

Damian's
INQUISITION



DAMIAN

TEXTE CORTEZ

INQUISITION

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THE INQUISITION

An institutionalised system of summary arrest, imprisonment without trial, torture and execution is not the invention of modern repressive totalitarian regimes. For over five hundred years the Inquisition spread a cloak of fear and persecution over the Catholic world. Established by Pope Innocent IV in 1252 with the aim of rooting out heresy in the Church, the Inquisition quickly became a horribly effective mechanism of repression. With the right to confiscate land and property from those accused, the Inquisitors, and Holy Mother Church, grew sleek and wealthy on the proceeds of persecution.

In a male dominated society the persecution usually targeted women and girls. In the hysteria of a witch-hunt the female population of a whole community could be accused. Spinsters and maidservants, often ill-educated and with no-one to speak for them, were an easy target. But even the most respectable of wives and daughters were at risk from malicious gossip or the grumblings of a slighted servant.

For those accused there was little hope of reprieve. Trials were secret and the accused not allowed a lawyer, or even told what charges were being made against them. '*Common report*', in fact little more than rumour,

hearsay or malicious gossip, was accepted as evidence of guilt, witnesses were granted the anonymity of concealment and torture was a routine procedure. Once in the hands of the inquisitors, any victim faced an impossible dilemma. Confession simply confirmed the charges, whilst silence or even pleas of innocence were taken as evidence of *'obduracy'*, a clear sign of demonic possession.

There were few who did not confess, sooner or later. Being put 'to the question', whether 'ordinary' or 'extraordinary' meant each victim faced the horror of first being shown the instruments of torture; the boot, the thumbscrews and the rack and all the other ingenious devices used to apply careful, unrelenting agony. Not forgetting the more mundane tools; the whips, heated irons, knives and sharpened probes used to scorch, flay or pierce the most sensitive parts of the body. Then, waiting alone in a cell whilst imagination, or the sounds of another victim's agony, increased the mental anguish before the terrified victim was led back to the torture chamber for their long agony to begin.

Even immediate confession would not save you, for who was to say these were not the Devil's words? To the Inquisitors such confessions were immediately suspect so each unforced admission had to be carefully 'validated' by torture as vigorous and sustained as that faced by those who tried to remain silent. Here the Church echoed an older regime of cruelty; the Roman Empire, where a slave's testimony was judged to be true only if extracted under torture.

In its wisdom the Church decreed that torture could be applied only once. The decree was a cruel jest for there was nothing to say how many times the session could be halted only to begin again once the victim

had recovered sufficiently to survive and respond to yet more agony. Thus the officially sanctioned single application of *'the question'* might be *'continued'* over weeks, months or even years. Each pause was simply recorded as a *'suspension'* before the torture began again.

Young, attractive women faced the harshest fate at the sadistic hands of their inquisitors and torturers. Once accused, often facing the charge of witchcraft, they were helpless in the hands of cruel and merciless men with virtually unlimited powers of physical abuse. For the Inquisitors and their servants, being able to indulge their grossest sexual appetites on the body of a young, beautiful prisoner whilst still pretending to be about the Lord's work provided these fanatical sadists with both carnal satisfaction and spiritual comfort.

Physical and sexual abuse was not confined to the torture chamber alone, an attractive female prisoner could expect to be raped and sodomised throughout her imprisonment. Any protest or complaint would be simply added to the charges as *'lewdness'* and taken as further evidence of her complicity with the Devil. To avoid the minor complication of unwanted public accusations when the broken victim was eventually dragged out to the stake, the guards would ensure the victim was denied the chance to speak out. Victims might be gagged with wooden wedges, or more simply by having their tongue sliced off so any protest was reduced to nothing more than inarticulate gobbling sounds.

When a young woman was brought back to the torture chamber, having already suffered the mental torment of having each device shown to her and its operation explained in gruesome detail, her terror was made even worse by the slow, deliberate cruelty of the procedure. First, being

made to strip naked in front of the grinning guards, clerks and black-robed priests, then being held exposed to their gaze as the most intimate places of her body were probed and fondled by coarse male fingers. Then, even more questions before she was led to the chosen piece of apparatus, forced to place herself on it before being held down whilst the straps were tightened and adjusted. Of course, for the more shapely and pretty victims each piece of apparatus would be chosen to ensure the most delicate places, her breasts and genitals, not neglecting the tender opening of her anus, were easily accessible for the torturer's skilled attentions.

There was no need for haste, besides inquisitors were well aware of the power of anticipation so there would be more lingering pauses while they continued with their questions and earnest entreaties for confession. Finally, there would be that gentle nod to the torture master and the agony would begin.

It might be the stretching torment of the rack, the hot kiss of heated iron or the agony of flesh and bone being crushed with each fresh movement of the thumbscrews. With her inquisitors watching every screaming spasm, a young woman would be taken slowly to the limit of endurance before being allowed a brief, teasing respite. Not from any feelings of mercy or humanity, but to ensure that the agony was even more exquisite when the torture master resumed his sadistic work.

Playing the victim like some finely tuned instrument of agony, the most skilled of the torture masters would vary the kind of torture; heated iron against feet or belly, pincers to twist and crush the nipples, iron screws to crush finger or toes, the rack or *strappado* to stretch and disjoin

the body. Sometimes it was even more simple, a brassbound leather funnel and jugs of water, poured down an arched victim's throat until her belly swelled as though with child. Then cruel hands pressing on her swollen flesh as the water was forced out again...

What follows is not the story of any one person, or a particular place, or even a particular time. The illustrations are a glimpse into of that secret world of the Inquisition in particular, the careful, obscene sadism of the torture chamber, where beauty suffered so cruelly at the hands of the beasts.

CORTEZ



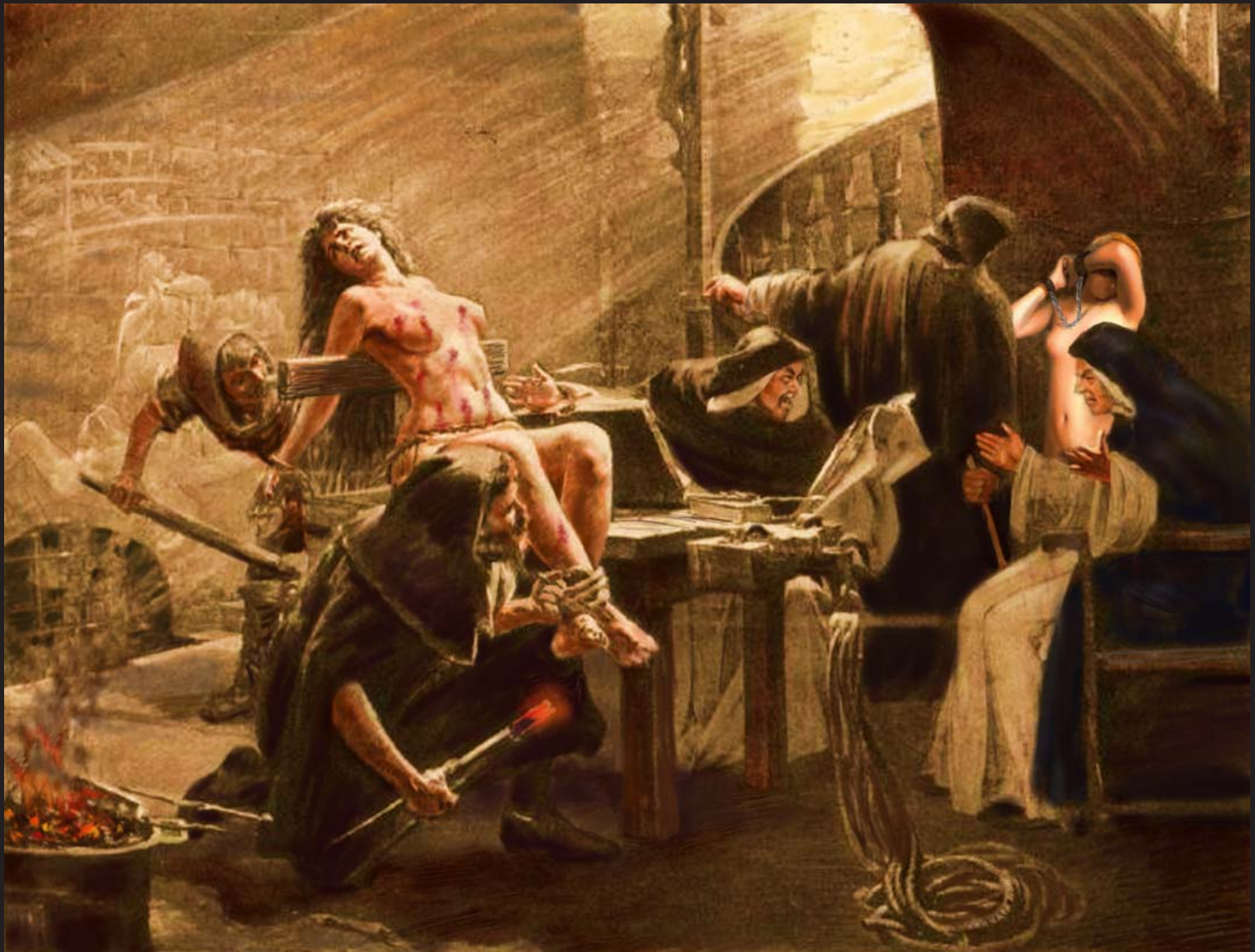
THE QUESTIONING WOULD CONTINUE EVEN AS THE TORTURE BEGAN. FIRST THE LASH AND THEN THE IRONS, BROUGHT TO SEARING HEAT IN THE GLOWING CHARCOAL.



EVEN BEFORE THE FORMAL TORTURE BEGAN A VICTIM MIGHT HAVE TO ENDURE THE AGONY OF SCOURGING - THE VICIOUS, WEIGHTED THINGS LACING HER WRITHING BODY IN A SCARLET CORSET OF AGONY.



'YOU WILL CONFESS YOUR WITCHERY MY LADY! BARTHOLOMEW, STROKE HER TEATS WITH THE IRON AGAIN... SUCH OB DURACY SHALL NOT CONTINUE'



THEY HAD JUST BEGUN TO SEAR THE FLESH FROM HER MAIDSERVANT'S FEET WHEN DON ALVAREZ'S BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DAUGHTER WAS BROUGHT INTO THE TORTURE CHAMBER.



'CAN YOU FEEL THE HEAT OF THE COALS NOW, MARIA?

'AAAAAAGH, MERCY, SIR, PLEASE HAVE MERCY!'

'THEN TELL ME OF YOUR MISTRESS'S FORNICATION WITH THE DEVIL! OR MUST WE LOWER YOU A HANDSPAN MORE...?'



THE *STRAPPADO* WAS ONE OF THE ROUTINE TORTURES OF THE INQUISITION. THE VICTIM WAS HOISTED UP THEN DROPPED BEFORE BEING JERKED TO A HALT SO THE TENDONS AND SINEWS OF EACH SHOULDER RIPPED AND TORE. AFTER THAT FIRST DROP EVEN THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT OF THE ROPE WOULD BRING INSTANT, UNBEARABLE PAIN FROM THE RUINED JOINTS.



'THAT'S THREE NAILS ALREADY...ONLY TWO MORE TO GO AND THEN WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THAT OTHER FOOT... OR DO YOU WANT TO TALK?'



'NAAAAAAAAAAH!'

'SEE WHAT I MEAN, IF YOU JUST SCORCH THE SURFACE OF THE SKIN SHE FEELS IT MORE... AND BE CAREFUL TO KEEP THAT IRON AWAY FROM HER CUNT LIPS FOR NOW...WE'LL PLAY WITH THOSE PROPERLY LATER ON...'



SOMETIMES A VICTIM WOULD BE FORCED TO TORTURE THEMSELVES. STRAPPED INTO THE IRON CHAIR, THE GIRL WRITHES AGAINST THE SPIKES AS THE HEAT FROM THE FIRE BELOW THE SEAT SLOWLY ROASTS HER BUTTOCKS AND GENITALS.



IN A VARIATION OF THE JUDAS CRADLE, THE GIRL RIDES THE CRUELLY POINTED FRAME AS HER TORTURER USES A WHIP TO MAKE HER SQUIRM AND WRIGGLE...EACH AGONISING MOVEMENT DRIVING THE METAL WEDGE DEEPER INTO HER CUNT.



FOR THE TORTURER THERE WAS THE PLEASURE OF USING HIS OBSCENE SKILLS ON A YOUNG WOMAN'S CUNT. A HEATED IRON TO SKIN THE SOFT, INNER FOLDS WHILST A SHARP IRON PROBE PIERCED HER CLITORIS.



'AAAAH...YES, YOU WITCH...YES! BY THE VIRGIN, JUAN, THIS ONE HAS A MOUTH LIKE WARM SILK AND THE TONGUE OF A WHORE.'

'DON'T BE TOO EAGER CARLOS, WE STILL HAVE THESE OTHER TWO TO TASTE YET!'



'YOUR CHOICE...DO YOU WANT ANOTHER TOUCH OF THE IRON...OR SHOULD GIUSEPPE START REMOVING THE NEXT ONE OF THOSE PRETTY LITTLE TOENAILS?'



'VERY WELL, SINCE NEITHER OF YOU WILL CONFESS, BOTH MUST SUFFER. ANOTHER HALF TURN, RACKMASTER. THEN SHE CAN LISTEN TO HER SISTER'S SCREAMS AS THE HEATED IRON PURGES THE DEVIL'S SEED FROM WITHIN HER WOMB.'



SOMETIMES THERE WERE NO QUESTIONS, JUST THE WET SMACK OF THE LASH OR THE SIZZLE OF BURNING FLESH...AND THE PIERCING, INHUMAN SCREAMS AS THE SADISTIC SERVANTS OF THE INQUISITION ENJOYED THE PLEASURES OF TORTURING YOUNG, HELPLESS WOMEN.



'NAAAAARRRGGHH!

'YOU SEE, MY LADY, IT IS AS I TOLD YOU... IT DOES HURT MORE IF I USED THE PINNERS AND THE IRON AT THE SAME TIME.'



THE RACK WAS OFTEN ONLY PART OF THE TORTURE. WITH THE GIRL STRETCHED TAUT AND UNABLE TO MOVE HER TORTURER WOULD MOVE THE LADLE OVER HER BODY ALLOWING EACH SMALL DROPLET TO FALL ON AN UNMARKED PIECE OF SKIN SO THE MOLTEN LEAD WOULD BURN DEEP INTO THE FLESH BEFORE COOLING.



'A WHORE, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE...IT'S LIKE STIRRING MY FINGERS IN WARM HONEY...'

'HERE THAT BITCH, YOUR MAID IS ENJOYING HER PLEASURING BUT THIS METAL COCK IS ALL FOR YOU.
IT'S CALLED A *PEAR*...I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT OPENS UP BEFORE I SLIDE IT UP INSIDE...'



ONE OF THE PERKS OF THE JOB FOR GUARDS AND TORTURERS ALIKE WAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO RAPE THE YOUNG FEMALE PRISONERS. SOMETIMES, GIRLS WOULD OFFER THEMSELVES IN THE HOPE OF BEING SPARED THE ORDEAL OF FURTHER TORTURE. A FUTILE GESTURE SINCE SUCH BEHAVIOUR WAS SEEN AS FURTHER PROOF OF THEIR UNDOUBTED GUILT.



"NOOOOO, PLEASE, PLEASE STOP...AAAARRRGHH!"

'SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE, YOU WITCH. YOU'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT AT THE STAKE TOMORROW ANYWAY.'



'NO, NO DON'T WRIGGLE MY LADY, JUST GO ON SUCKING JACQUE'S COCK... YOU'RE GOING TO BE RIDING THE RAIL FOR A LONG WHILE YET SO YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO IT...'



'DON'T, NOOOO DON'T...PLEASE...PLEASE'

'AAAHH, YES, WRIGGLE ALL YOU LIKE YOU BITCH...IT'S MORE FUN FOR ME IF YOU DO.'



SOMETIMES LIVING CREATURES WERE USED AS PART OF THE TORTURE. INSECTS, SMALL SNAKES, EVEN MICE, MIGHT BE INSERTED INTO A WOMAN'S VAGINA IN AN ATTEMPT TO EXTORT A CONFESSION.



SOMETIMES THE APPARATUS WAS NO MORE THAN A FRAME TO HOLD A VICTIM'S BODY EXPOSED FOR OTHER TORTURE TO BE APPLIED. THE BREASTS AND GENITALS, NOT FORGETTING THE TENDER SOLES OF THE FEET, WERE THE MOST OBVIOUS PLACES.



'YEEEEAAAARGH!'

'AH YES THAT'S BETTER, CAN YOU CAN FEEL THE PEAR OPENING INSIDE YOU? JUST A FEW MORE TURNS AND IT WILL RIP YOUR WOMB APART SO... ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHERE YOUR MISTRESS IS HIDING OR... SHOULD I GIVE THE HANDLE ANOTHER TWIST?'



'STUPID SLUT...EITHER ANSWER THE QUESTIONS OR YOU CAN SIT ON THIS CHAIN IN MIDAIR FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. I GUARANTEE THAT'LL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE.'



'TAKE ME OFF, I CAN'T BEAR IT...THE EDGE...THE EDGE IS CUTTING ME IN TWO. PLEASE FATHER, PLEEEESE!'

'IT IS OF YOUR OWN DOING MY CHILD...SINCE YOU CHOOSE TO REMAIN SILENT YOU MUST RIDE OUR MARE FOR A WHILE LONGER YET!'



SOMETIMES, WHEN A GIRL WAS PLACE ASTRIDE THE *WOODEN HORSE*, THE TIPS OF HER TOES WOULD BE ALLOWED TO TOUCH THE GROUND. WHEN THE STRAIN ON HER LEGS BECAME TOO MUCH SHE WOULD SINK ONTO THE CRUEL WEDGE, ONLY TO RISE AGAIN WHEN THE PAIN IN HER CUNT BECAME UNBEARABLE. LEFT FOR HOURS SHE WOULD 'RIDE' UP AND DOWN IN AN UNENDING CYCLE OF AGONY.



IN ONE HORRIBLE REFINEMENT OF THE WOODEN HORSE, THE WEDGE WAS MADE OF TWO METAL PLATES. A SMALL FIRE INSIDE THE IRON PYRAMID DOUBLED THE TORTURE AS THE DELICATE FLESH OF A YOUNG WOMAN'S INNER THIGHS AND CUNT WERE SCORCHED SO SHE WAS FORCED TO WRIGGLE AND SQUIRM AS SHE RODE ASTRIDE THE THIN CUTTING EDGE.



JUST BEING FORCED TO SIT ON A SINGLE, THIN METAL BLADE FOR LONG PERIODS WAS TORTURE ENOUGH, EVEN MOVEMENT BROUGHT FRESH AGONY, EITHER FROM CRAMPS, OR FROM THE SPIKES ON THE REST OF THE CHAIR AS THEY DUG EVEN DEEPER INTO A VICTIM'S FLESH.



'UNDERSTAND ME WELL, YOU SPAWN OF SATAN. YOU WILL PLEASURE BOTH OF US IN WHATEVER WAY WE WISH AND SAY NOTHING. OTHERWISE, BROTHER ROBERTO WILL USE THAT HEATED IRON TO ROAST THESE WITCHES' DUGS...'



'THAT'S RIGHT, JUST KEEP HER LEGS APART WHILE I...'

'NAAAAH, GOD, OH GOD, AAAAAARRRGGGH!'

'THERE, YOU SEE, JUST A TOUCH ON HER NIPPLES AND HER CLIT AND SHE'S SINGING LIKE A LARK.'



'YOUR MASTER SAYS YOU CAST A SPELL THAT KILLED HIS WIFE. I'LL LET HIM HELP ME WITH THE QUESTIONING IN A WHILE...BUT WE'LL WHIP THESE PROUD TEATS RAW FIRST.'



'NAAAHH, HAH...HAAAAH...P-PLEASE...ARRRGGH!'

'I SEE YOUR CLITORIS IS PARTICULARLY SENSITIVE MY LADY... LET ME JUST POUR A LITTLE MORE OF THE CHILLI OIL INTO YOUR SLIT AND....'

'NAAAARRRGGH!'



'CONFESS AND RECEIVE THE BLESSING AND COMFORT OF HOLY MOTHER CHURCH MY CHILD.'
'I AM GUILTLSS, FATHER, AS GOD IS MY WITNESS I AM INNOCENT OF THESE CHARGES...'
'TURN HER OVER THE COALS ONCE AGAIN...THE DEVIL IS DEEP WITHIN HER SPIRIT AND WE
MUST ROOT HIM OUT!'



'YOU SEE! SEE HOW THE WENCH FLAUNTS HERSELF SHAMELESSLY BEFORE THIS HOLY TRIBUNAL. LIFT HER AGAIN MASTER RODNEY... SHE WILL CONFESS EVEN IF SHE FORCES US TO RIP HER LIMB FROM LIMB...'



'I ADVISE YOUR TO THINK OF YOUR SISTER'S TORMENTS TOO, MARIA. THE MORE YOU KICK AND SCREAM OVER THOSE COALS THE MORE THE METAL COMB ON THE OTHER END OF THE CHAIN WILL BITE INTO YOUR SISTER'S CUNT... BUT IT'S YOUR CHOICE OF COURSE...UNTIL YOU CHANGE PLACES!'



THE MOST SKILLED OF THE TORTURERS WAS THE RACK MASTER. HE WOULD JUDGE EXACTLY HOW MUCH TENSION A VICTIM'S BODY COULD STAND WITHOUT ALLOWING THEM THE MERCY OF DEATH, OR EVEN THE BRIEF RESPITE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS.



WITH TWO YOUNG WOMEN TOGETHER, THEIR TORTURERS WOULD ENSURE THAT EACH WITNESSED THE OTHER SUFFERING. ONE TAKEN BRUTALLY IN THE ANUS WHILST THE OTHER SCREAMS AS THE RED HOT IRON SEARED THE TENDER HOLLOW OF HER ARMPITS, HER AGONY ONLY AROUSING HER TORMENTOR'S SEXUAL LUST ONCE MORE.



'I'LL JUST RUN THE IRON THROUGH HER NIPPLE THEN WE'LL TRY HOISTING HER UP BY HER TITS AGAIN. AFTER THAT IT'LL BE TIME TO WORK ON HER CUNT A BIT MORE...'



'HOW DO LIKE THE NEW MACHINE? DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE MAKING SUCH A FUSS ALREADY, THAT METAL COCK INSIDE YOU HAS GOT ANOTHER TWO FEET TO GO YET'



'ME, IT'S NO GOOD WEeping AND SCREAMING AT ME I JUST FOLLOW ORDERS... I'D TAKE A DEEP BREATH IF I WERE YOU, THESE BIG ONES ALWAYS HURT MORE WHEN THEY COME AWAY. NO, IF HIS EXCELLENCY SAYS I'M TO PULL OUT YOUR TOENAILS...THEN THAT'S WHAT I DO, IT'S MY JOB SEE.'



'OH, OH GOD, OH NOOOOO!'

'FEEL IT WRIGGLING CAN YOU? YOU WAIT, IN A MINUTE IT'LL START TRYING TO GNAW ITS WAY OUT...THAT'S WHY I'VE SEWN YOUR LIPS SHUT. OH YES, YOU'LL REALLY SQUEAL THEN...'



'OH YES, THAT'S RIGHT YOU BITCH...PUSH BACK HARD NOW...YES, YES I'M NEARLY THERE... GO ON CARLOS, TOUCH HER FRIEND AGAIN...I LOVE TO HEAR THEM SCREAM AS I COME...'



'STOP COMPLAINING MY LADY...IT'S GOING TO HURT A HUNDRED TIMES WORSE WHEN I PUSH THIS PEAR UP INSIDE.
'FROM THE NOISES HER COUSIN'S MAKING I RECKON THE CHARCOAL'S WELL UP TO HEAT NOW...!'

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DAMIAN'S DUNGEONS



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