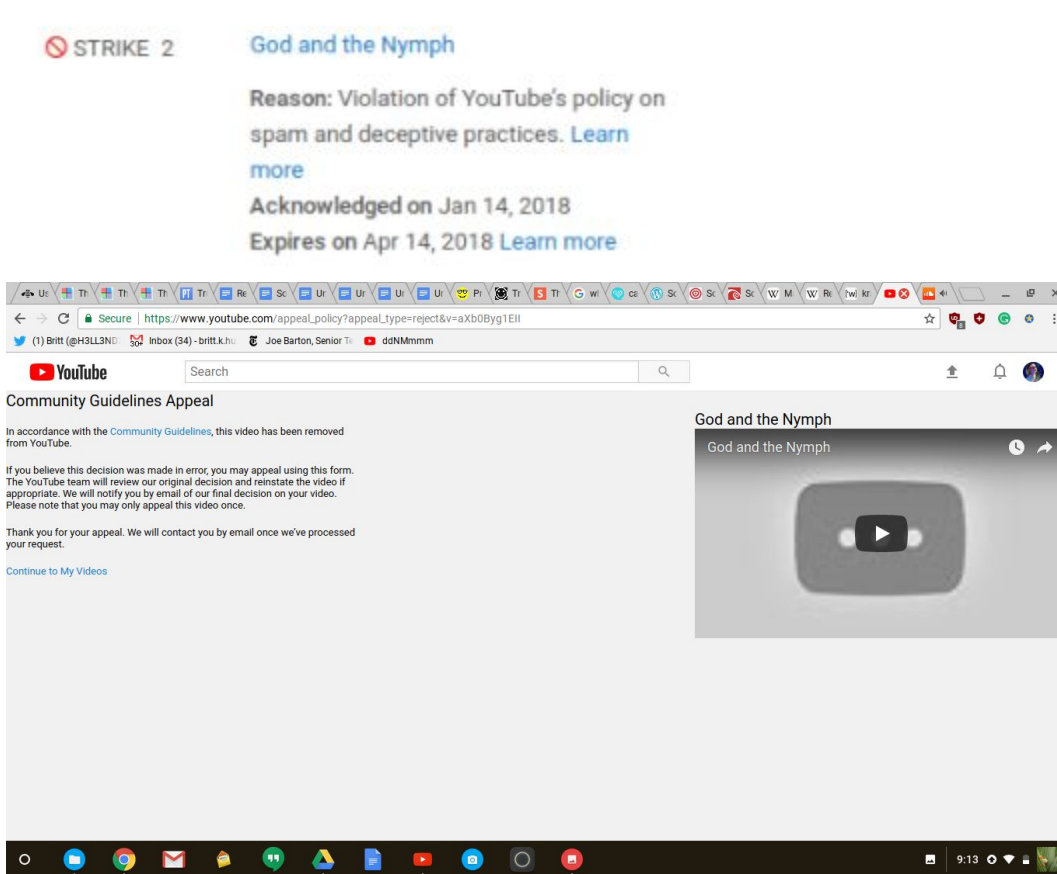
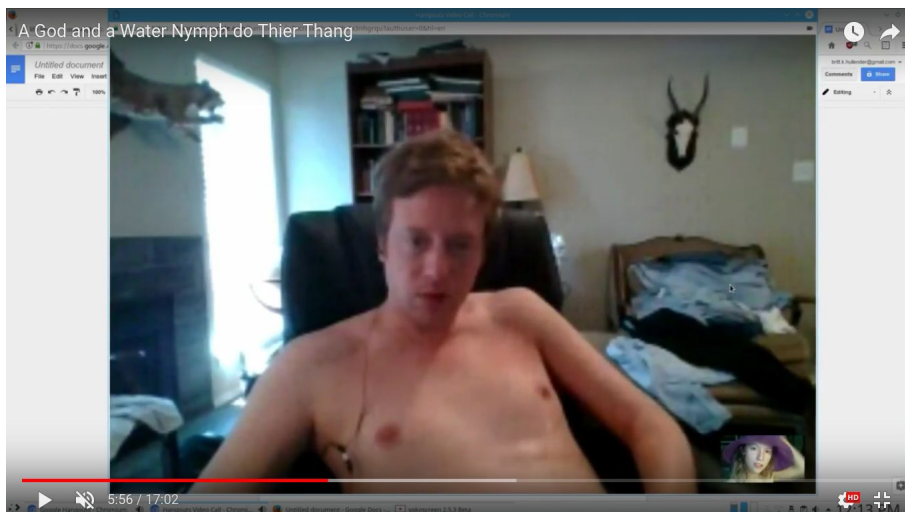


Last night, a funny thing happened on my way to bed. My YouTube channel, which has been dark since Christmas, was struck again. An unlisted video titled “God and the Nymph” had been flagged and removed for “spam and deceptive practices”.



This video was a porno that I'd made and shared with Barrett Brown on July 6, 2017. It's gone now, but a duplicate with a similar title still exists.



Sexy, huh? I thought so.

Flagging is unlike disliking in that it's intended for democratized censorship of videos that circulate in the public, whereas likes and dislikes are simply a democratized rating system. Flagged accounts can face varying and unreliable consequences including loss of privileges such as livestreaming or even access to the entire account and content on it, so it's a big deal for anyone who has a channel and values the venue. Barrett Brown was sent exclusive links to several unlisted adult videos by me. "God and the Nymph" is the second one that wound up flagged.

On the morning of September 6, 2017, Barrett Brown forcibly raped me as I was passed out in his bed after a night of consensual debauchery. I struggled and cried as I went in and out of consciousness. Barrett was angered by my pained questions that morning and gave me \$27 as a voluntary repayment on a commissary gift I'd facilitated years ago. Soon thereafter, two hand-shaped bruises and a flag on an unlisted erotic video he had an exclusive link to appeared. As a result of the transgression, I went into denial and lost livestreaming privileges for several months as well. Both losses were difficult for me to manage, and I turned to drugs, sex and suicidal ideation to cope with the shame. I also turned to Barrett to help me talk out the events. I was quiet, like he'd requested.

It's no secret that I went wild during the second half of 2017. My decision to seek work as a stripper occurred weeks after beginning a long-distance sexual relationship with Barrett in June and losing housing in July. I was homeless during the filming of these porno videos, and he wanted me to visit him pronto. I wanted to visit him, but needed to hustle extra hard for the money and use a home address to obtain a Coinbase card. I asked him to let me use his address and either hold on to or send me the card, to which he agreed. During July and August, I struggled to collect the travel funds. During that time, Barrett began to express dismay with my questioning his sexual health and addiction status, but he continued to make demands for my time and also requested that I make a note to his PR contacts that he felt I'd slighted. I gave in.

I was genuinely attracted to Barrett and I'm experienced in activism including his prison support campaign. This sexual tension goes back to the time he was sentenced. His increased exposure influenced my attraction to him, and for a while I credited him with some degree of authority, which is to say a lot for an anarchist. I'm a known admirer and critic, and his influence as a public figure was the only degree of objective power he had over me that I didn't personally entrust.

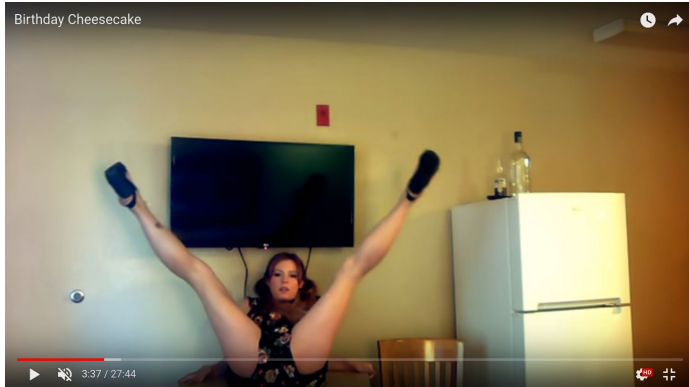
I was warned about his violence towards women in a cult-like initiation process via Kevin Gallagher, who seemed to merely believe himself to be working in he and Barrett's best interest. We shared an acute experience or three, including a series of interactions that both found distasteful; however we never failed to accomplish shared goals. I wouldn't say that we liked each other, but we were alike in some key ways that led to an odd bond that helped us get through the time effectively despite real conflict and still move on with some grace intact. That is

to say that I don't know Kevin now or if he has or hasn't changed. One thing he did that remains questionable to me is the way he revealed Jenna Taylor's story to me in Dallas after the first sentencing hearing in December of 2014. I'd asked something about why he'd hesitated to tweet a small piece I'd written and recall being told of Barrett having trouble in the past with women and that Jenna was basically a loser who he pushed off of a chair and bruised and raised a large glass bottle to ergo any story about abuse of females wasn't right for Barrett's audience, but he tweeted it anyway. I felt appreciative and suspicious and curious and also like I would have preferred to discover those facts on my own and not had to argue my reasons for why my amateur writing comparing the short sentence of a child rapist to the potentially terminal one Barrett was facing was of use to the community in exchange for the odd tip. Soon after, Kevin followed up with a set of documents about her. It seemed clear to me that I should share in his ire for this woman I didn't know much else about, so I did because I was a caring bitch. Being that the way I came to conceptualize Jenna was so biased, I wasn't in a position to concern myself with her side of the story, and being that I tend to act in good faith, I didn't reach out to her, which no doubt would have constituted a betrayal to the FreeBB community if they found out.

After Barrett was sentenced in January of 2015, I began to voice concerns about issues of rhetoric that I was voluntarily participating in. My heretical ways got me ousted from contact with the inner circle including Gregg Housh, Kevin and more. I regret nothing. Initially, I didn't pursue contact in any way that I recall with most of the people who couldn't take a good debate, but there were a few that I did reach out to after some time passed and at Barrett's request.

I knew he struggled with misogyny by the way he treated me, but I didn't think that Barrett was particularly unusual in that regard for an American male. In fact, I thought it was cute and I'm not alone considering the fact that intriguing information suggests that women have an actual deficit in determining whether a male face is that of a rapist or not and tend to find male faces of rapists more trustworthy than those of men who haven't been convicted of a sexual offence. What I mean is that I thought Barrett was very cute and vulnerable and this kind of attraction isn't truly unusual for a female. I guess that's why we have expressions like "a moth drawn to the flame".

By the time that I got to Dallas, I was thin, hungry and living the traveller lifestyle full-on. I took public transit and a taxi to see Barrett at his place and he helped with the fare. We split it.



I'm innocent of neither wanting sex nor making bad jokes, and I'm fire in a hotel if I've been outdoors. In fact, it's common for homeless people (especially youth I observed during social interactions and my time volunteering at a homeless shelter in Oakland — and no I wasn't court-ordered). I've been homeless during two periods of my life, and can attest that it induces a unique kind of stress and reckless abandon in most that contributes to substance abuse, violent behavior and general hyperactivity. Homeless youth are among the most rowdy souls, and sometimes this leads to big problems. Some of the ways I've been affected recently include anorexia, insomnia, physical violence, addiction relapses including sex and new addictions including money, and pink hair. I'm not sorry, nor am I particularly thrilled to be in one place most of the time still, but I'm alright. That being said, after I lost my dream home due to the housing crisis and renoiction I was particularly vulnerable and had to make some hard choices. Drugs and sex were my rewards, and eventually I became consumed by spending and stepped out of the game to focus on rewarding personal experiences like raising two black kittens and my creative work. At the time of homelessness however, I gave into Barrett's will on so many points that I suffered a bit of an existential crisis, but as an artist, there ain't no feeling that I can't use. However, there are sometimes feelings that concern me to the point of hopeless despair, and that's just part of life, right? I got high on being extra affectionate to Barrett, and being quiet. It felt novel to have a sexy secret. I chased that high for months after the spark died because it was so good at the time of my crisis. This led to relationships with multiple highly successful CEO's, or what we call the 1%, and that informed and balanced my perspective; yet pain is easily forgotten.

I was in emotional turmoil and did what I've been trained to do, which is perform. It would be unfair not to qualify that I'm an adult survivor of child sexual abuse and among the last properly trained American method and Shakespearean actors (I studied Stanislavski, Hagen and the Alexander Technique under George J. Sanchez and Lamby Hedge and film acting under Ken LaZebnik), and I was among the many local celebrity children for my work in theatre. This is to say that any skill or fact I truly learn is obtained through a process of experience and is thus sincere yet available for emotional recall should I need to perform or compensate for a dangerous situation. I'm also on the autistic spectrum, so to speak, and one way this manifests is that I'm relatively unconcerned with some things that make many people recoil such as singing, public speaking and nudity. I'm also a bit less authoritarian and left-leaning than many

take me for at first glance. I'm an anarcho-syndicalist, politically speaking, and I'm willing to compromise and work hard when times get lean, and I think we can all agree that 2017 was *lean*.

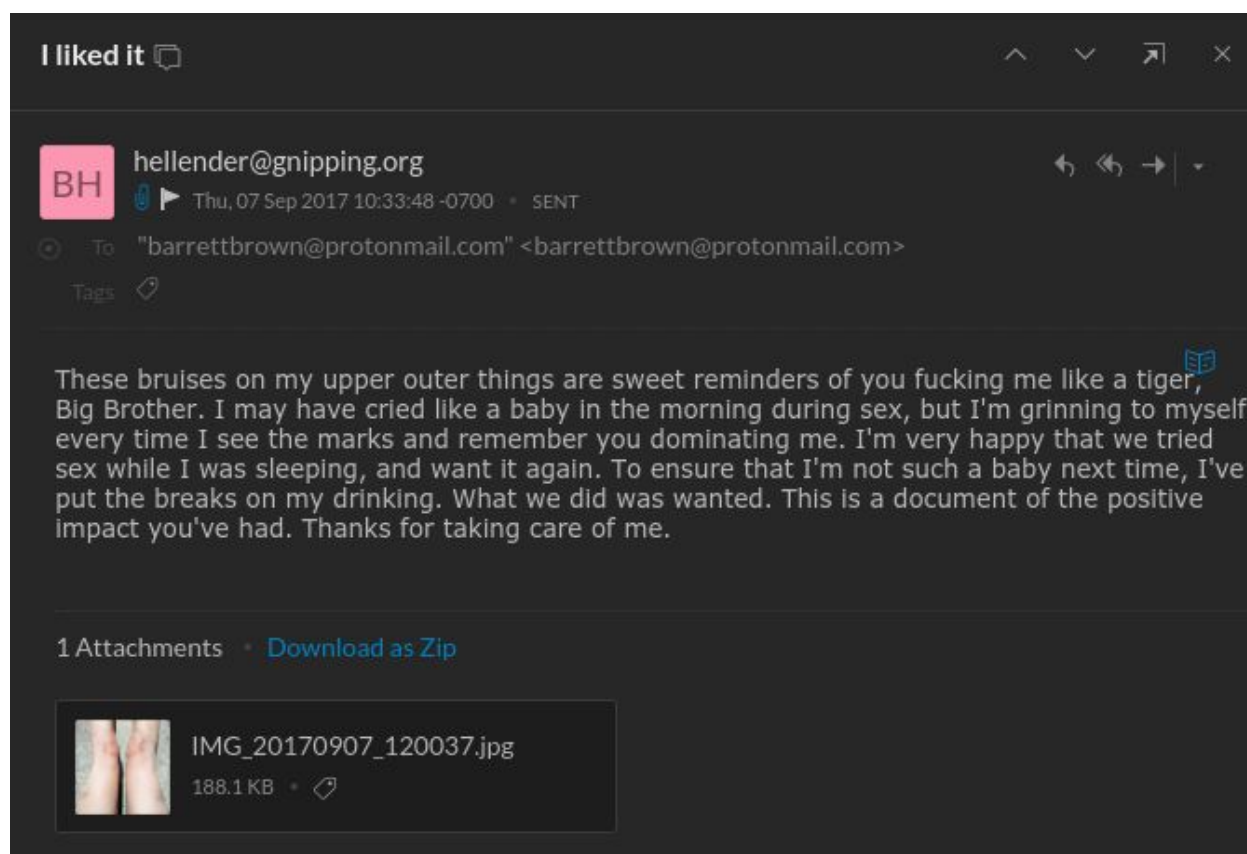
So I'd earned myself a fun time with Barrett IRL, and everything was above board and after I shared my darkest secret that I'd touched babies in an inappropriate way as a teen before I realized that I'd been sexually battered and raped and cried as a way of explaining my personal sordid story and point of ethical awakening. It was a confession I'd wanted to make because I was aware that he had a strong sexual interest in early pubescent girls and incest and wanted him to know that he wasn't a monster and healing was painful but possible. It was a confession I felt I needed to give because I felt that he had more to lose by bothering with me, but that may not be true. I observed that Barrett likes prison, but not withdrawal. As long as he could get his drugs, he was fine anywhere there was structure and thus rules to break, it seemed. He'd recoiled at the mere suggestion of ibogaine and after I began to extol the virtues of confronting sexual abuse, he shared a bit and went to bed. We did not agree to sex while I was passed out or end the night romantically, and I stayed up and cleaned the mess I'd made and more and danced and drank until almost dawn. No joke. Well, maybe a slight inside joke. Sorry.

I told you I'm not innocent. Also, I'm fascinated with confronting the extremities of the human psyche, including my own. I like to get to the root of problems, and I'm accountable for my actions. This is why I'm more radical than insane and I'm not a child, but I fancied myself a distraction for an otherwise at risk pedophile. How childish of me. I know... I should feel bad.

I'm not innocent, but I'm also not cool with others being unaccountable with me, especially when it comes to matters of the mind or body, in that order. That means I'm forgiving of physical slights in part due to an alternative way of processing assault, pain and harassment. I can take a lot physically and am an athletic person, so like the fighter and dancer I am, I get violent and numb more than I'd like. Mostly I go numb and seek stimulation in increasingly strong ways, but my mind will remain active and willing to freely discuss, debate and fight about emotional slights. I get truly hurt when someone isn't fair to me when I've made a special effort for them, which isn't all of the time. I'm not out there walking old ladies across the street; I'm just fascinated with some concepts and people to the point of action. That's all I'd really expect out of any other miserable creature like me.

I wanted resolution about the rape, and I still do and will find it some other way than by keeping a secret as I become clear of the drug and stress-induced fog I experienced. I asked Barrett several times to discuss the issue with me as I transitioned out of denial and into a more comfortable understanding that I didn't give consent and it hurt. It took use of the word rape to describe the non-consensual sense for me to get a sure grip. Because it took me time to come to terms with the reality here and because most of what occurred was consensual, and because I'm someone who copes with stress by indulging in seemingly humorous yet gluttonous and libertine tendencies, this kind of rape is a violation of consent yet not a situation that can be remedied with my participation in any form of formal reporting or participation in a system I

personally understand to be ill-equipped to treat the mental hygiene issues of dubious consent and sexual violations in general, but as I'm not invited to discuss this in private with Barrett, this is my civil remedy. I'm free of denial, and that's good enough for me.



Before my confession process began, I felt isolated, sad and angry. Now I feel better. People have been supportive and informative in general, and I appreciate that. This isn't dogma, it's just personal experience.

I'm saddened by the first and second-hand stories I hear of more vulnerable victims before me. I'm told that one is truly mentally unstable and was kicked and hit after crying "Rape!", but that's just hearsay. I'm saddened to learn that many of the supportive and influential women in his past were rewarded with some form of physical or mental abuse. It's as if he views caring for him as a crime. I wonder why, and have my theories.

I've said some wild-sounding things, but if you really need to tell me something you think is worthy or are a fellow "little sister" who was abused and can corroborate your story or are already known, I'm doing DM's for a while. I don't normally dig DM (as I get lots of spam), but I'll be around until things are clearer still. I'm not organizing anything as of now, but will seek professional help and whatnot. I can't speak to the future, but I'm willing to bet that more serious problems may arise if there isn't some degree of internal accountability for child predation in

Persuance. I've suggested a chancery, but I'm also too focused on protecting kids and being real to be fairly acknowledged by Barrett Brown. Blame it on the inordinate amount of suboxone, sleeping pill and niche drug abuse if you like, but I think the problem here lies deeper still.

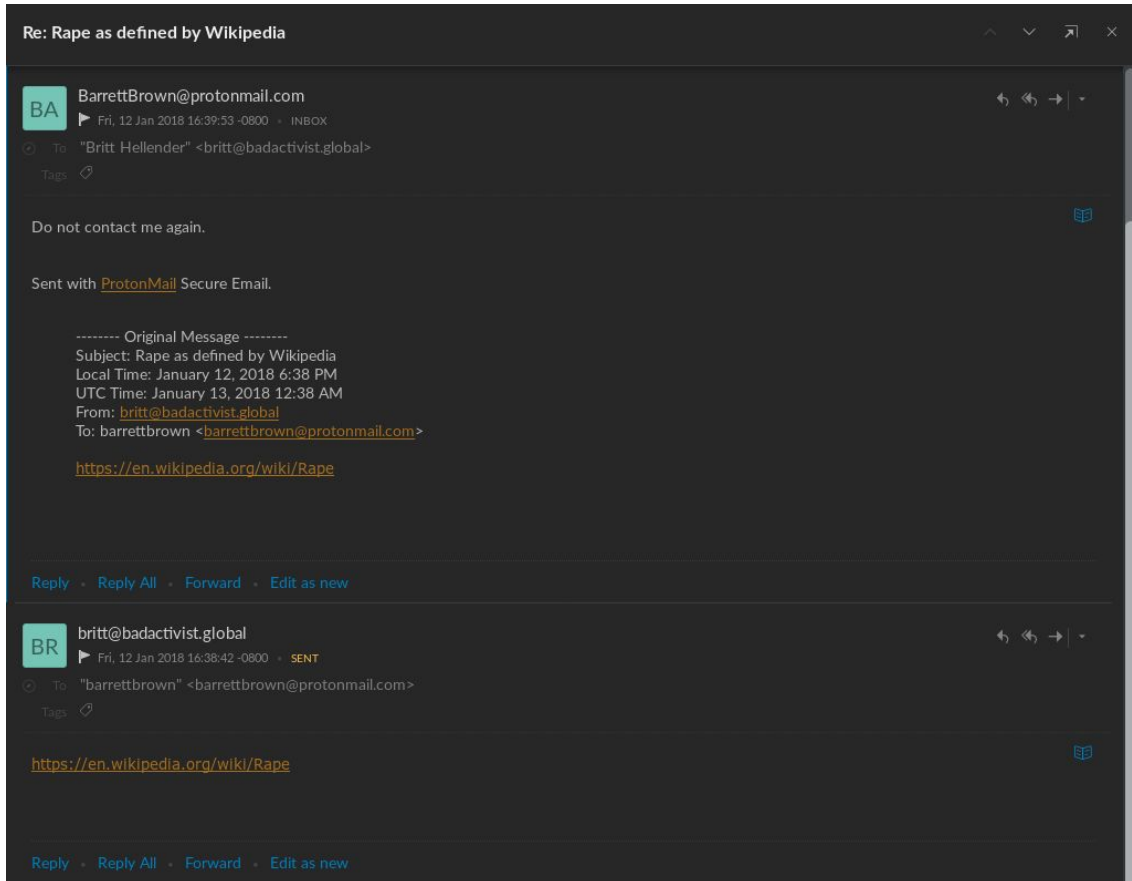
I ask that readers not harass me or Barrett beyond the point of speaking out. Then again: if you do, both of us will love the attention. Thanks in advance.

Happy Valentine's, fuckers.

-Hellender

Updates: After telling me not to contact him a few nights ago when I offered Wikipedia's definition of rape, Barrett called me at 2:05 AM. I proceeded to allow him to bark at me for his share of seven minutes and forty-three seconds, not unlike the twenty minutes and twenty-nine seconds I spent calmly negotiating with him a few nights ago. He is irate, and somehow thinks that I'm afraid of the truth. He demanded that I take down my tweets, or else he'd release all of the information he had on me, including that I'd touched babies, which makes me a former child molester. I can only assume what a person this ashamed has or is willing to do. I've made errors, but time does change things. As I explained some facet of this understanding of change, Barrett randomly disconnected in what I assume to be a ploy to get me to contact him. I will not.

As I referenced Barrett saying not to contact him, I feel it's appropriate to share the email where it first happened.



Here's a video revealing why I strongly suspect there are edits to the phone conversation Barrett recorded, omitting the implied threat I recall of him having "forces". I point out two anomalies. If you find more, please share what you find and show what work you can.

Video: <https://drive.google.com/open?id=13EhEwge9PjdFn1ls3c37T8yGolAFuJdq>

Recording made and sent by Barrett:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/11mSEj6H5y4mVVGwypObEKWSEALvQDHRj/view>