

Modus Operandi 1.0



By Anna Von Reitz

Our enemies think that we are stupid because we are trusting and easy to mislead and easy to distract --- like sheep, like children. And they have no mercy for either.

They think that they are so very superior, because their minds dwell upon how to deceive and how to cheat, how to misrepresent and mislead. This is their stock-in-trade, and it is what they use to profit themselves every day that they live.

They worship the Father of All Lies and call him by many names --- Satan, Poseidon, the One-Eyed God, Baal, Molloch, Hades, Lucifer, El Shaddai---- even plain old Death.

It hardly matters what they call their idol. What matters is that even their idol is false and empty as a shadow; the Spirit of Evil is a Spirit of the Air.

For Satanists, every lie is a prayer, and the bigger the lie, the better. This is why they always, reliably, and monotonously accuse their enemies of precisely whatever they are doing themselves. They collude with the Russians so they accuse Donald Trump of colluding with the Russians.

I have over the course of many months discussed what these people predictably do to cause trouble. Let's review.

They pretend to be their enemies, and pull all their crappola in the name of or in the guise of their enemies, so that their enemies get blamed for their wrong-doing.

For example, they pretend to be Jews or Muslims or Christians, cheat and murder and steal "in the name of" the victims of this ruse, and then leave the innocent members of the targeted group to pay the bills and take the blame.

Sound familiar? It should. That's precisely what they have done to us--- the actual Americans. They have pretended to be us, and acted "in our names" to access our credit, charged up our credit to the limit, then sought bankruptcy protection and left us on the hook to pay off their debts. Repeatedly.

I first became aware of this Satanic Role Playing as a student at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where, quite by accident, I discovered that one man was playing the role of a Jewish Businessman, a Catholic Priest, a Jazz Singer in a Night Club, and a Mafiosi. All four. And he was discrediting all four.

His version of a Jewish Businessman was a greedy pig with a boorish bad temper-----a greedy, loud-mouthed, bossy, self-aggrandizing cheat.

His version of a Catholic Priest was slimy as an eel, sharp-eyed, lecherous, sanctimonious, hypocritical, and a silver-tongued devil if there ever was one. He had affairs with married parishioners and quoted snatches of Ovid in his sermons.

His version of a Jazz Singer was egotistical and imperious, cruel to his band members, always grinding everyone else into the dirt and stealing whatever he could from the bars where he worked.

His version of a Mafiosi hung out at the Flamingo Grotto until four in the morning and talked Big Stuff with the local Bosses of the Unions and DOT and sloshed down more Red Table Wine than a big horse drinks on a hot day.

I called him The Big Wave.

Wherever he went and whatever he was doing, it was always Big and it was always Bad, and at the end of the day, he was a walking Disservice to everyone and everything he portrayed. He gave a bad name to Jewish Businessmen, Catholic Priests, Nightclub Singers, and Mafiosi with equal zeal.

I used to wonder what it was all about, what possible reason a man could have to pretend to be and act in all these roles? And trash them all?

Obviously, Moshe in his beaded yarmulka was not the same as Father Pietro, who was not the same as Lucian Fabriano, who was not related to the Jazz Singer, Leon Diaz.

Yet they were all the same man, with the hair-line scar on his upper lip and the small blue birthmark on the side of the middle knuckle of his little finger on the right hand. And all his characters were equally, purposefully, dreadfully obnoxious.

I had an upstairs apartment on State Street in the University district and a brutal class and work schedule that kept me up and moving around at all hours of the day and night. He was hard to miss, about 300 pounds of obnoxious and six foot four, usually wearing handmade Italian shoes.

And then one day it hit me: there didn't have to be a rhyme or reason for his role playing. It could be utterly random. Whatever characters he wanted to discredit, for whatever reasons and according to whatever characters he could convincingly play. Just go out there and make everyone despise everyone else.

That's your job as a Satanist. Spread hatred. Give credibility to stereotypes. And that is what they do. Fan the fires of prejudice and hatred --- and no doubt, for profit.

I had the eerie feeling that I was the only one in the entire city who had spotted him, knew what he was doing, and in some sense, knew who and what he was.
I also had the feeling that for some reason, I was invisible to him.

The last time I saw him he was playing Father Pietro, wearing his priest cassock with a massive gold crucifix bumping against his chest as he strode across the University Quadrangle. It was past midnight in late April. The full moon was diving in and out behind windswept clouds and gale force winds were coming in off the lake beyond the Student Union. I had run down Bascom Hill in the dark and across the Quad and was leaned up, panting for breath, against a cement wall.

We were the only two people in that entire plaza and for one terrifying moment, I feared that he would see me, would simply look up and look into my eyes and know that I knew about his secret lives--- and perhaps kill me for it. The moment passed and so did he, his immense cassock flapping and billowing like three sailing ships in a storm, the heavy hollow sound of his footsteps receding as he made his way toward the corner of State and Mifflin Street.

I shivered and thought about T.S. Eliot and the Beast shuffling away toward his unlikely destination--- and waited until he turned the corner before I hurried home. The last glimpse I had of him was the edge of his massive profile brightly illuminated for a moment by the headlights of a car.

So that is Lesson One: these people are literally role players, and by their actions they discredit whole groups of people without actually being members of that group at all. Father Pietro wasn't

Catholic. Lucian Fabriano wasn't Italian. Moshe Levinson wasn't a Levite. Leon Diaz wasn't a Cuban ExPat.

All that I can guarantee you, but who this man actually was-- I never found out. And that is typical of Satanists, too.

Their Father has no actual name. Ditto his children.

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