

# A DIVINE COMEDY

Martha Rose Crow

## Chapter Four: Back Into the Fire

“The world is an illusion, but it is an illusion which we must take seriously, because it is real as far as it goes, and in those aspects of the reality which we are capable of apprehending. Our business is to wake up. We have to find ways in which to detect the whole of reality in the one illusory part which our self-centered consciousness permits us to see.”

**Aldous Huxley**, in his last essay *Shakespeare and Region*, written on his deathbed.

Many times during my lifetime, people have told me that they remembered other lives and the Spirit World when they were a baby, but as the arms of mortality embraced them, their memories began to fade. They told that pieces of prior lives would later come back to they struggled to try to remember more. This happened to me, too. Ironically, I would get all my memories back the moment after death. More ironically, I would get to be the One who got to come back and share them. I'm only sharing them because they are intrinsically linked to My Testimony.

My name is Martha Gay Crow. Martha is an ancient name. It means “lady” or “mistress of the house” and it's Biblical, as Martha was a friend of Jesus.

“Gay” used to mean other things before it meant homosexuality. I like to think it is symbolic of Gaius Lucilius, the earliest Roman satirist. I am a satirist, although a cynically caustic and critical one.

I go by the name of Martha Rose Crow. This is the name I've written with for years and because I am known by it, I will go by it until the last of my days.

As for the name Crow, Fate had a hand in this. I was married before and each of the two husbands had the last name of Crow. They were once the loves of my life and now I hate them. They lied to me and treated me badly. Ironically, they are both gone from the human tapestry.

In ancient times, crows were considered the “messengers of the gods.”

The name Crow is close to the name Crowley, my magickal predecessor and former neighbor in the spirit world. Besides being an Anomaly, I am a magician although my philosophy, perspective and magickal application is much different than Crowley's.

Until recently, I didn't see other symbolism in the name Crow, but then the movie *The Crow* came on and I saw another irony in having the name. The movie is about someone who is murdered with their girlfriend and then a year later, comes back

from the grave to avenge the deaths. Although my life and this piece of fiction seem a little similar, they're not. The movie is fantasy while my story is reality. Still, I do see some irony in it.

Crow can mean a lot of things. My ex-husbands were direct descendants of Chief Little Crow and after the Sioux Uprising (Minnesotan Indian War of 1862), the name was shortened from Little Crow to Crow. In essence, my real last name through my ex-husbands is Little Crow.

My mother named me Martha Gay after my two grandmothers: Alma Martha Rose Thompson and Gaynell Tanreuther. I can see beyond that and see deeper meanings. I understand the use of symbols, even in names.

My maternal grandmother comes from the House of Roos'n in Bjornenberg, Finland. Its close to the Swedish border in the north, so it is close to the North Pole. About five hundred or so years ago, something terrible happened in the Roos'n family and after that, they swore that they would never fight in another war. As a symbol to God and man, they began to grow roses as a sign of peace. They still grow them.

I met this guy named Bastian over a year ago. Bastian is half Dutch and half Finnish. He speaks good English and he told me about my family in Finland. He said they are famous and are Laplanders. Bastian told me about their eyes: piercing bright-blue that no one else has. He described my mother's eyes perfectly because my mother had the most unique blue eyes.

Alma Martha's parents came to America in 1887 and their last name was changed at Ellis Island to "Rose," a more American-sounding name. Alma Martha Rose was born in New York City and she met my mother's father Frank Thompson when he was stationed in New Jersey during World War I. I don't know where they met, but I know that Alma was dancing in the chorus-line on Broadway and Frank was never sent to Europe because he had a college degree and the Army thought he was too important to be cannon fodder.

After Frank got out of the Army, he came back to his hometown, Portsmouth, Ohio. The people who live in Portsmouth are Appalachian whites. They are proud, self-reliant people who are made fun of by the rest of the nation.

Frank brought Alma with him, but she always found Portsmouth boring compared to New York City. More, she was fertile in a time when there wasn't any real birth control, so she ended up having seven children: four boys and three girls. My mother was the 6<sup>th</sup> child. My aunt Peach is the 7<sup>th</sup> and when Alma died when my mother was 8 years old in 1944, she took care of Peach. Auntie Peach is a real feisty woman. I modeled my Aunt Dixie character after her in my novel THESE STREETS BELOW THE MOON.

My mother's family is considered an ethnic minority in America: hillbillies. Although they live in town, own houses, work, drive nice cars and go on vacations, they're still considered yahoos.

My father's family on the other hand was a step up the social pyramid, but still close to the bottom. They are called white-trash.

My father's father was named Donald Dewhurst. Donald married Gaynell in the 1920's and it was always volatile between them. Donald left Gaynell and they were divorced. This was scandalous back in those days and only stigmatized my father. Gaynell had her mother Blanche raise my dad. Gaynell became a party girl and didn't need a child holding her down. I think she was a flapper because it was those times. Later, she met Fred Tanreuther and married him, but he never did raise my father.

My dad was a genius. He taught himself drafting and engineering. He was always inventing things. Although he was a white man, he only had so much white male privilege. Because of his low class value, he never could get a permanent job. More, when he married my mother, he lost more white male privilege because my mother is not all white.

To get work, he was a "job shopper," always working temporary jobs all over the United States. This meant that we moved a lot. Years later, I found this valuable because I was able to see how centralized the patriarchal culture is throughout the country and I was better understand how it affected me and others.

My dad was also a magician. His family were members of the Shriners. My grandmother and father were real secretive about everything concerning this and would never answer any of my questions about what they did or why they wore those strange clothes hanging in the closet. Now I know why: it is a secret magickal society that no one will talk to unless you are a member.

More, my grandmother would have tea parties for other life-long Eastern Star friends from her lodge and she would speak in whispers about magickal things.

I don't know a lot about my father except that he served in World War II and got so sick from malaria that he was discharged less than two years of duty. He was married before he married my mother: twice to the same woman. My grandmother Gaynell said they fought like cats and dogs and that's why they divorced twice.

My father was ten years older than my mother. She said he was a handsome engineer that worked at her company and he somehow swept her off her feet. But he also liked to drink and he had a bad temper. He date-raped my mother and she got pregnant with me. Because of the times she lived in-strict patriarchal times-she felt forced to marry him. She married him when she was four months pregnant with me.

I'm a rape baby. Date rape is rape. My mother never denied this although she always said that she was married when I was born, so I was "legitimate." My mother and father had a bad marriage, and my younger sister and I lived in a very dysfunctional family.

I don't remember being born but I do remember becoming aware that I was a small baby. I could feel the cloth diaper and t-shirt. I was in my crib a lot, so I would lie there and remember being in the Spirit World and what I did when I was there.

Although I grew up all over America, I did live in the Deep South as a child for several years. The culture was deeply patriarchal and totalitarian. I saw how oppressive all of it was. They say the best writers are southern writers. I believe it. There are many things in that deep southern culture that forge fire in the pens of writers.

Although most of my family members and ancestors are "Yankees" (born and raised north of the Mason-Dixon line), they are really Southerners. I do have a lot of cousins who live in the hills of Kentucky. Ironically, most of my ancestors, including the ones who "hailed" from central Ohio, fought on the Confederate side of the Civil War than on the Union side. I once had all this information, but years of homelessness took their toll and they got lost. Still, I remember those highlights of the family history.

I was born and raised in chaos, dysfunction and violence. More, my father was mean and he'd beat me for any infraction of the rules he set in the house. He'd beat me with his fists, too. The beatings started when I was a baby.

One time, when I was ten months old, I was sitting/standing in my walker crying. My diaper was wet and I was getting really cold and uncomfortable. My father was in a bad mood and told me to stop crying. I didn't so he got very angry and picked me up and threw me against the wall in the living room. My head hurt and I saw stars. Then I started to scream. My mother ran into the living room from the kitchen and grabbed me. She tried to calm me down and then she took me into the kitchen with her. She put me in my metal highchair while she cooked. She kissed me and treated me with kindness but I was still physically hurt and upset.

My childhood home was sexual. My father always wanted to talk about sex. He was terrified that my sister or I would end up pregnant. My parents were obsessed with that. He and my mother would take my sister and I to the drive-in movies to watch soft-pornography with them. When I look back, I think they took us with them because they couldn't find a babysitter.

If my father wasn't beating me at home, the boys at school were. I offended male society, even as a child: I was born fat and have been fat all my life. The bullies at school were relentless and I got beaten several times a day: on my way to school, many times during school and on my way home from school.

If the boys were caught beating me up, I was punished for somehow "making" them beat me and because I needed to "learn" self-control so I wouldn't be fat. The principals would put me on their lap and spank me with a long board that had a handle and that had holes drilled in it. Sometimes, the principal would pull my panties down and spank my bare butt. The principals said I "had" to be punished for "making" the boys beat me and that if I wasn't fat, the boys would have no "reason" to bully and beat me.

I lived all over the United States, and no matter where we lived, I was hunted and picked on by bully boys. Why would boys all over the country act that way? Because they were taught to do so by the messages hidden in the social tapestry. When I look back, I see them for the little tyrants they are: young psychopaths learning early how to help the puppetmasters keep the population under invisible control.

I find it ironic that I should be kind of tall and big on this planet (smaller Amazon) when I'm very small (and shapely) in the Spirit Form. When I was in the Spirit World, I was a lot smaller than most of the Spirits. If I was standing with others and I wanted to look at them directly in the face, I'd have to levitate up to do this.

But here's the double-whammy: when I got in trouble at school (which was all the time), my father would spank me when I got home. So I got beatings from the bullies from the time I left for school until I came home, from the principals and then from my father. I was everybody's punching bag and I was only a small child.

My teachers knew I was being abused by my father, but it was back in the time where men were considered the biblical head of the family and since this was "sacred," no one could legally interfere, not even the police. Back then, many children were beaten to death by their parents and few said anything. The police would list the deaths as "accidents." Biblically and socially, children were the property of men, thus society expected disobedient or "willful" children to be beaten by the head of the house, even if that meant a few fatal "accidents." It was and is a Savage Society.

When I look back, I see how being fat has been a real blessing to me. If I had been "shapely," I would have had all kinds of opportunities in the society (until I got old). People had to accept me for who I was, so I knew who my real friends are and that they were my friends because they cared about me. Being fat as a child showed me how the boys of the nation are conditioned/ programmed from the central culture to "police" the other children so they will live up to psychopathic, patriarchal expectations, including the cultural, male beauty standards set for women, including girls.

Our home was violent and most of that violence was directed at me. My father wouldn't hit my mother because she would leave him if she did. I saw him hit her once and she left him that next day. So he took his anger, hate and negative feelings out on me. My dad used to beat me all the time to "break me" so "society" wouldn't kill me later on because I didn't "conform." Those were my father's words and warnings. He would always preach that I had to be subservient to male society and the System or they would find a way to kill me because females "like me" were a problem for patriarchy. Decades later, my husband would say almost the identical things to justify his crimes of abuse and rape against me. Now I know that the script for this is in the social fabric itself.

As for conforming, I think my father finally figured it out that I was an Anarchist. But he did always tell me, "You can't put a square peg in a round hole." He warned me and warned me that society would eat me alive if they ever found out how

independent I was. The System did not like independent females and he made sure I knew it.

Although religion wasn't allowed in our home, I learned about it from television. Then, when I was almost 7 years old, I heard a beautiful male's voice and it told me, "Look to the sky. Always look to the sky." About two months later, I looked out the window of my parents' bedroom on a Sunday afternoon and I saw the whole sky full of angels. They remained there the whole afternoon. It was so amazing and this experience made me want to be a spiritual person. Right afterwards, I realized that I had "gifts": psychic and more. In essence, I became a Holy Child.

Although my parents were eccentric and psychic themselves, they did not know what to do about A Highly Spiritual Child. They thought it would "blow over" after awhile. It never did. Eventually, they became used to it (considered it an eccentricity) although my father would bitch and bitch about it when he was drunk. Then he would try to terrorize me and my sister with stories about hell.

This Holy Child had what is called a "dangerous mind." That's because I was female with a high IQ and was independent, thus I didn't blindly obey male authority. Even as a child, I questioned Authority countless times. I had many IQ tests in my childhood and because my score was off the charts, the school psychologists pronounced me one of the smartest human beings on the planet.

You'd think that would portend a great future for me. It didn't. All it got me was disenfranchised from most intellectual tables and intellectual work. This is because good jobs in America are awarded and rewarded along class lines, starting with middle-class males at the front of the line, followed by their wives. Meritocracy and "the cream rises to the top" slogans are propaganda. This rarely happens in a virulently violent demonic society with tightly drawn class lines. I didn't have the "pedigree" to get in plus I was fat when the ruling patriarchs demand that females be slim and sexy. Modern version of ancient Greek male "tastes."

Like I've said hundreds of times, it doesn't matter what the laws are, you have to look at how they work (behave), what the outcomes are and who benefits. All I ever knew, from a child to an adult, was discrimination and prejudice against me because I was a fat female who happened to be smarter than a whole roomful of men.

This made me a pariah. When I started legally competing for professional work that I was legally allowed to have but socially not allowed to have, I became a monster to the patriarchal structures and system, thus, I became a monster to society. Women, especially poor women, who refuse to know "their place," are treated badly in New Rome. The media and politicians try to say this problem was in the past, but that's propaganda. That isn't what I experienced or saw.

Females from my class, no matter how special/or and intelligent, are expected to be servile to men and their institutions for the entirety of their lives. When we refuse, we're branded as females with "dangerous minds." Men fear it when women can critically think for themselves instead of letting the "leader males" and their intimate males think for them.

When I was 14, I left home. There were plenty of reasons to leave, including the inevitability that my father would rape me. I had been fat all my life and my father hated fat people (he was tall and slim) so he never really pursued rape. But there was a short time that I got a very nice shape during my puberty.

I was really afraid of him and I had good reason to be. He had molested me when I was four. He touched me on my breasts and box. It got me so upset that I would never be alone in the house with him. I remember many times, standing outside in the rain or snow, waiting for my mother to come home so I could go inside. My sister on the other hand, used to go inside. I now know what happened, but since it is her life, I will remain silent. Let's just say that my intuition saved me!

As a teenager, I hitchhiked across the country several times, often stopping at communes and other hippy places. I wasn't so much a hippy, but a Bohemian. More, I was always a feminist, but most of the feminists I met were from the middle-class and they treated me with prejudice because I came from the lower classes.

Since I left home, I've lived a "Forrest Gump-type" life, only I'm not male and I'm definitely not slow or stupid. But like the character Forrest Gump, I've found myself in many unique, historical places and times during my life and I have met many famous people. Ironically, Tom Hanks, the actor who acted as Forrest Gump is born on the same day and year I was (July 9, 1956).

I came close to being in the Army once. Hungry, dispossessed and homeless, I signed up for the Army when I was 15 using a friend's identification papers and social security number. I passed the tests but I was 6 pounds overweight. I tried to lose the weight, but I couldn't. Now that I've known many Vietnam Veterans, I'm glad that I didn't do it! Once again, being fat saved me.

Ironically, if I had been a male, my weight would have been fine and they would have taken me in. Years later, I read that several young teenage males signed up for the military during that time (and World War II) using fake papers so they could escape poverty, hopelessness of their neighborhoods and/or to escape dysfunctional families. I almost got away with it, so I know those stories are true.

But back to the fictional character "Forrest Gump," like him, I've had an extraordinary life. I'm just one of those persons who are "larger than life." I've always been like this and I will always be like this.

I've met famous people, including famous actors, musicians, leaders and even the president once (George Bush Sr.). I met Jim Jones in 1972 and he threw me out of his People's Temple because I argued with him about his interpretation of Biblical passages.

I earned four university degrees, had my own television program on public television (it was a volunteer program so I never got paid for it), wrote books and always did extraordinary things. I partied with a lot of famous bands.

I Shine and women in the United States of Puritan Patriarchs aren't allowed to shine unless they meet the set patriarchal beauty standards for women and their

message/work/point of focus/lifestyle/so forth is patriarchal approved “feminine” and benign, plus they are not a “threat” to the established male power system.

During my travels as a teenager, I always met American Indians. I always got along well with them and in the end, started having personal relationships with them. There are many reasons why I liked American Indian men. The first one being that I never had much luck with white guys. One beat me up when I was 15 and most of the white males from my social class weren't very smart (intelligence in men is my biggest turn-on).

I'm part Eskimo (Laplander) and I think that had a lot to do with deciding to live among American Indians. Also, if you're as psychic and Anarchistic as I am, the dominant male, “Christian” Savage Society will crush you if they find you because someone like me doesn't make a good drone/serfette for their Demonic System.

There were hippie guys in my young life, too, of course, but I found most to be too patriarchal and controlling. After this filtering, there wasn't too many available white guys left but the white guys up the social tier and they don't generally look below for relationships. They usually stay to their own class unless they can marry or become wealthy enough to move up the class food-chain.

I did have two rich boyfriends during the period of my teenage years, but they were narcissistic and refused to introduce me to family and friends. One of them told me how his family had trained him since he was a child to marry someone rich like himself when he became an adult. A grandson of a very famous politician, he told me that his life had been planned for him the moment he was born a male. After knowing him and learning about the secret lives of rich and powerful people (he told me a lot), I never did trust elites.

I'm trying to make this biography short because this book is not a biography but it is about what happened to me when I was 43 when I had my Divine Comedy. Still, I want to lay enough groundwork about my life so I can connect it with later, important events. And, like I mentioned in the Introduction, one of the reasons for the testimony I am about to give is to prove to my Spiritual Handlers that I have learned enough about my experiences. It's a test and I know it. They told me it is and why: so I can evolve to the next step of Enlightenment

To truncate my life, I will say that I was married four times to different American Indians. There were problems with all the relationships. Two of them were too drunk, three of them were unfaithful, one of them was real crafty and the last one of the four was dominant and tyrannical. His name was John Garret Crow and I knew him most of my adult life.

I met him when I was 21. Francine, my ex-sister-in-law, tricked me into going to a bar with her. I was pregnant (for her brother) and I didn't want to go, but she was insistent. So I went and since I wasn't drinking, I was bored. Then two Indian guys walked in through the door and I noticed one right away and he noticed me as well. I remember my first thought was that he looked like an angel because he was so beautiful to look at.



He found out where I lived and tried to court me, but I wasn't interested. I had two other children from a first marriage (to David Treetop, Sr.) and I was pregnant for someone I really loved but had left me for someone else. Less than two years later, I would marry him. His name was Levi Knows the Country. He died on my birthday in 2002. I wrote a song about him called "Levi."

John and I kept in touch for a while and then we lost track of each other. Although he was always so nice to me, my Intuition told me to be careful of him. Years later, I would meet another man by the same name, only younger and a member of another tribe. He was a distant cousin to John Garret Crow because like I wrote earlier, their great, great grandfather was Chief Little Crow. Chief Little Crow had many wives from different tribes, and after the Great Sioux Uprising of 1862, his wives and children went away in many directions.

I spent too many years going between both John Crows. They were beautiful and intelligent, but both had their dark sides. They, like me, never seemed to fit into this world. They, like me, were at the bottom of the social pyramid and we knew what racism, prejudice and racism felt like. We had a strange comradery.

I've always been able to connect better with American Indians than white Americans. They are more open, more humble and definitely more spiritual. Being as psychic and spiritual as I am, American Indian communities were good places for me to live because they accepted me for who I was.

White Christian America was always cruel to me, plus they'd always try to say that I was "possessed" by "Satan" because God would not give those kind of (psychic) Gifts to a woman, especially "one" like me because I wasn't a virgin, a Barbie or a Madonna type.

Indian people always treated me better and accepted me for who I was. I lived with and/or among American Indians most of my adult life. I never imagined a time that I would ever leave Indian Country.

John Garret Crow came back into my life the third week of March, 1990. My 15 year-old daughter had just had a baby son named Dakota three weeks earlier. He came by to see if I wanted to go to a movie. Then he saw my beautiful grandson and fell in love with him.

I was living on the Winnebago Indian Reservation in Winnebago, Nebraska at the time. I was Director of Libraries for the Nebraska Indian Community College. I had looked for work for years and I finally got this job, although the pay was low and there was a housing shortage in the area.

That job in Nebraska was the only decent job I ever had and I wept when I had to resign. I had to resign because the president, Thelma Thomas, wouldn't let me use the vacation days I had accrued so I could finish my master's degree from Saint Cloud State University in Saint Cloud, Minnesota. I only had seven years to finish it and time was running out because I had begun it in 1983. I needed one last class to graduate and that class was only available at Saint Cloud State.

It was one of the toughest decisions of my life, but I made it. I had worked too hard for the degree, plus I had driven over two thousand miles driving back and forth from Winnebago to Lincoln or Omaha (campuses for the University of Nebraska's graduate school) to take the other two courses I needed to finish my master's degree. I was too close to quit my degree, so I had to quit my job instead.

By this time, the summer of 1990, John was living with me in the dilapidated farmhouse I lived in with my four children and my grandson south of Winnebago. He was working as a roofer in Sioux City and I was working at the college. When Thelma didn't keep her word about me being able to use my vacation days to finish my degree (I would have been gone only one day a week for nine weeks), it threw my world in chaos. I didn't want to move from the reservation. I felt safer there than I had when I lived in the world of whites. I had a good job that paid a paltry \$16,500 a year but I should say that many times, I worked 70 hours a week. That's one of the big reasons why my oldest daughter got pregnant so young.

When I worked at the college, I met many important and famous American Indians. I also had an important colleague: Josip Novakovich, the famous short story writer. Back then, Josip wasn't famous. Now he is and he teaches in at a university in Pennsylvania.

I remember the day he came to the Winnebago campus to be interviewed for an English teaching position at the Santee campus. He was poor and struggling, living in a run-down farmhouse like me, and he couldn't give Thelma a copy of his college transcripts because he was behind on his student loans. I sat with him many times at faculty meetings and I used to order books for him.

I made the painful decision to move back to Saint Cloud now that I was going to be unemployed. I thought that since I had this one good job, plus had written many successful grant proposals to get the college over a million dollars in less than a year, that I should be able to get some kind of work in Saint Cloud, even if it was secretarial. I was wrong. Dead wrong. Just like before, I was locked out of any decent work.

Ironic, isn't it? I'm one of the smartest people on the planet, earned four university degrees and I never could get a decent job in the white world of America. That's because the labor market is tightly controlled and like I said earlier, jobs in America are awarded and rewarded along class and gender lines. Worse, the culture of the country was changing. It was going back to its original American feudal model where women, the lower classes and minorities are strictly subjugated like they were in the Deep South when I was growing up.

At first, I was confused because the patriarchy and old-boy system/network was happening in Minnesota, the "most liberal" state in the nation. Later, I learned that this change was happening all over America. It was being fueled by the unholy marriage of the Christian Right (strict evangelical patriarchs) and the Republican Party by unleashing social forces, starting civil wars and framing culture (with the help of the corporate-owned media), that pulled society and economics back the glorious Gilded Age of the late 1800's.

The Gilded Age was a time of when the political and economic elite could do as they pleased. It was a cruel time because most workers couldn't earn enough to live on and women were marginalized and underpaid in the workforce. At the top of society, the elite amassed fabulous wealth. The gap between the rich and poor was wide.

The new Gilded Age was as brutal as its predecessor. People were unemployed or underemployed everywhere. The wealth gap between the rich and poor grew wider than it did during the first Gilded Age. A college degree only gets you a good job if you're from the "in-group," you have a "killer" body, if you're lucky and/or you're from the white middle-class or better.

In the last two years, there have been more unemployed college graduates than unemployed high school dropouts in America. Other countries have the same problem with educated workers not finding professional work. These countries include Egypt, Morocco, India and China.

Unemployment of the educated on this scale is one of predictable outcomes of the current, combat capitalism that is a cancer to us all. Because it is a violent society to begin with (fierce competition for limited resources in the most richest nation in the world), the competition for the few good jobs remaining is bloody and vile, and women-no matter how smart they are, how well-educated/talented/skilled they are or how good they are-are suffering the most, along with minorities.

All these subjects are socio-economic in root and thrust. I explore them in greater detail in a book I've been writing for four years named *Savage Society: Decoding the Enigma of America's Hidden Culture*. I plan to finish this book after I finish this one.

I wrote *Savage Society* so I could figure out the physical world reality I used to live in. I had to know why (from a world perspective) I had to be disenfranchised, forced to live in a dangerous home and why the media and government kept proclaiming a "labor shortage" during the late 1990's when I and others like me couldn't find any of this work.

Now I know it was all propaganda (called in political/economic circles "The Labor Shortage Myth") that was presented in a wonderland lexicon to create a false reality and civil wars between groups/classes/races/gender. This was done by the social and cultural managers (representative of the psychopathic elite) to bring the country back to its original, white male patriarchal roots. More, when people failed to get these mythical jobs, they were instantly blamed. The System was never questioned because its press releases were "good" news and because Americans are trained from the cradle to the grave to believe everything the representatives of the government and the media tell us to believe.

I moved to Saint Cloud in September of 1990. John came with me. I took the one course I needed and received my master's degree in Information Media on John's birthday, November 21<sup>st</sup>. I was confident I would find some interesting professional work, but I couldn't find anything except temporary jobs writing grant proposals and those were spotty.

To keep myself busy, I started a public access television program that Twin Cities Public Television picked up and aired. After that, it occurred to me how difficult it was to get any kind of information about American Indians. I learned this from producing the television program. Sometimes it would take me days or weeks to track down a possible guest/s for the show. During this thought process, I had an idea to invent a new kind of book: a directory for American Indians that crossed over to other groups as well. My ex-publisher still sells them for \$75 a piece but I haven't seen a royalty check for four years. He says he "lost" his records.

Nobody had seen a book like mine and although it should have done well, it didn't. I think the main reason for this is because during this time, many libraries suffered funding cuts across America. Remember, strict patriarchy was coming back and in this kind of culture, libraries and books are not considered valuable. The American psychopathic system controls from the inside to the out. The Leader Males believe they have some kind of "mystical" duty to think for everyone. Books help people to think for themselves, thus they are a threat to the established, psychopathic patriarchy, particularly if those books do not reinforce, extol, glorify and teach patriarchy and approved biblical "values."

As the years of the decade went by, work was harder to find.

All that work on an education to find myself blackballed, blacklisted, redlined and disenfranchised in the work force. I couldn't understand why when I was so intelligent, skilled, educated and because I was such a good person. But then I started meeting others like me and I soon became aware that my failure to find work wasn't just my problem, it was the problem of legions of educated people. When I collected enough information about this phenomenon, I took it to the local newspaper. They weren't interested in doing a story about this. I took it to all the local politicians and none cared.

I burned my master's degree in front of Senator Paul Wellstone at the Whitney Center when he was having one of his "town meetings." I told him I did it so he would remember the problem when he got back to Washington, D.C. He promised me one of his aides would call me, but they never did. They never do when confronted with a taboo subject. Everyone knew the truth of this but no one would talk about it or really try to help you. Although Wellstone was a "liberal," he remained mum on subjects in this area. It could have been politically disastrous for him, especially when the country was being groomed and coerced into embracing the patriarchal system of the "good ole days."

Although I made myself work to do because I rarely had it, John was always sarcastic and caustic about me not "making any money" but only costing money because it takes a lot of money to look for professional work (phone calls, resumes, cover letters, print, paper, clothes and gas for interviews, so forth). I'd try to save money everywhere I could so I could keep looking for work.

The radio and television news kept broadcasting that there were more jobs than workers. Already short on patience and moody, my ex-husband began to get depressed with dark, morbid thoughts. He started talking about suicide, murder and

then suicide pacts. I'd walk out of the room when he started talking like that, but if I was in bed, I was a captive audience.

Psychic and intelligent, John knew that America was turning fascist. He saw a future without hope for the people on the bottom of the social hierarchy. He saw a brutal place of extreme poverty, premature death and no compassion for the least. When he told me what he saw, I would shiver with fear because his premonitions were the same ones I was having but kept privately to myself because he didn't like it when I told him anything ethereal.

In 1998, I got a job as a substitute teacher for the Saint Cloud school district. I thought this job was going to save me. The Minnesota Teachers Union kept releasing news releases that there was a "shortage" of teachers in Minnesota, so I thought I would get a lot of work. In retrospect, the Minnesota Teachers Union was releasing propaganda. They hitched a ride on the "Labor Shortage Myth" the government and media was selling every week to the public. In reality, MTU was facing the reality of privatizing public schools. This would result in fewer teachers in the union, so the Minnesota Teacher's Union spread lies about a shortage of teachers to save their members and thus the middle-class way of life.

Before I left America, I had 17 casual jobs. I was signed up as a substitute teacher in 14 school districts and two Catholic schools. Then I was a writer-for-hire whenever I could get writing "gigs." I was lucky if I got one day of work a week! One day! And I was working more than many of the subs. I met a lot of substitute teachers in all those school districts and most of them wanted full-time teaching work and could not find it anywhere! Many said to me that the Minnesota Teacher's Union (now Education Minnesota) was lying about a teacher's shortage.

Years later, it turns out there wasn't a teacher's shortage. It was just part of the propaganda of the teacher's union to protect its members

John was getting angry and frustrated with me. Although I earned four university degrees, I couldn't find much work except a few temporary jobs. He always held it against me that I wasn't much of an earner. It didn't matter that I made super-human efforts to get whatever professional work I could. All that mattered was the cash.

We were comfortable, too. Not real comfortable, but we had a decent living. John was a member of the Ho-Chunk Nation of Wisconsin and they are a gaming tribe. In fact, they are the third-largest employer in the state. John received about \$1200 a month in per capita payments from the tribe and he was a supervisor at the local birdseed plant called Performance Seed. But John was like most Americans, he always wanted more, more, more.

Because I was one of the growing legions of orphaned workers, I had no economic power. This resulted in my gradual loss of any the power I had in the relationship. The mask came off when I became dependent on him. He was dominant before and now he had become a predator. He found the perfect person to take all his anger and frustration out on. More, he insisted that I "owed" him anal sex and I

“owed” him it all the time because he was the only real worker in the house and everyone had to “pay” their way, including me.

He told me, “Think of like this: I take it up the ass out in the world and work, so you have to take it up your ass at home.”

Never one to take abuse from anyone quietly, I talked back. I told him nobody stuck their dicks in his ass, that all he wanted to was attack my dignity and spirituality by dumping his anger and the other garbage of his black soul into mine. Sometimes he’d shrug his shoulders as if he was admitting that my words were true. Other times, he’d just get madder and insist it didn’t matter what his reasons were, I had to obey him or else...Or else he’d pick up something real fast and throw it at me. His favorite objects to throw at me were heavy glass ashtrays or a cigarette he’d be smoking. If he thought his coffee was too hot, he’d throw it on me. If he didn’t like the taste of the food, he’d throw the whole plate at me. John did these things and other mean things more times than I can count. I usually always had bruises, cuts or burns on me. Because he didn’t want others to know how badly he treated me, he usually hurt me in places where clothing could hide the evidence.

Spitting hurt the worst, though. Although it seems benign, it wasn’t. Although it didn’t burn the skin like a cigarette or a cup of coffee did, it burned deeper and more devastating. Saturated with the pure poison of contempt and evil wishing, it was propelled by the hate and anger of his spirit. He’d hawk it up from deep within and then spray me with enormous gobs of gooey, dripping spit. One time, he came home for lunch just to spit on me. He spit on me twice. After he left, I looked in the bathroom mirror and there was so much spit on my face that it looked like my face was melting, literally. It freaked me out so bad that I almost hung myself in the garage, but that is another story for another day

A professional person, I couldn’t tell anyone outside of a few friends about the abuse. If anyone outside my small circle found out about the abuse and it got into the job market, I would never get work for the rest of my life. Society always blames women for their abuse, not the males or the society that embrace it. More, in the Christian-centric, socially-stratified society, “good” jobs are awarded/rewarded only to “good” people. In society’s mind, abused women are “bad” women; they have some kind of character flaw that “makes” a man want to beat them.

For years, I kept my abuse a secret. I never said anything, even when I had to go to the hospital to get stitches or surgeries. I was economically dependent on John, plus I had children in the house including a very small child. Society was shredding its social safety nets. If John left, I would end up homeless with children. I put up with the abuse as best I could to protect the children from the violence of poverty, particularly socially-engineered feminine poverty.

In 1995, the my secret of abuse was becoming harder to keep. I had to have two operations for a torn rectum. The surgeon told me that someone had done this to me and I was the first female he had ever treated for this kind of infection. He said it was a “gay man’s disease” and he insisted that someone did it to me.

I insisted that I got the severe infection from the tip of an enema bottle. He never believed me and I hated the taste of the lie in my mouth. I hate lies and I've tried hard all my life never to lie and here I had to lie to protect a dangerous predator only because my "Christian" society was forcing women into the arms of men just so they wouldn't die homeless in the streets.

.....

Many people still ask me: Why didn't I go to the women's shelter?

I had many good reasons for that, including the fact I would end up homeless eventually anyway and there are invisible male "guards" for the Demonic System of Systems who stalk, harass, beat, rape and rob homeless women in the Savage Society. More, when the police don't like to investigate these kinds of crimes committed against homeless females because in the lizard eyes of the System, these women "deserve" to suffer because somehow they have "failed" society by not having a male sponsor.

There are "crone homes," or designated places where homeless women find themselves. The crone home in Saint Cloud was under the Eastside Bridge. I met two women at the Salvation Army on the eastside and they were so dirty that I offered to give them a ride to my house and they could have a shower and I would wash their clothes. They nicely refused the offer.

Ironically, both of them were university educated and both of them "fell from grace" when they got divorced. They couldn't get decent work and they ended up homeless. They told me a story about living under the Eastside Bridge that terrified me.

They told me that they purposely didn't wash because it was the only defense they had against goon rapists-vigilante males or gangs of males that "punish" homeless women for being homeless. They told that they were always being harassed by these little tyrants! More, they taught me something very True: When homeless men are harassed (by different vigilante goons), they might get beaten but usually not raped but they're not robbed. Goon vigilantes treated homeless women different: Not only did these women have to live with the constant threat of beatings and rape, they were always robbed! Always!

Years later, I would read about the homeless on the internet and how now vigilante goons robbed homeless women. What those women told me was true! I knew it at the time and the article reinforced it.

If I had gone to the women's shelter, I would have been homeless in two months. Also, the local women's shelter had a bad reputation in the low-income communities that they forced desperate women into taking low-paid, "pink" jobs that didn't provide enough to pay rent.

Ironically, almost all the female "advocates" at "Anna Marie's Women's Shelter" came from the white middle-class and most of the clients were poor whites and minorities. I knew several low-income women with college degrees in social work

and psychology that applied to work there, but they were always overlooked. They never even got an interview!

There are tacit understandings, unwritten rules, invisible social contracts that members of the higher tiers of society are to get professional work before anyone else! The Capitalist Masters give this “social entitlement” to the middle-class so they will support the System. It is the white middle-class that keeps the Demonic System of Systems propped up

The women’s shelter was corrupt and I knew it! Instead of protecting women from violence, they were forcing women to chose between two kinds of violence: domestic violence or economic violence (the violence of feminine poverty).

That’s why most abused women go home to their abuser. For me, it was a Choice of Rape: Stay home and be Raped by an Intimate or be homeless and be Raped by Strangers, even groups of them! This is the America the lizard news managers of the lizard corporate media keep hidden. Now that the economy has gotten worse, legions homeless women all over the country are going to be not only stabbed with the little knives of the psychopathic Rape Squads, they’re going to get the Knives of Rape!

I recently read several articles about how Muslim women are raped by Vigilante gangs of men because they did not adhere to the strict religious laws about modesty (keep your head, arms and ankles covered!) or being alone with the wrong male escort. This is psychopathic! Not only that, it proves that women in this world are still regarded by the males who run the Systems as property and not Soullled Beings that have a Right to Equal Rights and Self-Determination plus Actualization like some males have.

Because I didn’t have children, I couldn’t apply for welfare. My grandson Dakota lived with me but my daughter Melanie would have taken him back instead of pay child support for him. She didn’t have a job and she had a daughter with a bad heart problem. But Stearns County would have made her pay a large amount of child support even though Melanie was on welfare herself! That’s how the System worked there!

I usually made about \$400-500 a month from my sporadic substitute teaching jobs and I usually had to drive long distances to get to those jobs plus call long distance all the time to find them. There was no way I could survive on my own on such little money. The “average” rent for an apartment back in the late 1990’s was \$500 a month, not including electricity.

The Women’s Shelter would have insisted I quit those jobs and take a cleaning job or grocery store job that barely paid much better.

Then my then-husband was a dangerous psychopath (all nicely hidden under a “Mask of Sanity”). He would have hunted me down and killed me! If I had gone and lived with my dominant Mother, he would have hunted me down and killed me there. John told me this, too!



Stearns County would have paid for me to stay at the Women's Shelter for a month. Then I could have stayed at the Community Shelter for a month. After that, I was on my own in a male-centric, authoritarian, misogynistic Savage Society. It would have been okay to be on my own if I had a decent job, but that was denied to me and others like me. It was a systemic problem few could overcome. If you weren't born or married into the "in Group," you didn't get in or if you got in, you the game was fixed so you didn't stay in very long!

So I prayed and begged God for a "miracle" to save me. I kept applying for work but never getting any. I kept hoping that my books about American Indians would take off, but they never did. I posted my resume on Monster.com and never heard anything. I applied for professional jobs all over the world but I never got a response. I had my resume posted on the state Job Service website and no employer ever contacted me. But I kept trying.

I thought about joining the Peace Corps, but my Intuition told me not to. Other Saint Cloudians had joined and I heard from some of their friends that these "volunteers" were always writing everyone they knew asking for money because they couldn't live on the small pittance they got each month. I recently read some articles about how the CIA has used Job Corps volunteer to infiltrate groups in foreign countries to spy on them. My Vibes told me right not to enlist!

One time, I met some friends of my friend Nita who had been teaching English in Japan. It was the only job they could get and they went from one two-month contract to another. That kind of work was very unstable. I thought about trying to get that kind of work but my Vibes told me "No": that I would only end up homeless in Japan where women are treated like third class women just like they are in America. More, being big, white and fairly tall, I would stick out like a sore thumb in that society, especially if I was homeless!

The Japanese are so misogynistic that they have two languages: one for males and one for females where the males always talk down to females and the females always talk up to males. Oppressive and Soul Killing!

I had no choices but stay home and hope I survived. It was risky but it was better than being stabbed extra times by the little knives of psychopaths who "punished" independent women who became homeless. At least I knew I wouldn't get AIDS from my husband. He never did cheat. He was too busy trying to break my Will and Spirit to think about things like cheating!

Ironically, around June of 1999, I had terrible premonitions that something terrible was about to happen to me. It was a violent summer and I knew I was running out of time! I prayed very hard but it seemed that God wanted that man to kill me, too, because I never really got any help.

On August 29, 1999 at around 11:20 in the morning, John Garret Crow put a pillow to my head and beat me with his fists before pushing the pillow over my face. I passed out and then found my Soul looking down at my still body. Then a chain of events happened (described later in the book) before I came back to my body.

This shook me up so much that I applied for an Order for Protection the next day. I didn't want to fill out a form, I wanted to make a Statement with that form. I want John to know that I knew what he really did, so I didn't mention being smothered to death in the in the complaint. I knew John would get a copy and read it.

I knew if John knew that I knew the Truth, that I knew the "Secret" of what happened that day, that he would try harder to kill me again and quicker. By not saying anything about being smothered to death, John thought I didn't remember what happened on that surreal Sunday. By pretending I didn't know or remember the event bought me more time to plan my escape because after that fatal day, I knew I had to leave him and go to Holland. That was the Deal I made with God.

Below, you will find a copy of the Statement I wrote to petition for a Order for Protection.

On October 3, 1999, John threw a hard, brass and glass ornament from the hanging light in the dining room. It broke my nose and the Order for Protection. There was blood everywhere and he was arrested. He went to jail for five days and when he got out, the police gave him a ride home! They gave him a ride home when they knew I didn't want John there! This was a silent Message to me from some of the official representative of the demonic system. Angry about this, I took the order off. It was just a piece of paper and nothing more.

**I AM A DEAD WOMAN  
MARTHA ROSE CROW**

### **My Petition for An Order for Protection**

**Submitted to the Stearns County Court, August 30, 1999**

**Yesterday was Sunday. He beat me in the bedroom with his fists. The Sunday before that, he beat me in the laundry room.**

**Before he beats me, he always spits in my face. Not little sprays of spit, but giant, gooey ones filled with contempt. I have seen my face after he has spit on me. It looks like someone threw up on it.**

**When he put the heavy feather pillow over my head yesterday, I thought he was going to smother me. He did. He smothered the blows to my head so it wouldn't bleed and so he wouldn't knock me out. He also wanted to muffle my cries of betrayal, hurt, shock, surprise and outrage. He didn't want my grandson (who was sleeping downstairs) and the neighbors to hear and know what he was doing to me.**

**Two Sundays ago, he was mad at me because I didn't make breakfast for him. I overslept until 8:30 am, so he told me in an low, angry voice he was going to go to McDonald's and get some breakfast. Then he blew up because I didn't make him breakfast after he came back.**

Yesterday, he got mad because I got up early and made him breakfast. He won't make his own breakfast because he feels it is my job to do this. Especially since I haven't had a decent job for nine years.

My crime to my husband, society and to the work force is that I was born female. Therefore, I was already debased and defiled in my mother's womb by a social order that worships men and rewards/awards jobs by class. Because I was born female and highly intelligent, I am a freak, pariah and threat to all.

Before I moved to Saint Cloud, Minnesota, I was a college officer. I was director of three academic libraries and two small public libraries. I was nominated to, and sat on, the Nebraska State Library Board. When I started working for the Nebraska Indian Community College, it was on the brink of academic and financial collapse. I was one of three key people who helped turn this around. A talented writer, I wrote numerous successful grant proposals that helped save the college.

It took me years to find that job. I thought at the time, since I finally had professional work experience, I would always be able to find some kind of work. Maybe not always professional work, but at least para-professional or semi-professional work. I was to find out I couldn't even get a job answering phones for minimum wage. You can not even imagine how devastating that is.

There is no such thing as being "over qualified." The work world expects professionals to add new skills, education and talents to their career suitcase. "Over qualified" is a buzz word for discrimination (mostly age discrimination). Because I have been without decent work for so many years, I have had a lot of time on my hands to research this topic.

I am the Ugly American. All middle-aged, overweight women who have no access to social privileges by birth, marriage or association are considered ugly by society. We are of low caste and are ushered to factory or service jobs, no matter how smart, educated, talented and visionary we are.

My husband needs me to work. I know this. We live frugally and we still struggle financially. He sees the only solution to this problem is for me to take a factory or fast food job. I have a job as a substitute teacher, but it started late Spring and after working for a little over one month, I have been laid off for three.

Substitute teaching doesn't guarantee work every day and there are no unions to represent me like the other positions in the school district. Because I am considered a part-time worker, I don't get any fringe benefits.

Because I am a short-call substitute teacher, my teaching license is a temporary one that is renewed one year at a time. There is no guarantee I will have work next year.

**In 1994, I tried to burn my masters degree in front of Senator Paul Wellstone. The paper is thick with wax and wouldn't burn well. I told him I did this so he would take a message about women, education and work back to Washington. He said he would, but I never heard from him or his office.**

**Because I am very intelligent, I would go mad doing mindless and repetitious tasks like factory or fast food jobs. I also need to protect my hands. My hands are the conduits of my writing. They translate and transcribe the voices and visions of my mind, heart and soul. Like any other kind of artist, I am driven to create.**

**In the last five years, I have written five books. Two of these books are the only national, comprehensive directories for any minority group in this country. Intellectually, they are very valuable. Commercially, they never got the support they deserved. I am an expert at making these types of directories and they should be the standard bearers for other directories desperately needed in this country. Black Americans don't have their own directory. Neither do women, children, Hispanic Americans, Asian Americans and the host of other minorities in this country.**

**I invented a new kind of book. I call it a "Genre Internet Guidebook" ("GIG" book for short). My Native American Internet Guide is an example of this.**

**I wrote my first novel this summer. It is called The Hierophant. It will probably never be published in this country because it is about a protagonist who, like me, is a middle-aged, professional woman who just can not get a job anywhere doing anything.**

**The foundation of everything is mathematics. Math does not lie. There is a glut of educated people in this country and not enough jobs for everyone. Like death, nobody wants to face the truth about employment in this country. In our community four years ago, there were over 2,000 people with bachelor degrees and 1,500 people with master degrees without work. I know the numbers have to be higher now.**

**I have learned the topic of educated, unemployed citizens in our country is one of the most taboo topics in America. Everyone knows someone like me, but no one will talk about it. Maybe no one will talk about this very real and growing problem because they are afraid they will jinx their own lives if they talk about it. I have written several articles about this, but no one will publish them.**

**People are afraid of the truth. That is because the truth refutes the myth of the American Dream. It would refute the lies we tell ourselves that we live in a classless society. We could no longer deny the fact a good education does not guarantee a good job. It would start a national debate who should be educated**

and how much they should be educated.

When I went to my substitute teacher training earlier this year, I was one of 21 professional people who obviously had been without decent work for a long time. Many of my colleagues had masters degrees in various disciplines, including a MBA and a MSW.

I met a man this year who received a Silver Nobel Peace Prize. He has been without work for five years. He is one of the most brilliant people I have ever met. A young man by Nobel Peace Prize standards, he regretfully told me he felt he had so much more to contribute to society and the world community, but no one would give him a chance.

When my husband put the pillow over my head yesterday, he had no intention of taking my life. He wanted to drive home a point to me that I should stay in my place reserved by society; subservient, powerless and cheap labor. He threw me out of the house and said he should be the one to remain in the home because he is the one who has been paying all the bills. He said he probably will end up killing me if I continue to stay in our home.

I have no place to go and I have no money. My husband and I have no money in the bank. The filling in one of my back teeth fell out last week and I asked my mother to help me get it fixed because it is painful. I asked her if I could stay with her and she wasn't keen on the idea. All she did was complain. She doesn't like the things I write and research about. My children are grown and they don't have any room to take me in.

I have two friends, but they are like me: professional people who are un- or under-employed and are barely surviving. Doug holds a masters degree in psychology from UCLA and works for a psychic phone service. Kat has degrees in micro computers and social work. She works for \$8 an hour as a clerk. My friends will take me in, but I do not want to burden them. The last time I looked in Kat's refrigerator, there was no food in it. There never is.

I have thought about it a lot and I can not go to the local women's shelter. I applied to work for them many times and I never got an interview. Then I found out other professionals had the same experience. I confronted the director about this and she admitted the hiring committee had been throwing out applications of college graduates. She said the hiring committee justified this by saying college graduates didn't really want to work for the shelter (even after the applicants went to all the trouble to send in résumés). She said she was trying to correct this problem by becoming part of the hiring committee.

Because the women's shelter has acted recklessly in this manner, they have validated and reinforced the prevalent discrimination women like myself face in a society that would rather see us dead than give us decent employment. I just can not place my life in the hands of women who think and act like that. It

is morally reprehensible and renders them hypocrites.

I want a divorce, but I don't have \$500 for an attorney and eight months to wait for one. If I had \$500, I would get an airplane ticket to another country and once there, I would burn my passport. If the country found me and tried to deport me, I would apply for political asylum. Since the only jobs available to me for the past nine years have been immigrant jobs that no one else wants to do, I might as well be an immigrant. If I have to wash dishes, I don't want to wash them here: broken, defeated and debased before a society that has no use for women like me.

There was a time when my husband loved me. Everyone marvelled at how much he loved me. We were madly in love with each other and we were inseparable. He never mistreated me. He was a feminist. But no matter what I did, I couldn't get a decent job. Times have been hard for many years and he feels I let him down. He's the only one who has a steady job (\$9 an hour) and the stressors of this have torn us apart.

I ask the court for an Order for Protection. I ask I be allowed to remain in my home, because as previously mentioned, I have no place to go and I have no money. All three homeless shelters are full. I called the Community Shelter today and was told there are over 600 homeless families and 800 homeless individuals in our city of 60,000. My step-daughter and her four children are homeless, but we can not take them in because of the tension in the household.

If my husband petitions to stay in the home, I ask the court to order my husband to attend anger management and women's studies classes. I know this does not guarantee my safety, but something is better than nothing.

In mid-July, when I was writing my novel, my husband kicked in the door to my little office and tried to smash my computer. He said I had to quit writing because it takes too much of my time and produces little money. I ask the court to stipulate in my Order of Protection to restrain my husband from destroying my computer or any of my intellectual property.

At 43, I am a dead woman.

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Ironically, I did go to the Women's Shelter on January 10, 2001 for help. John was going to kill me that day. He had stayed home from work and he was in one of his dark, brooding moods that would erupt into some kind of violence. He told me that he was staying home to "punish" me for "failing" him. Those were his words!

He had been harassing me ruthlessly for the past few weeks and had been warning

me, "I don't know what happened that day (August 29, 1999), but this time you I'm going to finish you off and you won't get out of it!"

When he stayed home that day, all the Warning Lights and Bells went off in my Soul! I was filled with fear because my Intuition told me that he was planning to kill me that day. It was the same fear that I felt on my Murder Day, August 29, 1999. I didn't know what to do, a fight broke out and I grabbed a knife. I caught what I was doing and called the cops.

My Testimony I wrote after the incident describes the police abuse that happened and how the "advocates" in the Women's Shelter handed me over to this policeman's supervisor and another cop while I was at the Women's Shelter telling them about the abuse! Minnesota Law says that no woman can be taken out of any women's shelter without a warrant! But the advocates didn't even question the guards of the Demonic System as they forced me out of the shelter! They just let them take me when they were supposed to be protecting me.

This is my Testimony. It is one of the few things that has survived. I wrote it in 2002. I wrote a lot of things to work myself out of shock and denial of what happened, My "Secret." Some of the content is redundant because it repeats some of other things written in this chapter, but I still prefer to keep it close to its original writing. I fixed some bad punctuation, but left the body basically untouched. I also made a few notes within these grouping symbols: [ ]

**MY STATEMENT ABOUT BEING KIDNAPPED BY THE SAINT CLOUD,  
MINNESOTA POLICE ON JANUARY 10, 2001  
MARTHA ROSE CROW**

**For years, I was beaten, burned, raped and sodomized. I was in hell and I could not get help or get out. This is because I had no where to go, nowhere to turn. My mother and sister knew of my suffering, but they would not offer help or shelter. They just pretended my torture did not exist. [later I would learn that my sister never knew because our Mother didn't tell her]**

**A non-violent person, I refused to fight him. He wanted me to fight him, too. That way, he could justify hurting me more.**

**An educated and professional person, I had to look cool and confident to the world. This is because I desperately needed work with a liveable wage so I could get out of my situation. I suffered in silence. I knew that if anyone knew of the things that happened to me that I would never get a professional job, let alone a semi- or para professional job. You have to be perceived as a 'good' person with a flawless reputation and character to get a good job anywhere. This is particularly true if you are a female. That is the way it is in this society and especially in a city called Saint Cloud, Minnesota.**

**The abuse started after I lost my economic power. On September 16, 1990, I moved to Saint Cloud, Minnesota with my then-boyfriend (and later husband) John Garret Crow. For over eight years, I could not find decent work. For the**

last two years, I was a substitute teacher for eleven school districts and five catholic schools. There are so many teachers out of work that I was lucky if I got one day of work a week.

The abuse at home escalated. It is rape when someone uses their power to force someone to engage in sexual intercourse that they don't want to participate in. He never put a knife to my throat. Instead, he threatened me. He threatened to take away my shelter, my food and all the medicine I was taking because I was always sick all the time from stress. I had a small child in my house (my grandson Dakota) and I needed John's financial support so that we could have a home. I kept hoping that I would get a job doing something tolerable and paid enough so I could either have some power in the failing relationship (earlier years) or get out (later years).

I began to try to stop the rapes in March of 1999. It was the day I almost killed myself. I was depressed and wanted to hang myself, but caught what I was doing when I had a spiritual experience that gave me clarity. A battered woman is five times more likely to commit suicide than a non battered woman. One in four suicide attempts by women are preceded by abuse.

Afterwards, I sat on the garage floor and wept for hours until the tears froze on my face and I was so cold I had to go inside. Then and there, I decided I would stop the violence against me. I knew I was sick from all those years of abuse and I decided to get well.

I got well, too. For several years, I had researched and written scholarly books. When I chose to be well, I began to write novels. Strong, feminist, progressive and theological novels that honestly portrayed the plight of abused and poor women in America. [I was also trying to tell my Secret but the novels ended up telling another story] Through this writing, I was able to manifest my outrage and horror about the plight of women like me. Rape and abuse in marriage or relationships is rampant and unstoppable in America. Writing about it helps me to heal, although I will probably never be completely well.

On January 10, 2001, I called the police because I thought I was in danger from my husband. Instead of asking him to leave or find some other way to cool things down, the police officer sided with my husband, thus abusing me, too. Not only that, he said some real inappropriate things that validated my abuse and encouraged it.

My husband explained to the sympathetic officer that I didn't want to work and help him. He told the officer that I was a "picky princess" because I was a "college graduate" and that I refused to get my hands dirty like other people have to when they work. Like he and the officer had to with their work. John told the officer that the woman next door wasn't "too good to help her husband," that she went to work every day to gut chickens for her family. John said that I had should be willing to make sacrifices like that, too, for my family.

I told the officer that the woman next door was Laotian and that she was



illiterate because she never went past the second grade in school. I told the officer that I was a writer and that it was the only thing that gave me value in life. I told the police officer that every one I knew that worked at the poultry processing plant got injuries, including carpal tunnel syndrome, and that I was not going to risk losing the use of my hands only for \$8 an hour. My hands, I told the officer, were necessary for me to write with. Then I wanted to know why I had to process chickens when I had earned four university degrees? When I had earned my way out of the slavery I was born into?

The officer said that I was lying to his face about not being able to find work when the government and media were always reporting that there were jobs 'everywhere'. When I asked him exactly where these jobs were, but he didn't know, except that McDonald's and convenience stores were always hiring. After I told him that those jobs did not pay enough wages for the basics of life, he got angry with me. He told me that if I "really wanted to work" that I would take anything.

I told the officer all the dialogue about work was unnecessary because I had a job. I was a substitute teacher. My husband interrupted and told the officer that I barely got one day of work a week. The officer told me to take a "stack of jobs" and then he whined that he had to work a second job. I told the policeman that I did have a "stack of jobs" that I had sixteen part-time jobs because I was registered in eleven school districts and five Catholic schools as a sub. [I also had a seventeen job as a freelance writer when I could get work doing it. I also didn't mention to the cop that I received royalties from my books semi-annually and got trips out of it as well so I could promote the books. I didn't tell the cop that because he kept telling me to be quiet while John kept up his accusations and the cop kept sympathizing with him. Now that I look back, they were both psychopaths]

First the officer argued with me, telling me that the government and media were always reporting that there was a "teacher's shortage" so I was "obviously lying" about not getting more work in that field. I had a list of teachers' names in my hands and I told him to call them and find out why they were also underemployed like me. He didn't want to call them, so he said that I should quit teaching. My husband agreed with him. Then the officer told me that I should work a stack of minimum wage jobs "to help my husband."

"You mean you're telling me," I said, "That I have to work a stack of shit jobs when your primary job of police officer pays a base wage of \$39,000 plus fringe benefits that most of us will never see in our lifetime?"

I asked him why he didn't work a fastfood or convenience store job if they were so fabulous? He got more angry. I guess it's okay to push someone else into a shit job if you don't have to do it yourself. Then he insisted that I go to the hospital because I had a "victim mentality and was obviously mentally ill" because unfilled jobs were "everywhere." When I asked the officer for his name or business card several times, he refused to give it to me.

All this time, I tried to explain to the officer that my marital problems weren't about money as much as they were about power and control. I tried to explain to him that my husband was a sadist who insisted on sadistic forms of sexual intercourse. I tried to explain to the officer that my husband was raping me and that I was trying to make him stop. The policeman would not let me speak. Instead, he listened sympathetically and agreed with my husband about women's roles to men.

Outraged, I went to the women's shelter to complain about this cop and what he said. My colleague Maxine the shelter's director was not there, so I talked with two shelter "advocates." They immediately understood the implications of the improper behavior of this police officer did to my home situation (the police officer had endangered me more).

Then they called the police station to protest what happened, then the supervisor told them that he would come down to the shelter to talk with me. The 'Advocates' urged me to stay and wait so I could give a statement.

A sergeant and another officer (very young guy) came into the little conference room and the sergeant told me that if I wanted to make a complaint that I would have to go to the police station and do it.

I said, "Fine. I'll go there right now."

As I got up to go, the sergeant and his buddy blocked the door. Then he said that he was "worried" about me and "this was for my own good."

I looked at him and asked him, "What are you talking about?" He said I was going to have to come to the hospital with him.

"For what?" I asked. He said he thought I was mentally ill and that I needed to be put in the hospital.

The sergeant announced to me that he had talked with the police man who had come to my house and the sergeant said that he thought I should go to the hospital for "an evaluation." I was always rational and talked intelligently. I had never talked about suicide or any of that close to it. I objected to going to the hospital because I knew that there was nothing wrong with me. I asked the sergeant if he was a psychologist or had conferred with one?

He said, "No."

The sergeant said I was "suicidal" and I told him that I had never spoken of that, nor had I ever implied that I was self-destructive to anyone. I told him I was healthy mentally and that he was doing this to harass me because I had complained against the officer. One of those "advocates" walked in and I told her the police was trying to take me against my will to the hospital. Her eyes looked away and I instantly knew she and the other advocate had collaborated in my detention.

Then I remembered I had reminded these sheltered and protected middle class ladies of the truth of all our realities: that all women are one man and/or one job away from the streets. These women had tried to get me to stay at the shelter and I refused. I reminded them that the county would only pay for my stay for one month.

I asked them , "Where do I live after that, especially since I can only get temporary or part-time work?"

The 'Advocates' told me that I'd be able to stay at the Community Shelter for a month. That would give me plenty of time to get another job to support myself on because the media and government said that there "were jobs going unfilled all over the place."

When I asked them where these jobs were, they didn't know. I told the 'Advocates' that these jobs didn't exist because I and my friends couldn't find them and we were always calling the newspapers, television stations and state employment agencies every time these media reports came out. No one knew exactly where these jobs were, but they obviously existed because the government said they did.

I told those women that I am a world-class researcher and the only jobs that were going unfilled were low-pay, dirty, injurious jobs that no one wanted to take and couldn't afford to live on. One of the 'Advocates' told me that I could clean the mall. I told her that I knew a woman who did that and she made \$6.50 an hour. I wanted to know how I was supposed to pay for the basics on that kind of low wages? I also wanted to know why I had to take a shit job when I worked so hard to be educated? Then I pointed out the fact that employers don't like to hire educated people for shit jobs.

She told me to hide my education. I pointed out to her that it was against the law to lie on an employment application and lying about your education was reason for dismissal.

One 'Advocate' tried to point out that at least I "would be safe from violence."

I told the 'Advocate', "Don't you realize that poverty is violence, too? Especially, feminine poverty? Why do I have to trade one for the other? Especially when either one will kill you?"

"No," I told them. "I need a decent job with a liveable wage. That is the one thing that could have saved my marriage and it's the one thing that could get me out of my marriage now."

My honesty really terrified them. I told them the truth of women's lives. They knew that they could lose their favored status of madonnas if they failed to obey males and their systems. I am sure this is why the 'Advocates' just handed me over to the police. That, and because white women in American

society are socialized to obey males without question, especially ones in authority and power.

When the 'Advocate' shifted her eyes, I told her, "You are putting me great jeopardy by doing this. An emergency room visit costs about \$500 . This bill is going to make my husband angry and he will take it out on me. I am sure the shelter or the police are not going to pay for this. This is also unnecessary because I am not sick."

I asked the sergeant what law was I being detained under? He told me I was being detained under his "judgement." I asked where was my ticket or paper saying he could do this to me and he told me that I would get one. I still am waiting for this paper. [I never got a ticket or anything explained to me on paper and that is the law! After I fled to Holland, I wrote the police chief several letters asking for my ticket and I never got a response.]

The sergeant and the other police officer jumped up and grabbed each side of me. I told them, "Taking your fucking hands off me!" There was no way I was going to let a man touch me in a bad way ever again. [I would have fought them like a wildcat, too, and they knew iT.]

Then they pulled out handcuffs. The sergeant said I could walk out of there with "dignity" or they would handcuff me and drag me out. I told them with authority, "Get your fucking hands of me. Not only do I have to be abused in my own home, you are abusing me as well. You are punishing me because I complained about that officer."

They took their hands off of me and walked me to the police car, where I was forced to sit in the backseat. I was forced against my will to go to the hospital. All this time I rationally protested against the loss of my freedom and power.

I was put in a containment room at the hospital. Instead of it being paneled in rubber, it was paneled in carpet. I was forced to undress and wear pajamas. They took away my skirt, my shirt, my shoes and purse.

A female hospital security guard searched me and my possessions. The police left us alone and I told her what was happening. I also told the security guard that I suspected that they [women's shelter advocates] had cooperated in my imprisonment because I had refused to stay at the shelter.

I told her that the police were punishing me because I had complained about one of their own. I asked her to watch my back so they didn't try anything else ugly like try to put drugs on me. I told her I did not trust them if they could do something like this to me.

I tried to call my friend who is a lawyer. She, like many other female professional women I know, is either under- or un- employed. She wasn't home. So I called my daughter and also called my son at work. They couldn't believe what had happened to me and they raced to the hospital to be my

witnesses if I needed any.

I had to see two doctors. The first one was a physician. I had to wait for the second one, who I was told, was a psychiatrist. God was watching after me because the psychiatrist was a woman.

I told the psychiatrist everything. I told her about all those years of abuse and about not being able to get out of that house because I could not get enough work to support myself. I told her that even though I had four university degrees in diverse fields, I could not get a job no matter how hard I tried. She said she understood what I was talking about.

I told the doctor about how my husband had tried to get the police officer to believe that I was crazy because I had seen a sky full of angels when I was a child. She told me, "Once you have seen angels, they never leave you." I told her about what the policeman had said in my house. I told her of my outrage about this and told her about what had happened at the women's shelter. She got tears in her eyes and asked me if she could hug me. She hugged me for a long time and I began to cry because it was the first kindness I had been shown all day. She told me, "I will go get your clothes."

I was released from the hospital.

My daughter drove me back to the shelter to get my vehicle. It was blocked in, so I rang the doorbell and told them someone needed to move their vehicle. I saw Maxine through the window and asked to talk to her. She would not come out, but instead talked to me through the intercom. I told her, "Now you see why most professional women won't come here. Instead, they chose to suffer rape, sodomy and physical abuse."

Fifty years ago, women who refused to "conform" to the dictates of a patriarchal society and accept male authority were institutionalized. This is what the police tried to do to me. I know a woman in Saint Cloud whose aunt was imprisoned in a mental institution for almost two decades because she would not obey her husband.

One hundred years ago in this country, women who were not submissive and obedient were murdered by the males in their households. Either by a father, husband, brother or uncle. They were usually smothered or locked away in the basement. Female life never did have any value in a patriarchal, bible-based society like America.

In 2000, the last full year I lived in Minnesota, at least forty women were murdered by their husbands or boyfriends

(<http://www.mcbw.org/pdf/femicide/femicide2000.pdf>).

It was a record year. I remember hearing about one murder on the television news and the anchor wanted to know why they stayed. I knew why they stayed because I knew why I stayed. There was no work or not enough work. There were no real social safety nets to protect women like us. The only guarantee

**we had was slow, torturous death by socially designed feminine poverty.**

**Being kidnapped by the police severely traumatized me and put me into deep shock. Somehow, I managed to get a plane ticket and leave my country. Somehow, I managed to start a new life, but I have been very poor.**

**I have had a boyfriend since March 12, 2001. When I got with him, I told him how badly I was treated and that I was not well. Neither of us knew that I was in shock and that I had amnesia. I've been very lucky with this guy because he stays with me even though I am married to someone else and because he loves me in spite of all my tears.**

**When I tried to tell people what happened to me in America, I could only tell them part of the story. Then I would tell someone else another part of the story. I was so traumatized that I could not tell one person the whole story at once.**

**A mediocre poet before I left America, I began to write poetry in Holland. It was my soul's attempt to explain to me what my mind could not comprehend. It wanted me to know exactly what happened in America and why. The poetry was the catalyst to my healing and understanding. Still, I couldn't put all the pieces together at the same time. I was too traumatized.**

**On August 12, 2002, a friend named Marinus was trying to teach me to speak Dutch in a little park in the Centrum. He said something that triggered a memory that brought back all of my memories. I remembered that I had always been sick in America. Then I remembered all those years of abuse by my husband and by my society.**

**[It should be noted here that when I came to Holland, I was in a great state of shock. A week and a half before I left America, John asked me to go to Cub West – a big box grocery store – and get him some cold medicine. As I was going down the empty second lane with my cart, a strange man came up to me and beat me. He hit me in the chest so hard that it spun me and almost knocked me out! As tears and BIG QUESTION MARKS??? welled in my eyes, this man I had never seen in my life told me that I'd better "cool it" or next time, it would be worse! Then he dared me to "call the police" because they would believe him over me. This totally freaked me out! I had heard about goon beatings – underground bullies who terrorize people that the managers of the System want hurt to be "taught a lesson" – but I had never experienced one until then. I left the cart standing where it was and got in the blue van and began to scream and scream for God to help me. I was in deep shock from being so brutalized. I knew I had been attacked by an agent of evil and I knew that other evil forces, including John, were constantly attacking me. I made a conscious decision to put myself on "auto-pilot" like I did with my Soul in the Spirit World and wake myself up later when I was safe. This is probably the one thing that protected me during those long last days in America. Then one day I'm in the park with Marinus and I start getting my memories back. ]**

**My personality changed and for a couple of days, my boyfriend was afraid of me because I was different from the person he had come to know. He had only seen pieces of me, not the whole person. He cursed the United States and swore that he would never go to such an evil, hateful place that hurts its citizens like it did me.**

**For a few days, we were worried that we were going to break up because of my personality change, but after Ron looked inside, he found that he still loved me. I am just more complex than I was before.**

**Even though I am a whole person again, I still suffer from trauma. I am always in constant psychic pain and I always have nightmares. I have had nightmares almost every night since I was kidnapped by the police. As for the pain, I need counseling but I have no medical insurance. Also, I need a psychotherapist who speaks English because my Dutch is primary-level.**

**For a year and a half, I couldn't learn how to speak Dutch because I was in shock. I'm a teacher and I know that it is almost impossible for someone to learn a language when they are in shock, but I couldn't see why it was so hard for me learn it (because I was so traumatized).**

**To this day, I have never received an explanation why the 'Advocates' turned me over to the police (it was against Minnesota State law unless the police had a warrant in their hands). To this day, I have never received a ticket or explanation why the police forced me on a terror ride. Legally, they can not do this without giving me a ticket. But they did it anyway.**

**I know why they kidnapped me, though. They did it to protect their misogynist buddy that I said FUCK YOU to and to bear their teeth at me (how animals do to each other) to warn me to obey the males of society. In America, you are supposed to be polite to the police, even when they are attacking you with your husband. Even when the police officer is justifying your abuse and giving your husband weapons to use against you later.**

**If you are a woman in America, any man can harass you at any time to make you obey your Alpha Male and the male systems institutions that dictate the quality of life for each citizen. Ironically, there are laws for tangible harassment like rape or stalking, but there are no laws against intangible harassment like this.**

**America is the perfect police state. Almost all the males of my society are socialized to watch all the females of my society. If there were laws against this kind of harassment, most of the males in my society would be locked up.**

**.....**

**Now when I look back, I see the Truth about what was happening in American society. The evil lords of wealth and power (they called themselves "conservatives") wanted to force a modern, brutal feudal system on the Village. Not only that, there were too many redundant workers and "useless eaters" standing in the way of the**

New World Order. They had to be culled, just like farmers cull their cattle. Too many unhappy serfs pose a problem to Power. The serf slaves might actually form groups or a group and confront Power, maybe even overthrow it.

I always say this and I will say IT again: Most deaths in this world are premature, thus they are murders, whether direct murders or more often times, indirect murders. These murders are done in the “third person” so they’re not traced to real source of the murderers (rulers, politicians, wealthy elites and big business). Instead, the regular Villagers die from the poisons or cocktail of poisons that Power releases into the environment. These include poisons in our food, pharmaceuticals, water, air, the building materials of our houses (asbestos comes to mind plus formaldehyde), so forth.

Smoking tobacco doesn’t kill like all the chemicals and other things that cigarette manufacturers put in their products. On the outside, above the skin, this phenomena is blamed on greed. On the inside, this is deliberately done by the agents of Satan-those hiding among us in human flesh-to make people suffer and die prematurely.

The Villagers are only a means-to-an-end to the demonic psychopaths who rule us through their demonic psychopathic institutions. When they have no use for us, when we’ve lost our usefulness to them, if we have become so populous (thus a threat to their Power) or if we are going to end up costing “society” money (social security, food stamps, medical assistance, so forth), the Puppet Masters want us permanently out of the way and death is the only “solution” for them.

If they killed us honestly, there would be an immediate, angry reaction by the Villagers. So like the predators they are, they kill us slowly and “innocently” with stabs from their little knives disguised in social and economic forces, shocking us over and over again until our bodies and Spirits are too weak to fight off premature death.

Women have always been a problem for corrupt male societies. There’s not enough work for the males so the only work females can get is the dirty, low-paid jobs that men don’t want to do. Not only that, women are fertile and corrupt male societies have struggled for millennia to control women’s fertility and in Bronze Age thinking, control the fathering of children.

Independent thinking women like me are even a greater problem for corrupt male societies because we refuse to be subservient to males and their institutions.

In the rulers’ psychopathic minds, women who are no longer useful or are a problem, they need to be eliminated! They did this with other unwanted groups, too! They rigged the social game so we’d become so brutally impoverished and thus so savagely weakened, that we would die prematurely and get out of their way so they could make more profits and get their New World Order with its “free market.”

To understand evil, you can use a model I learned about in a graduate-level psychology class called B-O-B (Behavior-Outcome-Benefit). You look for behavior, what the outcome of the behavior is and who benefits (just follow the money and



power). Teachers should teach elementary school children B-O-B, but the demonic rulers in this world don't want children to think or analyze their world, but to learn to obey and believe what they're told by Authority.

Another good model to use to understand something is Construction or Self Destruction/Destruction. If something isn't really Constructive than it's usually one of the two Destructions, thus it is anti-life or evil.

.....

Barbara Chatkana was a friend of mine. I knew her for along time. In 1993, I helped Barbara move to Saint Cloud from Canada. Her daughter Germaine was my daughter Jasmine's best friend. The last time I saw Germaine alive, I had given her a ride to her mother's house.

When Germaine got out of the car, I wished her well and told her to stay away from her on-and-off-again boyfriend Ole, "because he might do (you) in." I instantly caught the words and how hypocritical they sounded because I was going home to someone much more dangerous than Ole. More, I had a black feeling that I would never see her again and I had another epiphany that I was going to be murdered. I fought back my Intuition and prayed while I drove home.

In late January 1999, Germaine was found murdered. The police still don't know how long her strangled body lay in the furnace room before it was discovered. Ole strangled her for 20 minutes with a belt until she died. Instantly, I remembered my epiphanies the last time I saw her and I remembered the epiphanies I had for myself.

Germaine's funeral was incredibly sad. We tried not to notice the smell coming from her rotting body in the casket, but it was impossible to ignore.

To Celebrate Germaine's short life and so she won't just fade away like all the other victims of domestic violence, I am inserting an article about her here.

I knew Germaine for many years and again, she was my daughter Jasmine's best friend. Jasmine had to be put on a three-week suicide watch when I told her the bad news that Germaine was dead and Ole killed her. Jazzie slumped against the wall and tears flew out of her eyes like a toy water gun, spraying the air with great power. I'm weeping as I write this. The unbearable pain of this one memory has made me sob controllably. It's taken me a few minutes to pull myself together. Such a beautiful woman-child to have to die like this!

*OH GOD, how much pain can I take? As Tempered as My Vessel Is, I am lost in pain. I REMEMBER THE SUFFERING and IT STILL CUTS ME . Why? Why? WHY Did YOU stand by so SILENTLY and the let the already corrupt Village BECOME SIERED BY SATAN? THE SATAN EVERYONE'S BEEN PROGRAMMED TO BELIEVE IS AN ANGEL WHEN HE IS ANOTHER GOD? Almost every institution BECAME EVIL AND **NO ONE BUT A FEW** OF US WITH CONSCIENCES SAID SOMETHING BACK THEN! HOW MANY REALLY DIED FROM **THE HIDDEN***

***GENOCIDE????? THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME! THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME AN ANARCHIST!***

Many Germaines die every year in America alone. Now that the demonic psychopaths have entrenched themselves and their Power in every facet of American life, they have been hiding information or anything that casts a negative light on them! They've also been eliminating and/or neutralizing information and anyone who stands in the way of their Dominant World View. Eliminating important public information and dissenting voices are Classic Signs of Fascism!

Crime statistics are a good barometer to measure the Savagery of a Society. Politicians and other puppets for the Capitalist Masters like the media, like to blame the Village for high savagery numbers when they are publicly exposed. Although they know that high violence in the Village is a symptom of something else (savage oppression and manipulation of culture), they always "switch and bait" the savagery to mean something completely opposite of what it really is: That it is the disease!

Evil is always anxious to hide anything that might expose it like TRUTH, including honest and comprehensive statistics that show how evil the Village is and/or becoming.

So who really knows how many Germaines and Marthas have been murdered each year in America? I did a search on the internet and the numbers started at 1460 and went into the tens of thousands. And where are the numbers for the "accidents" and suicides? Remember, most women have few real life choices in America and the Savage Society is extra brutal to women who don't toe the line. Sometimes, women would rather kill themselves than wait for their male to do it or let some vigilante goon or goon squad rape and kill them if they become homeless because they became too impoverished when they left their abuser.

One morning, Barb (Germaine's Mother) called me and asked me if I could pick up some newspapers for her. She didn't have a car and she suffers bad health. I had always given Barb and her family rides or done errands for her. I told her I'd go get the newspapers for her.

When I delivered them to her house, she immediately scanned one and saw Germaine's picture on the front cover of The Circle, a Native American newspaper published out of Minneapolis. She gave me a copy and told me, "Here, keep this." I have lost almost all my personal things, but ironically, I still have the newspaper. I keep it in an envelop, but it still shows its age because its yellowed and brittle.

I transcribed the article. Below, you will find Germaine's story.

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**"The Spirit Winces"  
The Murder of Germaine Chatkana**

**Call it mother's intuition, premonition, guidance from above or simple logic, but Barbara Hanska knew her daughter was going to be murdered. She knew she didn't have long and set out to save Germaine's infant son.**

**By Sue Rich**

**Call it mother's intuition, premonition, guidance from above or simple logic, but Barbara Hanska knew her daughter was going to be murdered. Ole Maxwell, 23, the man who had beaten Hanska's 20-year-old daughter, Germaine LaCosta Chatkana, was soon to be released from St. Cloud prison under the Department of Correction's intense community supervision program (i.e. Parole). Hanska knew she didn't have long and set out to save Germaine's infant son, her grandchild and Ole Maxwell's son, Tate Mani (Wind Walking) Maxwell.**

**Hanska tried to enlist several Stearns County Minnesota social workers in her quest. The protective grandmother identified herself as the baby's primary caregiver. Up until last November, when they moved into a place of their own across town, Germaine and Tate (pronounced "tah-tay") had lived with Hanska in her St. Cloud apartment. By the end of January, Maxwell would no longer be behind prison walls for a Criminal Vehicular Operation-after a high speed chase with police, he'd crashed the car then tried to flee on foot, leaving an injured Germaine in the passengers' seat. Surely he would seek out Germaine, and Hanska did not want Tate around for the reunion scene.**

**Between Ole's violent criminal record and Hanska's phone calls to the police-in both St. Cloud and neighboring Waite Park, where Ole would soon live with his mother, Tamara Maxwell-Hanska figured authorities had enough to go on and would protect her loved ones. Just in case, she also put in a call to Ole's supervising (parole) officer, asking him to keep Ole away as well.**

**But two days after Ole's release, Tate was crawling about Tamara Maxwell's basement apartment-his mother's body rotting in the boiler room next to the bathroom.**

**"He keeps crawling around opening and shutting every door he can-We think he may be looking for Germaine, his mother," says Hanska, now Tate's temporary guardian. Germaine's son was returned to Hanska after spending a few days in foster care. Police had removed Tate from Tamara Maxwell's care, despite her plea of ignorance concerning the murder and the body in her boiler room.**

**While authorities found it difficult to believe Tamara's claims, a Wait Park police officer had also been in her apartment and not noticed Germaine's body. According to his police report, officer Arlan Schermerhorn had been called by an officer on routine patrol to check out what appeared to be a drunken grandmother about to drive off with an infant. When Schermerhorn arrived, he used his squad car to block in Tamara, preventing her from driving off with her infant grandson.**

The officer noted Tamara appeared to be intoxicated, yet a breathalyzer test revealed zero alcohol content. Tamara Maxwell then explained to the officer that Tate's parents, Ole and Germaine, has asked her to watch over him for a few days. The officer also noted in his report that Tamara believed "the two were on the run because the father was wanted for unknown criminal charges."

Then Hanska pulled up at the scene. She had heard that Tamara was taking care of Tate and felt the child was in danger. Hanska walled up to the officer and insisted Tamara Maxwell, a white woman, had no right to the baby and demanded the officer let her take Tate home with her. Betwixt the two grandmothers eager to stake their claim, Officer Schermerhorn reportedly state that "race had nothing to do with this." And since Tamara Maxwell had a verbal agreement with the baby's parents, the only way Officer Schermerhorn said he could remove the child form Tamara's residence 'was if the child's health and welfare was in fact in danger."

Hanska believe the officer was quick to dismiss her concerns as the babble of an overly-possessive grandmother and half-cocked Indian. Hanska says Schermerhorn barely glanced at Maxwell's apartment before giving the Caucasian woman a big stamp of approval. In his report, the officer states he put in a call to social services, telling them, "The residence appeared to be clean and well-kept. The child was observed in the living-room in a playpen. [Tamara] then brought the child into the kitchen area. Upon observing the child he appeared to be well taken care of." Satisfied, the officer left. Days later, on February 2nd, police were led to Germaine's body by Ole Maxwell.

After murdering Germaine Chatkana, Ole had caused a blip on the electronic home monitoring radar screen used to keep track of his comings and goings. The Department of Corrections knew he had left his mother's home, his sanctioned quarters, for more than the appropriate amount of time allotted to job searching.

Department of Corrections officer David Chabot informed Waite Park police that he had issued a warrant for Ole's arrest. According to the police report filed by the Waite Park police officer who met with Chabot, "Chabot advised that Maxwell and his girlfriend are currently possibly in hiding because [Germaine Chatkana] is Indian and the tribe is coming to get them. Chabot stated that [Chatkana's] mother contacted the tribe and advised them that her daughter's child was taken from her an is currently with Maxwell and [Chatkana]. However the child is currently with Tamara Maxwell at the residence here in Waite Park. Chabot advised that in the Indian culture to have their Indian child living with white people is a serious offense. Chabot advised that they have received information that the tribe is coming to find the child to take back with them."

But before the authorities or tribal members, could catch up with Ole, he reportedly stepped into a Cub foods grocery store in Crystal, a suburb of

Minneapolis, and demanded an employee call the police because there was a warrant out for his arrest.

According to an article in the St. Cloud Times, February 6, 1999, written by David Unze, who covered the story for the paper, Maxwell suffered from Attention Deficit Disorder and needed to take Ritalin. According to the article based on interviews with Ole's mother and sister, "Things got worse when he substituted alcohol and crack cocaine for his prescription medicine." According to the article, Tamara Maxwell said her son's erratic behavior worsened after abuse he suffered while in prison. He reportedly walked around warning people that he would kill himself or hurt others one day. The threats were so frequent, Ole's mother reportedly grew accustomed to them

It was from Hennepin County jail that Ole Maxwell make the fateful call to Maxine Chatkana. "He said, 'I just thought that I should let you know that Germaine is dead,'" said Germaine's sister. Maxine says she couldn't believe it and told Ole he had to be kidding. "That's what he said, 'You can laugh about it but she shouldn't be where she is right now.'" Then Ole told her where police could find the body.

After completing their investigative work in the boiler room, authorities allowed Barbara Hanska, Maxine and Billy Chatkana (Germaine's older sister and younger brother), Frank Chartrand (Barbara's partner) and Clyde Bellecourt of AIM (American Indian Movement) to sage the area and perform ceremony. Maxine says she still expects to her sister, that if feels like she's not really gone. She says her younger sister visits her in her dreams. Maxine is not the only one who sees Germaine.

A friend of Hanska's spent a sleepless night in the Stearns country jail with Ole a cell or two over. Throughout the night, she says, Ole was pacing, howling and proclaiming his love for Germaine. Over and over he asked her to understand this, to understand that he loved her and to, please, leave him alone.

Hanska and Chartrand, who is the main father figure in Tate's life, burn sage and sing soothing Native lullabies to coax Tate to sleep. Hanska's apartment is set up for a baby, nothing sharp or hard is within Tate's two-and-a-half zone above the carpet. Maxine Chatkana, who currently lives with Hanska, gently picks Tate off the floor, stroking him, whenever he seems about to hurt himself. "I lost a kid las year," she says, "and when Germaine had Tate, she said she'd share."

Although the family is happy to have Tate back in their home, their wounds from his removal are still fresh. When Hanska speaks of Tate's temporary placement in Maxwell's home, then a foster family, her eyes smolder though her tears. Before Ole was released, the Maxwells, says Hanska, "never had anything to do with Tate. They only saw him a few times."

When the country places Tate with a white foster family, Hanska called in AIM.

She also worked with native leaders of the St. Cloud American Indian Center. Together, they held a wake/rally to mourn Germaine's death and protest the way authorities were handling her son.

However, there was little Hanska or any other Native Advocates could do about Tate's staying with a white family. Int Indian Child Welfare Act (ICWA) did not apply. ICWA only mandates counties to place the children of families enrolled in tribes in the United States, when possible, with Native foster families. Tate, like the rest of the family, in an enrolled member of the Dakota in Canada.

Now Hanska is prepare to get the legal system to work for her. She is working with attorney Janice Tarvastad to gain permanent legal guardianship of tAte. According to Tarvastad, she and her client ar prepared to battle the county as well as Tamara and her daughter Theresa Maxwell. Tat is, if Tate really is their grandchild and nephew. A young Native man has stepped forward since Germaine's murder claiming he is Tate's real father. But if a blood test should reveal a the young man has a legitimate claim to the child as his father, Hanska and Tarvastad are prepared to fight another battle for custody.

At first, who should have custody of Tate seems like a simple question, but custody cases are never simple. The people involved often demonize one another. Now there is talk of racist conspiracy and the evil of the Maxwell family-*all part of a white system which not only let Tate down, but killed Germaine (italics, mine)*. In this custody case the stakes are high, for responsibility of Tate is intimately linked to his mother's murder.

Approximately 80 people gathered on the stops of the Stearns county Courthouse March 18th. A few years ago, Germaine had received an award for the may of St. Cloud at this same location. She was a talented artist and in high school she received top honors in an art competition. Foreshadowing her ironic end, the Mayor's award was for her antiviolence campaign poster design. But this chilly almost-spring gathering was Germaine vigil.

Native and non-native people of all ages carried candles in Dixie cups and clung to small chunks of amethyst to remember the deceased young mother and remind them of the horrors of domestic violence and its victims.

Representatives from Woman House [the name later changed to Anna Marie's Shelter], the domestic abuse shelter in St. Cloud which organized the event, kept their speeches short-preferring to hand over the mic to Germaine's family and friends and more Native-oriented domestic abuse groups. Maxine Chatkana, who seems much older than her 25 years, was too deep in mourning to speak. Hanska waited until near the end of the vigil and kept her comments brief, reminding everyone that a baby is still involved in this situation and to demand that justice be served.

Hanska was not the only woman making this demand. (Although there were men in the audience, including Germaine's father who traveled form Canada to

support his family, they never took to the microphone. Hanska said they were too angry to speak.) Each time another woman stated the need to fight for justice, to prosecute the police, to hold the system accountable, eyes seemed to return to the single St. Cloud police officer present at the vigil.

A young Native woman expressed the pain she felt losing one of the few native mentors St. Cloud has to offer. A friend of Hanska's, Franky Monríguez, pulled out her guitar and sang a song for Germaine, which also included references to Monríguez's former days in a violent relationship herself.

One of Germaine's best friends from school, Molly Finch, has not taken her friend's death lightly. She remembers Germaine as "the sweetest person you could ever meet." Finch admits that between work, school and life in general, she hadn't seen her friend much the last year of her life. She wishes she had and dares to publicly ask the painful question few ask aloud: "What could I have done to save Germaine?"

After Germaine's death, Finch took in a friend trying to leave a violent relationship. Molly is no stranger to domestic violence; she herself a survivor. "I'm so sick of all this," she said at the vigil. Molly wants groups to start up a petition drive. She wants a law, a movement—just anything to keep this from happening again.

It was as if Germaine's murder had tapped into the collective fear and anger and anguish of battered women throughout the state. A woman from a Native-oriented domestic violence group on Duluth spoke of the many young Native women currently in abusive situations before presenting Hanska with a poster of a shawl dancer in the spirit world. Germaine was the only shawl dancer in St. Cloud. A Native woman from another Native-oriented women's organization expressed her grief for Germaine and her family. Then she spoke, as much as her tight throat would allow her, of her own daughter's current involvement in an abusive relationship. The man abusing her daughter had held a gun to her daughter's head just the night before.

Between the sincere expressions of sympathy and the public gestures of warmth towards Germaine's family, most speakers, including those from the Native domestic violence groups, mentioned that they did not really know Germaine personally. Although some were sure they'd "probably met her at a couple of pow wows."

Such is the way of domestic violence, it comes cloaked in shame and secrecy. Victims often sincerely believe, most often with rock solid reasoning, they will suffer more harm if they inform someone of their situation. Statistics show this is, sadly, often true.

But when Ole laid Germaine up in the hospital after leaving her injured in the car crash, the cat was out of the bag. Germaine had not hoped of passing off the black and blue marks she bore as the proverbial running into doorknobs. After the incident, says Maxine Chatkana, Germaine attended a couple

meetings at the Woman House. But it wasn't long before Germaine complained to her family, says Hanska, of no other Native women being at the meetings. Hanska says she volunteered to accompany her daughter, but Germaine never took her up on the offer.

It wasn't until after the murder that Germaine's family and the domestic abuse advocates met. Germaine's sister, Maxine, said Woman House had been trying to reach Germaine. When the police checked out Germaine's apartment after her murder, they found a stack of Woman House cards with emergency contacts and brochures. "I think they slipped them under the door," said Maxine.

Germaine had her own plan for dealing with Ole, say Maxine and the grapevine that Germaine was looking for a boyfriend strong enough to protect her\*. While the beautiful Germaine had suitors from many different ethnic backgrounds, she had pinned her hopes on, as her mother puts it, "an young AIM guy." But when it came time for Maxwell to be released on parole, Germaine had not found her knight in shining armor\*.

According to Andy Doom, the director of Special Supervision with the Department of Corrections, Ole Maxwell originally applied to live with Germaine while he was under the community supervision program. Tom Kritzek, Maxwell's supervisory (parole) officer, says Doom, Kritzek's superior, went to visit her and the baby. Kritzek, says Doom, reported that Germaine appeared uncomfortable with the thought of Ole moving in. Kritzek independently decided not to allow them to live together under Ole's supervised release program. Doom says that, to the best of his knowledge, Germaine Chatkana herself had never called the Department of Corrections to express fear of Ole Maxwell nor had she filed for a restraining order.

As for the calls Hanska says she made to St. Cloud and Waite Park police asking them to protect Germaine, there do not appear to be any police reports filed in either police district to qualify them. Even if police had received calls from Hanska and filed reports of their occurrence immediately before Ole's release, they would not have much difference.

While the Department of Corrections has the ability to prohibit someone under their supervision from seeing certain individuals, says Doom, they have to rely on the courts and concerned family members and other individuals to notify them of such potential threats and dangers. The Department of Corrections is typically not notified when people call the police to express concerns about individuals soon to serve the rest of their prison term in the community. To prohibit someone under supervised release from visiting someone else, there has to have been legal action taken-such as pressing charges or filing for a restraining order-or phone calls directly to the Department of Corrections.

Kritzek reported to Doom that Hanska had called him expressing concern for Tate. However, Kritzek is adamant Hanska did not mention concern for Germaine's safety. Kritzek also reported to Doom that while he was



sympathetic to Hanska's concerns, there was little he could do to prevent Ole from seeing his son if nothing had been filed in court, such as a restraining order or a custody suit.

According to Hanska's attorney, Janice Tarvastad, Hanska was frightened Germaine would run away with Tate if her very own mother filed for custody of her baby. "Young girl, no skills, might be chemically dependent, few parenting skills-she (Hanska) didn't trust her with the baby."

Germaine is remembered as a sweet young woman-who was also a bit of a partygoer. "She had her problems," says her mother. Hanska herself had sown her wild oats in younger days, and it seems Germaine was walking down her mother's path. While Germaine hung out with friends, grandmother preferred to watch Tate at home.

While Ole Maxwell was in prison, where he soon will be again, Chatkana attended GED and parenting classes. She got a job and moved into her own apartment across town. This young woman was on her way to independence-but she was still in St. Cloud and without a knight to protect her.

Even if the Department of Corrections and every police district in every country in Minnesota had not allowed Ole Maxwell to go to Germaine Chatkana, there was no way they could keep her from going to him. Germaine went to visit Ole Maxwell at his mother's home in Waite Park, meaning no blip on the electronic home monitoring screen. The two even supposedly talked marriage. Without the filing of a court action, Germaine, as mother, could still take her baby with her.

Tate has changed\*\*. The old Tate liked to take baths, now he is terrified of water. The old Tate used to love naps, now he fights sleep with his fists in the air. The old Tate sat on the floor and played with his toys, now he gangs his head on the floor for no apparent reason and gasps at predators invisible to others.

\* See how the underlying culture is? A woman has to have a "knight" to "protect" her or she is vulnerable to violence. And which males are "knights" and what is the personal cost to have a "knight"?

Germaine ran out of time to find another male to protect her. That's how it works in the savage society when you are born a woman without money and/or power.

\*\* I personally witnessed Tate's changed behavior because I was in Barb's house several times after Germaine's death. One time, Tate kept running all over the apartment, opening up and closing doors. It was obvious he was looking for his mother. Then he started opening up cupboard doors. It was one of the most pitiful things I ever saw. I began to weep. I'm weeping now because those memories are crisp and in color.

Ole tried to commit suicide by an overdose of drugs in the Stearns County Jail but

he was resuscitated. The inmates told others, including Barb, that Ole was constantly haunted by the ghost of Germaine.

Ole didn't make it long in prison this time. For his "safety," (probably from Indian inmates-they revenge deaths of Indians murdered by white guys), Ole was sent to a Kansas prison. On Christmas Day in 2001, Ole was found dead in his cell from "natural causes." Ironically, Christmas Day was also Ole's 25th birthday. The coroner said that Ole died in the early hours of his birthday.

The Indian community wasn't surprised by Ole's death at all. Barb had sent for medicine from northern Canada. With this medicine, Barb cursed Ole and his family. She told me with blood in her eye right after Germaine died that she was going to have the "spirits" kill him. It was only a matter of time before they did and they picked his birthday to do it.

I still don't know how Theresa Maxwell could not have noticed the smell of Germaine's rotting body in the boiler room right next to the bathroom in the basement apartment. It was late January and winters in Minnesota are extremely cold. The apartment was in a three-floor, older house. This means that the boiler must have been burning hot day and night, cooking Germaine's body. There is no way someone could not have smelled that sweet, sickly smell and follow it to Germaine, lying under a blanket with a belt around her neck.

Truthfully, I was so angry about this that I had thought about writing a dark play about someone like Ole killing someone like Germaine and how some people like Ole's family help him hide the body in the boiler room until they can figure out what to do. The smell gets worse and worse and the tension keeps rising. There's a baby, too, that keeps crying for his murdered mama. I wanted to raise questions about domestic violence, loyalty of family members and I wanted to explore how different kinds of people would react to this situation. At the same time, I would have a ghost storyteller (someone like Germaine).

I knew Theresa, Ole's Mother, for years and she never gave me any problems. In fact, she was always happy and smiling. When she owned her little convenience store in the old neighborhood towards downtown on the northside, I'd walk in it and find her dancing if she was by herself.

Barb cursed Theresa, too, when she cursed Ole. Theresa hooked up with this guy who filled her trunk full of drugs. She got busted and later, she went to prison. The last person I'd ever think would go to prison.

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Three years before Germaine died, I drove out to visit Barb when she lived in this public housing out in the middle of nowhere. I walked by Germaine's room and she was sitting on her bed listening to music. I saw her big Kurt Cobain poster. I stopped and said hello to Germaine and asked her about the poster.

I asked Germaine, "Doesn't it bother you that this guy killed himself?" When I asked this, I remembered that in my youth we had Janis Joplin, Jimmy Hendrix and Jim

Morrison posters and I remember thinking that Janis, Jimmy and Jim died of drug overdoses, not suicide.

Germaine replied to me in her big, bright, stunning, sunny, sweet smile, “I know, Martha, but I know something. I know that I’m going to die young like him.”

Fear and dread blew through me. My Vibes (Intuition) told me she was right. My face must have shown my feelings because Germaine tried to give me peace by saying sweetly, “Don’t worry, Martha. Everything will be fine.”

At least 19 children and at least 23 women in Minnesota were killed by domestic violence in 1999 (<http://www.mcbw.org/pdf/femicide/femicide1999.pdf>). I am the unofficial 24<sup>th</sup> female death.



# *The healing*

a poem by  
**Germaine LaCosta Chatkana**

Thank you, Lord, that tonight my heart is light, like something newly freed. For I have discovered how to heal it of an unexpected wound; one of those slight, seemingly small rebuffs or humiliations or blows that ought not to hurt so much, but for some of us who are unduly sensitive maybe, they do: A bawling out from the boss. A scolding from someone dear. A sharp word from a friend. Even rudeness from a stranger.

Such things can strike the sun shine from the day the spirit winces, beats a quick retreat. We feel our wet eyes sting. Then pride urges retaliation. Sometimes we want to turn on somebody else, as if to pass the pain along. Only now, Lord, I know the true way to relief is to cancel out the pain by doing something kind.

Thank you that today, still seething and suffering, I found myself seated on a bus bedside a small shabby man. And I realized as he stared fixedly out the window, that he was struggling not to cry. And my own little hurt seemed to shrink before the enormity of his. I knew I must speak to him—and did. And he turned to me, Lord, and drew from his thread bare wallet a picture of a bright eyed little girl six years old. “We lost her yesterday.” He said he was going to pick out flowers. He wanted to talk about it. He was glad someone cared. In our few blocks’ ride across the city we shared it—his pride in her and his great loss.

