cast my eyes downward. Why can’t I just go home?

“She said you looked at her in a way that made her feel very uncomfortable. Normal people don’t commit assault like that.”

I want to dispute this, and the absurdly liberal interpretation of ‘assault’, but I know I lost that argument with my state appointed therapist, and here we are.

“Don’t worry, Bernd. There’s nothing wrong with you that we can’t treat these days. But first, we need to run some tests to confirm my diagnosis.”

And so I was stripped, laid on a table, poked, prodded, moved from room to room, and subjected to

worrying amounts of radiation. When it was all over, they brought me back to the exam room and Dr. Goldstein returned. “Well, now I know what we’re dealing with. Let me show you.” He motioned to a computer monitor and brought up an image of my skull. It looked pretty normal to me, with various folds of gray matter.

He pointed at a nondescript, blurry region and said, “you see? Right here.” I didn’t see. But I nodded sagely anyway and tried to look deeply concerned. “I’ve seen this before, but your case seems exceptionally severe. This little region here is creating intrusive thoughts for you. You must have this constant internal monologue that’s disrupting normal social behavior. I’ve seen many such cases.”

I frowned. “Well of course. I think. Doesn’t everybody?”

“Not like you do, Mr. Lauert. This constant stream of incessant, well, thought, as you call it, is seriously limiting your ability to act naturally. For example, if I asked you about President Trump’s latest tweets, or the Brexit debates, or the protests in France?”

“Well, certainly, you can’t convey policy in 140 characters, so tweets are just there to play to his

base, while the ensuing media controversy will distract attention from any actual issues that might”

“I’m going to stop you right there, Bernd. That’s a lot of words. A normal person would have immediately known the answer was ‘orange man bad.’” He paused and frowned at me. “All those thoughts you keep having are causing your problems. How can you relate to other people or hold a conversation when you throw out a wall of words like that?”

I found this rather reductive, and awfully convenient for him. All I need to solve all my problems is just some simple medical procedure that I’m sure Dr. Goldstein here would be only too happy to perform.

“But don’t worry, Bernd. We’ve developed a new, non-invasive treatment. All we need to do is install this small implant at the base of your skull.” He took a small device out of his lab coat pocket and showed it to me. “See, this little device will take care off all those intrusive thoughts. Whenever it detects them, it will distract you with a small, electrical impulse.”

“You mean, it shocks me when I think too much?”

He chuckled a little. “Oh heavens no, nothing so crude! It will just send a signal to the auditory center of your brain to derail that invasive stream of narrative. I promise you, it’s all painless. It can also send signals to your facial muscles to help you react correctly to stimuli without the need for all that internal monologue getting in the way.”

“I’m not really comfortable with this. Is there nothing else you can do for me?”

“Well, in less severe cases, we’ve had success by exposure to proper media. Watching more television, listening to popular music, reading Harry Potter books and so on.” He paused and looked at my brain scan again. “But in your case, I’m afraid that’s not sufficient.”

“I’m not sure I’m comfortable with this. You mean this thing can force me to act certain ways?”

“No more than these constant, intrusive thoughts do. That monkey mind isn’t the real you, Bernd. This treatment will help you just be yourself.”

“What if I refuse?” Just let me go home.

“Well, if you refuse this state mandated medical treatment, you will no longer be eligible for basic income. You’d have to find a job, but that might be difficult with your record.” He put a hand on

my shoulder and added, “Bernd, I’m here to help you. We want you to be happy.”

I stare at his hand on my shoulder with disgust and try to shrink away. Having an artificial parasite jammed into my head sounds utterly horrifying. And this shyster clearly wants to make a sale for a few shekels of insurance money. But what choice do I have? Maybe I can just pull the thing out later.

“Ok, Doctor. Let’s do whatever is necessary.”

The procedure was over quickly. A nurse came in to daub the spot on the back of my neck with alcohol, I felt a sharp sensation like a needle, and then it was over. I didn’t feel any different. The doctor was looking at me expectantly, but for what? Should I be smiling or something? What was the point of this whole—

What the fuck was that? It was like some buzzer going off in my head—

That’s fucking irritating. Can the doctor hear that? Or is it just me? Why is—

I can feel my face tingling, as my mouth twists into an uncomfortable smile. The doctor smiles and says, “Good, I can see it’s working al—

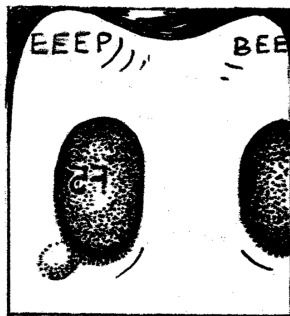
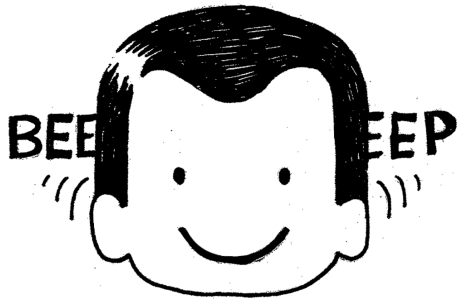
ready. Talk to the receptionist on your way out to schedule a follow-up visit. But I’m sure you’ll be feeling much better.”

Is this how other people function? I can barely keep my train of thought or focus on anything—

I walk out and stop at the front desk. The receptionist regards me with a wary look. I ask her to schedule my follow-up visit. I just blurt out the words before that damn buzzer can go off again, and I feel my face contorted into that fake smile. Instead of reacting with the barely contained disgust I was expecting, she smiles back and says, “Great, I guess we’ll see you then!” Strange. What was so different now that she would seem almost happy at the prospect of seeing me? I can’t even remember what I said. Was it my body language? Tone of voice? Or something more subtle—

Fuck. Fucking fuck this. I nod and hurry out of the office. I just want to get home and retreat to the safety of my computer. I briefly wonder if this will impede my ability to have serious disc—

At least I can still make low effort posts without being interrupted. I hope.



TERRA LLIURE

Anarchists, GAL, ETA, even Carlism... Spain has a long and interesting history of terrorism, with a lot of oddities and anecdotes worth explaining. Making use of my privileged position, I will talk about Terra Lliure (Free Land), one of the most famous and important terrorist organizations of Catalunya in recent history.

After Franco's death, Spain entered a tumultuous period of change from a dictatorship to a democratic state. This is known as the Spanish Transition and marks a before and an after for the Spanish society. A lot of the stuff that nowadays is controversial (the territorial organization, the protected status of the politicians,...) was done then. Lots of hope for a lot of people, specially the Catalan people who saw how their institutions

were reinstated, their politicians returned from exile and, most importantly, their land recognized as a land of its own with the approval of the Catalanian statute of autonomy, which constituted the territory as an autonomous community like Madrid, Andalucia or the Basque Country.

At the end of the day they still were part of Spain and under the rule of the Bourbon monarchy though. Some nationalistic sectors didn't like this; some wanted more rights and radicalized, some wanted the existence of a republic for the Catalanian peoples. This is the same narrative a lot of far left activists had in the past. In fact, there had been other violent groups in Catalunya. But none as important as Terra Lliure.

In 1974, the PSAN (Partit Socialista d'Alliberament Nacional, Socialist Party of National Liberation) has a split, creating PSAN-Provisional (later known as IPC). Inspired by the actions of ETA and some murders done by EPOCA (another Catalan terrorist organization which had been active in prior years), some of PSAN-P participants created the 1978 an armed arm for the nationalist fight which would be known as Terra Lliure.

They contacted ETA to get weapons and training in exchange for the execution of terrorist acts in the name of ETA in Catalunya against French

targets. The conditions were accepted and the Catalonians were trained in the French Basque Country in the usage of weapons and the fabrication of explosives. One of the individuals that went there later said: "The first thing they said to us was that the life of the commando is, at best, of three months. Everything past that means death, jail or exile."

They had the explosives, the people and the weapons but not the money. The only way they could get it was by heisting. But being so new to the criminal world meant that a lot of the things that could go wrong went wrong... Shortly after their trip to ETA, in the beginning of 1979, they tried to get money from an armored truck. What they didn't expect was the presence of a police unit

that was protecting a lawyer for an unrelated case. Waiting for the police to leave, they started to drive around the place. A policeman, annoyed by



their suspicious behaviour, tried to stop them. They then tried to flee but the police shot them and killed one.

Four months after the incident, remembering that they should attack french targets, they tried to do their first terrorist act: bombing a Renault dealer (lol). The first time the explosives didn't go off. Good start. The second time they worked, to their demise. You see, someone had fucked up. Maybe ETA didn't give a shit or maybe Terra Lliure was IQ 89. The thing is, the bomb exploded in front of them, killing one and severely injuring another. The organization was so young and two persons were already dead.

Enter the year 1980. The remnants of EPOCA decide to join Terra Lliure. Good news for them since the EPOCA operatives had prior experience with explosives. In fact, they were known for killing three persons using a special kind of bomb that they would stick to people and would explode if removed. They also started to attack electrical companies. This made people believe that



they were in fact an ecologist organization. "At one time we were the armed group with the most weapons and logistics in Spain. Even more than ETA." said Xavier Barberà, ex-EPOCA.

Next year was the big year. They made themselves known giving pamphlets in a multitudinarian Barça's play. It talked about what they saw the spanish state was doing to Catalonia and what were their solutions.

They also made their first big step. Federico Jimenez Losantos is a well known figure in the journalistic sphere but at the time was just a professor and a writer for El Periódico, a very well known spanish newspaper. This dude was against the linguistic plan for Catalonia that made catalonian an official language equal to spanish. He believed this was discriminatory for all the people who didn't know the local language, specially the immigrants from other parts of Spain. That's why he won two seats in the Parlament. He also made the Manifest of the 2.300 (because it was signed by 2300 illustrated persons) where he talked about how bad those linguistic politics were. This marked him as a prime objective. One day, Terra Lliure kidnapped him, shot him in the leg and threatened him. They wanted for Losantos to leave Catalunya or next time they would kill him.

To this day you can still see him walking in a funny way. He also went from a turbocommunist to a guy who is in favor of parties like Ciudadanos or Vox, both right parties. Such cases.

The 1982, after a police operation detains a part of the group, a split was done. One part of the members wanted to talk with the nationalist politicians to seek help and the other wanted to keep fighting like nothing had happened. The first group ended up being kicked out of the formation. The rest started to attack public buildings: INEM, RTVE, FECSA, police departments,... Not only in Catalonia but also in Valencia. Xenophobic remarks also started to appear instating the spanish immigrants to get out of Catalonia.

1983 happens without important happenings. Just 7 more acts. The 1984, in the context of the II Terra Lliure Assembly, they found their own zine called "L'Alerta"(the Alert). They also established MDT (Moviment de Defensa de la Terra, Land Defense Movement) as their politic arm. Oh, and another terrorist dead in Valencia by his own explosives.

The next year the police detains an important part of the group that was hidden in France. This left the group in shambles logistically speaking since the detained were the heads of the organ-

ization. MDT grew a lot, becoming the most important separatist organization of the time in Catalonia. MDT was in its strongest when Terra Lliure was at its weakest. Quite ironic. Honoring the tradition, another terrorist died by his bomb that year.

1986. The OTAN question. MDT thought it was a spanish thing so they didn't really care. This prompted critics from other independentist associations. The MDT started broke into two different parties as result of the pressure and the fatigue. As you see, this is a common trait in catalonian nationalism of the time. Even today, but for other reasons. As I understand it, at that time all nationalism was radical and the breaks were done because differences in the type of fight people wanted to do. Nowadays, the thing is different. You have people that is moderate and radical. Anti-capitalists and liberals so, apart of the radicality of the matter, you also have the base ideological differences that don't allow the full comprehension between the members of the movement. Something strange also happened: the MDT was being attacked with bombs by another terrorist organization called Milicia Catalana, a far right organization. Most of the right has never liked anything related with catalanism but this group, while being against independence,

promoted ideas like the respect for Catalunya and their symbols, pancatalanism (union of all the places where people speak in catalan) and the usual catholicism.

The 1987 was the year all started to fall. ETA attacked an Hipercor full of civilians, killing 21 of them. This shocked society. "Our critics of ETA that preceded this attack were justified and because of that the only autocritic we will accept from them is that they never put a foot in Catalunya again." said the manifesto some EPOCA and Terra Lliure wrote from the jail. If this wasn't enough another person died in Catalunya due to terrorism. Terra Lliure's terrorism this time. A bomb in Barcelona's courts killed a granny that lived next to them. The first and only person killed by Terra Lliure and just by mistake.

The next years were disastrous. Lots of detentions and not a lot of attacks. The successful attacks were not that important. Terra Lliure was in a deep crisis and was trying to get new blood to keep going. The situation was so bad that in 1991 a 100-ish people deserted and joined ERC, a party that later would become the de facto option for the moderate left in Catalonia. They announced the dissolution of Terra Lliure and started negotiations with the politic scene to be reinserted in

society without being detained. This confused lots of people (I know they have confused me) because they announced the dissolution of their part of Terra Lliure. The rest was pretty much alive.

The 1992 was the year Barcelona hosted the Olympics. Terra Lliure was against them, saying that they were Olympics for Spain, not for Catalunya. They also knew that all the world was going to look. An opportunity like this was golden. But the institutions also knew this so they tried to destroy or incapacitate the organization before it could do something important.

We go back a couple of years. It is said that, knowing how the situation in Catalonia was, Felipe González (president of the spanish government), Jordi Pujol (president of the catalonian government), Pasqual Maragall (major of Barcelona), Narcís Serra (secretary of Defense) y José Luis Corcuera (secretary of Interior) went to Baden-Baden to discuss possible solutions. They arrived to the conclusion that the best course of action was to infiltrate an agent in the organization to destroy it from inside. If they already did it with ETA, an organization known for its brutality, secrecy and general level of danger, using Mikel Lejarza "The Wolf" it wouldn't be difficult to do that

with Terra Lliure. So “The Wolf” now had a mission: to find someone that could enter Terra Lliure and destroy it. He ended up in a racing circuit near Manresa where he found Josep Maria “Txema” Aloy. Tall, strong, he had studied in the United States, he even knew how to pilot helicopters... Lejarza convinced him to help him in exchange of 5 million pesetas and total immunity. After some training, he was ready.

Once all of this was done, he then went to Manresa to infiltrate Terra Lliure. He only needed to ask for them to let him in. Imagine the shortage of people. This didn't meant some of the people weren't suspicious of him... “Something wasn't right.

The only picture of Aloy



His age, his knowledge, his insistence in knowing people,...” said David Martínez, one of the terrorists. He also pointed out that Aloy listened to Julio Iglesias, father of the now superstar Enrique Iglesias. Such music created a strange dissonance with the nationalistic intentions of the group. It was so much that Martínez stopped meeting him, thus paralyzing the infiltration. But Aloy didn't surrender. “I never told him my real name. But that time he found me and called me by my name. He even knew where I was working”. To win the trust of his peers, he started to suggest attacks and even ended up participating in some. All of the bombs never exploded but nobody cared because that was already something habitual in the organization.

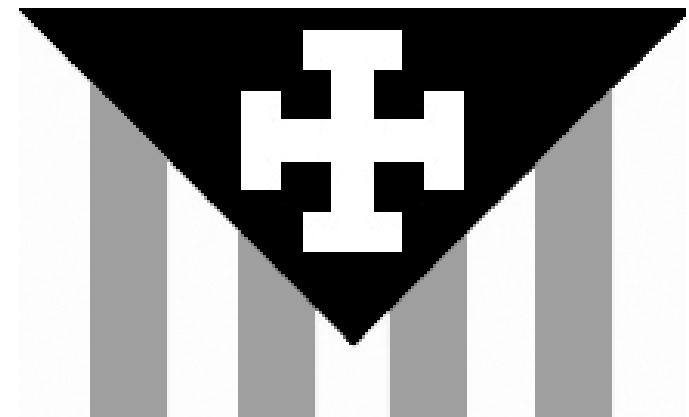
We return to 1992. David Martínez is going to meet Aloy when the police detains him. 8 persons ended up detained that night. In the posterior interrogations and judgments nobody ever asked him about Aloy. Aloy wasn't detained either. There is also the “Garzón” Operation going on, named like that because it was ordered and directed by Baltasar Garzón. Baltasar Garzón has ended up being a well known figure in the international judicial world because he has been the director of the defense of Julian Assange and the guy that ordered the arrest of Augusto Pinochet

for crimes against the humanity, among other important things. 15 days of detentions the result of which is 60 independentists accused of forming part of Terra Lliure. The biggest police operation ever done in Spain at the time. It not only affected people of Terra Lliure but of all the secessionist sphere. This prompted a lot of tension, to the point that a lot of people that wasn't nationalist protested in favor of the detained. The situation got even worse when a lot of the detained started complaining about tortures to the point of talking with the Haya's European courts which ended up siding with the terrorists 12 years later.

Three years after the detentions, only 25 of the 60 still were accused of being terrorists. The April of that year they were judged. The tribunal deemed 18 of the 25 culpable and sentenced them to the sum of 119 years in prison. In a paradoxical move, the same judges asked the government for the total amnesty of the accused, which was granted. "It was a method, a medium for the world of the law, of the justice to have a response" said Garzón. Terra Lliure announced their dissolution the 11th of September alleging lack of personnel and armed propaganda.

The Olympiads went without any incident. Aloy abandoned the country. The last time he official-

ly was seen was working as a security boss for CIRSA , a gambling company, in Brasil the 2002 but some people say he still goes to Manresa from time to time without any incident. Lejarza is still hidden, even after ETA's dissolution. Some of the terrorists now live far from all the politics. Other are still active and form part of nationalist parties (specially ERC) But the situation is still the same here. With all that info I find totally understandable the position of some parties in favor the peaceful resistance or the terrorism of low intensity like the CDR (Comités de Defensa de la Republica, Republic Defense Committees) who cut some important highway, at best. Now I also understand the obsession of some with an Europe that has totally failed to give a good response to this problem. The worst thing that I understand now is that, if the situation keeps going on, we will have another Terra Lliure. In a world as globalized as ours were it can be easy to access determined knowledge and organizations like Antifa or jihadists are strong this time might not be as silly as the first time was.



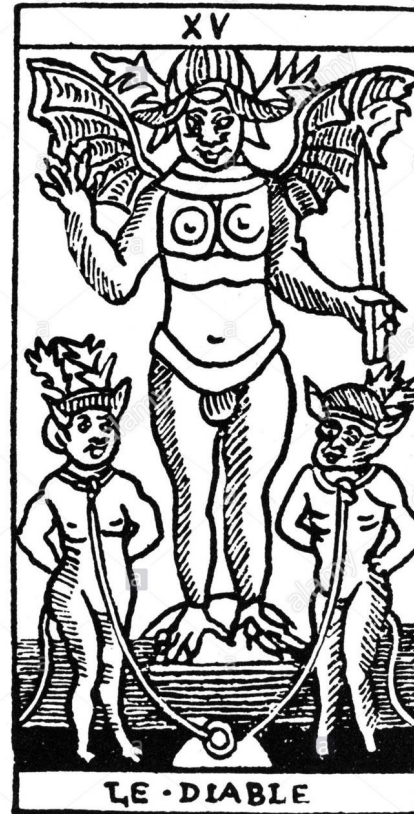
DIVINE EROS

Tales of hot, steamy sexual intercourse between humans and ethereal beings of another dimension have been around since eons. This section will feature a little assortment of curious oddities throughout human history that feature any kind of lewd, carnal interaction between humans and otherworldly beings. There will be resurrected and rape-y ghosts, holy sexual rites, witches, pious nuns and horny celtic beings. Enjoy.

Inanna

In the ancient Mesopotamia a particular goddess quickly rose in popularity after the Sargon of Akkad himself proclaimed the sumerian goddess as the source of his authority. Her sumerian name was Inanna, later also known as Ishtar. She was associated with many things, among them love, beauty, sex, desire and fertility. Her cult was heavily involved with strikingly androgynous men, who would have „divinity in their bodies” and wear two-sided dresses for ceremonies: the right side they cover with men’s clothes, the left side with women’s clothes.

Inanna herself is sometimes depicted with - in a modern context - quite sexual imagery: A na-



ked female, only occasionally wearing ritual clothing that barely cover anything. There are even a few clay cake molds that show her as a naked woman who clutches her breasts.

In the case of Inanna and her cult, the spectrophilic act was probably performed in representative manner. According to some sources, during the sumerian new year festival „Ak-itu” the king would establish his legitimacy by taking the role of the shepherd Dumuzid, Inanna’s consort, and participate in a „sacred marriage” ritual with the high priestess of the Innana cult, who would in turn be the body vessel for the goddess Inanna.

This sacred marriage, also called „Hieros gamos”, is a sexual and symbolic ritual that is supposed to play out the marriage between a god and a goddess. The historical correctness of this ritual sexual intercourse is not onehundert percent confirmed, nonetheless the heavily sexual themes this sumerian cult implied interesting in itself.

Witches and the Devil

The witch-hunt and witch-trials in Europe reached their heights around 1550-1650. Prior to that a certain pamphlet played an important role in the popularization of witch-trials: „Malleus maleficarum”, in german called „Hexenhammer”, was written by the german churchman and failed inquisitor Heinrich Kramer and was published in 1486. The catholic church never officially supported it, but nonetheless it had significant influence into the legal practices of the times.

In the „Hexenhammer” Kramer layed out in a detailed description of legal and theological theory what constitutes as witchcraft. In his theory he comes to the conclusion, that women are more likely to fall for black magic and form a pact with the devil. He describes these women as „enemies of friendship, an unavoidable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable catastrophe, a domestic danger, a gratifying danger, an evil of nature”. He generally sees women as sexually insatiable, which is the reason why they are so quick to form a very intimate sexual bond with the devil. Such a bond was called „Teufelsbuhlschaft” in Germany and was one of the main accusations that were brought against suspected witches.

Thanks to the additional suggestions of legal practices laid out by Kramer, people were often forced to admit to such accusations under the threat of torture. What followed were often detailed descriptions of the act with the devil.

The nine years old Christine Teipel, who admitted to being a witch, described his sexual „organ” as cold and lifeless, similar to wood or ice. This is a common description among accused witches and was probably in many cases a narrative pushed by the judges. The accused witch Veronika Rauch said his penis was like an intestine of a goose and felt like cold water.

The judges also often ignored cases in which the witches were forced under threat of violence, as was the case with the accused Margaretha Keyditsch who said that the devil forced her against her will to copulate and threatened to beat her.



The dead husband

Sex with ghosts is not too uncommon and there are quite a few people out there too ready to tell about their experiences with this ghostly kind of sex. But from all these „real” experiences we only get anecdotes and no empiric evidence. Nonetheless, there are cases that justify a quick peek as to what happened, if only for humorous reasons.

For example in 1926 the China Press reported on a strange marital triangle case titled „Wife makes love to ghost; husband sues”, in which a judge officially sanctioned a wife’s right to have an affair with a ghost. According to the husband the wife would go to seances and have intimate contact with the ghost of her former deceased husband. Ultimately Judge Breidenbach argued in favour of the woman. The case reads as follows:

„Joseph Czachorowski of Milwaukee testified that his wife, Mary, a devotee of spiritualism, neglects her home to attend seances where she hugs and kisses the materialized spirit of her first husband, Michael Rydlewiez, who died in 1911.

The wife admitted that she is a believer in spiritualism, and told a weird story of seances where she believes she has seen and talked with her husband.

The judge in granting her a divorce on her counterclaim of cruelty upheld the right of a married woman to make love to the spirit of a deceased husband. Such conduct, he indicated, cannot be classed as infidelity. He asserted that no husband has a right to mistreat his wife because he is jealous of a ghost.”

Another interesting case is the „Doris Bither Case”. In 1974 Doris Bither contacted Dr. Barry Taff and his associate, Kerry Gaynor, to help investigate a paranormal activity in her home. She claimed to have been repeatedly raped by 3 ghosts; two would hold her down while the third one would have his way with her. During the Taff-Gaynor investigation of the Doris Bither home, a camera recorded visual anomalies where an orb of light appeared in such a way that no known source within the room could have caused the curvature of light as seen in the photograph. Light, even if it had come from a source within the room, could not bend the way it appears in the photograph. But many are still skeptical, since Doris Bither’s history of addiction, abuse, and the difficult relationship she had with her sons could have led to a sort of mental break. Additionally the Bither home was said to have been in shambles, with dirty dishes piled in the sink and squalid living conditions; the house was twice condemned by

the city, according to Dr. Taff. Who knows what really happened, but the photos are interesting to look at.

The Celtic Dusios

Early christian writers have references to the „Dusios”, plural „Dusii”, a divine being among continental Celts. In their writings they compare the Dusios with other divine beings like the gods Pan or Faunus. These early christian writers do not deny the existence of the Dusii, instead they see the antique religions as a real competent believe systems that can indeed pose a threat to humans. The early christian Theologian Saint Augustine mentions the Dusii in his writings:

„One often hears talk, the reliability of which must not be doubted, since it is confirmed by a number of people who know from their own or others' experience, that Silvani and Pans, commonly called incubi, have often appeared to women as wicked men, trying to sleep with them and succeeding. These same demons, whom the Gauls name Dusii, are relentlessly committed to this defilement, attempting and achieving so many things of such a kind that to deny it would seem brazen. Based on this, I dare not risk a definitive statement as to whether there might be some spirits, aerial



in substance (for this substance, when it is set in motion by a fan, is perceived as sensation within the body and as

touch), who take bodily form and even experience this sexual desire, so that, by any means they can, they mingle with women sensually.”

It also appears, that Dusii can threaten marriages by taking control of human and „filling him them with love”, as noted by Hincmar in his 9th-century treatise *De divortio Lotharii* („On Lothar's divorce”): „Certain women have even been found to have submitted to sleeping with Dusii in the form of men who were burning with love.”

Ecstasy of Saint Theresa

If you have ever seen Bernini's marble installation of Saint Theresa's ecstasy, then you'll be familiar with the rather strong sexual visuals this whole sculpture has. Now you might think that Bernini was just a perverted artist who liked to play a trick on the church or the christian religion itself, but the truth is that Bernini modeled the sculpture extremely close to the description of Saint Theresa herself. In her autobiography she describes numerous encounters with angels and even Jesus himself. The encounter in question regarding Bernini's sculpture is described by her as follows:

„I saw in his hand a long spear of gold, and at the iron's point there seemed to be a little fire. He appeared to me to be thrusting it at times into my heart, and to pierce my very entrails; when he drew it out, he seemed to draw them out also, and to leave me all on fire with a great love of God. The pain was so great, that it made me moan; and yet so surpassing was the sweetness of this excessive pain, that I could not wish to be rid of it. The soul is satisfied now with nothing less than God. The pain is not bodily, but spiritual; though the body has its share in it. It is a caressing of love so sweet which now takes place between the soul and God, that



I pray God of His goodness to make him experience it who may think that I am lying.”

It was this passage that provided Bernini the erotic imagery we can see in the final sculpture. Now it may seem a littler counter to our usual perception of prude nuns and monks and an overtly pious church to have the love for god be something that can also be erotic. „Agape”, the Greek word normally used for love or charity in the bible, is usually characterized as selfless, giving, and unconditional. By contrast, „Eros” or erotic desire, has often been seen in Christianity as possessive, grasping, and selfish. The antithesis between the two was formulated most sharply by Lutheran theologian Anders Nygren: Christian love good; erotic desire bad.

But in The Ecstasy of Saint Teresa, eros and agape come together: a scandalous conjunction that has deep roots in Christian theology; Bernini and Saint Theresa are not alone.

The explicit sexual imagery of the biblical Song of Songs, a poem full of breasts and thighs, was frequently allegorised in the medieval church to describe the yearning and panting of the soul for God. The Syrian theologian and monk known as Pseudo-Dionysius spoke quite openly of the erotic desire for God: „We must dare to say even this

on behalf of the truth that the cause of all things himself, by his beautiful and good love for all things, through an overflowing of loving goodness, becomes outside of himself (exo heautou ginetai) by his providential care for all beings and is as it were, charmed (thelgetai) by goodness, affection (agapēsis), and love (eros), and is led down (katagetai) from his place above all and transcendent of all to dwell in all things in accordance with his ecstatic superessential power which does not depart from itself”.

Even Saint Augustine, that most questionable theologian of human sexuality, thought true Christian love needed to be a synthesis of both agape and eros. He thought eros had a lacking, a tendency for teresetrial corruption that can lead to the self-love at the expense of christian demands for piety. Yet instead of abandoning it, he combines the eros with agape, the „highest” form of love that comes only from god. Eros is the earthly mirror for Agape. Agape is the requirement for the first commandment and Eros for the second.

