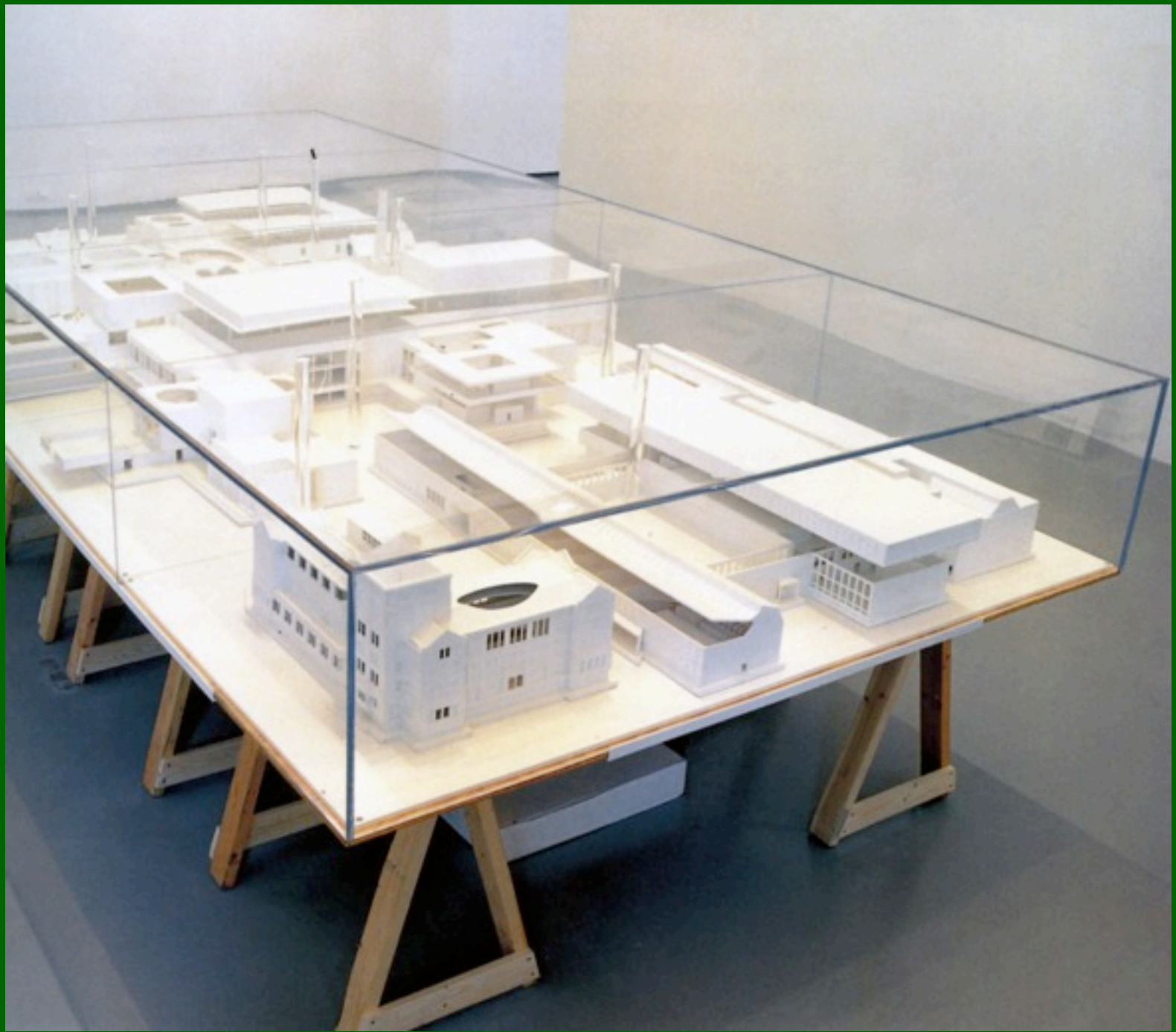
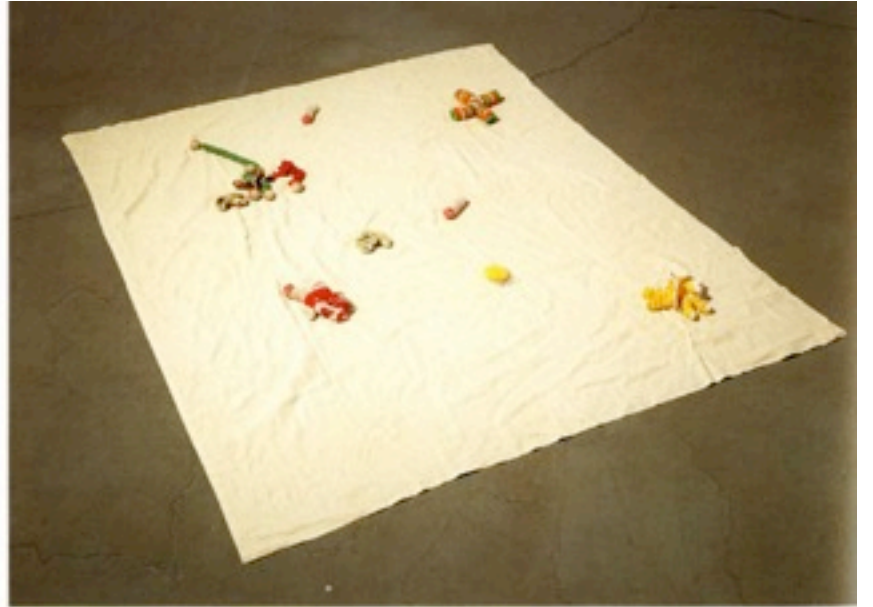
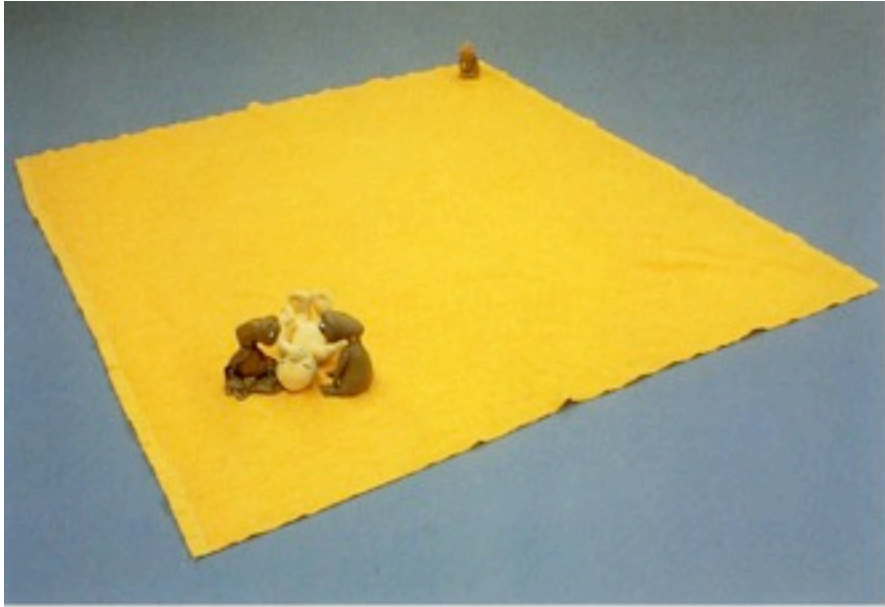
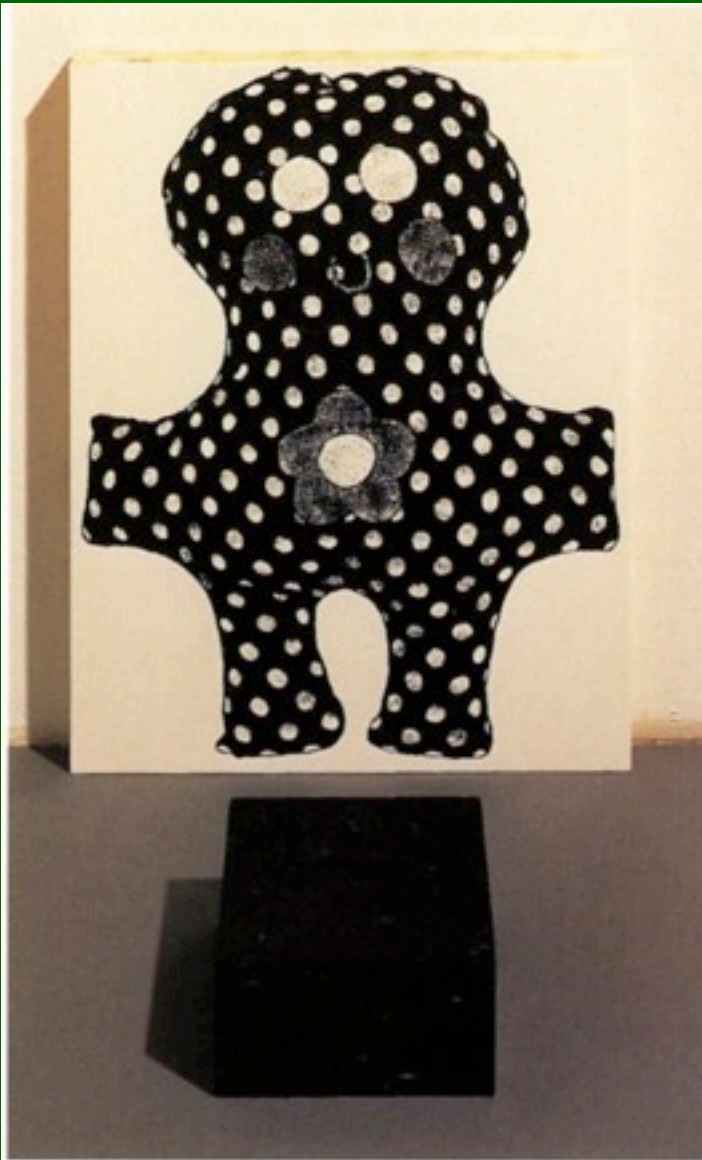


Mike Kelley's Educational Complex:

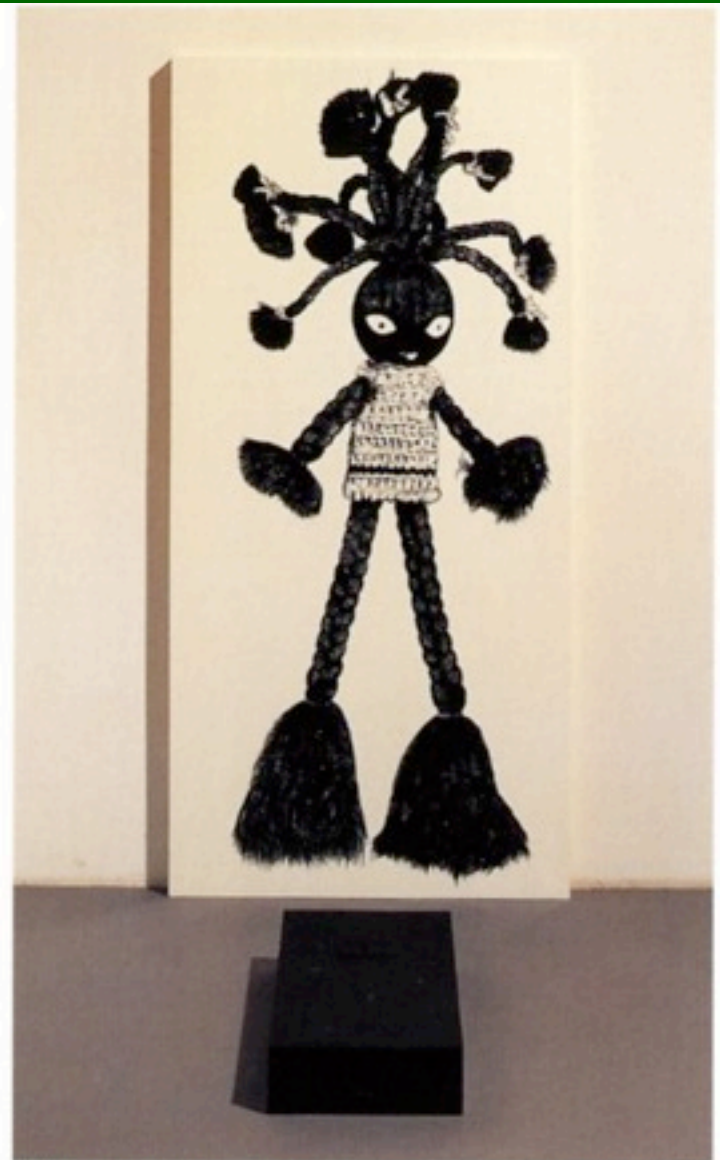








above, left. Empathy
Displacement: Humanoid
Morphology (2nd and 3rd
Remove) 7



thinks through the socialized afterlife of the transitional object. Founded in the administration of 'illusion', the childhood use and post-infantile



12W 10W 8W 6W 4W 2W 0

McMAULEY'S DAUGHTER

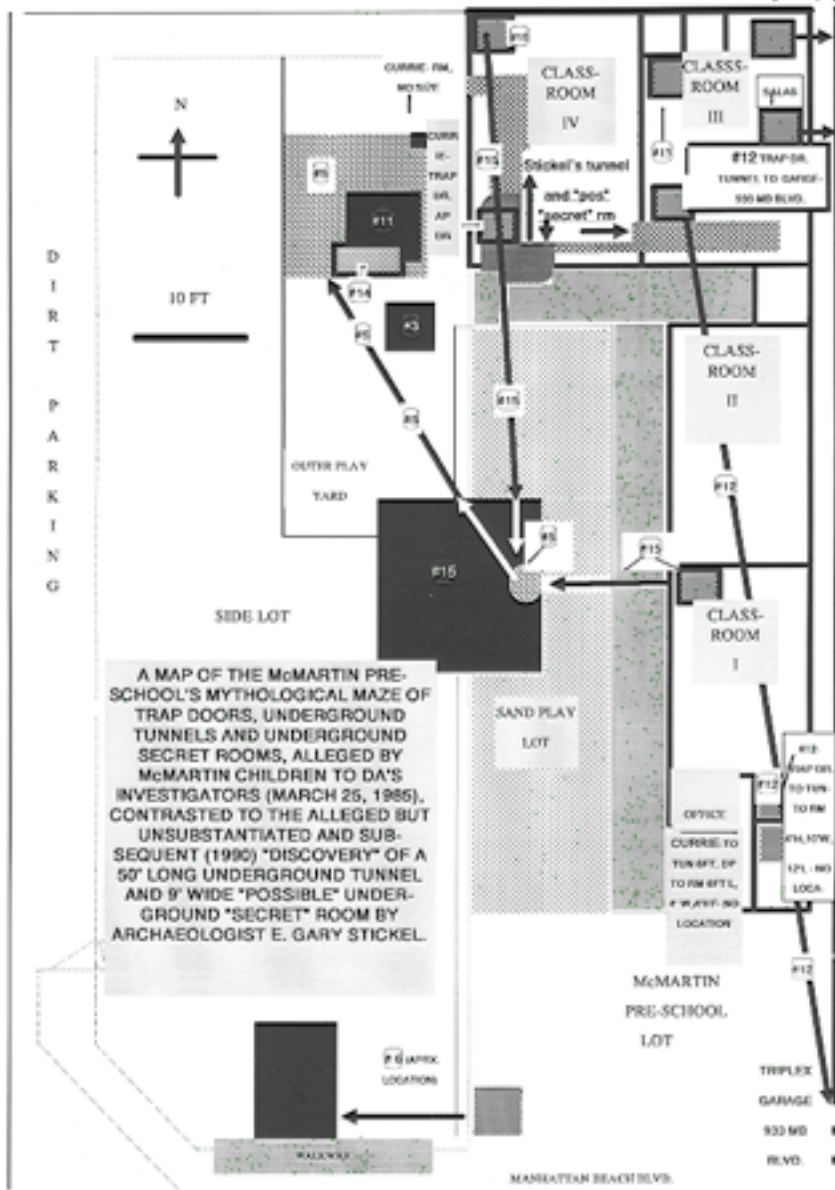
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10 FT

A MAP OF THE McMARTIN PRE-SCHOOL'S MYTHOLOGICAL MAZE OF TRAP DOORS, UNDERGROUND TUNNELS AND UNDERGROUND SECRET ROOMS, ALLEGED BY McMARTIN CHILDREN TO DA'S INVESTIGATORS (MARCH 25, 1985), CONTRASTED TO THE ALLEGED BUT UNSUBSTANTIATED AND SUBSEQUENT (1990) "DISCOVERY" OF A 50' LONG UNDERGROUND TUNNEL AND 9' WIDE "POSSIBLE" UNDERGROUND "SECRET" ROOM BY ARCHAEOLOGIST E. GARY STICKEL.

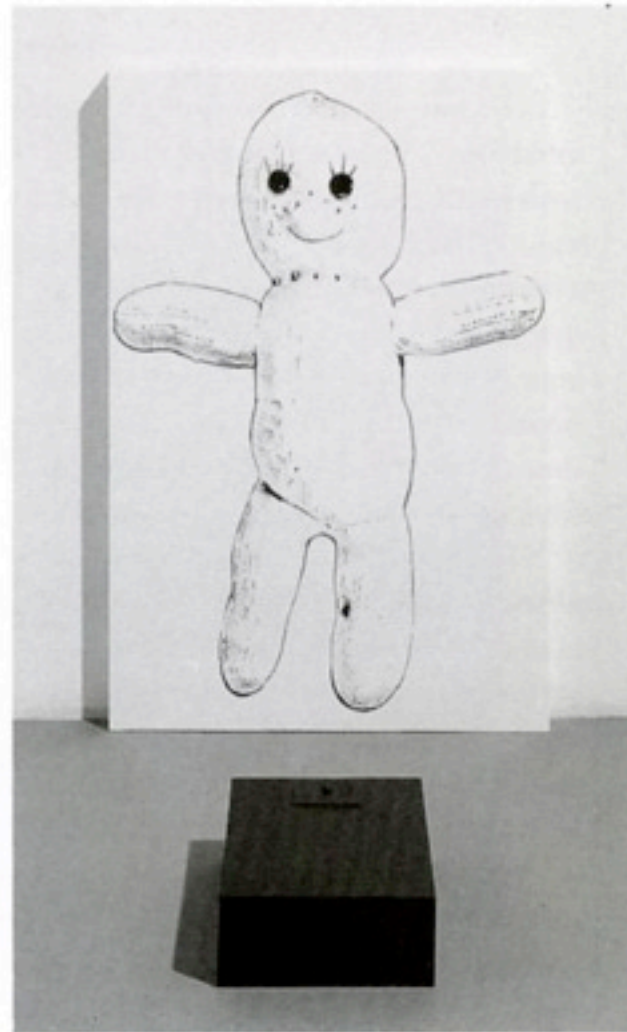






Empathy Displacement: Humanoid Morphology
(2nd and 3rd Remove) #15, 1991.

Synthetic polymer on panel,
found handmade doll in painted box;
panel, 65 x 31¼ inches (165.1 x 79.1 cm);
box, 4½ x 12 x 26 inches (11.4 x 30.5 x 66 cm).
Collection of Duke Comegys.

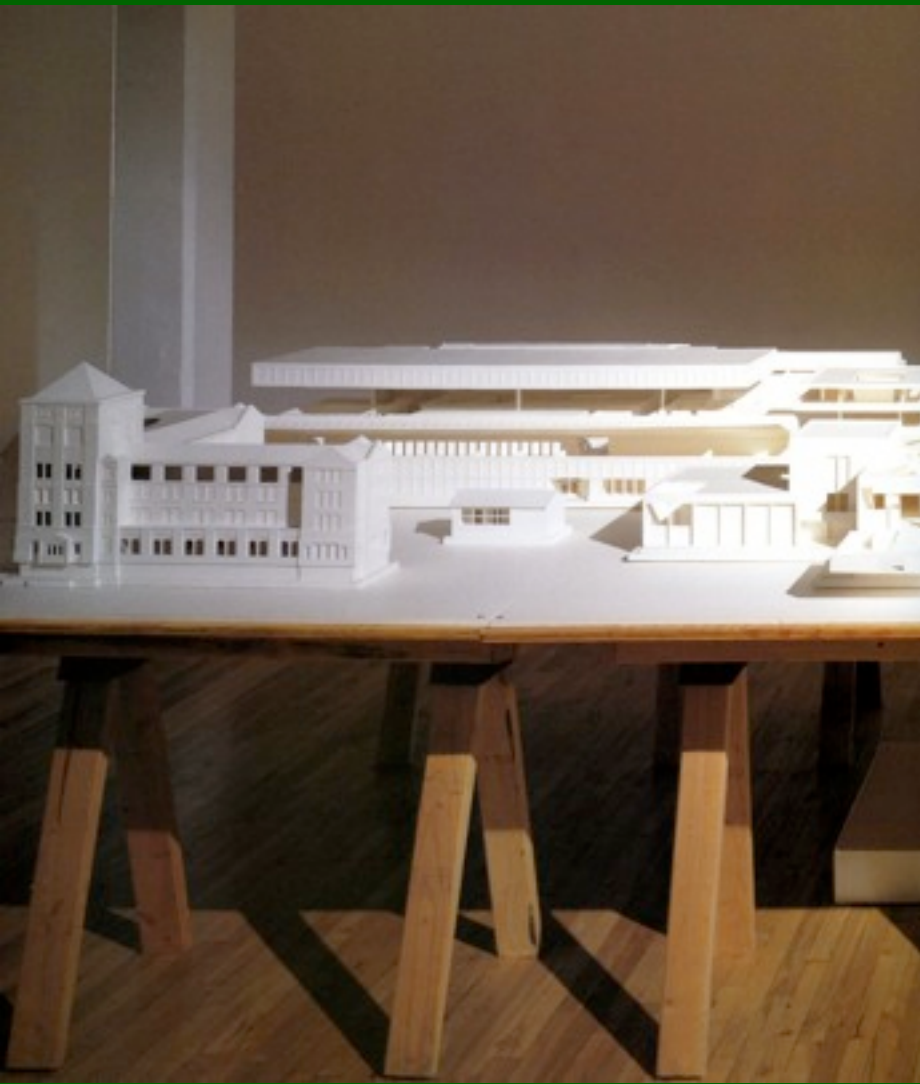


Empathy Displacement: Humanoid Morphology
(2nd and 3rd Remove) #5, 1991.

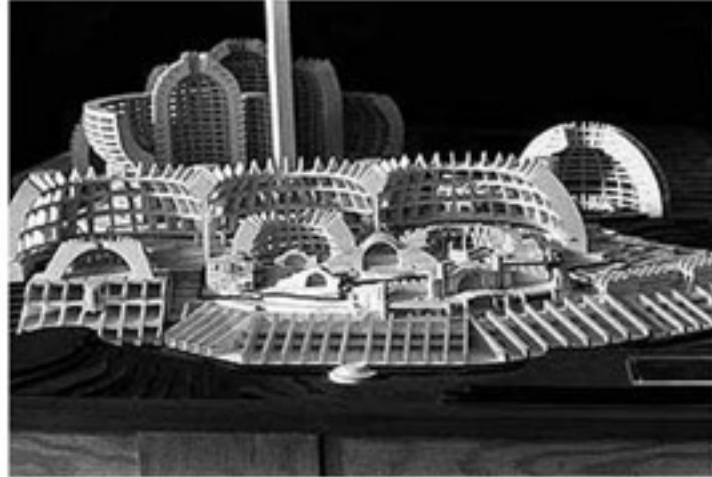
Synthetic polymer on panel,
found handmade doll in painted box;
panel, 36¼ x 24 inches (91.7 x 60.9 cm);
box, 4 x 9¼ x 13¼ inches (10.2 x 23.2 x 34.6 cm).
Collection of Linda and Jerome Janger.

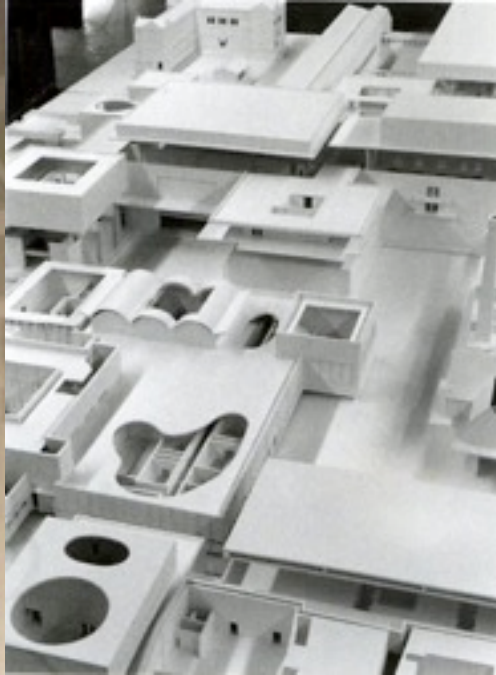


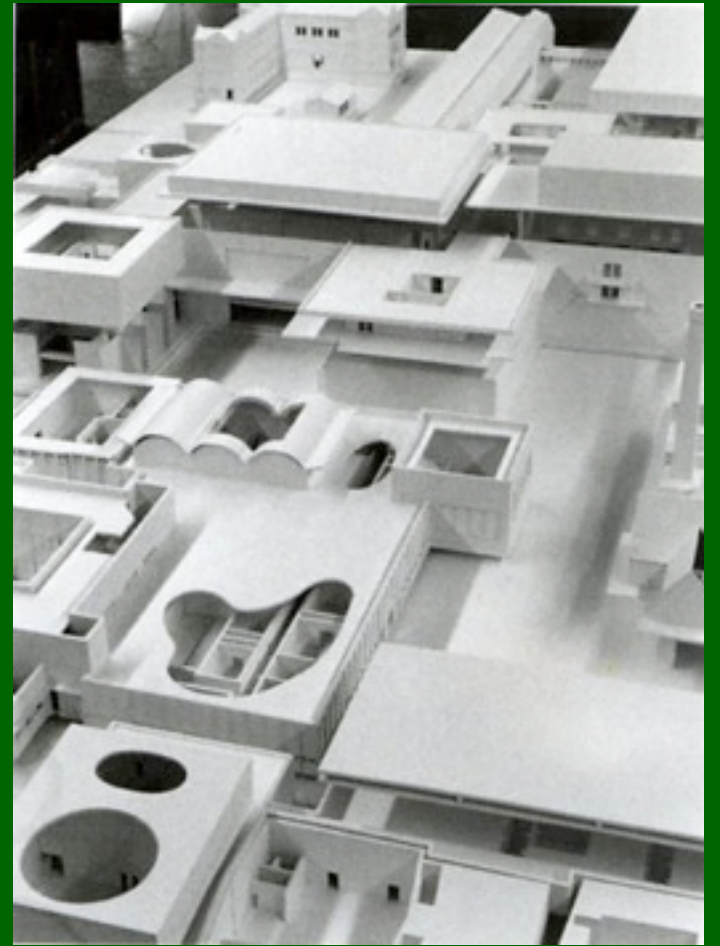
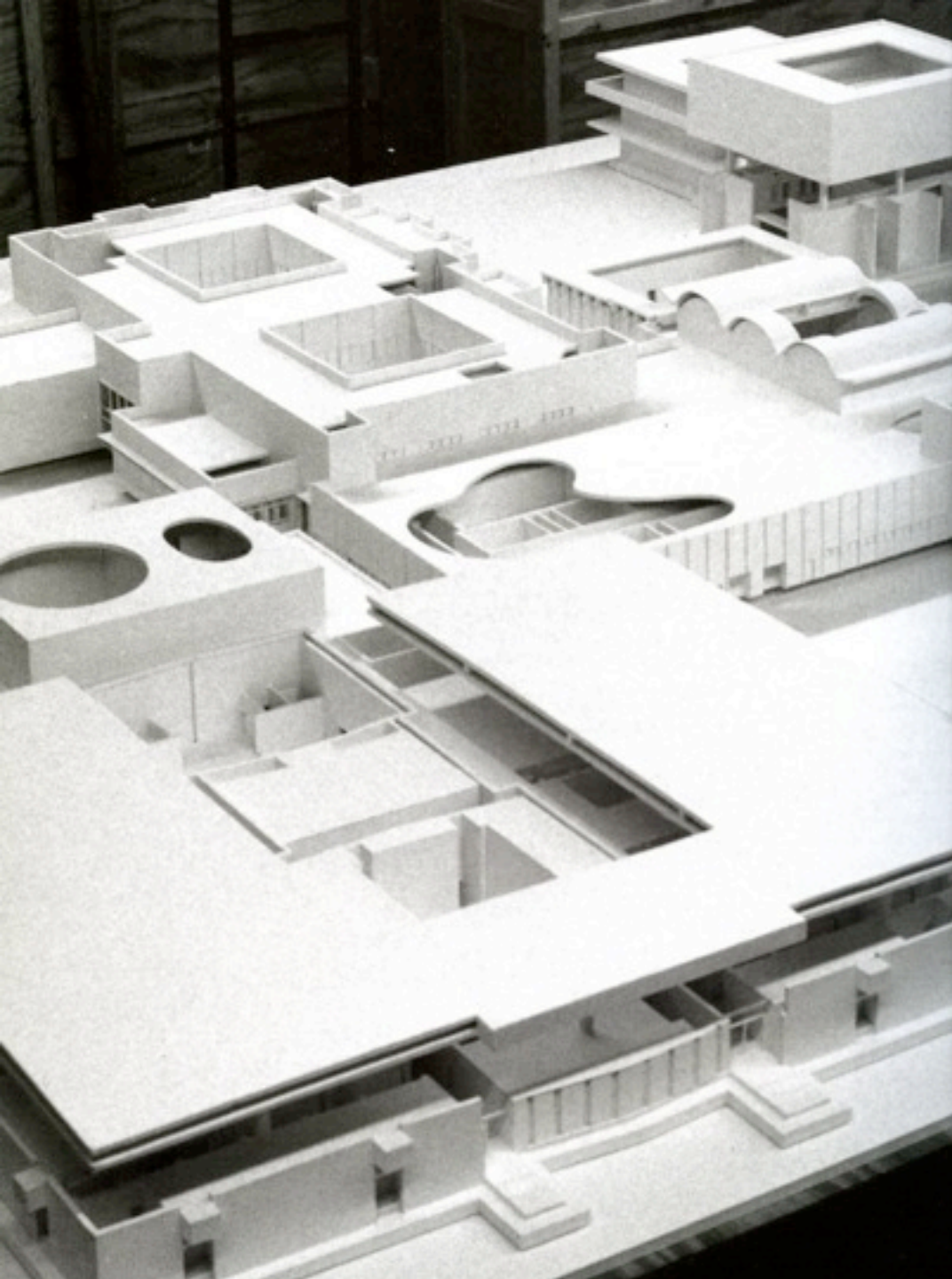


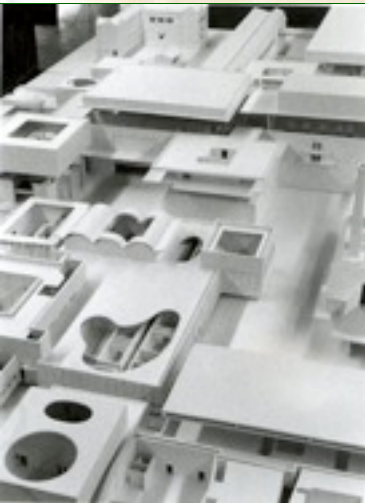




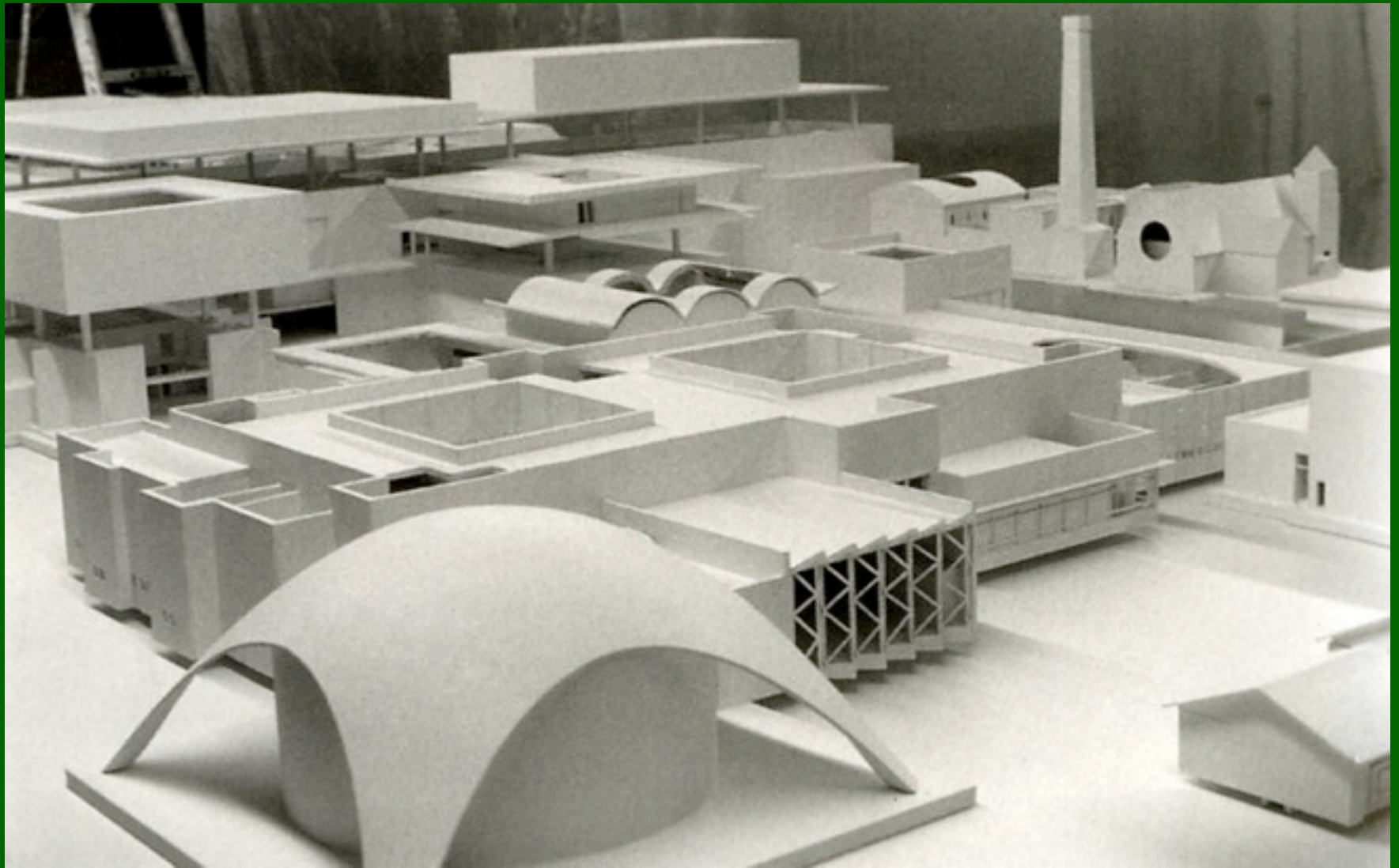


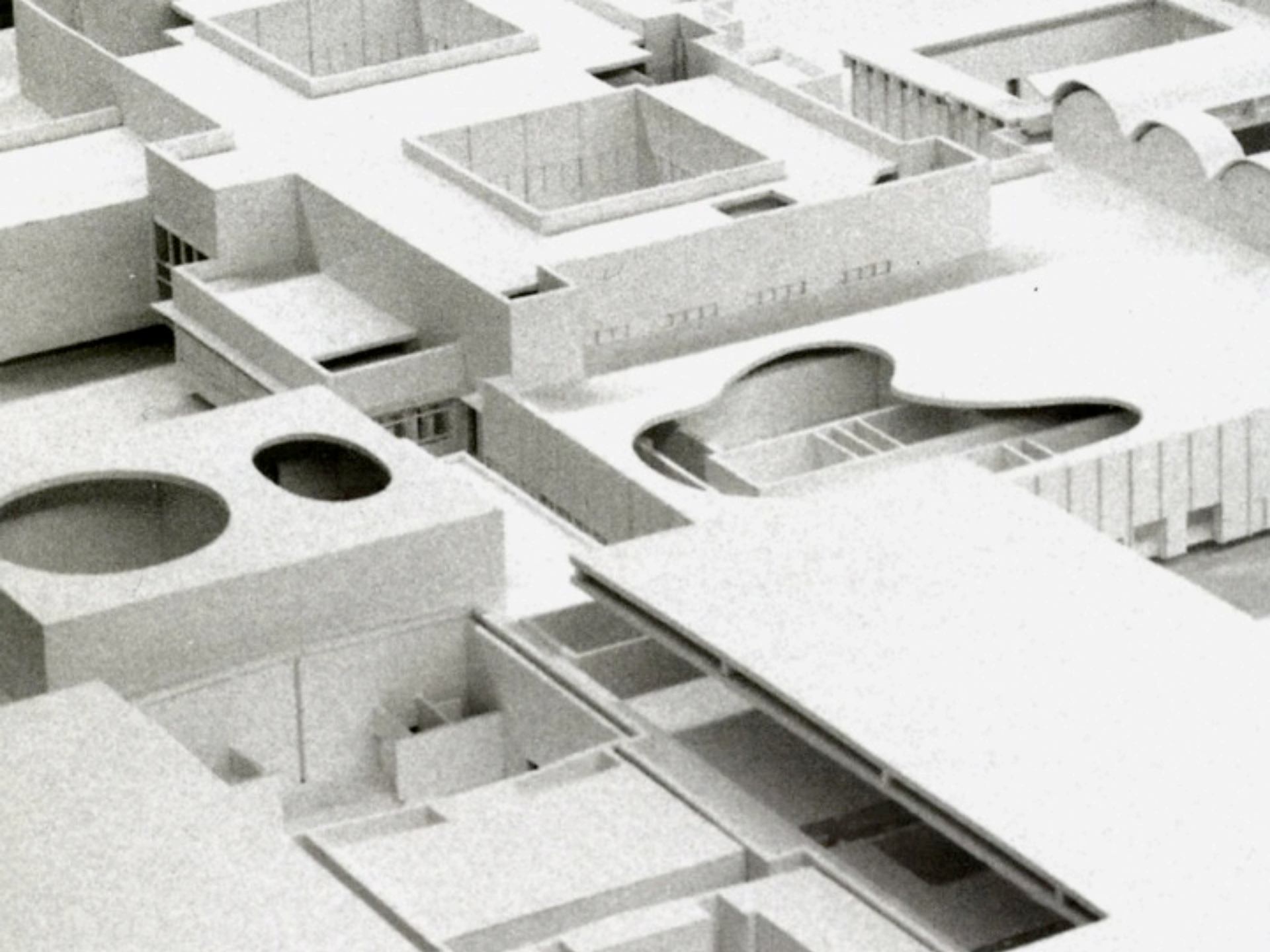












THE ANN ARBOR NEWS

At first, they just stopped me around while taking turns riding my bike up and down the river bank. It was obvious they had no interest in stealing my bike, for they took every opportunity to run it into rocks and potholes until the frame was distorted, the paint scraped off, and the wheels bent. Then they removed the seat from the bicycle and forced me to ride the damaged vehicle up and down the alley. They found this pathetic parade hilariously amusing. Because the bicycle wheels were so bent, and the surface of the alley so irregular, the seat shaft painfully poked me in the anus as I pedaled. One of the despicable bullies then got the idea that I should perform this same trick "backwards." Their squeals of laughter intensified as they saw the increased pain on my face. The metal shaft bounced repeatedly against my naked tender orifice



until blood began to drip down and spray off the spokes of the wheels. Tiring of this game, they broke into two groups; one stomped my bike to pieces, while the other kicked me about the head and genitals until I was a bruised and bloody mess. I thought I was dead, but they were far from finished with me. No, they were not interested in destroying me, they wanted to destroy my faith.

One of the two groups dragged me naked several blocks to a garage "club house" behind an abandoned house. Above the door was a crude sign that read "No girls allowed," and the interior was decorated with strangled cats hung from the rafters. The other group left with my wallet. When they returned, several hours later, one of them was carrying a small portable cassette recorder that I recognized as my own. The rest were carrying other objects of value taken from my home. They had used my school ID card to find my residential address and, using my own key, they had broken into and burgled my parent's house. Besides the standard items rarely valuable on the street, they had stolen some religious articles. These were worth nothing monetarily; they had been taken only to defile. One of these objects was a ceramic statue, much loved by my mother, of the Virgin Mary. This, they took turns "sitting" on while forcing me to watch the despicable act. All the while they sneaked about the "be" of Christ's virgin birth. "The Virgin wasn't a virgin and neither are you," one of them sneaked. He then satistically "popped my butt cherry," as he called it, with the sacred statue.

Then came the most cruel twist of the knife. Turning me back over, they shoved my cassette player into my face and turned it on. Out of it came the unmistakable sound of my dog, Dink, whining in agony. With his face right in mine, one of the boys spat: "We've got your little dog, you fuck, and if you ever want to see him alive, you'll do something for us." I was beyond caring if



My Jews would understand, would approve of any act that saved the life of one of his best creators. When it came time for communion, I knelt before the altar and received into my mouth the wafer of bread that is also the body of Christ. I did not swallow. Immediately, as my return to my seat, I was left outside. I was then compelled to spit the previous host into waiting hand of one of the monsters.

Back at the "club house," the real horror began. Faced with the perversions being acted or regretted my decision to follow my captor's orders. I would have rather died, even my death, even my parent's death, than the atrocities performed on the body of Christ that I feared to witness that day. First, the entire gang had a "circle jerk," (circulating in mass on the host, an activity they sickeningly dubbed "vorn on the cookie"). Then, they took turns disturbing onto our Lord in another game called "Gross," which called for me to suck the "vorn" off of the host after each perverted act. Then they would flush the wafer out of my mouth by making into it as a group. The debilitations escalated. I was forced to suck the host out of the of every one of them, one after another. Then they each took a turn pushing the host deep my rear end by sodomizing me. Then they caused me to defecate our Lord out by giving my Coca Cola cream, first shaking, then inserting the exploding bottle into my rectum. They repeated this action again and again until my sphincter was so loosened it ceased to give them pleasure. An old yardstick, the full thirty-six inches, was inserted into my rectum, then turned over. The ruler was rotated like a propeller, stretching my anal muscles beyond the point of control. When the ruler was removed my sphincter hung to my knees like a deflated inner tube.

I lived any longer, in life was hoping for death, but sound of my dog's barking unbearable. I was willing agree to anything to prevent any mistreatment of beloved Dink. The boys produced a scholarly Catholic masses from church. Another of I spoke: "We picked this your home. And look, the a service tonight! going in for you my party, you're going to go and be as back a host." I did not argue.

Shuffled into some I clothes, I was escorted to church. The bells were signaling the beginning mass. In the pew, on each of me, was one of my tortures. Throughout the service the cries of Duke proved my mind. Sickened as I by what I was about to



