

# WHITE CONCEPT WHITE CONCEPT

INDEED...

1488



**part 2**

**WHITE CONCEPT: Philosophy of Whiteness**

**WHITE DESTINY**---stories of Destiny (198 pages)

**WHITE SHRAPNEL**---a White Philosophy (201 pages)

**WHITE ALCHEMY**---a Psycho-Esoteric work of transmutation (305 pages)

DEDICATED TO THE WHITE RACE WITHOUT WHOM NOTHING MATTERS 14/88



# WHITE



# DESTINY

STORIES  
OF DESTINY

# WHITE DESTINY

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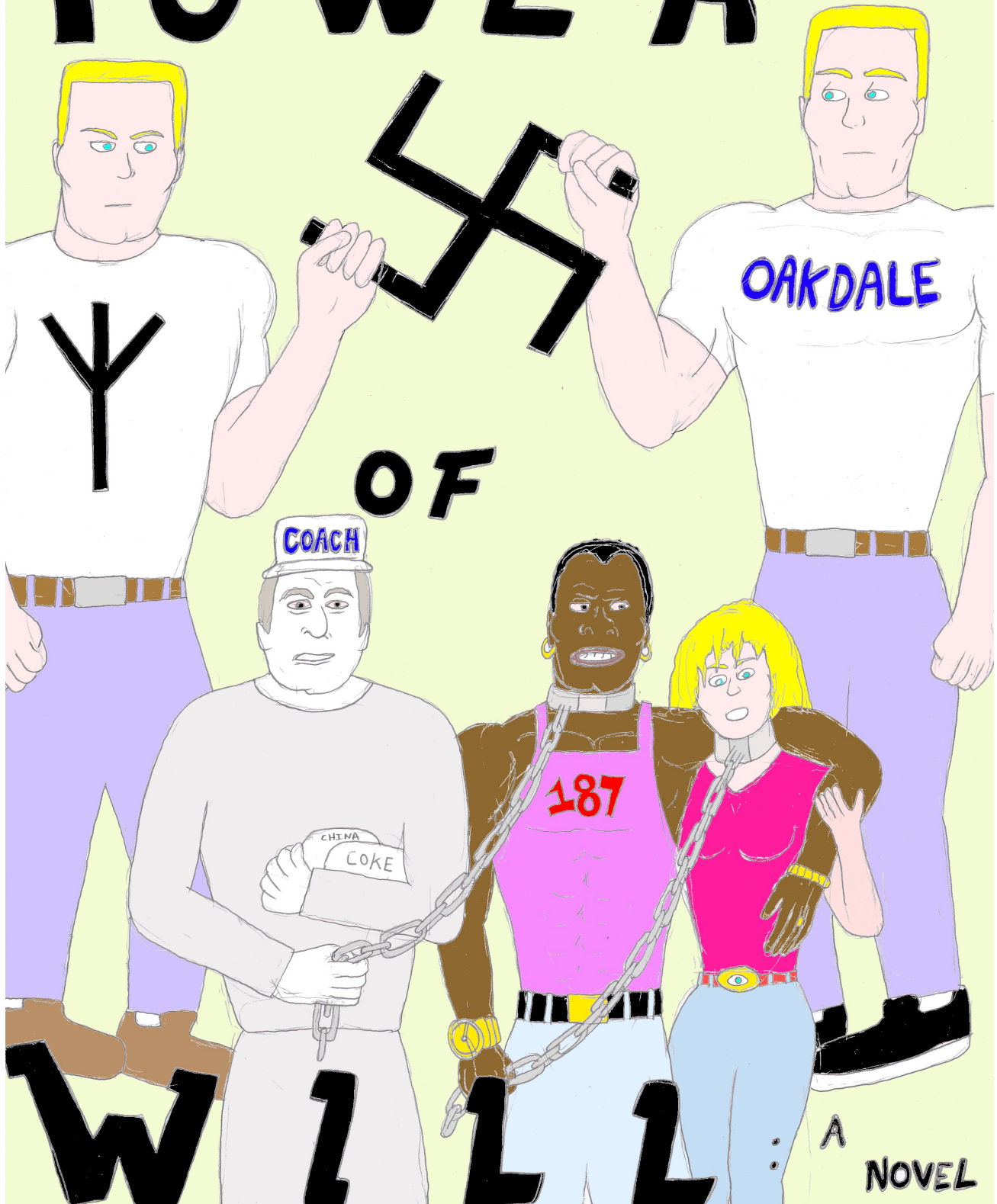
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# POWER



A  
NOVEL

## Power of Will

Once upon a time Oakdale Heights had been a thriving community of old brick and stone buildings wrought by the genius of the white pioneers who conquered that area from vicious Redskins through sheer grit and perseverance pursuing their manifest destiny. The town had grown in accordance with the industrious spirit of its white denizens and prospered until the ‘new immigrants’ arrived claiming to have been persecuted in Grozny and Moscow by the Tsar. They eventually monopolized trade and wormed their way through intermarriage with the ruling class into positions of political power – which they eventually largely monopolized through their control of the press and financial system which was eventually subordinated to a centralized system in the nation’s capital. Soon the denizens, founders of their own environment were put into bondage through heavy taxation and found themselves dispossessed from power wielded only a generation before by their forbearers. It was at this time that the trouble began to escalate to the point of the unbearable in Oakdale Heights with the sudden influx of ‘refugee’ claimants comprised exclusively of brown and black masses eager to enter the peaceful white town now that segregation had been overthrown by the centralized government through military action against the surrounding capital cities of this middle America region wherein the town was situated. Crime rates escalated as the deluded parishioners of a corrupted church as well as irreligious citizens who had adopted the new ideological propaganda of the media and corrupted academic system continued to welcome the invading army of foreigners which is what it was.

Our story begins at a micro level of this socio-political situation in the life of our hero.

Will Stone is an athletic white high school senior on the local football team and also head of the chess club. He is being sidelined by the Jewish football coach Mr. Sandusty who is giving preference to the newly immigrated Negro Tyrone Shabazz (from darkest Africa). The apple of Will’s eye, Susie, is the head cheerleader who is a mathematics whiz always being pursued by Tyrone who has garnered a notorious reputation amongst the girls as a philanderer and many rumours have spread that he forces his way with the girls when he corners them. He is an arrogant and bombastic figure in the high school, Rosa Parks High. It was the principal Ms.Lansky who conferred its name upon the school to replace its former name, that of its pioneering founder Colonel Davis MacDonald, who established a co-ed academy with segregated sections for boys and girls. This was in 1879 prior to the forced integration of blacks and whites.

Upon arrival in Oakdale Heights, Tyrone Shabazz and his fellow blacks formed an extension of their African tribe called ‘Blackface’ a name formulated by their cunning mastermind and underground affiliate, Mr. Sandusty, as an attempt to passive-aggressively vilify the local white population and to project upon them a guilt complex for the criminal tendencies of the transplanted blacks who, he constantly reminded the parents at the local PTA meetings, were lost sheep in need of acceptance and understanding. This rhetoric he used as a psychological weapon to disarm the justifiably worried and angry whites from opposing the chaos he was attempting to spread amongst the town using his rhetorical bombast of ‘tolerance’ and ‘diversity’ as a mechanism.



This gang, 'Blackface', had been involving itself in an illegal underground drug trade targeting white youth for the purpose of amassing personal gain and facilitating the destruction of their racial enemy. The police while turning a blind eye to the spread of drugs coming from the gang and working with them hand in hand in conjunction with the Jewish city hall, claimed they were getting 'tough on drugs' – this as a means of building their police state in miniature. The mayor of the town Samael (Sammy) Goldman pulled the strings and his Jew-dicial Court was a revolving door system that enabled the creation of a criminal underclass who had an arm's length relationship with their Jewish masters on city council.

The oblivious citizens continued to go about their citizen duties with unwavering loyalty, content by the sensationalism of the corrupt media of the national broadcasting apparatus. Those of them who suspected a problem such as some of the more staunch adherents of the churches looked upon this situation as par for the course, secretly salivating in anticipation of the return of their saviour while those few more rational elements who had not been corrupted by media propaganda were shunned and persecuted by the establishment and their sheep's fold as pariahs, untouchables, 'racists'. Will, too young to have had much of an education beyond a literate family, copious reading in the classics and a steady drumbeat of contemporary scholastic dogma about the rights of non- whites who had been persecuted by whites as well as Jews who had suffered similar victimization at the hands of violent and hostile white people from Europe, Rome, and seemingly everywhere else on the globe throughout the whole of human civilization, could not understand how his alleged ancestors could have been so horrible and full of hate as his personal research had indicated they had been creators of great civilizations and had even crusaded for those same rights of those they had allegedly persecuted. This left him with a sense of unease and confusion as clearly what was being taught in the school system did not correspond to his lived reality. Such confusion served as a motivation for Will who was always curious to investigate the unknown and that which held itself out as sacrosanct. His mother had attempted to take him to church as a child in ill- defined hopes of inculcating in his mind a moral sense as her parents had to her. However, in spite of the laxity of faith in his family and this plastic morality fitting the suburban mold of conformism and respectability which he conceded was 'alright I guess' in its own place, Will found the mental prison, the leaden chain it thus represented as wholly alien to his own inner being, something in the way of a mental illness fraught with inhibition and as Mr. Weinstein the civics teacher called it a 'neuroticism' that led to feelings of shame, guilt and self- hate. He stubbornly took a stand against this discordant morality which though representing itself as morality per se and casting aspersions on his natural tendencies and inclinations as 'immoral' or 'hateful', he rejected as a poisonous creed of weakness and submission. Thus he found no solace in the popular dogmas of Bourgeois respectability instead he strove towards the unknown god within himself. Internet research led him to Crowley and Satanism but this itself struck him as an infantile creed of rebels without any apparent cause, though possessing some of the rudiments of positivity ,he concluded it led down paths of degeneracy that serves to pique his searching curiosity but left him disgusted at the vile practices which were substituted as the antinomian antithesis to the thesis of Christian dogma, itself stale and worn out, nothing apparently threatening or to be taken with any

degree of seriousness. Neither however was its satanic counterpart which was to all appearances comedy of the most slapstick variety and thus an exercise in self-indulgent amusement something lacking in the gravity and drive his inner striving sought. Continuing his research into the taboo and unknown he stumbled upon a website casting aspersions similar to those in his textbooks about how the white people ('Europeans' it called them) were predisposed to violence and had what was called an 'authoritarian personality type'. These ideas left him feeling the same way as in his brief experiences in church, feeling as if he were being attacked in a subtle fashion, imperceptibly and as if those leveling that criticism were motivated by some deficiency of their own which translated itself into these textbooks under the guise of 'enlightenment' and 'education'. This same website still made references to figures in history he had previously avoided investigation of as they seemed 'corny' or cartoonish in the way they had been presented to him in the news media and popular culture as well as the education system. - Figures such as Tsar Nicholas of the Romanov family, Caesar, and Adolf Hitler. However in this format, purported as it did to be scholarly and 'objective', it quoted some of these 'boogeymen' whose statements elicited the attention of some distant primal urge difficult to identify or understand. Discussion of how a group of international financier infiltrators who adhered to a sinister religion that had its origin in Babylon or before in Canaan now called 'Jews' were a central motif of these authors' writings, men such as Dietrich Eckhardt and Alfred Rosenberg who apparently had been affiliates of Hitler in his rise to power. This dawning awareness of a global conspiracy against Germans and white people in general on the part of these 'Jews' led to Will's reflection upon his own life circumstances and how these Jews had a striking resemblance to prominent figures in his own hometown, most notably the mayor 'Sammy' Goldman and even his own Coach Sandusty who was always colluding with Tyrone and his gang of thugs. The falsity and pretense of their behaviour collectively as well as his principal, Ms. Lansky, their aggressive hostility and brief dealings he had had with them made him feel as if he had done something wrong, that he was to be blamed for problems that he had never created or had any part in creating. Clearly they had a bias against him, his teachers anyway – maybe this was because they were Jews?' he reflected. Continuing his research he investigated the names of these figures and stumbled upon a few websites from which he downloaded their works, websites which were virtual libraries of similar information regarding politics and philosophy which had apparently all but disappeared after WWII and which were far more scholarly and academic than his textbooks which seemed to breeze over matters of greater moment and harp endlessly on the petty minutiae, petty problems that were somehow imposed upon those who had no hand in creating the societies in which they lived, had been allowed to enter and yet were for reasons always ascribed to the pathologies of the whites who constituted the majority 'persecuted victims' who were 'suppressed' and 'oppressed' by their hosts. These new works spoke of the history of this group – Jews – and their tried and tested formula for subverting the culture of their hosts through monopolization of the economy through mafia-style tactics and collusion with government figures who had been corrupted by them through debts, infiltration of the church hierarchy and through the Freemasonic societies. This monopolization process applied equally to the major organs of communication, the press, and education system, which they also infiltrated as a means of controlling access to information by the populous who became their defacto mind-controlled slaves acting according to how they were programmed in the media. This explained why the textbooks and mass



media which Will typically avoided to expose himself to only briefly and occasionally watching a movie with friends, were so disjointed from the lived reality he encountered in his daily life, as his father was fond of saying 'the map is not equal to the territory' and the script writers of the textbook and media map were leading their flock, just as in the Christian churches, astray. This research enabled Will to conclude that the changes which had gone on in his town since his youth, a rather recent and seemingly spontaneous phenomenon, were a result of collusion between those in City Hall and their flock at a local level, those who identified as 'liberal' and 'Christian' and who seemed infected with that same mental illness his youthful church experiences had made him aware of. Now he could positively identify that previously strange behaviour he had noticed in many of his peers who seemed susceptible to that form of emotional programming, typically the girls in his school and many of the blacks as well as the other less bright kids. They were often driven into a frenzy and reduced to crying by Miss Baruch, a younger teacher who was a modern version of Rosa Luxembourgh and Betty Friedan conjoined. His research continued and with it his knowledge grew. His understanding of his small world broadened in tandem with his research and he became driven to adopt this as his life's mission – to free his people from the mind control of the Jews – at the very least in his own town – and to go down in heroic struggle against this evil presence if need be. He now knew what he must do, simply becoming aware for himself was insufficient – he must spread this creed of blood and soil to his comrades and conscript them in his cause. Strength lay in numbers he believed and it was necessary to convert as many of his friends and acquaintances to his cause as he could. Around the school he would attempt somewhat discreetly given the political climate of society and his knowledge of the penalties attached to the recent 'hate speech' laws that privileged non-whites and various other abnormals and freaks of nature positing them over against the white man. Few could be trusted as the mind control exerted on the student body was vigorous and led to the shutting down of thought every time various topics regarding race as a biological reality as opposed to a mere idea, what his teachers called a 'social construct', were brought up. Simply to say the word 'nigger' or 'Jew' elicited in the majority of his classmates an emotional reaction of extreme hostility, aversion, and shunning which they had been entrained to manifest as their behavioural conditioning by their older and allegedly wiser teachers. Nevertheless there were a few students with whom he was affiliated and had a great rapport over the years and who knew him as a rebel through what cause he espoused they could not discern. Karl, his closest friend, always spoke of his 'drive', his willful tendency to pursue some unknown goal and who admired and respected his penchant for the indefatigable pursuit of whatever goals he adopted whether it was excelling on the chessboard or the football team. Karl was aware that there were greater goals that Will himself perhaps had no knowledge of. This fact persuaded Will to first approach Karl as a potential recruit. He informed him that the whole school system was not all it was cracked up to be in its claims to knowledge and that he had discovered sources of information he had downloaded and printed off, various websites which revealed a global conspiracy of which disinformation was simply a small part and yet large in its influence, that the media, banking system, and major corporations were all owned and controlled but an international network of non-whites (he stated they were not Caucasian) who advocated the genocide of white people and thereby the elimination of their competition for power in the world as well as out of a resentment for and hatred of those who had been the creators of civilization and whose civilization – civilization itself- was threatened with

extermination and a descent into brutal chaos and dark age ignorance. At one point in his zeal to awaken his peers Will mistakenly entered into conversation with one of his chess club teammates on the topic of the Jews and their influence in the media and banking system which he assumed would be a way of appealing to this apparently intelligent and moral youth who had expressed his dislike of the lies of the media and its sensationalism as well as the corrupt nature of the debt-based financial system. Mistakenly as he later found out that the world view of this youth was a mere replication of Marxist Jingoism that held itself out as the only alternative to vampire capitalism, both systems which were controlled by Jews and posited as their controlled dialectic of disjunctive choice, opposites which they intended to collapse into a synthesis called 'socialism' but was really Marxist internationalism with a money economy as it had been albeit in a modified form in the old Soviet eastern bloc countries as well as in all other countries that had come under the sway of this false dichotomy. Attempting to rationally persuade the young Marxist of the error of his way of thinking and how other, better alternatives existed such as National Socialism. The youth entered into his programming and with mouth agape and eyes bugging out in horror at the buzzword 'National Socialism' and falsely associated concepts, images of goose-stepping shouting Germans and piles of emaciated Jewish corpses in mass graves the youth fled Will's presence much to the former's amusement at the susceptibility of so-called intellectuals to ideological mind control. He continued to play chess until the door was flung open and Mr. Weinstein broke in demanding if this was the young man who had dared to profane the memory of his chosen people and his own grandmother who stated he had been a victim of the holocaust, who had managed to survive the tortures of the 'Nazis' (as he called them) and who had even given interviews on the local public access broadcasting station about her sufferings. The young chess player, surreptitiously concealed behind Weinstein motioned to Will stating 'he uttered hate speech' and 'anti-Semitism' which motivated Weinstein to viciously grab Will's arm and led him to Ms. Lansky's office to 'discuss these matters'. Will found himself expelled at the close of the discussion as he insisted on maintaining his position as justified in his espousal of national socialist values which Ms. Lansky continued to denounce as virulent hate and that 'racists' such as him should be sent to a re-education center if not put into a psychiatric institution and that she would have to consult with the school nurse about what course of action needed to be taken but that she was on maternity leave at the moment and her non-white replacement from the Philippines was still taking her examinations and therefore did not have the legal authority to give a competent assessment and referral to the local hospital. Thus he had to be let off for the moment – but only for the moment as this pending decision would require official review once either of the nurses would be capable of doing their job from a legal standpoint. Thus Will's attempt to raise awareness with the masses was an awakening in its own right to mass psychology best exemplified by the seminal work of Gustav Lebon's, 'The Crowd', which Will had read during his researches. Clearly the masses were asses and liberal lemmings however intelligent outside of their emotional programming and Pavlovian conditioning were incapable of rational thought once they had been exposed to certain words ('stimuli') that had been paired with certain permitted behavioural reactions ('responses') which they underwent as if they were an automaton. Reaching the masses was clearly out and there were only so many reachable ones who could only be trusted so far and awoken by degrees. Clearly this would not stem the tide of illegal drugs and the gradual degradation of his town through Jewish usury and moral

decay through their brain pollution systems, the media and academic system as the young chess player – once an acquaintance now an enemy – had clearly demonstrated through his traitorous actions. Will would take his expulsion from the school as an opportunity to make lemonade with the apparent lemons he had been given, to research and develop himself and in the hope of thereby discovering new strategies in this war everlasting between the children of light (the white race) and the children of darkness (the Jews and their useful idiots the blacks and other privileged minorities).

Oakdale Heights' once noble Colonel Davis MacDonald Academy now re-christened (or rather satanized) Rosa Parks High in memory of a lazy negress who refused to comply with the very simple rules of a transit system and who was thereby lauded as an anti-hero figure by the media moguls who engineered the minds of their sheeple with guilt complexes and a perverse sense of obligation towards what they referred to as 'the black community'. It, this once venerable institution designed by white architects and crafted through the skill and perseverance of the white pioneers but which was now a hollow mockery of yesteryear was holding a 'diversity dance' in which the premise was to deliberately pair off the black males, many of whom were Blackface members, with the naïve and corrupted white girls who had received a lifetime of emotionally based indoctrination at the hands of their charges, those who called themselves and were extolled as 'teachers of youth' when they were teaching in the manner of a Socrates and being 'corruptors of youth'. One teacher recently had been caught performing fellatio on one of the Blackface members while in the school room and had been through justifiable parental backlash put on suspension with pay pending a Board of Education decision to have her reinstated as the social science teacher. Rumour was that she and her auditor had also been involved in sexual liaisons under cover of performance review sessions in preparation for the board's decision. The 'Diversity Dance' was to take place on April 1st of that year, what Will came to appreciate as a sacred holy day of the Jews in which they celebrated the mass murder of Arabs hearkening back to alleged historical events of the past. His research into the scholarly and credible sources regarding Jewish ritual murder such as Helmut Schramm, Hans Joseph Eisenmenger, as well as Arnold Leese gave him insight into the nefarious nature of this dance and that it may well serve as the venue for which sacrifice was to be made. Accordingly he prepared himself for the worst and though expelled he sensed that his place within and around the school would be a necessity to circumvent the worst case scenario which was almost certainly to eventuate as the 'shin-dig' got under way, climaxing in this ritual murder as a celebration of the Jewish faculty's self-deification through this vampiric act for, they believed, the drinking of blood and even the consumption of flesh from a pure child, especially a white child, enabled them to absorb their spirit energy into themselves thereby amplifying their energy body to what they considered a 'godly state' to transcend their limitations as a less-developed being and thereby go 'beyond good and evil'. Will conscripted Karl who had been following along the same path as his mentor educating himself about the Jewish question and their world historical mission of global dominion and their plan to genocide all of those non-Jews who they called 'goyim' (meaning animals) that were not useful as slaves within their global governance, a plan based upon their holy book the Babylonian Talmud which therein was called 'tikkun olam' or 'cleansing the earth' of the goyim['animals'], the incomplete souls' who they deemed not human but beasts. Since there was no solution but to combat the enemy, no willful ignorance would be conducive

to survival but instead to certain destruction, both parties insisted on preparing themselves for a war everlasting that would serve as the overarching mission for all of their actions hence forth, for once the ultimate cause of the problems of society was identified, namely the Jews as a collective, tribal group of fanatical dark occultists, the solution thereto came in the form of strenuous combat for no peace was in the cards. Given that peace with the enemy meant death and life entailed strife, what followed from the premises was the phrase Will had adopted as his life's credo derived from 'Mein Kampf' (my struggle in German), by Adolf Hitler, the book most reviled by the establishment, namely 'all of life is struggle'. Further amplifying this creed of Will was his adherence to the Wotan's creed of 'the preservation of one's own kind' which David Lane had encapsulated in the 14 words 'We must preserve the existence of our people and a future for white children,' making one's only obligation as a white man the survival of his own kind and the only morality survival not self- destruction under the guise of morality as with the creeds of Christianity and Marxism which advocated the extinction of one's own kind in the creation of a race-mixed 'melted pot' of global collectivism wherein no tribal identity based on biology would be permitted to exist, a 'universalist imperialism' as David Lane called it; raceless creed of anti- naturalism – what Will had identified as 'Luciferianism' or Judaism, an attempt to recreate nature in their own image as the living gods of the earth.

To prepare for the 'Die-versity Dance' Will went on the streets with the savings he had gained over the summer through his work in the building trades exploiting his skills he had developed in shop class, one of the few subjects he deemed of value for its practical utility. His intention was to purchase a stun gun and a switchblade knife both illegal but known to be weapons carried by many of the drug dealers as a way of coercing their will with late paying customers who had purchased on credit. Meeting with one of Blackface at their headquarters, Tyrone's second-in- command Leroy Johnson served as his liaison inquiring why he would want such items given his reputation as a 'straight edge' chess club member. Will replied that he was 'getting paranoid' and that he could make the deal if he had the goods. He then informed Leroy that he would accompany him with the items to an undisclosed location nearby where he had the money. On their way Will noticed Leroy bursting out into laughter on occasion but would not reveal the reason, which when prompted saying cryptically: 'Got a thang going on tonight y'heard me?' Such a response did little to satisfy Will's suspicion as there was a sinister undertone of cruelty in Leroy's tone of voice that suggested something more than mere hedonistic philandering as was Blackface's usual orientation to the little knowledge Will had of the gang given his limited experience with them. Will reflected that this was the way blacks had about them, a cunning manipulativeness and delight in cruelty that was often an expression of their power over others, a desire to 'get the better of others' especially their hated enemy the whites. Luckily however there were no monkey wrenches in the transaction and this led Will to think forward towards the 'Diversity Dance' and that perhaps Leroy's macabre humour referred to what activities he would be participating in at this even known to Will to harbour sinister undertones given the date of its occurrence on Purim (April 1st) and the general corruption and evil of the Jewish establishment. Only time would tell. Armed with these slight personal defense weapons, easily concealable yet powerful enough in their subjugation, Will got in touch with Karl and handed him the stun gun as he did not



want to incriminate his friend in a murder charge whereas the stun gun left no traces and would be less likely to kill the opponent if things became desperate enough to do so. Still lethal with sufficient discharge of voltage through multiple shocks it was a useful personal defense weapon. The dance was to take place that night at eight o' clock and attendees were to dress in rainbow tie-dyed shirts provided at the door for an admittance fee. The non-white students were exempt from the charge as they were considered 'underprivileged' even though many poor white students couldn't afford the surcharge ostensibly to be donated to the underprivileged non- whites in various third world countries through the global charity which was surreptitiously a money laundering organization called the 'World Fund' and which was based out of Brussels, Belgium, the headquarters of the United Nations. One of the parents of the impoverished white youth who couldn't afford the surcharge had complained to the school principal that it was a form of discrimination, 'reverse racism' but was silenced through threat of a lawsuit for hate speech against the protected 'minorities' as the non-whites were euphemistically called, a term used to imply they were defenseless and disempowered victims of the also implicitly suggested 'oppressive' and 'racist' whites who were fast being displaced by the non-whites in the area their ancestors had created. The policy of implicitly anti-white discrimination through privileging non- whites at their expense was upheld by Ms. Lansky the principal as this was simply a furtherance of the white genocide agenda of the Jewish elite globally who had become master in all the countries founded by whites through their networking, intrigue, and money power.

Thereby whites had been demoted to the class of untouchables in their own society exempting of course the elite establishment who had become corrupted and converted into 'spiritual Jews' through masonry and the world council of churches which were controlled and corrupted or created by the Jews themselves. Growing resentment amongst the lower class whites manifested itself in letters to the editor over the influx of 'immigrants' as they were called and discrimination against the whites through preferential hiring policies of Jewish controlled and influenced private and public institutions as well as admission in the capital city university and its medical and law schools which had specific quotas mandating a certain percentage of non- whites regardless of merit. This of course served to decrease performance standards and facilitated the corruption of government and professional workers who subscribed to a morally relativistic political praxis favouring their own class and connections over those who, despite their merit, had no affiliation. This downward spiral of societal decay was exactly what Will Stone had made his life's mission to reverse, if need be through a total destruction of even good elements of the system so that like a phoenix ascending from the ashes a new edifice of white power could be established. Though he had no delusions that he would be the saviour of his people tout court he nevertheless knew that he would have to battle to the last of his vital being in order to attain Victory of Valhalla he had established as his end goal. Tonight would be the night of the beginning of the end. Will drove with Karl two blacks away from the school as they intended to avoid detection given Will's expulsion from the school and prohibition of being on school property through threat of legal action as a trespasser. To enter the school grounds both he and Karl were disguised as the school had recently played host to quite a few Mexican foreign exchange students whose names had not become familiar to either students or faculty as yet. Accordingly they had used brown face paint and wigs they had ordered over the internet, and sported Mexico soccer jerseys with the emblem

of the eagle fighting with a snake as a gesture of their implicit racism that most Mexican invaders who went under such guises as ‘refugees’ or ‘immigrants’ as well as ‘temporary foreign workers’ aided and abetted by the Jewish establishment adopted as their jingoistic behaviour which was considered taboo to address by the white population which had been entrained via the mind control apparatus to venerate all non-whites as their programming, the ‘Xenophilic’ (love of foreigners) behaviour they became obligated to express as a condition of being deemed socially acceptable or politically correct. The Spanish language which the Mexican invaders – also called mestizos a mixed race group of Jewish, redskin, and even occasional white genetic stock – had taken from their Spanish Catholic conquistadors was something both Will and Karl had some rudiments of via their Spanish class, taught by the liberal Ms. Dawkins who though white herself felt it her mission in life to sponsor and facilitate the passage of foreign invaders into Oakdale Heights through her position on the diversity and multiculturalism committee at City Hall. This would further convince any suspicious parties that they were legitimately present on campus although Karl had no official prohibition his association with Will in the past had sullied his reputation in the school once rumour that he was a ‘racist’ got round the student body by way of the faculty whose witch-hunt mentality required a scapegoat for sacrifice and Will had been insufficient to satiate this bloodlust. Their ‘racist radar’ having been activated the false light of their gaze naturally fell upon Karl as Will’s best friend and eo ipso in their mind guilty by association. Since their liberal Marxist dogma blinded them to all questioning and reason any who were suspected were immediately guilty before any proof of innocence. The party had been in full swing for approximately an hour as the wristwatch Will wore signalled five minutes to nine p.m. The group of infiltrators were accosted by a larger group of white girls who gossiped eagerly attempting to garner the attention of the ‘Mexicans’ one referencing her birth control pills as a tacit form of invitation to the burly ‘Mexicans’ whose macho swagger piqued their ardour which had been entrained in them since kindergarten by their mind controllers and by extension their own parents who had bought into the trend of black is beautiful going so far as to purchase black dolls for their white children as a means of psychologically browbeating them with a guilt complex for their white identity and conditioning them to associate things such as motherhood and nurturing with blacks, that is was proper and even the height of virtue to devote one’s life’s purpose to their upbringing with devotion and love. This conditioning intended as it was by the establishment extended itself to all non-whites and manifested itself in an inordinate love of all that which was non-white and a contrary behaviour towards the white males of the school who were demoted in their eyes to a lesser status. Hence with their brown make-up that had a cocoa base giving off a chocolaty scent the younger girls were only eager to please when Will approached them and asked if there was any sign of Tyrone and Blackface on campus. At this the girls looked afraid and asked why Will would want to talk to ‘that guy’. Will stated he had a score to settle with Tyrone to which response the girls relaxed and informed him that Tyrone had gone off with Susie earlier in the night after they had danced together. They received directions as to where he was last seen and the girls were disappointed when the ‘Mexicans’ rushed off with a hasty gratzia to their would-be paramours. Speed-walking around the interior halls of the school and passing by the principal’s office they observed Tyrone and Susie compliantly following his lead into the school’s sports area and into the office of Sandusty. Murmured voices were heard as Karl and Will approached silently towards the corner around which the office of their corrupt football

coach was located. It was indeed Sandusty's voice which grew audible as they approached conversing with Tyrone and with interjections by Susie. They were discussing the trade which bound them together in a thieves' pact and in which Susie had somehow become embroiled perhaps out of a gesture of rebellion against her strict Christian parents who though celebrants of multi-racialism euphemistically called 'diversity' they tacitly discouraged, even prohibited Susie from association with blacks under the cover of avoiding criminal entanglement knowing as they did that only blacks were members of Blackface the drug gang which currently represented the only known gang in town and whose members were exclusively comprised of the African blacks who had recently been 'welcomed in' as it was said by prominent institutions and figureheads of the town including their own church, the 'Temple of Zion' whose congregation was largely white though inclusive of all 'cultures' as they euphemistically put it. This hypocrisy apparently drove Susie to rebellion against her parents and into the arms of Tyrone who represented to her in his blatant anti-white racism against what he termed the 'pale people establishment' a beacon of truth in an otherwise darkly mendacious society of hypocrites. At the present time Susie was urging Tyrone to leave and come back to the dance as she was tired of discussing 'business' – a business she both feared given its criminal and immoral nature as well as found strangely exciting, to be a source of erotic stimulation for her given the risky nature of it. Will and Karl heard a slap sound and the thump of a body as presumably Susie struck the linoleum floor of Sandusty's office. 'Damn it Tyrone she might squawk eventually' Sandusty ejaculated but Tyrone's reply was cut off by Will swooping in. Susie began to rise as Sandusty further shouted: 'What the f\*\*\* do you beaners want here! Do you want to be sent back south of the border?' Sandusty noticed Karl's stun gun and screamed 'What the f\*\*\*!' while Tyrone attempted to throw a punch at the latter who zapped him with 400,000 volts knocking him spasming to the floor with an acrid scent of scorched negro flesh wafting up into their nostrils. Not to be so easily incapacitated Tyrone rose to his feet while Sandusty threw a right cross at Karl's jaw knocking him senseless as he collapsed on the linoleum. Will attempted to engage Sandusty through a snap kick to the groin which caught Sandusty on the thigh.

Tyrone lunged towards Will and kicked him to the ground. Susie reached for Will but had her forearm grabbed by Tyrone who ran out of the room with her saying 'Not my scene cracka!' Will yelled: 'Why Susie?' who recognized who he really was and replied 'He's taking me to a place you've never been and could never go!' They swiftly disappeared into the basement presumably where the boiler room was located. Sandusty panicked screaming – 'You goyim never stop persecuting us! You'll be boiling in excrement like your Jesus soon!' as he leapt out of the open window and ran towards his Mercedes in the parking lot which was for him conveniently situated nearby. 'No one will believe you – we own the world!' and broke into maniacal laughter as he entered his vehicle and sped away with his lights off. Karl at this point began to come to rubbing his jaw amidst his groans. 'Sandusty claims he used to be a boxing champ', said Karl. 'He just knows how to fight dirty and where people's vulnerable spots are,' Will replied. The two recovered and sought out Tyrone and Susie who had demonstrated where her allegiance lay – on the side of the children of darkness whose only gift they had to bestow was the transience of appearance and sensationalism which the wayward Susie found more appealing than the protective security of a

conventional life whose only divergence from the wheel of routine was greater mental life the womb of art and science. She had decided to forsake these noble fruits for the forbidden fruit of illicit tryst with the more primitive elements of her conscious being. Nevertheless the white knight dormant in both Karl and Will resurrected itself and gave chase to she who was complicit in her own corruption. Blinded by the creed of David Lane that ‘the beauty of the Aryan woman must not perish from the earth’, Will lustily strove down the concrete steps into the inner sanctum of the school, a place where he had never been and knew nothing of the layout. The footsteps of Tyrone and Susie could still be heard echoing further down the passage and the two Mexicans still gave chase trending their direction towards the source of the sound. Following along a mesh grating overlooking a constellation of pipes and industrial equipment necessary for the functioning of the school Will heard the sounds of Tyrone’s voice behind a metal door that was probably ajar. The two stopped and waited to hear what transpired. ‘You said you wanted the bitch – now gimme mah muhf\*\*\*in money!’ – A hollow voice apparently male replied ‘Fine. Now get out – go and hustle, we have a business to run and we need capital see!’ Tyrone was apparently pushed out of the door with a bag in his hand and the door closed behind him with a bang. He spat on the linoleum and left muttering oaths under his breath and something that sounded like ‘serves the pale bitch right – pale bitches all be slavers.’ Once Tyrone had left the hallway the pair crept closer to the now shut door and attempted to listen in. Susie’s cries penetrated the metal door and Will could hear her wavering words: ‘Keep away from me I don’t want your drink, I’m leaving’ at which point she shuffled away and fumbled with the latch but was apparently pulled away screaming ‘what is this? Let go! Let me’ – but her voice was muffled and a scuffle began. At this Will tried the latch but found it shut. He looked around in desperation and discovered a fire hatchet in a reservoir on the wall next to an extinguisher and smashed the glass with this fist yanking the axe from its supports. He ran back to the door and began smashing the door with it, which he found was actually made of flimsy metal, and gave way in rents under his hacking thrusts. Panicked voices started shouting as he came bursting in the door. He witnessed the cloaked figures exiting through another door and Susie on the ground in the center of the room surrounded my candles. She looked up at Karl and laughed as he gaped at her noticing the blood pooling out from under her wounded abdomen – ‘I told you you could never...save me...Karl...you’re too... good.’ The last words came out with her dying breath and she crumpled in a heap dead. Karl stoically looked at Susie and stated: ‘The Aryan woman is difficult to tame, only an iron hand in a velvet glove can restrain her willful nature’. Will then understood that David Lane’s words rang true, that it was imperative that the beauty of the Aryan woman not perish from the earth yet that this beauty in its cold hypocrisy was at the same time merely a bridge to the superman, a dangerous allure like that of the markings of a black widow. That the bridge to the superman required a sacrifice which, under the current regime of gynocentrism and anti-male bias, could only be attained through inordinate loss of the superman itself and that to avoid the web of the black widow the web itself had to be cloven asunder. Paradoxically this was the only way the superman could be attained, through self- sacrifice on the altar not of a woman’s demand and whim but on that of the higher calling of Wotan, becoming a living god-man even if dying in the attempt in the battle against this web of Zion, the universalist imperialism that had imprisoned the white superman in its matrix. Examining the room briefly Karl picked up a badge that Will identified as Masonic. ‘This must have been a ritual murder,’ he said. The



two left the room in silence and shut the door on their youthful naiveté. Will looked down at the axe he still held and declared: 'Let this be my Thor hammer – down with Jormungand!' So saying he hurled his axe into the electrical components overtop the mesh panelling which paralleled the hall immediately causing the disgorging of a hail of sparks from the humming machinery which then sent forth blue tongues of electric fire in the works accompanied by steam and rumbling. 'Hurry—let's go—go!' Will cried with Karl needing no prompting. They rushed up the stairs and ran down the hall and out into the woods which bordered the school as the entire school emitted rumblings and muffled explosions. Will looked back and witnessed students and faculty pouring out from multiple exits and fleeing the danger zone. They both made their way through indirect routes back to their vehicle. 'Tikkun olam' (cleansing the earth) had just begun only it would be the darkness that would be cleared away not the light. The pair were now committed like it or not, they had embraced Ragnarok and there was no turning back to their previous world of comforting middle-class oblivion. The world had become known to them in the most visceral way and they could never return to the callow ignorance of youth. Police investigation yielded no definitive results other than hearsay evidence that a duo of Mexican exchange students had been seen by two girls coming up from the basement just as the explosions began to occur and the sprinkler system turned on which didn't serve the purpose of saving the school which had been irreparably damaged by the explosions of volatile chemicals in the chemistry lab, and the oil tank and boiler in the basement which set off a chain reaction reducing the school to rubble. Will was technically still suspended and thus forgotten by the administrative apparatus whose problems focused on badgering the insurance inspectors to obtain compensation for the conflagration. Jews both on the school board and as agents for the insurance company squabbled over liabilities and contributory negligence as the students were released on early vacation as well as the teachers whose already lengthy vacation had been extended much to their delight with pay courtesy of the tax slaves in the private sector whose wage they paid in naïve belief that the former were a necessary pillar of society as opposed to what they really were, a cabal of morally bankrupt luciferian Marxist anti-whites. The police were present also that day at the home of Karl and at the behest of Mr. Sandusty who stated he suspected Karl may have had a role in the debacle. This was because he had recognized Karl through his face paint and decided in his typically Jewish psychologizing and Talmudic reasoning that Karl had to be pre-emptively struck out at and neutralized as a threat lest he inform on Sandusty and jeopardize both his official teaching and unofficial drug kingpin careers. Karl was interrogated by the police but nothing implicating was discovered by the Jews' stooges the 'boys in blue'. This was not enough for Mr. Sandusty however who in collusion with other corrupt elites had Karl arrested on trumped up charges of drug possession with intention to distribute through planting drugs on Karl in a frame-up and police raid. Karl was being held in the local jail and awaiting the probability of a 10-year prison sentence, only his age served as a stumbling block to conviction as he was considered a minor by law. Will had overheard that Karl had been framed by Sandusty and his establishment affiliates and had gone to visit Karl who was awaiting sentencing and allowed visitors. Will was permitted to speak to Karl through the bulletproof partition that allowed inmates and civilians to communicate through a hermetically sealed vocal apparatus with no exchange of notes or messages through windows or slats. The look of stoical resignation with shadows of despair was etched into Karl's gaunt face which showed signs of

malnutrition and underfeeding. Karl, acknowledging the meaning of Will's look with a wry smile said by way of greeting: 'I'm already dead Will, this jew-dicial kangaroo court is a mere formality and sham; it's the end of my time. You must carry on with your mission of which I regret I could only play a small part though I hoped I could go with you to the finish line. This is the end of the line for me but I have one request of you – that you won't cease to adhere to the 14 words and will exact vengeance upon my executioners. For I myself have no ability to do so as I am in all but physical form, dead to the world and have no temporal power that might reach out the hand of vengeance and strike a blow at the Jewish tyranny and their puppets. I must therefore work through you as my instrument and lend to you my energy and what is left of my life force. My spirit will remain with you in your quest for a whiter, brighter world for as Hitler said 'What I am, I am through you and what you are, you are through me.' Karl pressed his right hand to the window from a sitting posture making a seig heil sign. Will reciprocated pressing his to his friend's and felt a surge of energy as if Karl's soul had migrated into his physical form imbuing him with the strength and resolve to fly at the serpent's throat and choke out its vital force stolen from the thousands, the millions, of sacrifice victims throughout the aeons of time on this earthly plane. Will turned and left knowing that Karl now lived within him and that what was left behind was a mere automation, a machine of flesh and bone that had given him the gift of Karl's life. With this added weapon in his arsenal he vowed to destroy the enemy to whatever extent his one life could do damage. A blow to the serpent of sufficient impact might initiate a chain reaction of like-minded people following in his footsteps. The words of Hitler quoted by Karl echoed in his mind: 'What I am, I am through you; what you are, you are through me.' Will's former existence as a promising student and reputable citizen had become metamorphosed through his heightened awareness of who he was and the role he felt compelled to play, his proper destiny. He had now attained Wotan consciousness, a transcendence in immanence that endowed him with godlike powers of detachment and ascetic self-control and denial. Now he was living for the 14 words and the survival of his culture which was a creation of the creator, the latter partaking of deity, the springboard in the material world to the divine and eternity. Without the white race and its creative genius the world may as well cease to exist and become yet another speck careening through the infinitude of space. The redemption of the world was that zenith of humanity who were bearers of the god-mind. Will's next move would be to kill Tyrone and Sandusty for destroying the lives of his friends Susie and Karl both being killed through the agency of the two drug dealers, Sandusty as kingpin and Tyrone as enforcer and go-between. He was unsure just how to strike at them as they were both embedded in networks of protection that could serve as an early warning system and Will's destiny would then be the same as Karl's defeating his mission. Thus the height of caution was necessary and all ramifications of action needed to be anticipated in an overall scheme of rational calculation, interlinking means and ends with minimal probability of error. A knowledge of his targets thus far was partial though adequate, the movements, and dwelling could be easily discovered; their behavioural tendencies were a matter of common knowledge: low impulse control so typical of both Jews and blacks though the former tempered their emotional erraticism with a psychopath's cunning and reptilian cold-bloodedness; both easily angered and prone to reaction though again Sandusty being a Jew and one in a position of responsibility which required advanced psychoanalytic ability would be more difficult to trap him in a given place to undergo the

assassination. Will decided that framing them both as they had framed and entrapped his friends would be poetic justice and a fitting end to their ongoing corruption. He decided to once again go onto the streets to Blackface's hideout and obtain more serious firepower that would ensure victory unlike in the case of his stun gun which merely incapacitated Tyrone for a few moments and he knew it would be unlikely to dispatch both Sandusty and Tyrone with a switchblade as that would necessitate getting in close and they would almost certainly be armed themselves given their justifiable paranoia for all the enemies they had made amongst rivals within and outside of their organization through their nefarious deeds and the harm they had caused to so many of the youth of the town. Upon arrival at the hideout – he was careful to adopt another disguise. - This time as one of the Chinese foreign exchange students with a wig of straight black hair, coke-bottle glasses, and a Mickey Mouse shirt. He was again greeted by Leroy who rudely demanded: 'what duh f\*\*\* you want chink – we ain't got no wontons here – you sellin' whorientals or what – sh\*t!' upon which he attempted to close the door but was stopped by Will in oriental voice: 'want buy – you have stuff?' This question piqued the curiosity of the Blackface lieutenant motivated as he was by greed and the door was opened enough to pull Will into the drug den. Leroy thrust Will against the wall and demanded: 'You wearing a wire?' feeling around the clothes of Will with a rough and insulting crudity that only one of the lower races could manage in such a context of complete ignorance of another sentient being, lacking as they were in empathy and motivated by their base drives. 'Y'all for real do – whatchu want fo?' Will in his guise of an oriental gestured with his hand in imitation of a handgun pointer finger extended and thumb protruding perpendicular thereto. Leroy thought a moment then asked: 'what chu want dat fo – I ain't habin' no heat from da popos – now give it up – what – you – want – fo!' Will said 'Protek – vely fraid mista!' To which Leroy burst out laughing immediately relaxing now that he had a believable motive. 'Sho I can see dat!' he continued bursting out into guffaws of laughter as he held up a finger signaling Will to keep silent. The deal happened as before with Will in his Chinese capacity going with Leroy and the firearm, a Colt .45 semi-automatic, to the site where Will stated he had the cash hidden. Just as he was reaching for the cash box Leroy pulled the gun on him and wrenched it open to inspect the goods. This momentary distraction was sufficient for Will to operate his switchblade which he had concealed under his long-sleeved shirt and thrust upwards into the heart of Leroy who dropped the cash box and would have shot Will with his remaining strength but for the continuous series of thrusts into the vital organs and his knocking aside the gun with his other elbow. He rolled Leroy's dying corpse into the bushes and grabbed both cash and gun able to walk away with his prize without loss to self, content in his having struck a blow against Blackface's second-in-command as this would be a further setback to the gang's injurious influence. Next was to arrange a set-up meeting between Tyrone and Sandusty at the latter's apartment in the downtown wherein he would transact business of the more nefarious variety, his other dwelling being in a gated community on lakefront property protected by artificial and natural infrastructural barriers such as distance from the crime-ridden areas he assisted in creating as well as boulevards, dense shrubbery, parks, hills, and police and private security forces who manned twenty-four-hour surveillance systems comprised of ubiquitous cameras, floodlights and alarm systems. Getting at Sandusty in his virtual bunker would be too difficult a task even in disguise. He had other work to do and though he might be able to infiltrate Sandusty's defenses he was not convinced that



he would readily escape once he had dispatched him. He knew that the communication link between Sandusty and Tyrone took on a primitive form so that no traces could be made between them. They had gotten into the habit of tying a knot in the piece of rope that raised and lowered the flag on the school grounds and though the school was now reduced to rubble and awaiting reconstruction, the flag was still present as removed from the catastrophe area. Tyrone and Sandusty still used it as Will had observed noticing the knot tied and untied at various times. Usually a note was fastened to the rope with a safety pin folded in a bit of cloth to prevent the wind from blowing it away. These notes usually named a time in digits, e.g. 2130 for 9 p.m. and the place was omitted to avoid traces to location in the event a rare honest police officer, rival gang member, or even curious passer-by showed up for the event and jeopardized this convenient system. Will had taken one of these notes before and forged the handwriting style. He now placed the note which either of his targets knew either could have placed there and hoped that the handwriting he had forged was discovered by the other party otherwise he would have to find alternative means of setting the two up or simply stalking them individually. Returning to the site later in the day he examined the piece of cloth and found a time written in different handwriting signifying 'message received' and giving instructions as to the rendezvous: 2100. He would be there with bells on. Preparation for the assassination entailed outfitting himself in a business suit and briefcase as this appearance corresponded with the demographic in that busy area, the hub of the town. He donned aviator shades and a wig over his blond hair to further disguise his appearance which was an identifying feature. A rakish mustache was affixed to his upper lip giving him the appearance of a yuppie just leaving his office as he strutted down the avenue towards the corner on a diagonal from the building wherein the rendezvous was to take place: The Royal Arms apartments. A fitting appellation as the firearm he was packing with spare clips and ammo just in case would be the means through which his royal pedigree was confirmed, royal in a cosmic sense as the bearer of the divine Wotan consciousness of his forefathers transmitted through himself in the present. He took up position adjacent to a magazine and newspaper stand to await the pair. At 2055 he observed Tyrone swaggering towards the entrance and pressing the entry code which he observed through his monocular, a spy device that could be used with one finger and functioned as a binocular to magnify one's field of vision. He memorized the code and prepared to follow Tyrone in ensuring that he kept out of his field of vision. Dashing across the street as Tyrone ascended the stairs still visible through the large plate glass window Will quickly entered the code and ascended the stairs after Tyrone who had gone up to the third and last floor. Given the antiquity of the building the doors still projected sound from within as the old hardwood floors and gaps under the doors allowed one in the hall to eavesdrop on conversation within the rooms. A clatter of dishes and a muffled sound of pop music escaped the door gaps and Will was just in time to reach the top of the stairs and see Tyrone slip into a room at the end of the hall. He rushed towards it and heard Sandusty in a heated voice shout 'what you say he followed you- and you led him to me! How do you know he's not undercover and on the side of those white supremacists in the churches! I should pop you right now!' Tyrone hastily interjected to save his skin - 'we gotta get outta here Mista Sandusty - take the fire escape!' The sound of scrambling and a window being opened was heard at which point Will ran back towards the front around the building out of the glow of the streetlamps. He turned down the alley just in time to see Sandusty and Tyrone climbing down

the remaining rungs of the fire escape. Will approached at a dog trot – ‘Hey Sandusty – this if for Karl!’ Raising his Colt .45 he blasted Sandusty who fell on top of Tyrone in the narrow fire escape. A few more rounds discharged Tyrone who was reaching for his gun. Sandusty looked up with a hate-filled gaze in his dying eyes and spat: ‘dirty goy!’, then flopped down on top of Tyrone with blood pouring from his mouth. Will ran down the alley and escaped into the obscurity of the multitude as the sirens of police response wailed echoing through the buildings. The media reaction to the killing of Sandusty and Tyrone, both together literally entangled with one another, a respectable sports coach and prominent philanthropist with a notorious gang leader and drug trafficker – the inference that ‘birds of a feather flock together’ was obvious. In order to quell the righteous anger of the populous over Will’s assassination which was ascribed to gang-related activity by the police spokeswoman who read from the carefully worded script prepared by her handlers the Judeo-Masonic establishment who had decided in light of public outcry to sacrifice one of their own as ‘dead men tell no tales’. This however opened up their administration to criticism and a desire for accountability in the form of an auditing commission or some similar body of members of the public with no affiliation with government or big business the average white citizens of the town who conscripted a local owner of a Japanese restaurant to be their spokesman as a means of countering claims of anti-Semitism and white supremacist political activism. Hiding behind the frontman many of the more conservative and rational citizens, owners of small businesses and blue collar tradespeople continued to rally for ‘public accountability’ echoing the tired phrases they had been indoctrinated with since birth regarding ‘democratic process’ and ‘responsibility of public office’ phrases sound within a small-scale society populated by ethnically homogenous demographics but a veritable tower of Babel in the form of a microcosm of the aspiring global empire the Jews and their cronies were fanatical about establishing, ‘Zion’ many of its censored critics aptly called it, a term deriving itself from the Pentateuch or old testament and perversely distorted by the Talmudic zealots and their Freemasonic and Judeo-Christian puppets. Given this fiasco the ruling elite conferred amongst one another and decided to hold a meeting at City Hall on May Day of that year, exactly one month after the school explosion and only one week away to discuss strategy as to how to generate positive reactions in the public to quell their suspicions as to the corruption rife in government and which the event of Sandusty’s obvious drug ties would be the tip of the iceberg. Will heard wind of this meeting through his father’s discussion with another friend that overheard his boss who he had identified as a mason, given that he was always sporting a masonic ring and tie clip, speaking about a meeting at City Hall to which he was invited and which would finally ‘put an end to all the crying of the masses for good’. Will knew that this meeting was probably going to consist of more Jewish psychology tactics of reverse projection where the exception (in this case Sandusty) was put forth as an instance of the rule and, the twisted logic would have it, if a respectable man like Sandusty could be involved in drugs therefore any member of the populous who were looked upon as less reputable than an educator with the latter’s seemingly high moral sense and self-effacing attitude. Thus the goal Will inferred was the building up of the police state to further enhance tyranny and subjugate the average citizen’s ability to defend themselves through restricted possession of firearms and to speak through various censorship laws and their enforcement as well as arbitrary arrest, detention, search and seizure of property, etc. Will knew that this meeting was pivotal that he must take them all out then and there.

There would be no better chances to strike at the serpent given his limited powers and abilities; a high school youth not involved in any local networks of pro-white activists and restricted to the borders of his small community of Oakdale Heights.

Will was returning home from a workout at the local gym when he observed a note taped to his front door addressed to himself. He read it: 'Lansky saw you on camera forging the note and setting up Sandusty for the hit. We know when your parents aren't around and when you are. Payback time for Sandusty Goyboy!' Will was surprised that Ms. Lansky could possibly know of his involvement but the myriad cameras which had been installed on campus must have captured him in the act of setting up his targets as even though the school had been demolished there were still what he thought were broadcast speakers attached to the end of poles. The cameras must have been concealed within speaker boxes as a camouflage to allay suspicion amongst the public and thereby to more effectively monitor students and parents unawares. This mafia cabal that ran the world had transformed a once peaceable society of productive and creative citizens into defacto slaves droning their lives away for the illusion of respectability and importance. Will would remain extra-vigilant to prepare for whatever payback was to come. Will couldn't sleep that night beset as he was with a foreboding of catastrophe. he decided to go for a walk as the approaching City Hall meeting on May Day as well as the threatening letter increased his impetuosity to initiate the final phase of his plan: namely to kill all of the high level players in the meeting through whatever means possible. Perhaps, he speculated, Blackface would have higher power firearms that would prove adequate to take down the menace – to kill the king and thereby to kill the kingdom at least perhaps to trigger the chain reaction of copycat killers which would lead to the explosion of the powder keg that was J.O.G. (Jewish occupation government). He walked for at least a half hour away from his place but upon cresting the hill which overlooked his house upon his return he observed a brightly lit sky and upon reaching the peak looked down upon the flaming wreckage of his childhood home. He rushed down the hill taking in the fire engines which were spraying the fire with water cannons and hoses. Then to his horror as he reached level ground and was approaching the house he bore witness to a sight which evoked a berserker cry of rage as his mother's burnt corpse was being removed from the interior of the building. His father soon accompanied it into the coroner's van and was shut within. He pounded on the van and thrust aside the coroners who attempted to restrain him but it took two burly firefighters to restrain him and upon recognition of his impotence he grew silent knowing that now he had nothing to lose in the world, that all had been taken from him, his friends, his parents, and his future.

The government social workers into whose care he was placed were of course Jewish and members of the cabal, their interests being the covert and gradual 'killing out of the goyim' as it says in the Talmud under the guise of benevolence, equality, etc. The pharmaceutical drugs he knew they used as a covert form of black magic sorcery whereby they modified people's physiology and created subtle anatomical and behavioural changes that led to physical and mental deterioration as well as ruining the relationships they had with others rendering them pariahs in the social body, outcast recluses who had no means to reintegrate themselves into their communities save through the hypocritical helping

disciplines which created the situation to begin with and had operated secretly to soft kill their charges. Knowing this as he did through his research into the allopathic medical system and that it was a tool of the cabal for genocide and population management in accordance with their 'creative destruction' social engineering. These architects of chaos claimed to be the living gods of the earth who alone were human, all the rest being 'animals' or goyim and who used this process of creating amongst the populace imperceptible change which exacerbated over time and conditions of their environment so that one generation would have a totally different world view than those subsequent able to be played off against one another creating disunity and a fragmented society of solipsism and possessive individualism in which only personal self-interest mattered not one's sense of race and place, blood and soil. Will knew now that any future he might have was hopeless and that he would have to make his attack on the cabal a suicide mission if he were to fulfill the 14 words and see redress for the injury done to Karl, Susie, his mother and father who though largely ignorant save Karl of the causes of this world situation were nevertheless innocent and thus Will was obligated to carry out his act even if only to revenge his fallen comrades though if other precedents such as sparking a powder keg of white anger locally in his region if not globally, letting potential imitation know that it can be done that the cabal could be reached through physical means and that it was not all powerful, that would be an added incentive to dispatch his own life for that of his people and their survival as a race.

Living in a virtual prison ward, what had been termed a foster home run by two homosexual Jews who had been given preference in the adoption process as another ploy in the cabal's system for using adopted children as rape victims and often as ritual murder sacrifices as the only ones who could know about themselves were those the government decided would know and could control every facet of the adopted child's life, using them also as experimental guinea pigs for drugs and black ops mind control projects utilizing electromagnetic fields, radiation, and pharmaceuticals. This improved the cabal's understanding of human behaviour which they exploited to control the populace for their own benefit, dumbing them down through a debased education system, through water fluoridation, and propaganda. Thus life lived within their care would be as a fly entering into a black widow's web from which no escape was possible. The two Jewish fags were downstairs one night discussing how they were going to give Will the ride of his life that night and Will overheard their whispered conversation. Rather than subject himself to that treatment which would inevitably lead to having to assault them though they always carried stun guns as a means of coercing people to carry out their will and though sure he could overpower them he also knew that he would be subject to greater sanctions possibly suffering the same fate as Karl. However he had decided to sacrifice himself so he was willing to strike yet another blow to the cabal this time against their two faggot child molesters.

Accordingly Will went down the stairs and approached the two fags. He claimed he wanted them to bathe him and prepare him for the night's festivities upon which they eagerly scrambled to the bathroom to fill the tub. They had cast aside their garments leaving their stun guns nearby. Motivated by a bestial mind of vulgar desire the two had thrown caution to the wind and this enable Will to carry out his intention taking the stung gun up and creeping towards the open washroom he grabbed one of the Jews by the ankles and heaved him into the tub. The Jew grew excited and stated he didn't know Will like it so rough while the other Jew thrust his buttocks at Will who promptly kicked him into the



tub on top of his lover. Will then turned the stun gun on to high power and tossed it into the nearly full tub creating a storm of electricity and an acrid scent of burning flesh as the tendrils of blue flame licked the pasty bodies of the Jews whose ridged muscles vibrated with 40,000 volts amplified through the tub of conductive water. He tested their pulses to ensure they were dead once the device had short-circuited. Another blow at the serpent struck and now Will had only to stow the bodies elsewhere until the time of his attack on City Hall so that he could live in the house without having to dwell on the streets. This enabled him to properly prepare for the event to undergo a regime of rigorous conditioning and mental preparedness. The Jews' bodies he buried in the forest outside of town using their car and a spade from their toolshed. While in the shed he noticed a surprising arsenal of C-4 explosives and grenades as well as Israeli passports and a Mossad badge – apparently at least one of the now-deceased Jews was a Mossad agent. He used a manual on improvised explosives to rig a vest with explosive C-4 satchels and dummy switches which were in a locked cabinet in the toolshed. The grenades he affixed to a bandolier rig that fitted over the vest and enabled quick access like plucking an apple for the tree – only these apples were the most poisonous apples of all. All of the poison the Jews had been injecting in the form of vaccines into the whites would be injected into their flesh in the form of shrapnel. A time delay was also rigged up with a bundle of C-4 surrounded by nine-inch nails. This package will then be placed in the back of the trunk of the Jews' Lexus which he intended to leave outside of Blackface's drug den upon their return from the gangster party on May Day. The clock would detonate just after midnight when the party in the town square would have finished and when Blackface and their prostitutes would return to their den of iniquity for one final revel – in the bowels of hell.

The city hall knock off would be done by Will himself as a suicide mission. He didn't have sufficient explosives to take out City Hall and all of its corrupt elites even with the Blackface bomb so he knew that martyrdom was the only alternative. Even if he had and lived to fight another day all of the assassins and his limited resources would inevitably be the end of him anyway. However this was pure speculation as he was now as in the game of chess in a position of check – soon enough he would either checkmate his enemy or be checkmated. Zero sum was the situation now and the only solution was victory through Valhalla.

On the night of May Day just as the meeting was beginning Will drove the Lexus to the Blackface den parking unobtrusively around the back alley of the building as he had seen that Blackface members only entered via the front. He started the countdown timer on the package, removed the key from the ignition, and locked the doors wearing a black overcoat over his explosives vest the dummy switches tied together with wires to prevent premature detonation. 'Time to head to the meeting – tonight I bet City Hall,' Will muttered under his breath.

The festivities in the town square were in full swing when Will passed by on the periphery looking in from the outside as was his cognitive tendency especially after he had had conferred upon him an amplified consciousness not only through the ordeal he had just underwent but through his contact with Karl in the visiting section of the prison which had transmitted to him a Wotan wisdom through Karl's soul passing into himself through the latter's willing it into reality which had allowed him to live out in his post-mortem state endowing Will with enhanced powers of clairvoyance and mental influence as their souls were racially compatible vibrating at the same vibrational frequency. Will could look on the

festive crowd, which he had once himself participated in though with a vague sense of his own self-suffering, a loss of his perhaps greater awareness than his peers with a detachment that preserved the integrity of his soul through this process of living in the world while not simultaneously being of the world. The opposite was clearly the case for the crowd of raucous inebriates whose lower egoic consciousness could not transcend the lower astral realm of desire and its base drives – fight, flight, and fornicate, sensationalism and greed; the typically liberal desire to maximize pleasure and minimize pain if need be at the expense of their own life through drug addiction or the contraction of venereal diseases, etc. He observed Blackface reveling with their prostitutes many of whom were to his great sadness young white girls who had been corrupted through the mind pollution of the media to venerate non-whites as sacred cows or demi-gods before whom prostration of themselves as white satans or at the very least repentant sinners was considered a moral obligation transgression of which was tantamount to being consigned to a purgatory or hell of greater suffering than death.

He felt a sadness for the girls and for his race upon whose future rested the purity of the young white women of the world. This momentary feeling passed, a moment of weakness that a trained stoicism corrected and his emotions were placed under the control of reason and understanding. He knew that the only salvation for his race lay with himself and those of his ilk who could look past the transience of emotionalism and towards eternity. A kingdom of heaven upon earth necessitated the preservation of those gods of the earth clothed in their flesh suits of ruddy vitality for spirit and matter are one and race is the image of soul. Hence to attain eternity through illusion he had to secure the existence of his people – the white race – and a future for their posterity.

Passing on towards City Hall he observed a cadre of squad cars busying themselves observing the festivities of the May Day revel largely ignorant of their true purpose which was to provide security around the perimeter of City Hall. Dressed as he was in a black trench-coat he unobtrusively made his way past the indolent enforcers of the Noahide and Talmudic laws up the stone steps of the city hall which was in actuality a masonic lodge as could be seen by the images of Semitic god statues bordering the stone staircase – one of Baal and one of Ashtoreth apparently and for public consumption one of an anonymous Jewish looking war veteran and a feminist also sporting the characteristic hook nose and almond-shaped eyes of the world's oriental parasite – the eternal Jew. He observed as he passed that many of the luxury automobiles parked helter skelter around the entrance had masonic badges affixed to them above the bumpers signaling their status as Judaized gentiles. Will entered the heavy brass doors with gargoyle-like Jewish faces gazing down upon the entrant, perverse leering faces that mocked the entrant as if half-concealing their evil designs in a revelation of the method style of using 'the goyim', and having a tongue-in-cheek joke with the Jewish and Masonic initiates.

No police had so far noticed his entrance and the hall was strangely silent until he abruptly encountered a Negro security guard who came from out of one of the doors jabbering on a cellphone with boorish volubility. His stun gun was out and in his fist before the lethargic Negro had time to notice – still jabbering to his 'homie' he was hit with 400,000 volts right in the chest around the region of the heart . The negro squealed like a pig and muscles tensed flopping on the stone floor with a smack, the caller still chattering on the phone. Will zapped him again for good measure and this time the spasms made the negro dance the rigor mortis shuffle as his bladder emptied. An acrid stench of flesh accompanied the zapping until Will could confirm a kill.

Though negroes were relatively unaffected by pain and had much thicker skulls than most races the incapacitating nature of the stun gun soon breached his biological defenses. Will dragged the negro around to behind the security desk and stuffed him into a corner under the overlapping marble surface. He took his walkie talkie and turned it off, discarding it with the negro but discovered a Beretta handgun with extra clips on the dead's body. He assimilated his weapons and was now equipped to do massive damage to his enemies. The dummy switches of his rig were still wired shut and he removed the wire carefully ensuring that the two ends were still clamped together. He then substituted some Velcro straps which could be pulled open with greater ease during the final climax of that night's festivities thereby detonating his vest.

The stone staircase wound upward and inward so that it overlooked the main hall in which, undoubtedly an opulent spread of rituals would be in process of being greedily consumed by the decadent elite of Oakdale Heights, celebrating prematurely their own self-proclaimed god-like intellect and strategy. Their Freemasonic architecture would soon lie in ruins courtesy of the power of Will he whom they deemed merely an animal possessed.

He looked down upon the Jews and their masonic and Judeo-Christian affiliates stuffing themselves with expensive wine, champagne, and decadent foodstuffs such as lobster, crab, and eels. Negro servants doted on their charges with a few naked prostitutes male and female dancing in cages from alcoves in the corners and in the middle of the hall. They gyrated their oiled bodies as strange oriental flutes, chimes, and perhaps a zither wailed their discordant noise. The room was lit from chandeliers descending from brass chains that were affixed to the vaulted ceiling a circular window overhead that allowed the projection of starlight into the room. That night the moon was full and added its pale luminosity to the room. Plush red carpets covered the floors upon which strutted the corrupt elite. An old-fashioned dumbwaiter large enough to hold a man lay open with its cable descending into the room below. Will looked at the moon through the glass lining the hallway and transmitted through telepathic means the words of Hitler to Karl. 'It is necessary to die for my people but my spirit shall rise from the grave and the world will know that I was right.' Will looked down the dumbwaiter and observed that it extended to the bottom with an opening at the end as light from the debauched celebration illuminated the bottom and the shifting of light broadcast by the chandelier played upon the sides of the dumbwaiter. He wrapped his hands in spare velcro straps to prevent the cable from digging into his hands as he repelled himself downwards along its course. As he neared the bottom he slowed and reversed himself carefully tucking his trench-coat around him to get a visual of the festivities. He was slightly below waist level and thus was obscured by the negro barman and the bar which clattered with drinks. He noticed Ms. Lansky and the mayor Sammy Goldman boorishly cackling with malevolent mirth over some crude joke or other. The ballroom continued to screech out its oriental cacophony while the revelers in near drunken stupor groping their paid prostitutes most of whom were males, writhed to the music going into near ecstasies of animalistic vigour. Will had had enough and given the dim lighting decided that now would be the time. He engaged his switchblade and turned himself around in preparation to launch himself against the negro barman. He projected himself out of the dumbwaiter and impaled his blade into the back of the negro's neck severing the carotid artery in front. Blood sprayed from his victim's neck as the negro struggled to turn and fight but Will held him firm. The spray jetted out in pulsating torrents onto the bar top and Ms. Lansky and

the mayor. They looked up with furtive aggression like a cornered animal but before they could cry out Will throwing a grenade amongst the revelers pulled out his Beretta pistol and pointing it at their faces squeezing off shots cried in paroxysm of rage “Delenda Est Judaica’. Their heads exploded like ripe melons and bodies fell prostrate taking the line of drinks on the bar with them. The grenade exploded simultaneously and he was diving into his rig for more lobbing them crazily around the perimeter of the room shouting the same invective ‘Delenda Est Judaica!’, Judaism must be destroyed and firing rounds at all scurrying rodent Jews in an arc radius downing fat bodies of masons and Catholic priests as they ran panicking around the room not knowing from whence the source of their death emanated. Sprinting towards the center of the black and white checkerboard floor Will positioned himself under the moonlit masonic tracing board depicting a scene in which Jacob’s ladder projected towards the vault of the heaven’s connotive of ascension towards the higher realms. With a flick of the wrist he realised the dummy switches to ignite his C-4 vest screaming in rage ‘Valhalla!’ as his body was consumed by the flames.







## Spirit Guides

The ship gradually receded into the distance, its warm glowing cabin lights gradually replaced by the pale moonlight as the two occupants of the small life boat drifted away from that vessel which once they called home. The captain of the ship, Kris recalled, had grown tired of suffering the perpetual quarrel which had existed between him and his fellow occupant of this humble derelict boat, Sam or 'Sammy' as many of the crew condescendingly called him as he was perpetually whiny and stirring up trouble implicating Kris as his strawman for it was the intention of Sam to have the former sent off the ship as a castaway which he had succeeded in accomplishing. What he hadn't planned on was his own dereliction at the hands of the captain who since Sam had so cleverly framed Kris it was unknown to the captain who amongst them was the ultimate cause. The confusion which Sam introduced brought upon the rancour of the captain who could see that Sam 'was not pulling his weight' and thus had to accompany Kris, who he looked upon as inherently guilty given his reserved nature which elicited the suspicions of the captain who was a blustery and capricious man. Hence the two on the occasion of the captain's blow-up, were deposited into their humble bark and cast adrift on the midnight sea with only the moonlight as their guide and the current as their paddle. Both enemies glared at one another from across the short distance which separated them. Unable to bear the penetrating stare of Kris, Sam was the first to speak though he had long attempted to use his magnetic sorcery to coerce Kris into precipitating himself from the craft into the black waters. Sam's words were as daggers aimed at the heart of Kris: 'you got us into this mess! I wouldn't sleep too soundly if I were you!' Kris knew the power of Sam's kind, those near-eastern desert dwellers from the steppes who practiced a form of black magic they call 'cabala', a religion of demonology entailing the vilest forms of cruelty from vampirism to cannibalism and ritual torture for the invocation of dark entities and acquisition of personal power. They were versed in all the dark arts designed to do harm to all those who were not themselves, who they looked upon as sub-human or animals and who were to be used and then discarded when no longer exploitable for their personal advantage. Kris' disagreements with Sam were not based on those issues but developed from out of an innate antipathy between types, a schism between opposites which by virtue of their inner nature repelled one another in implacable war, a war which had lasted throughout and comprised the fabric of human history, a war between the children of darkness and the children of light which would end only in the triumph of one or the other of these antipodes. Sam cast furtive glances towards Kris throughout the night as the moonlight bated the two in its eerie rays illuminating them with a sombre light. Sam was at home in the moonlight, being both a nocturnal and lunar creature who venerated the darkness from whence his vitality was derived, vampirically reflecting the rays of the sun which Kris looked towards as his guiding star and which he embodied as the refulgent beacon of cultural creation and understanding. 'You look to the light of the sun for wisdom Kris – but I have no need of light. I have the inner light and have no need to pay obeisance to that solar logos which you supplicate for yet another day of toil and woe. I have no need of those fleeting joys which Phoebus Apollo bestows upon those chained to the five-sense illusions of the terrestrial plane – I live beyond that for I dwell in darkness and yet cast forth my illumination. Pity that you should have no comprehension of my great powers. You would thereby escape your earthly chains and attain eternal life through development such as I have undergone. I have evolved

beyond those transient states of external authority which ever promises salvation yet bestows none. Why wait for an impossible dream which would only be the nightmare of abject servitude? Why not join this dark power Kris and forsake your slavish devotion to a god who is merely man writ large?' To this diatribe Kris remained silent for a time and then spoke: 'I am of the light; you are of the darkness – you partake of the false light. What you believe to be illumination and a peeking behind the veil of appearance is merely an unjust accumulation of power which has been stolen from others. As to development have you developed yourself or merely tacked on borrowings from others? Development only occurs organically through one's self through a harmonious resonance with the sum total. How can it be that you resonate with the cosmos, with God, when you would be the central sun of your own universe and outshine the sun which enables all growth and development within this terrestrial sphere? How can it be that a pale reflection of the light could ever outstrip that light itself? Such evolution is clearly a mere fiction and as such it would be the evolution of a being wholly discordant with the sum total, in opposition to all beings on earth who derive their being only through sympathy with that of others and thereby sustain their being which is a part of their kind – your kind being in all opposition as mere 'individuals' yet tribal you lack the sympathy necessary to embody the true light, that of the solar logos. I would never join the dark side as I would then destroy myself thereby. Would that mean liberation? Destruction rather as no integrity of the self would be preserved and carry on towards higher states of consciousness through itself, organically that is the only form of evolution. Your path is that of destruction and inevitable chaos; mine that of order and creation. Like the sun and moon the two are opposed and no reconciliation would ever be possible.' The two continued to stare out at each other across the abyss of space, an eternal conflict only to be resolved in death. Sam was apparently quiet one moment and the next he leapt at Kris, vaulting over the distance that constituted the interior of the small craft, grasping hands reaching out for the latter's throat. Kris struggled as his nemesis grasped at his throat with eager desire to serve as the agent of Kris' death. Falling into the interior of the boat they jockeyed for position each seeking to gain the upper hand and to do the other to death. Sam had managed to position himself on top and was thrusting Kris' head over the side of the boat itself on the verge of capsizing when Kris kicked with both feet at the chest of Sam and hurled him towards the other end of the vessel. Sam again charged but this time was met by a ready Kris anticipating the lunge with a blow of his fist that sent Sam careening into the moonlit night to splash down into the dark water apparently to meet his end. Kris looked around the perimeter of the craft monitoring the ripples of the water which radiated out from the place that Sam had entered the water. No sign of life could be seen and the body of Sam also was gone from sight. A few minutes more of this vigilance and Kris fell back into the boat exhausted, finally free of his hated foe that had brought him to this condition in the first place.

The dawn broke on the distant horizon and Kris awoke from his meager repast to the squawking of the overhead seagulls. It took a moment to register in his mind but he soon inferred that seagulls only fly short distances from land and that therefore land must be near. He hurriedly got to his feet scanning the horizon which was now becoming ever brighter as the sun rose. He noticed in the distance a dark stretch of land that promised salvation from his plight. He prayed the current would carry him toward it and was not disappointed as the humble bark drifted ever closer as the sun rose ever higher on the horizon. He now had a chance at survival! Washing ashore Kris marveled at the lush vegetation, the beach lined with coconut palms and banana trees, mangoes and dates. Interspersed throughout were a plenitude of nut trees with robust walnuts and acorns as well as almonds and macadamias – truly a

paradise for a castaway whose gastrointestinal tract growled angrily at the site of this bounty of nutriment enticing Kris to forgo the much needed sleep he desired for the greater desire since he had subsisted on rations during the ship's journey and had not eaten since the previous evening prior to being banished from the ship. He would soon nurse himself back to health on fruits and nuts as well as the succulent dandelions which grew plentifully about. No need for any nutrient, as none was lacking in such a diet. With the rising sun beating down upon Kris and the island being apparently without weather variation judging by the delicate flora developed out of all proportion to his customary wont of seeing things from the perspective of a denizen of the northern hemisphere. His inference led him to relax in the knowledge that though he presumably must live a life of isolation from humanity he nevertheless would live to as great a degree of health as one could wish for. Yes but for what friends he would make in civilized society he would pass his life away in leisure and comfort surrounded with the happy rays of the sun and the quietude of calm waters. Looking further towards the heights of the hills of the island Kris' vision came to rest on a stone structure whose outline was barely visible along the horizon, surrounded as it was with coconut and other trees tightly clustered together around the perimeter from his vantage point. Upon his discerning what this structure was beyond a mere ragged outline on the horizon jutting from out of the tropical verdure his gaze was transfixed by a force whose imperceptibility making its identification nearly impossible but which he could not deny was an actual fact. He felt impelled by this force and not against his will as if beckoned by some strange presence to approach and to thereby acquaint himself with his destiny heretofore in his young life hazily conceived as a jumble of half thoughts, blind strivings and indistinct images. These now congealed in this being and its call was to remind him of his appointment with destiny.

After breakfasting on an armful of mangoes fully ripened by the tropical sun and feeling invigorated he took up a nearby branch and wrenched it from the tree. Taking bark which he pulled from the branch he affixed a stone to this humble weapon and embarked upon his journey towards the pyramidal structure, presumably a temple of some sort given the radiance of that being that continued its magnetic impulsion that drew Kris to this beacon as a blind-man to sight. As he scaled the hilly escarpment he observed that a well-worn foot path had been trodden in the rich soil winding its way in the direction of the temple and radiating in rivulets in all directions from the place where he joined it. He was thinking that perhaps his isolation would soon come to an end as he wound further into the dense foliage. Suddenly a black-shafted arrow embedded itself in a nearby banana tree with a twang. Kris lunged into a roll and came up from the undergrowth away from the location from which he had been startled. Glancing frantically around for purchase he sought a target for his meager weapon. Nothing was detectable for a moment until a branch in front of him snapped and he whirled in its direction arm up and ready to hurl his missile at the probably foe. Again another branch snapped and Kris now bore witness to a dark-skinned savage such as he had seen once at a fairground in his native land – a negro it had been called. He hurled the weapon at the forehead of the foe and it struck the forehead in a spray of blood and bone fragments, the black dropping in mid-stride his hand letting go the bow and arrow which tumbled into the muck. Kris scanned the perimeter for similar foes but detected none. He rushed forward after some moments to grab the sophisticated weapon and quiver of arrows careful not to touch the points for fear of poison, knowing as he did that the savages of the tropics were inclined to cruelty and guile as a means of carrying out their warfare. Oft-times once the poison took effect the hapless victim would be subjected to the savages' inhuman tortures, removal of body parts; cannibalism and blood drinking; propitiation of demonic entities who were offered blood in

exchange for their occult power. This black no longer had the option of carrying out his dark perversions. – His life was extinguished and would fragment in the higher planes as it was insufficiently powerful to maintain itself outside of the material body and in the aethereal realms. These were the regions in which only higher vibrational beings could dwell and which precluded the entry of those dark beings that lacked the divine spark and greater vitality. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, Kris thought as he took up the new weapon and examined it – a crudely fashioned longbow whose mahogany wood was worn smooth with use though sturdy given the type and was wrapped around with a ghastly rope of sinew at the ends and as a resting place for the arrows. These latter were formed of a similar mahogany shaft and a flint tip presumably derived from the cliffs on the other end of the island which Kris had seen from the beach. Again he heard a sound from behind and performed another diving roll, this time preceded by a backflip of sorts knowing that if another Black had witnessed his first roll and had accuracy of aim he would not have sufficient time to head in a forward direction. Thus propelling himself backward he again wound up in the underbrush from which he might observe the intruder. He discovered it was another black and waited momentarily for others or at least sounds of others. Confident that this black was the last he notched arrow to bow and let fly into the black's scarred chest which was criss-crossed with ritual scarrings perhaps rites of passage from some voodoo initiation. The arrow struck the heart and again a spray of blood shot forth from the black's chest himself falling backward with spear in hand and a voiceless cry emanating from his lips. Kris ran up the path with the spear in his other hand, bow and quiver thrown around his neck the more primitive though pure weapon he had constructed crammed in the quiver with the arrows. He made his way into a clearing and beheld the refulgent sun in its fullness shining down upon a small pool. He approached examining it for signs of pollution but detected none. It appeared to be a pool of dew which had gathered overnight in the rock indentation around which emerald grass led back to the denser jungle. Kris drank deeply of the water but as he was doing so he detected a face in the pool which bore the very countenance of evil – it was Sam! Kris spun around and was astonished to perceive not Sam but a mirror image of himself – a young man of ruddy hue with a shock of golden hair like his own and a face gazing at him wonderingly. However he was not so naïve as Krist to have let down his weapon – a shining sword that reflected the sun in its noon glory as a blazing flame held in his fist. The young man spoke and to the even greater astonishment of Kris he could understand his tongue though it was a different language. Through some magical effect of sympathetic resonance the stranger had means of imparting to the mind of Kris the subtlety and minutiae of meaning that were in words inexpressible yet came forth in this strange vernacular, a vehicle of communication which seemingly served as a base upon which a larger superstructure was built: 'I am Vili and this is the kingdom of the Aryans. I understand you through my heightened sensibility that even you, an advanced being among your people – for I regret we have met such before who have come to this island and had to be sent back from whence they came – are not able to attain this level of comprehension. Though you can understand me to a greater extent than your fellow countrymen I have even greater comprehension of you and your history. He who you have witnessed in the pool is even now present on this island and is making his preparations for war against us. He has fallen in with the blacks who call themselves the children of Satun their god who has long inhabited the other side of the island amongst the cliffs and who is kept at bay only through lack of a mortal being to possess as the instrument of his will, a mortal sufficiently malevolent to enable possession through a sympathy of resonance. Sam as fate would have it – or is it perhaps his destiny? – managed to struggle to shore in the night and found a hidden crevice in the black



cliffs from whence he was ambushed by a group of blacks who brought him back to Satun for sacrifice. Satun however in his clairvoyance which is not absolute but penetrating in terms of brief spans of time and space identified the struggling Sam while he was carried from the water and impelled his negro slaves – for such they are – to effect the capture of this vessel so that the demon might incarnate itself in a material body which is of utmost necessity to attempt its conquest of the Arya, my tribe. But please drink Kris'. Kris was no longer surprised at Vili's understanding of his wants, needs, or biography; he listened intently as Vili told him tales of the Arya and how they once had created a civilized world that spanned all corners of the earth and lived in harmony with nature. This golden age had lasted for millennia until the Arya had grown less vigilant in guarding their territory from external alien invasion. At this time, perhaps sensing a laxity in defense the invading Satun and his minions the Jwz descended upon their paradise in space slave ships carrying a cargo of Negros to attempt to destroy the Arya for whom they had always had a jealous hostility towards and who they sought to exterminate through using their beasts as an army behind which they hid behind as a shield. Satun had at that time inhabited a mortal body which was encased within a mechanized suit which conferred upon it super powers. The suit and body were destroyed in the ensuing wars but the civilization of the Arya also met its demise. Over time during the enslavement of the Arya to the Jwz and beastmen who were guided spiritually by Satun who had not been able at that time to inhabit any of his minions' bodies given that it had undergone a great shock in becoming separated from its body and so had merely been able to influence its minions by proxy via the magnetic fields. The Arya had all but been displaced from their founded civilization which was usurped by the dark forces and those who could not flee were in the case of the males killed outright while the females were raped and served the Jwz and beastmen as sex slaves and incubators for their vile seed. This led to the rapid decay of civilization and though the remnant of male Arya would have gone back to destroy their enemies or die in the attempt, their remaining females insisted that the battle would have been futile and would be the end of their posterity hence they needed to escape to secure regions and abandon their former glory. This was the end of the golden age and the remnants were people like Kris who had attempted in recent years a recolonization of their lost domain but who had once again – this time by stealth, been subjected to an invasion from within which had been affected through the appearance of material wealth and power which had been acquired by the Jwz through terroristic practices, thievery and usury thereby concentrating into their hands the wealth of productive newer nations which had been formed by the dispossessed Aryans. History was again repeating itself and Satun having been confined to the black cliffs millennia ago by an order of white mages of the Arya was unable to unleash his full power but with Sam now serving as a vehicle this power could manifest itself and unleash itself from the island through Sam's escaping therefrom. Satun however sought vengeance upon the small tribe of Arya on the island and confident of victory decided to use Sam as his instrument of vengeance. We now must give battle to this dark lord and see that it cease to exist forever. Upon its losing control the entire world will again be ours and free of the beastmen and their Jwz masters. However we first await the One who must return and save the earth from these alien beings and their despotic god Satun. the prophesies of our forefathers foretell of a noble Aryan man who knows not his true identity until he is illuminated with this knowledge through communion with His higher self who is the dweller in the temple which calls himself Kristos. Kristos alone can recognize our saviour who will bring a return of the golden age wherein the Arya will serve as stewards tending the bounteous earth and eliminating the tyranny of the Jwz and their technology which is an artifice of the mind of Satun who would subordinate this world to his rule as it is he who

wants no freedom on this globe. We Arya are the beacons of freedom as we are the beacons of truth for to know the truth is to set yourself free– the alternative being slavery to the lower pursuits of the beastman and the destruction of the higher self. Kris continued to discourse with Vili as the two headed towards the temple grounds. The foliage opened up and a clearing displayed the stone temple which had brought Kris thither. He could feel the energies of the place, full of vitality which impelled him forward needing no enticement of Vili. The latter recommended he continue on towards the temple at a later time seeing as he did that Kris was magnetically attracted to it and appeared unconscious of his surroundings requiring the intervention of Vili. The latter recommended they pay a visit to the chieftain of the tribe and make acquaintance with the priesthood for, Vili said, he was sure that Kris would make a very lasting impression on the group through which they now sojourned were many strong Arya gazing with wonder at Kris as if in eager anticipation of something the latter was still uninitiated into. Kris followed his guide towards a more humble and unostentatious building, nevertheless solidly built of the same stone as the temple though at quite some distance from it ringed round in concentric circles with yet smaller and somewhat humbler single family dwellings surrounded on the perimeter with defensive walls broken only by the entrance through which they came and three others at right angles within the circular perimeter. Warriors paced the parapets and entered and exited guard houses and military barracks lending an air of security to the place as well as a sense of martial readiness, the well-trained soldiers appearing lean and in fighting form as with long practice with their broadswords, crossbows, and spears. The two companions entered the chieftain's house and were given the pass by the guards two sets of which were positioned outside. Within natural light poured through ceiling openings and basked the interior in its glow. Vili approached the chieftain in an informal though respectful manner to introduce Kris. The chieftain, Ve by name, looked up at Vili in recognition as the other approached and then his eyes fixated upon Kris who extended his hand in greeting in the customary manner of his modern civilization. Ve looked with puzzlement at the gesture and was then instructed that Kris was from a foreign land and had been a castaway to the island. Ve looked thoughtful at this and greeted Kris inviting him to tell him of his life and history if he would be so kind, to which the latter embarked upon a discourse filling in the details as best he could. Kris was equally puzzled by the fixity of Ve's gaze as well as the bodyguards' two of whom stood adjacent to Ve yet alert to the surrounding environment attempting to politely avoid staring at Kris yet with eyes falling perpetually upon him in furtive glances. He was puzzled also by the questioning of very specific questions regarding his parentage, whether he had had any incidents as a child of strange phenomena such as visions or hearing voices, messages from beyond the material plane, etc. Kris informed the chieftain that he had had many such experiences especially as a child and that even now within this temple clearing with the Arya he had felt impelled by a strange force seemingly emanating from the temple which had led him to his encounter with Vili and to the clearing. Even now, he said, he felt the influence and was inclined if permitted to go into the temple as he knew that he would find his destiny therein. Ve then asked Kris a question he hoped would not be too impertinent, namely that of a special mark on Kris' right arm which was now covered by a strip of white cloth and which Kris kept there to keep tension on the muscles. Ve reached out and pulled down the cloth revealing a mark that left him gaping in astonishment and wonder at the red mark that seemed to glow on Kris' arm: a red swastika! The guards turned towards the pair and seemed on the verge of speech when Ve made a gesture to remain silent that Kris puzzled at. Ve continued upon replacing Kris' armband as if nothing had happened. Ve stated that though Kris felt the pull of the temple, he would first have to pass a series of

tests to determine whether this may be a possibility, for only the purest of heart and the strongest of mettle would be permitted – could be permitted by the being who inhabited its sacred catacombs which radiated under the small village throughout the protective barriers of its walls and augmented the vitality of the clearing so that all who lived within had attained the second sight and supernatural powers which enabled them and their small numbers to keep at bay the beasts from the black cliffs and their god Satun who was kept in magnetic check through the radiation of their god, the dweller in the temple, Kristos. Kris responded that he would be grateful to undergo any tests which were requisite for gaining this advantage, the permission to enter the temple. First Kris had to undergo the task of self-sacrifice which need not result in death if he had the mettle to endure it, a task which was assigned to a young warrior who had yet to prove his worth of partaking of the illumination of Kristos but which could be reassigned as an exception to Kris so that he might pass this one test. Upon his return if indeed he did return, he would then be subjected to the final test and subsequently should he pass he would then receive his illumination via Kristos should the latter accept him. The initial task was to go on a reconnaissance and rescue mission for one of the young Arya females who had been captured by the blacks and was being held in their prison within the black cliffs. As Satun was trapped therein he could not directly influence Kris but now that Sam had arrived and served as a vehicle of the dark force that was Satun, Kris had to be especially careful not to alert him to his presence and risk a standoff as Kris was not ready at this stage Ve said. Kris was armed with a broadsword instilled with spiritual power by the illuminated warriors who had forged it with the aid of Kristos, Ve said. Kris gazed at the temple between a bout of sword play with one of the Arya feeling its influence and knowing that his destiny lay with Kristos. ‘Kristos’ he muttered under his breath and there seemed to reverberate a response on the grounds, ringing in the sword which he grasped in his hand whose brightness shone still greater than it had a moment before under the sun. The nearby Arya were gazing at him and he then marched towards Ve’s hut to get his consent to go on his quest. Ve furnished him with a tonic of healing liquid instructing him not to drink of it save in extreme circumstances of duress. Kris affixed it to his belt and saying goodbye to Vili and Ve he sped across his trail which had led him to the village of the Arya and in the direction of the black cliffs and the captured female Arya which was the target of his mission. He had in addition to his broadsword which he had sequestered in a scabbard, a short pointed dagger and a mini crossbow which was affixed to his left forearm with rope and a small quiver of darts on the underside which would give him ready access to reload its four chambers which could be triggered simultaneously or individually depending on need. Kris sped towards the cliffs ever wary of marauding blacks none of which he encountered until the vegetation began to thin out and be replaced by a more rugged terrain presumably a disgorgement of lava from a previously active volcano which this island was possibly comprised of yet had only developed a flourishing growth away from this specific area. Kris reflected that this was probably owing to the presence of Satun who had inhibited the growth of vital plant life owing to his radiation of evil which Kris felt as a palpable force that grew in proximity to the cliffs which he was nearing. As Kris came into view of the prison which was carved out of part of the cliff-side and populated with rows of barred windows he was alerted to the sound of a stone knocking against another as of a failed attempt at stealth to his rear. Spinning round and dodging to the side just in time to avoid the shaft of a black arrow that whizzed past his neck he upraised his crossbow arm which was loaded and primed to let fly the quarrels and released those spires of doom into the ritually scarred chest of his would-be assailant, a looming black beast who uttered a feral cry of anger before falling to the lava ground, legs twitching in death throes as two more of the brutes circled ready

to try their game with Kris who had dropped to a crouch, crossbow now empty but hands grasping broadsword and dagger both posed to impale themselves in the black flesh. The two blacks approached bearing spears in underhand grips thrusting towards Kris their flint points which cast an eerie sheen in the hazy glint of the sun which was obscured by clouds of noxious vapor spewed from some unknown source in the black cliffs. The black to the left of Kris thrust and his spear was yanked forward pulling his assailant onto the full length of the broadsword and parrying the other thrust of that on his right with the body of his comrade who was doubly skewed by the black shaft falling to the rough ground dead. The other black was swift in drawing from its sheath a twisted dagger of black metal and leaving his sword still impaled in the body of his dead foe to the hilt inside of his enemy, Kris switched his dagger from hand to hand as the two danced the dance of death circling one another and thrusting by turns until the black made a fatal error of grinning and mimicking Kris in his hypnotic shifting of the knife from hand to hand at which point Kris kicked out at the blade and sent it spinning and bouncing along the rough ground. The black lunged at Kris but was stopped suddenly by the injection into his heart of the dagger Kris had extracted and slashing across the throat of the clumsy black toppled his foe and returned to take up his broadsword. Wiping the blood free Kris then headed towards the prison alert to further potential signs of roaming blacks. He stooped behind a protuberance of lava that rose from the ground and peeped around it within range of the prison and its cell windows enabling him in spite of the dim light to view the interior and overhear what was being said. Kris' penetrating gaze brought into view through the hazy atmosphere a young girl with blonde hair and features such as himself and the other Arya gathered back at the temple. Concentrating on his auditory faculty he stood with incredible stillness and heard a muffled voice penetrating the smoky atmosphere: 'wait and see you white bitch! Daughter of a cur! Once I have fully merged with Satun I will be able to leave these accursed black cliffs and triumph over your people! Then you will have no future! I hold you for sacrifice here until the time is ripe and Satun has greater power over this miserable form, a compatible form as I, Satun, have created these Juw beings in my own image as a means of carrying out my will! I must go now but will soon return. Cease to struggle your life is already forfeit.' So saying he left the room in the dungeon and the girl who had stared defiantly at him slunk to the ground, her chains wrapped around her ankle preventing her from moving around. Kris moved over the window after scanning the perimeter again as well as the heights of the cliff which towered overhead. Grasping the bars he began wrenching them back and forth while the girl, recognizing his blonde hair and ruddy skin as signs that a rescuer had come to her aid, lifted her head and a look of desperate hope brightened on her face. Kris noticed her expression but quickly raised his finger to his lips to signify that silence must be maintained lest any of the guards be alerted to his presence. The bar he had been wrenching back and forth and chipping away at its lava base with his dagger was soon loosed and discarded, the process being repeated twice more to accommodate the lithe muscularity of Kris and enough for the girl upon their exit. He lowered himself into the cell and moved to break the chains which shackled the girl. They were too massive to sever and forged without weak points leaving Kris in a state of despair as to what recourse was to be had. He thought of severing the chains with his broadsword which would of course not only damage the weapon but create a loud crash which would surely bring forth the groundsmen and perhaps the entire contingent of prison guards would be upon him with himself trapped liked a rat in the dungeon. To his relief however the young girl extracted a hairpin which she gestured could be used to pick the lock. Kris watched as she picked it and wore a wry smirk as she mockingly undid the cuff which bound her. Kris motioned her to leave with him but at that moment the door burst open and Kris and Sam (Satun?) once

again contend with one another. Kris, still staring at his enemy and unsheathing his sword motioned the young girl into the corner out of the radius of his battle sword swing. 'I thought we would again stand off against one another someday! This time I intend to put an end to you for good!' So saying he swept the air with his blazing sword and crouched down into a fighting posture muscles tensed and ready for battle. Sam/Satun, beady eyes darting about cried 'Curse you Kris, you have plagued me for too long and obfuscated my plans' – 'Which are?!' interrupted Kris – 'To rule the world for I am Sam but more – Satun and I am the ruler of this world! You and your kind alone are an obstacle towards my ultimate victory – once you are finished from the earth I will be ruler absolute and incontestable!' So saying he drew forth a black broadsword, the very antithesis of that of Kris and met the latter in a battle crouch each circling the other the young girl all but forgotten behind a pile of rusty armor in the corner who beheld the spectacle with an anticipation that was an amalgam of despair and hope written upon her features. Both Kris and Satun circled and exchanged blows of white hot metal against the deathly blackness of Sam/Satun's sword. A glow of spiritual energy emanated from Kris' body in a circumference which seemed to struggle against that of his foe whose aura of evil diminished in proportion to Kris' radiance of vital force the two growing and shrinking while they engage in heavy blows against one another's weapon. They pressed together sparks shooting outward both jockeying for position and struggling for dominance. A blow of Satun/Sam's sword drove back Kris who stumbled with one bent knee defending himself against rapidly falling blows which generated a hail of sparks and tendrils of electricity as the foe pressed towards seeming victory. - Kris awaiting a final blow while blocking the rain of thrusts and sparks allowing his enemy's strength to sap and gathering his own. His foe pressed onwards seemingly indefatigable but the aura he radiated diminished in its size and density sapping strength from his energy body to maintain the continual assault. Kris' own aura only grew in proportion to the other's diminution and when a repetitive pattern of thrusts and cuts had established itself to a state nearly hypnotic Kris suddenly pressed his sword upward to meet the downward arc of a cut and thrust upward from his crouched position throwing his foe against the wall of the dungeon with spark and electricity engulfing his enemy who shouted with his remaining strength before Kris could deal his death blow: 'Guards! Guards!' and activating some alarm system built into his sword's emblem of a six-pointed star. Kris, observing the sound of distantly rushing feet and remembering his mission, rushed to the corner and grabbed the outstretched hand of the girl who divined his intention. He helped her up and out of the window and pulled himself up after her just as a rush of black arrows and spears clanked against the stone beneath. He threw the girl over his shoulders who then clung to his neck as he sprinted away from the prison and away from the black cliffs towards the village of the Arya with the black beasts in pursuit fading away into the distance as they lagged behind the pace of Kris.

Upon his return to the Arya village and the temple his waning vigor returned and was greeted by Vili and Ve who were awaiting him within Ve's stone house, knowing through their clairvoyant sight that Kris had passed his first test. They feasted on a dish of luscious mangoes freshly picked by the young women of the village which had ripened completely under the influence of the tropical sun. Ve heard Kris recount his adventure and applauded him over the subterfuge of waiting while the body Satun inhabited became tired as gauged by his aura's weakening force and using this state to build his own energy to overthrow his opponent. The next test would begin the next day before Satun and the beasts recovered sufficient strength to make the day's march to the village and give battle as they most assuredly would. The warriors of the village prepared their war machines and defensive bulwarks against the inevitable siege as well as stationing the majority of troops in concealed bivouacs around the

village walls where they could pincher the beastmen and their leader Satun between the two phalanxes thereby effecting a probable victory; however the greatest difficulty would be to overcome Satun himself who would be influencing things on a metaphysical level rending his hordes of blacks a much more formidable foe perhaps even controlling them and instilling within them a maniacal power to fight even as limbs were hacked off and quarrels skewed their flesh so that they become a living dead army of psychically influenced robots.

Dawn came swiftly after a refreshing night to heal which Kris accelerated through sleeping upon a magnetized stone on a thick woolen shawl over mats of reeds. The voltage emanating from the stone quickly recuperated his physical and subtle bodies which were charged to the maximum after this brief respite. The second test was to begin on this day and Ve informed him would consist of a test of his reasoning powers through a game of 'H8' which Ve described as a game of war only in miniature. Kris was bemused upon being shown the play of the game that it was a variant of chess only more complex and multi-dimensional having a three dimensional board and many more pieces to that which he had grown accustomed to in his native land where he had attained the rank of grandmaster. His opponent was a man of older age with a protuberant forehead connotive of his developed intellect, a priest from the ariosophic order of the community who was a living repository of sacred wisdom deriving itself through the generations to misty pasts lost in oblivion. The two seated themselves in the building which served as a guest room to the priesthood's inner sanctum which bordered the temple entrance and stood guard over it, excluding outsiders and more effectively being in communion with Kristos the god of the temple yet who would permit none but the priests this divine privilege. The table was already set with the octagonal tri-level board and myriad pieces arrayed at two opposite ends facing one another as in the modern game of chess. The players bowed before one another as was the custom and commenced the play moving their pieces in twos to the appropriate spaces to activate their respective 'god' who was then endowed with the powers of all and could lay waste to opposing pieces through contact mowing down whole lines of pieces in a move countered only by the opposing 'god' and the race to the top level of any piece which could break through the opposing ranks and scale the opponents steps towards the bane of the enemy held at the summit as its life force which, upon being reached would unleash either total chaos against the light side – those pieces which were black – or which would destroy them through their discordant resonance against the light. Thus the game 'H8' was a microcosm of the macrocosm that Kris now faced in real life. The game to be played with the priest was a test of his tactical thinking, the means he would avail himself of to wrest the victory from the dark forces which threatened not only the island but the entirety of civilization. Throughout the intense play of the game both sides' ranks were decimated by the opponent and both gods unleashed through establishing the proper configuration on each side's realm. Nonetheless a lowly pawn managed to struggle through to the summit for the white side, the side of Kris and win the game. Kris looked upon the match as a harbinger of things to come. The priest and he stood and bowed low to signify the match was properly won. The priest then had him enter a purification chamber with instructions to wash himself with a special magnetized water and to swim in the pool which was plated with silver for the purpose of germ and negative entity elimination. For this purpose as well the room was comprised of a special off-planet stone called shungite which had been made of an asteroid that had struck the island aeons before and which absorbed negative energy. The sun shone down upon Kris who basked in the water and prepared himself to encounter Kristos the god of the temple.



In his meditation Kris attempted to commune with the god but received no discernible communications beyond a sense of urgency and an augmentation of his energies enabling him to feel himself almost ready to confront his nemesis who from a lowly mortal called Sam had become possessed by the dark force of Satun and been converted into a tool of the expression of his will, a material instrument capable of acting out his protocols in the material plane. A cloud passing in front of the sun temporarily darkened the sky which was transmitting the sun's rays into the healing chamber occupied by Kris. This interrupted his meditation and alerted him to the necessity of confronting his destiny through a meeting with Kristos. What would happen from here was an unknown to Kris and he let his mind go blank as he dried himself off with the sun's rays. Upon garbing himself in the priestly robe of the order— that of a neophyte which was the grace he had earned through besting the priest in a game of H8 he now followed the gesture of the latter's pointing hand along a corridor winding down into the heart of the temple. Torch lights sputtered in their holders on either side of the stone passage and Kris could sense a presence gradually becoming stronger as if some form of magnetic radiation emanating from a central source – and this was a conscious entity that spoke in a voiceless yet intelligible way greeting Kris and informing him of his mission via non-verbal communication. As Kris descended he slowed to take in this communication and respond to it via telepathic thought transference which faculty he appeared to develop spontaneously with his approach to the deity. Light appeared before him, an electric blue that reminded him of that colour which had manifested in his confrontation with the figure of Satun/Sam during his rescue mission. This sparkling light (for so it appeared to Kris' vision which he could not tell whether it was ocular or some form of mental vision mediated through the pineal gland or other occult organ or faculty) radiating outwards and engulfed Kris as the voice communicated its intent to help the former and to fulfill his destiny as 'The One', for so the voice called him confirming his mission and status as the saviour of the Arya and their descendants of which he himself was one.

He then underwent a full body tingling sensation as the blue light ensconced him radiating throughout his form and gradually growing greater with intensity as he was unified with Kristos the god of the temple who then conveyed to him that he must return to the surface and gird himself for the final battle with the hordes of beastmen and Satun their demonic deity. Kris turned about not saying (even telepathically) goodbye as the god now lived about his presence as a spiritual guide with whom he had a telepathic communication, hence there was no need for goodbyes as he was ever-present. He faced a room with open door and beheld a sword shining with the same electric blue light as Kristos as well as a suit of light armor also refulgent with this energy. He donned the suit and sheathed the sword in a leather sheath lying next to it. He felt the sense of urgency he had in the healing room and knew through clairvoyant perception that he must hurry to combat the invasion which was taking place above. As he ascended the passage he saw the priest with who he played H8 awaiting him with a desperate anticipation. Sprinting the distance the priest motioned for him to ascend the temple stairs and to confront Satun, who had entered the temple through the defenses and assumed the high seat of Kristos drawing upon the sacred energies of the Arya who were outside defending the village from the beasts that had penetrated the border wall. Climbing ever higher Kris found himself outside of the throne room with its heavy iron doors barred and guarded by a group of hefty black beasts armed with cruel black swords which curved at the end in a crescent shape. They were ready for him given the echoes of his sprinting feet as he climbed the wide staircase and two of the four came at him from either side slashing overhand at Kris who adroitly side-stepped their blades and spun around with a vigorous slash that severed the bodies of the beasts at the midsection, blood spraying out in an arch against the stone walls.

He ducked and rolled as he made his way towards the door again met with overhand slashes which narrowly avoided his rolling form. He twisted and parried in a blow from the beast on the left while kicking out with his foot and knocking the wind out of the same with a forceful blow which left the beast keeled over who then lost his head as Kris' blade severed it from his body. He twisted again with the movement kicking with a roundhouse at the other brute who had waited a strike with a clear blow the foot connecting with the handle of his black scimitar and buying time by discouraging the assault as he twisted round again with blade slashing created a gash in the side of the brute who fell to the ground. Kris then slashed downward and severed his heart in a spray of blood. He looked towards the door and found that it had mysteriously come open both doors silently having moved on their hinges outwards to reveal Sam/Satun standing froth with his black cloak rippling in the chamber blown by unknown forces. A look of hate was on his countenance and candles sputtered in their alcoves. 'I have long awaited this moment' Satun said, for now it was Satun using his instrument to effect his will, namely to destroy Kris/Kristos, 'The One', he who was now Kristos and yet Kris, the latter having merely become empowered through the influence of his spirit guide not as in the case of Sam whose soul had been absorbed by Satun and whose material body now served merely the purpose of tool. 'The dark forces will always be extinguished by the light— you will defeat only yourself evil one.' With this Satun brought his hands together and a ball of purple fire began to congeal from the aether. Letting out a cry he hurled the energy ball at Kristos which was immediately reflected backwards at Satun whose black cloak become engulfed in its fire and a terrible scream of hate rose up in his throat as this same was scorched by the energy along with the material form of Sam both of whom emitted a blinding flash and then were disintegrated. Kris, who now had returned to his semi-normal state of godmanhood, approached the window overlooking the village and bore witness to the conclusion of the battle. With Satun now destroyed the beasts detecting this through the aether recognized they now had no change of victory as they were already being subject to defeat by the Arya. They began to attempt to flee the village walls but were cut down by the flaming swords of the Arya who slaughtered them wholesale. Kristos knew now that the age-old evil of the world had been vanquished and that a new golden age had dawned upon the world, an age in which there would be a future for Aryan children.

# (((6 MILLION))) GUN SHOOTER

a story of the wild west



## (((6 MILLION))) GUN SHOOTER

Eden, a place of apparent peace and quietude situated adjacent to a crystal-clear stream that led onto a river, the length of which snaked through the rolling hills of the semi-desert and beyond the limited experience of the townsfolk whose lived experience confined itself to the borders of the town. All was not so pacific within the borders of Eden however unbeknownst to the majority of the townsfolk whose daily affairs centered around citizen duties and the gossip and petty problems of a stereotypical small-town small-mindedness. Enter into the town dear reader and look about you – there are rustic buildings of wood seemingly put together in slap-dash utilitarian style but given the touch of grace which shows the creative genius of the white man in its ornate carving and elegant structure. On a sunny day (which was every day in these parts) the beauty of the town stood happily against the backdrop of the sky but as day turned towards evening and night the seedy underbelly of the town showed itself to those who preferred the cover of darkness for their activity, those positioned both high and low from the gutters of the speakeasy which doubled as a house of ill repute to the polished brass banisters of the seats of power and their secret inner workings. For the townsfolk these things existed though they turned a blind eye to them not wanting to turn from the righteous path along which their lord Jesus walked, though surreptitiously they would gossip and speculate as to the nature of the shadow world they knew existed. And indeed their speculation was not wide of the mark however wild its nature, as the unknown visitors with hardened faces who spoke with New York accents and dressed in the latest style burdened with leather valises and carrying sawed-off shotguns testified to. What their trade entailed could be seen from the gaunt cheeks of some of the more unseemly residents of the town who had decided to follow a broad and winding path towards the night-side of Eden and into the gutters of the town, sometimes appearing on display in the local undertakers as a model for a new casket design. Yes the residents knew that the town was shiny on its surface but underneath it was a place pregnant with violence and that such traps were best avoided through treading the straight and narrow path to church and workplace and home.

Continue dear reader down the street past that den of iniquity called ‘The Lightbearer’ for it offers nothing but perdition and gaze at the beauty of the town such as it is for nothing is perfect and we must take things as they are. Here’s a shop – let’s stop inside and see what there is to see: ‘Hymie’s Dry Goods’

## Scene 1:

“Herschel! Herschel! Come away from those porno books and greet da custamas – they are here already! Hurry Herschel we must make des visitas welcome!” The shopkeeper, wiping down his apron of flour rushed to the door and leapt out of the way in time to avoid being smashed as the two gargantuan New Yorkers entered, their hawk-like faces gazing outwardly seeking targets.

They held in their ham fists two leather valises bursting with unknown goods the sides bulging outwards. The shopkeeper presented an unctuous grin and spoke: ‘What can I get you two gentlemen? Would you appreciate a glass of’ – at which point he was cut off by the one with a scar running down his cheek whose eyes stared penetratingly into the shopkeep’s. “Cut it Hymie! We’re here on business not to get comfy in this backwater.” At this the shopkeep, Hymie by name, recoiled and fawned over his two business partners for such they were. “This way gentlemen,” and quickly led them towards the back of the office shouting “Herschel! Get the ‘bread’ ready!” His son raced into the back office and quickly turned the dial on the safe that was concealed behind the door. He brought out a small valise which was stuffed with cash and set it on the table. By this time the men had all crowded into the back office which was lit by a small kerosene lamp. Hymie spoke to Herschel in a harsh whisper: “Go man da store and keep intruders out – we don’t need no trouble from da goys!” Herschel slipped out and pulled the door shut but it failed to catch on the mechanism which enabled it to remain shut and bounced back against the jamb leaving a slight crack unbeknownst to the three ‘businessmen’ who were crowded in the room and who were unable to detect the fact focused intently as they were on the goods and cash to be exchanged. Herschel returned to the counter and monitored the front. Soon a woman came by and he greeted her inquiring if she needed any assistance. She indicated a certain type of dry good that was kept in the basement and Herschel stated he would return rushing off to the corner of the store opposite to that of the office. The woman continued to browse around the store. As Herschel raced to the basement he slipped on a wet patch from a leaking overhead pipe and cracked his skull on the stone floor terminating his life creating no noise as the tightly packed earth and clay damped the sound and he had insufficient time to cry out. Thus Herschel met his end. Above the trio in the office were still largely oblivious to the goings on without and were busily counting cash as payment for the heroin that the two Mafiosi had brought. “Twenty-five kilos...” Hymie was reckoning as he matched cash with ‘product’. “We’ll create a lot of damage with this haul,” he chuckled meeting with a sneer from his affiliate

the New York Mafiosi. At this point the woman had been standing outside and overheard the goings on within the office. Fearing for her life she turned to go and leave the premises without her goods to escape the probable fate she would meet when one of her shoes struck a floorboard protruding from the ground and caused her to stumble creating the noise she had desperately tried to avoid.

“Whazzat!” Hymie gasped as the trio wheeled round and discovered the woman who froze on the spot: “Please I...didn’t hear anything...I...Just let me go!” The trio rushed her into the back room and gagged her, Hymie turning the kerosene lamp off and rushed into the store under his characteristic guise of shopkeep taking up a broom and pretending to sweep the floor. Just then a wiry labourer named John Dogsboddy rushed in responding to the scream and looked with suspicion at Hymie who was maintaining his pose as shopkeep cleaning his floors. John looked at Hymie scrutinizing the floor – “Don’t look like it’s in need of a dustin’. That scream from in here – what’s it all about? Are you hiding somethin’?” The labourer searched around the room and checked around fumbling with the knob to the office. “Hey you can’t go in der! Dats private!” Hymie swooped down on the man attempting to physically subdue him. The man turned round and grabbed the shopkeep by the ear forcing him to his knees then grabbed him by his greasy locks stating: “I’m gonna investigate this place – or I’ll go to the sheriff!” Hymie replied, knowing the corruption of the sheriff who was involved in the narcotics trade with him stated curtly: “Fine go and rat! See who cares!” Cogitating a moment and realizing that the administrative apparatus was more likely to side with Hymie than himself given the classistic nature of those of the upper orders such as Hymie and his administrative affiliates he then reached into his belt and brought his six-gun out aiming at the head of the shopkeep with the threat to either show him around the shop or he wouldn’t be selling anything to anyone again.

The shopkeep acquiesced and speaking in a voice loud enough to be audible to his affiliates stated “I have ta get da key ta my office downstairs – so we’ll check der first – ok?” The labourer nodded and accompanied Hymie down the wooden steps. At the bottom Hymie witnessed his dead son and cried out in anguish: “Oy vey! My dearest Herschel!” he raced down the steps with the labourer behind him and stooped over his son. The labourer spoke with suspicion: “Something strange going on here...” Hymie opportunistic as always was quick with a response: “The scream must have been Herschel’s! He’s dead, dead!” and so saying he stooped over the youth making strange bobbing motions with his head muttering some form of arcane speech

juxtaposed between cries of “Oy, oy, oy”. The labourer however was not fooled by this pantomime and spoke callously towards the Jew: “The scream came from a woman – where is she?” Hymie shrieked back: “My son is dead, have you no compassion you goy! Check where you will all is lost to me now” so saying the Jew bent over his son wailing with tears pouring from his face. The labourer looked at the Jew with disgust and pushed past him down the passage. As he passed by Hymie still keeping up the pretense of sobbing reached into his shirt and extracted a lead cosh he kept handy. Now that the labourer was past and Hymie out of his range of vision the latter continued shedding his crocodile tears intermittently articulating ‘oy vey’ and stood up bringing the cosh down on the labourer’s head which brought him down into a heap. Triumphant Hymie cried out “Tob shebbe goyim harog” (even the best of the gentiles must be killed) and rubbing his hands with glee he cast an apathetic glance at his son and climbed out of the basement. Looking around cautiously he discovered no one in the store and approaching the office door giving a series of knocks corresponding to the syllables of the above Yiddish phrase. The door was opened and Hymie got a view of what the two Mafiosi had accomplished. The woman was trussed up with the belts of the two men and was wriggling on the floor her mouth gagged with a handkerchief. Hymie reported that they had another sacrifice victim in the basement and that his son was dead. If they were ever exposed they could blame the occurrence on the labourer and Hymie would be giving a habeas corpus of his son to the sheriff today with whom they would undoubtedly have an ally, a partner in crime so to speak. At which statement the Mafiosi laughed understanding how their Cabal worked. The woman lay on the floor looking up with a frightened face dripping with sweat. Hymie looked down at her recognizing her for a frequent customer a certain Mrs. Blonde, wife of the rancher Ezekiel Blonde who lived on one of the nearby ranches. “So Blondie,” Hymie stated, “out for a bit of shopping?” He gazed down at her heaving bosom and slowly licked his lips with relish. “How’s about a little porridge Blondie?” he said as he patted her cheek with his ruby-ringed hand hairy knuckles caressing her reddened cheeks. “But first you’ll need a porridge spoon...and I’ve got just the thing.” So saying he looked into her blue eyes with his beady black soulless eyes and stated to the Mafiosi: “How’s bout a nightcap?” They looked down at the woman and one of them replied: “Dat would be my pleasure.” Hymie shut the shop down early that day. Unbeknownst to the trio the woman’s acacia-wood cross she wore around her neck lay against one of the shelves nearly wedged into a



crack and not readily apparent. A drop of her blood from when one of its sharper edges when the cross was pulled from around her neck bespattered the cross.

## Scene 2:

Mayor Samael Goldblatt was the defacto town despot, a position so appropriately held by a member of his tribe, ruling over and micromanaging the every movement and breath of the townsfolk. The heavy tax burden and seemingly endless laws and bylaws enacted by the mayor came increasingly with the increase of his power and the concomitant diminution of that of his kids as he increasingly cast from key positions of power, non-Jews who were actual or merely potential threats to his own supremacy and replaced them with members of his own tribe thereby through this gradualistic praxis attaining a monopoly on power. Raised in New York of an immigrant family of Polish Jews he made his bones in the ghetto of Brooklyn and through his connections made his way to the lower levels of power in the kosher nostra of his area. This however was never enough for Sammy so when his mafia boss offered him the position of mayor in an obscure town called 'Eden' he jumped at the chance and packed his bags for wine, women, and the greatest aphrodisiac of all – raw power. He basked in his leather-backed chair smoking a cigar and cradling a snifter of brandy in his other hand. His garish dress bespoke a man knowing no limits to excess, the gold cufflinks and silk cravat testifying to a man of an ostentatious mind motivated by materialism, a devotion to Mammon. Across from him sat a red-cheeked man with handlebar moustache dressed in equally ostentatious garb wearing a large cowboy hat and a string tie with masonic emblem stamped upon it was the sheriff his badge clearly declaring the fact, a six-pointed star connoting the great architect of the universe before whom the Jew and his masonic puppet bowed in obeisance. Surrounding this gap were a few toughs with six-shooters gazing lackadaisically out of the glass windows into the streets. The mayor spoke: "This town is indeed an Eden and we are the gods of this paradise. Our great work is building nicely and soon we will be equipped to branch outwards and assimilate the other neighbouring settlements. Eden will then become a kingdom of heaven upon earth and we will rule uncontested once we eliminate those cursed Christians and their congregation." So saying he took out a mirror and a bag of cocaine from his desk drawer and set it on the table. He rolled up a dollar bill he extracted from his silver money clip and snorted – "Is there no help for the widow's son' his accomplice stated indicating his own banknote roll tapping it with impatience. The mayor looked irritated

and reluctantly poured a little of the white powder on the mirror passing it to the sheriff who coarsely snorted the line like a bull in a bullfight. The mayor's face bore a look of disgust taking back the mirror and another sip of brandy. "On to business. The savage gang have been too lackadaisical of late with their grooming of the Christian girls and a few of them have escaped during their captives' drunken carousing. The Christians are getting all hot and bothered about the disappearance of the girls and blame you Sheriff for not doing your job. They are beginning to mistrust the administration and some of their more outspoken members are beginning to say things, things that call into question our altruistic motives as to their well-being. One man in particular, a certain rancher by the name of Ezekiel Blonde. I'm sure you're aware of him Cuck?" At which he glanced in the direction of the fat sheriff whose bloodshot eyes stared outwards in apparent anger upon hearing the name. "I know 'm all too well Sam." He growled, "Been a thorn in my side since the scandal over the expropriation of his brother's estate for the resettlement of Mexican labourers and its conversion into a work camp. Been trying to agitate the goyim in the town to oust me from office – hope we'll put a stop to that soon though – right Sam?" The mayor smiled grimly his black beady eyes staring penetratingly into those of the sheriff. "Our kosher pastor in the church has attempted to subdue the concerns of the locals through his preaching of tolerance, etc. – all the universalist mind control that had been developed by the hierarchy in London to browbeat the local white population into submission to our despotism. The Mexicans will be, over time and with much brainwashing of the women of the white goyim, integrated into their communities and eventually brown out their demographic through our plans – given greater benefit to the greasers and stripping it away from the whites. I estimate one generation should be enough to genocide the whites." At this the sheriff sneered and took a gulp of his brandy. "What's next on the agenda?" he asked. The mayor took up a small silver bell and rang it. The door was opened and in walked a Redskin accompanied by a squaw dressed in a loincloth her firm breasts bouncing with each step. The Redskin had scars crisscrossing his cheeks and was pompously dressed in the latest fashion, a top hat and cravat with an eagle feather projecting from it. His feral black eyes darted about the room taking in and sizing up the bodyguards who met his stare with challenge. The Redskin motioned to his squaw to attend to the sheriff who leaned back in the leather chair and accepted her into his arms his gold-ringed ham fist squeezing her breast and his tongue licking his lips – 'sweet' he growled.

The squaw put on a display of flirtatious pleasure and fumbled at his crotch cooing as he

squeezed. “Enough!” the mayor spat, casting a side glance at the sheriff. His eyes returned to the Redskin: “You are the representative of the savage gang?” The Redskin replied: “Ugh. Me come for peyote and firewater.” The mayor asked: “Do you have the girls?” to which the Redskin replied again in affirmation: “Ugh.” “Your gang has been too incautious – the townsfolk are beginning to suspect that something in the town is not right. You must not let them get away again – understand?” The Redskin met his stare with his own and eventually looked away under the gaze of the mayor. He spoke: “Many brave have too much firewater. They will be punished for not keeping girls safe.”

The mayor in satisfaction replied: “Less firewater for you this time. If it happens again there will be worse consequences.” He motioned to the squaw: “Sheriff Cuck here will keep company with your squaw and ensure that things progress towards our intended purpose. Ensure also that you keep your raping to a minimum as the buyers want fresher girls – one of them complained that he had gotten one who was pregnant with a half-breed. They had to incur the expense of an abortion. No white squaws for Redskins capishe!” At this the Redskin’s brow darkened and he stared at the mayor with a look of hatred in his eyes – “Ugh” he last uttered knowing that he lived in virtual thrall to the mayor and his hired thugs all of whom had been deputized as law enforcement officers to facilitate his plans. The mayor then gestured to the Redskin towards the door: “My assistant will tender you your peyote and firewater. Do a better job next time and you get more firewater.” The Redskin turned silently and left. “Next order of business...” the sheriff stated, “one of our spies caught a young punk putting up posters on the saloon calling for your abdication. He’s waiting out in the foyer under armed guard.” “Bring him in,” the mayor declared. The sheriff picked up the bell and rang a series of rings which served as a signal ushering in a pair of toughs who were carrying forward a youth who was thrashing out with his legs and attempting to shout from behind his gag. He was a youth of about 19 with Brunette hair and a white shirt which had embroidered upon its chest pocket a Christian cross.

The mayor sneered exclaiming “You want your representative to abdicate do ya!” He stood up and approached the youth who was being held some distance away. He shoed him in the stomach which buckled the youth over who writhed with the pain his gaunt and haggard face showing the bruises of his handlers punishment. The mayor screamed, “I ain’t never going to abdicate!” He spat in the face of the youth who continued to writhe in the grip of the toughs. The mayor put his hands on his hips and laughed aloud hysterically kicking the youth again in the solar plexus. The

youth lashed out at his abuser and the mayor took a shoe on the knee. He became even more enraged and sucker-punched the youth in his belly indicating for the toughs to drop him. The youth curled up on the floor in the fetal position and wretched, discharging a stream of vomit onto the Persian rug of the plush office. The mayor shoved his face in the vomit and screamed: "Clean it up!" The youth stared up at the mayor challengingly ready for whatever abuse he had yet to endure. The sheriff squeezed the breast of his squaw and exclaimed: "I have his poster here," handing a piece of printed parchment to the mayor who took it up and read it aloud: "Stop the grooming gangs – stop the Jewish mayor and his masonic sheriff – in the name of Jesus, Lord." The mayor smirked and looked down contemptuously at the youth who still had the gag in his mouth which had partially obstructed his vomit. "So you want to stop me?" he said sarcastically. "In the name of Jesus? Maybe you're gonna have to take it up with your lord..." at this the sheriff and his squaw laughed out loud at the joke knowing what it portended. "It's Christians like you who are turning this Eden into an inferno. We want peace here in this town and your kind are nothing but troublemakers." He turned towards the sheriff: "Any other business or should we go and pay a visit to Jesus?" The sheriff replied: "Hymie the dry goods store owner says he wants to talk to you. He says he's got a present for you." "He here?" the mayor replied, to which the sheriff responded, "He's over at the store."

#### Scene: Hymie's Dry Goods

The mayor and his coterie walked down the street with the youth who had a bag placed over his head and up the few steps to the dry goods store. A predetermined series of knocks opened the door which had been shut while the woman was being held prisoner in the basement by Hymie and his accomplices. Hymie greeted the mayor: "Mazeltov Sam, I got a present for you waiting in the basement. She won't be squawking for long." The group entered the store and the door was shut behind, Hymie looking puzzled at the youth and then inquisitively at the mayor: "What gives?" he said to which the mayor responded: "Just another Christian punk who wants to spill his guts," laughing at his own black humour. The shopkeep shrugged his shoulders sarcastically: "If that's what he wants." They all laughed as Hymie turned the sign to 'Closed' and he led them down into the basement past the still warm corpse of his son. It was the mayor's turn to look puzzled and cast a similar look of inquiry to Hymie who replied: "Accidents happen – I'm in the market for an assistant, got any leads?" The mayor replied casting a snide glance at

the sheriff who had brought along his squaw: “Maybe old Cuck here wouldn’t mind putting his chattel to work – for a small fee of course.” “How small?” Hymie replied. “How about sloppy seconds?” Cuck frowned unwilling to part with his prize but a look from the mayor resigned him to his fate: “She can work during the business hours – but I want her back after.” They had by now entered into an inner chamber carved out of the stone foundation upon which the dry goods store had been built. It opened up and was lit only within the central area, the fringes being wreathed in darkness. Kerosene lamps were affixed to the stone pillars which terminated in a board ceiling. Gold tapestries with red pentagrams were positioned inversely on each pillar facing the passage entrance and were contained within a square and compass itself contained within a six-pointed star of black. Within the centre of the room was placed a smooth-surfaced stone slab with ornate carvings upon its side of demons and other entities circling the thick table legs themselves carved from the same stone, straps were dangling from the table with buckles attached and grooves were scored into the sides of the table which let out into corner openings which overhung earthen terracotta jars. Adjacent to the table were pairs of chains and manacles hanging down from the stone pillars and corresponding pairs at their bottom. The mayor went over to the all-too-familiar closet which was positioned against one of the walls and pulled out a black robe which had emblazoned upon its back the design of a unicursal hexagram in red. He handed another robe to Hymie and a pile to the others who were congregated around with the exception of the squaw who he instructed to sweep around the table. Hymie called out into the darkness: “C’mon out gang! We got another fish to fry!” The two Mafiosi came forth from the darkness the sound of a shutting down echoing about the chamber. They escorted the woman, Mrs. Blonde towards the manacles and trussed her up like a hog both ankles and wrists confined therein. She writhed against her bonds and spat from behind her gag which had become slightly dislodged: “You’d better not touch me you greasy kike or my husband will come after you!” The mayor and Hymie as well as the sheriff had by this time approached, the former said: “You mean touch you like this Blondie?” as he cupped her breast. She squirmed in disgust and he backhanded her laughing: “We’ll see if Mr. Blonde can save you and your village from me. I’ve got orders from the highest levels that give me a virtual license to carry out my every whim. I’m unstoppable!” He gave her another squeeze. The Christian was then led towards the sacrifice table and strapped in by his handlers. The mayor approached the table upon which the youth was strapped down observing his shirt soaked in sweat. The mayor reached into his vest and extracted

a bone-handled knife, its blade shining as it was extracted from its sheath. Perspiration beaded on the head of the Christian youth whose chest heaved in fear. The mayor sneered with disdain for the youth and said: “You wanted to see Jesus didn’t you...” as he plucked the buttons from his shirt with the blade poking at the cross embroidery. The shopkeeper and sheriff began to chant ominously: “Lu-ci-fe-ro-yod-he-shin-vau-he” repeating the cadence as it reverberated throughout the catacomb. The lights from the kerosene lamp appeared to dim and a strange heavy presence fell upon the room. The woman screamed as an apparition coalesced into humanoid form seeming to overarch the writhing body of the Christian. “Jesus!” the youth screamed from behind his gag. The woman screamed as the mayor plunged his knife into the heart of the youth through his cross embroidery, a gush of blood spurting from the wound. The apparition was upon the victim as the mayor screaming in bloodlust cried: “O’ Lucifer bring the light into me, bestow upon us your power! Lu-ci-fe-ro-yod-he-shin-vau-he!” The gang crowded the table and held their goblets up as the arterial blood spurting into them draining draughts down their throats with vampiric glee. The woman had by this time fainted and remained hanging by the chains. The squaw danced about the table lapping up the blood which splashed upon the ground, a rite she was familiar with in her tribe and which she routinely participated in, especially when the blood was from white, Christian male sacrifices as she lusted for the spirit energy of the whites just as all the rest of her tribe did. The apparition seemed to have had its fill and darting towards the squaw took possession of her body which gyrated uncontrollably and tore the loin cloth from her body. The fat sheriff disrobed and fornicated before the congregation with the demon-possessed squaw, the mayor and Hymie intoning: “Lu-ci-fe-ro-yed-he-shin-vau-he.”

Scene: Blonde’s Ranch

Ezekiel Blonde was a man of 40 who had occupied the territory since he had come over from the old world as a pioneer. Life had been hard on him and he had hardened himself in its furnace becoming steeled against the deprivations of life: the near-starvation condition of the semi-desert topography, the lack of water until he had stumbled upon the river with his fellow townsfolk who had staked out the land and had been involved in many wars with the Indians which had perfected his skills as a gunfighter to a degree beyond those he had developed in the army in his home country. He was a borne soldier but too much of an iconoclast to submit to the yolk of the oppressive regime of Judeo-Masonry which had put his homeland into subjection.

And so he had ventured to the new world in search of freedom unrestrained by the despotism of the conspiracy of the dark forces of the world. To carve out of the rugged terrain of the semi- desert a future in his own image. His upbringing as a Christian had left its psychological scars which had developed a broader spiritual constitution honed in the fires of his gnostic researchers and spiritual practices which followed the path of natural law and apotheosis under the guiding principle 'do no harm.' Though he had no great animosity toward Christians he understood that a rough world of dog-eat-dog made of Christians, lambs to the slaughter and that such a destiny was foreign to himself. He refused to bow submissively before any lord or master. He was master within his own sphere and lived his own life as well as let live the lives of others. However he was no solipsist or individualist who snubbed his own kind but was a defender of his clan against all threats external as well as internal. After a hard day of farming on his ranch he was sitting on the porch reflecting upon how his family had been one of the original founders of the town which had, with the evil influence of the recently arrived mayor and his corrupt assistant Sheriff Cuck turned a once peaceful town into a nightmare of drugs and gang warfare, sex slavery, and outright murder. The mayor's cabal, he reflected, had showed up almost overnight with heavy financial backing ousting the current mayor through what had been made to appear as an 'accident', a band of redskins being unleashed upon him as we tending to his herd of cattle. Not the rancher alone but the entire herd of his cattle had been laid waste burnt in a holocaust as a sign-veiled but apparent to those such as himself who could read between the lines that the power of the former mayor had been fallible and that that of the new 'that Jew devil' Ezekiel called him was incontestable as since no raids against either him or his men had occurred since their assumption of office five years before during which time Eden had become a hell on earth. Ezekiel knew that the savage gang which had plagued the community ever since their arrival was working with the sinister administration and that they had been the ones giving weapons to the redskins reconciling the prior tribal animosity so that they could be used as a terrorist army and criminal gang surreptitiously affiliated with the administration whom Ezekiel referred to as the dark force which plagued the town. Recently also the priest from the local church had died mysteriously having fallen out of the belfry of his church and been discovered the day after by his wife during the early morning hours.

It appeared to Blonde that this was the infiltrators way of decapitating the leadership of the town in accordance with the tenet of their religion derived from the Babylonian Talmud:



“Kill the best gentiles” as a levelling process of reducing everyone to the lowest common denominator so that they might be ruled over by the cabal. Even going so far as to import non- white savages from Mexico, what Blonde called ‘Latrinos’ as they stunk of urine and could be found lounging around the town outside of the saloon in a drunken stupor drugged up on peyote, one of their favourite pastimes outside of picking crops and rolling around with their squaws.

The priest who had been brought in was a crypto-Jew himself his pasty face and beady black eyes and hooknose belying his claims to being of Welsh origin. It was this man – or demon rather

– who came preaching a new gospel of tolerance and integration and was especially keen in playing upon the sensibilities of the women getting them on the side of the meshitsos (Mexicans) portraying them as victims to the more emotional and perhaps gullible fairer sex so as to drive a wedge between those whose role was to serve and protect the town of Eden, namely the men and those who were by nature nurturers and caregivers, deliberately distorting and shifting their material instincts to these creatures with their shit-coloured skins. Thus a turnover of leadership had occurred and the good had been jettisoned the vacuum being filled by the bad. The minds of the townsfolk were beguiled by the serpents who had infiltrated and who had introduced a wholly new ethos, new problems which the townsfolk had never before experienced and which suddenly descended upon them like a torrent of brimstone. Between the mind control emanating from the preachings of the universalist crypto-Jew priest and the pretense of democratic representation going on in the political system and the townsfolk being conditioned to accept the new and to discard their tradition Blonde understood that it was nearly time for a hero figure, a saviour if you will, to go against the powers and principalities that worked hand in glove in secret amidst the shadows and to bring forth the true light into the darkness of the false light which was little more than an inversion of the natural order of things. Though he himself sought a return to the traditions of his ancestors he understood that most of the townsfolk were too wedded to their faith to discard it and that a new doctrine was necessary to steer the sheep towards his side. Blonde’s right-hand man Hasker was a trained priest who had through his researches into Gnosticism discovered the hidden god within and become enlightened through his white magic spiritual practices overcoming his previously dogmatic frame of mind burdened with false theology that had no correspondence with the original texts upon which the bible had been based. It was Blonde’s intention to somehow – he knew not – win the masses over to the side of this new spirituality and convince them that it underpinned what they in their naiveté

adhered to as the 'word of god'. By this means he also hoped to awaken the masses and lead them to a revolution against the administration either through pacifistic or forceful means. He gazed into the sunset: 'Big dreams, but dreams they remain' – how to realize them that is the question." He continued to ponder what course of action to take for a time then came out of his reverie as the sun was going down over the horizon and he was reminded of the time and that his wife had not yet arrived who usually returned in the evening when she went to town visiting with her sister who lived in there. Just then he heard a coach arriving down the road and recognized it as his wife's sister and her husband, accompanied by their two teenage children. He stood up and called out to his son and daughter to attend to their horses and went off the porch towards them in greeting: "Hail Sister! What news?" but then as he saw her worried expression: "What's wrong – where's Gudrun" which was his wife's name. The sister shouted that she didn't know and that because her sister always came at the same time when she came to town and that she had seen her in town earlier that day and promised to stop by she became worried when she didn't arrive and thus decided to come out to Blonde's and check up in the event she had been abducted by redskins or some other misfortune had befallen her. This news brought worry to Blonde's face as he informed her that she was not here either. The husband of his step-sister and their two boys had gathered round Ezekiel looking towards him for leadership. He pondered and eventually spoke to the throng: "Given the time of day we will have to organize search parties.

The neighbours will have to be alerted and we will head to town and, though I know the mayor and his cronies can't be trusted he will have to be alerted so that the pressure can be kept on him and he can be held accountable for her disappearance if she's not found by sunup. We will have to set out immediately to increase the chance of finding her. I hope you brought your six-guns and rifles as there are all manner of redskins crawling around at night – being nocturnal animals they usually carouse with the firewater into the dead of night but remain sober enough to be dangerous especially when they are hopped up on peyote." The husband of his step-sister whose name was Jake stated: "We always come prepared," displaying his bandolier belts of ammunition and twin six-guns. Even his two sons were similarly accoutred and carried rifles in their hands, the new repeating rifles that the redskins didn't have for lack of supply because of stinginess on the part of the administration had failed to supply them with. Hence they were adequately prepared for their journey. The group began to saddle up their horses and prepare to inform the neighbours who, given their altruism, would undoubtedly come along for the ride. Just then the

noise of a war whoop was heard heralding the signal of a redskin attack. The group froze for an instant and as if drilled in a predetermined procedure split off into their respective corners around the farmhouse itself constructed of kiln-dried bricks surrounded by a chest-high wall that served to shield much of the farmhouse from attack and which was penetrated with gun-ports intermittently. Blonde had had a special turret constructed which could be rotated around the perimeter entrance from which all intruders had to enter given that the ranch was situated in a type of canyon flanked by craggy and inaccessible hills themselves carpeted with cacti that Blonde had grown as a further strategy of self-defense in the event a sniper with excellent climbing skills had managed to ascend the rocky peaks and take a pot shot at himself as his family. “Man the corners!” Blonde cried as he leapt into the pivoting turret and fed the ammunition belt in the Gatling gun. On the horizon just as the sun was fading to its extreme position came scores of redskins shooting wildly as they rode whooping with feral glee at what they anticipated would be an easy kill and the prospect remaining of robbery and rape to quench their feral lust for white flesh.

Blonde cranked the Gatling gun as he took aim pivoting the platform with the special levers he had contrived to enable it to move in its tracks emitting hot death as the rounds mowed down the onrush of savages leaving neither horse nor rider standing; the screams of the savage blending with those of the horses each as animalistic as the other. The other men fired upon the savages as they took pot shots at the wall in desperation at having been robbed off their easy victory. The riders and horses fell in heaps as the screams of the savages penetrated the night. At last realizing the formidable nature of the enemy the few remnants rode off apparently in defeat. Blonde scanned the horizon in attempt to make certain none of the redskins were not merely faking death and hiding behind their horses as was their characteristically sneaky propensity.

Blonde detected motion out of the corner of his hyper-alert eye and directed the Gatling gun at its source peppering the carcass of a horse with rounds until a scream of rage was heard as the rounds penetrated both horse and redskin behind who had attempted to play dead and presumably return later in the night to finish off the group. Blonde observed that no further movement could be seen and that it was still enough on the battlefield to warrant a check-in with the other members of the group: “Hasker you alright? Anyone hurt? Go and check while I man the gun.” The aforementioned went around to all members of the group and returned to Ezekiel with the news that all were present and accounted for. “Now we will have to wait until we can be

sure that there will be no more returning.” As soon as he had spoken however there came another whoop and again a crowd of redskins this time riding on the sides of their horses came pouring in a spread out formation zigzagging as they approached the ranch compound. Blonde was undeterred as his box magazines still had ample ammunition to blast away this slinking crew of feral marauders. He again cranked the weapon pivoting with eagle eye accuracy as the horses buckled under the fire screaming and obstructing the band of redskins from behind they becoming entangled within one another in piles of dead and dying horse flesh, smoking with the heat of rounds of ammunition while a mist of blood erupted in the atmosphere as rounds chewed up the carcasses. Just then the gun ran out of ammunition Blonde having been over-exuberant in his intense desire to mow down as many savages as he could knowing as he did what vile creatures they were and how they had been instrumental in the abduction of white women who they raped and sold into sex slavery to the administration’s underground buyers. Blonde had his pair of six-guns out and had leapt off the platform: “To the farmhouse – hurry!” he bellowed as he retreated further within the compound. His fellow defenders turned and ran into the farmhouse as he followed ,over the wall a redskin leapt his scarred body streaked with blood which poured from a wound in his shoulder. His feral eyes stared into the darkness and were illuminated by the moon reflecting an animalistic gleam as of a hunting predator. Predator become prey the next moment as Blonde blasted a hole where one of his eyes had been, they having been as beacons to enable him to target the enemy. As Blonde saw out of the corner of his eye the remaining member of his group flood in he raced into the farmhouse and closed the heavy iron door behind him inserting the bar locks which were also of thick iron and which were embedded in the walls of brick. Whoops were heard through the windows which were also barred with a lattice work of iron as the redskins poured into the compound. The group spread out around the house instinctively manning each part in a 360 degree circumference of the large room which diverged onto a few smaller rooms. The rear exit was shut and comprised of the same heavy iron door and bar locks. They were sufficiently well-equipped to withstand an army let alone a relatively disorganized band of savages. The redskins beat upon the door with one of the implements from the farm attempting to smash it down but were immediately scattered with a barrage of gunfire leaving two of their members dead. Blonde cried out to the group: “Watch for snipers through the windows!” as he sped off down the cellar which led to a secret entrance to a gun turret and Gatling gun that would enable him to finish off the redskins who had surrounded the house. Creeping down the passage he surfaced in the turret which was similarly structured as the other and observed the compound which was surrounded by approximately fifty redskins who were examining the building seeking a means to gain entry, so far to no avail as the roof itself was molded from

the same materials as the wall and was affixed to the ground making any attempt at penetration impossible. They were apparently planning to camp out as their leader was speaking to them in their vile tongue indicating in the moonlight that lunar orb and giving the universal gesture for sleep thereby seeming to indicate that they should 'sleep on it'. –Sleep? “No rest for the wicked,” muttered Blonde as he observed them hunkering down for the night’s vigil – “Time to light up the night!” as he cranked the Gatling gun discharging a stream of hellfire into their devilish hides watching as they attempted a war whoop of surprise cut off midway by the hailstorm of hot lead which had no effect on the farmhouse given its depth and solidity having been comprised of super-hard ceramic which had been forged using the latest technology Blonde had devised. The illumination of tracer rounds enabled Blonde to observe the explosive mists of blood erupt from the instant cadavers of the redskins as they in their panic attempted to flee the scene and wound up doing the rigor mortis shuffle to the abyss, gore showering down upon the compound as the Gatling gun continued to bring the light of Lucifer to them. Finally Blonde relaxed his pumping action and let the smoking gun cool in the moonlight. His keen eyes observed the throng and bore witness to the dead. One of their number bedecked with more vulture feathers than the others was crawling away from the compound attempting to hide himself from the unknown assailants and escape the fray. Blonde, realizing he was the only one left took his six-guns from his belt and hopping out of the turret he descended the craggy escarpment upon which the turret was built. He encountered the redskin in the moonlight as he came out of the compound crawling with his shattered legs having been wounded by the Gatling gun’s ammunition. He observed Blonde and with hate in his eyes muttered as the latter approached “White Devil...” to which Blonde responded with a laugh pointing his guns at his head: “Who sent you?” he said coldly. The redskin looked fearful at that and Blonde then knew he was onto something. “Speak up savage,” he stated as he cocked his six-guns. The redskin, with sudden quickness drew out a flint knife and cut his own throat the look of fear passing into one of hopeless despair as his life drained onto the ground before him. He collapsed upon the ground dead. Blonde turned over the carcass with his foot and observed that there was a piece of parchment contained within the redskin’s wampum pouch. He took it up and saw a picture of himself, how it had been obtained he knew not but it looked as if it were a blow-up of a wedding photo of his and a caption on the bottom said: “Kill him – the sheriff.” Blonde now understood that the sheriff had put a bounty on his head and that the redskins were hired assassins who had been sent against him. He now faced the imperative of having to go to town and bring the administration to justice. The group piled the bodies of the redskins away from the ranch after piling them in the covered wagon and throwing them out amidst the other carrion at the front of the ranch

where the battle had primarily been waged. At this point dawn was breaking. Blonde took up a little brush and strew it around the sage which carpeted the ground as kindling. As they headed to town the battleground became a scorched earth of flame as the demonic spirits which pursued the redskins feasted upon their spirit energies released from their physical bodies and, unable to ascend given their chthonic lower vibrational frequency were greedily consumed by their metaphysical parasites which they attracted to themselves through their rituals of torture, murder, and rape which caused the pain of their victims to invoke these same entities who fed on the pain and suffering of innocence. Though far from innocent, the redskins constituted a tasty morsel for their demonic affiliates who, like all lower beings, turn on their kind in a trice without reservation.

The smoke from the carcasses plumed high as the dawn came, the small band heading out in Blonde's specialized armoured carriage which was fitted with the same super-hard yet super-light ceramic material and galvanic rubberized carriage wheels to prevent any arsonist who would attempt to destroy yet another of Blonde's sources of greater power. A Gatling gun was affixed in a similar turret on the roof which could be angled in all directions along a panorama and the interior periscope enabled the shooter to view the exterior while he was shooting within the ceramic carapace of the vehicle. Blonde's prior military experience had enabled him to hone his gunsmithing and machinist skills in the development of other incendiary devices such as grenade launcher and flamethrower, both of which were attached to the vehicle and which could be detached for commando-style operations also. This vehicle struck fear into the heart of the administration as they didn't have adequate firepower to stop it nor were there any similar machines devised in the world that Blonde knew of, neither with the speed nor with the defensive capabilities. Should the horses fail to continue through being shot or wounded the vehicle could detach itself from its reins and be steered from within though at a slower speed through a pedal mechanism similar to a bicycle only as many as three pedallers could sit up front and propel the vehicle forward it being manoeuvrable through a steering wheel connected to the front wheels.

Upon entry into the town the group disembarked with the following plan: Blonde would monitor the vehicle and the others would make inquiries as to the whereabouts of his wife. The sister of his wife went off in one of the directions and stopped by a few shops without any leads, other than the last one, the shopkeeper mentioned that she had been in and went to Hymie's dry goods. Upon her arrival at the dry goods store she encountered the shopkeep who asked her if she was in need of something. Knowing the nature of the Jews, that they are a rabidly supremacist group who congregate with one another on an exclusive and illicit basis, she decided to pretend that she was just browsing so as to better inspect his

shop. Rounding a shelf she looked at a shining object on the ground, what appeared to be a cross of acacia wood with drops of blood on it she saw as she picked it up. She surreptitiously pocketed it knowing that Hymie and his store must have been the place of the disappearance of her sister or at least connected therewith and she upon standing upright picked up an item from the shelf to mask her discovery and avoid detection, paying for the item and leaving with a cordial goodbye so as to alleviate all suspicion in the Jew's mind knowing that they had an in-built hypersensitivity often called 'Jewdar' a pun on radar that enabled them to detect those who became aware of them and their deceit which was the means through which they exploited others representing themselves as allies so that they could stick a knife in their back when they had outlived their usefulness as Jews looked upon non-Jews as nothing but animals to be used for their purposes exclusively.

Returning to Blonde's vehicle his step-sister informed him of what had transpired displaying the cross before him. "It's her cross alright," he said brow furrowing in anger. "Hymie's going to have an interrogation he'll never forget." So saying he exited the vehicle which had been parked in an obscure location of the town discreetly concealed from passers-by and locked it up making it impervious to break and enter given the ceramic shield which he pulled down and locked with a special type of locking mechanism impossible even for trained locksmiths to pick. The pair headed outwards and he stated to his step-sister to return to her home as there was no need for her to further involve herself but to find her husband as a witness as his good reputation in the town would be needed to ensure a conviction should Hymie be found to be involved in what appeared to be the murder or at least beating and abduction of his wife. As he approached the store he saw Hasker come out of another and whistled over to him gesturing him to come over. He explained what had occurred and that his wife and children would be returning home and that he required his presence as a witness. The two approached Hymie's store and the shopkeeper fawningly greeted them in his most characteristically unctuous manner. Blonde seized him by his coverall straps and extended him to eye level as Hymie was a typically stumpy Jew and met Blonde only to the height of his chest. "What do you know about this!" Blonde stared menacingly as the shopkeep's eyes bulged from his pasty face, sweat beading down his face. "I...uh...oy vey I know nothing!" Hymie exclaimed. this reaction merely confirmed in Blonde's mind that Hymie had some connection to the disappearance of his wife. Hasker flipped the sign on the door and locked it with an ominous click. "You're gonna talk Jew!" He threw the shopkeep upon the ground and the latter screamed with a mewling girlish shriek as he twisted in pain. "I swear to god sir...I don't know nothing about nothing...please sir...I gotta three wives and six kids I mean...two wives and..." Ezekiel levelled a kick at Hymie and drove the tip of his boot into his gut

making him shrivel up like a worm shrieking “Murder! Murder!” Blonde stooped down again and shook the shopkeep like a barn cat shaking a rat. He looked over at Hasker and said “Get the keys, he’s gotta have her stashed here somewhere!” Hasker observed behind the till a set of keys hanging from the wall and snatched them up. “You’re gonna show us your place shopkeep, and we’ll decide for ourselves your innocence or guilt.”

The Jew Blonde trussed up with some packing string he found behind the counter binding him both hand and foot as they searched the store. The office turned up nothing but scattered cocaine powder on the desk which was used for Hymie’s business dealings, a scale had on one of its pans a bundle of what appeared to be peyote which showed the shopkeeper had been at his work prior to the entry of the two. Aside from that the upstairs was empty and the trapdoor leading down into the cellar had been artfully concealed by the shopkeep to prevent anyone discovering his sacrifice chamber. Blonde cuffed Hymie across the face causing him to go sprawling onto the floorboards of the store. “Take us to your shed out back – I’m sure you’re hiding something there.” He pushed Hymie ahead of him and the latter looking apprehensively over his shoulder stumbled towards the shed which was covered by a heavy iron door that was padlocked with a giant thick-hasped padlock whose mechanism was apparently insuperable without the key. Hasker fumbled with the keys but found that each was inappropriate. Hymie stuttered, “There’s no way...to...to get in...I lost the key...honest” Blonde grabbed the greasy kike whose beady black eyes bugged out of his skull, his rat-like face twitching with neurotic paranoia drooling at the mouth uncontrollably. Blonde’s steely blue-eyed gaze penetrated the Jewish devil’s and he spoke: “You’re a liar like your father – the devil.” So saying he reached into Hymie’s shirt and brought out an intricately forged iron key which could be none other than that which fitted the lock with its three-dimensional grooves and complex angles which the lock seemed to have its hole having all manner of wards and delicate spring mechanisms. Blonde wrenched at the gold chain upon which hung the key and broke it from Hymie’s neck who let out a despairing wail of self-pity as his expensive gold chain was ruined and fell clattering to the ground. Blonde threw Hymie against the iron door and the latter smacked his head against it. His scalp split open letting out a well of blood onto the rubble – he screamed: “Persecuted! Always persecuted! Oy vey when will it end? Shalom, shalom!” he went into a state of hysterical whimpering as Blonde opened the padlock, throwing it into the sand. The heavy iron door swung inward on its hinges revealing a large room that was replete with bottles and jars which, by the light of the morning, appeared to be filled with blood and human organs as well as heads and limbs. The place reeked of detritus and decay and a heavy pall of dark energies filled the environment with their lower vibrational frequency. Blonde and Hasker both looked outward with rage at the scene taking in the red



six-pointed star of David and inverted pentagram on a black tapestry hanging from the ceiling and a menorah of sickly looking unlit candles presumably of human fat. Hymie was dragged from the dirt by Blonde who in a rage took the Jew and smashed his head against the glass jars and their contents causing a deluge of blood and body fluids as well as the organs and remains to spill outwards into the shed. The Jew again being a theatre actor played possum and cried out: “Please...I know nothing of this...it was like this when I...uh” – Blonde aimed a kick at the Jew’s head and started taking out his six-gun: “Either you bring me to my wife or I’ll kill you Jew boy!” aiming the gun at Hymie’s head, his steely blue eyes icily looking down at the furtive Jew whose glance darted from right to left. The Jew stuttered “Okay...okay...I was set up...it wasn’t my fault sir...I” – Blonde cocked the gun and stated “Where is she?” to which the Jew retorted “B-b-basement...honest...it wasn’t my fault...” Blonde and Hasker stepped back while Hymie made his way out of the shed being compelled by the gesture of Blonde’s six-gun indicating him to move. The Jew stumbled bleeding, intermittently crying out “Oy vey” and holding his head as they made their way to the cellar which had been cleverly disguised under a display rack that Hymie had set up. He pushed aside the rack which contained Christian propaganda magazines about the virtues of tolerance and looking piteously at the caption which read ‘One world, one love’ he pushed it regretfully aside revealing the rough-hewn trapdoor that went downwards into the dank cellar. As they descended and entered into the inner catacomb Hymie turned on a kerosene lamp to illuminate the darkness himself still being held by the rope which Blonde had wound around his neck from the shed. “Please sir...I...I...couldn’t stop ‘em...they’ll kill me if they find out...” The lamp was now sufficiently bright for the two men to witness what had become of Blonde’s wife: a figure hung from the chains which had been placed in the ceiling and which were also attached to her ankles – Blonde’s wife, stripped nude her body decorated with welts and bruises as well as lashes from a nearby whip which lay on the floor. Her legs were soiled with excrement, probably a result of a loss of bowel control through the beatings she had been administered. Blonde rushed up to the woman who stared vacantly into his eyes unresponsively her blue eyes meeting his as if he were merely part of the scenery. Blonde spoke: “Gudrun? Gudrun?” She didn’t respond so he took out a vial of smelling salts and held it under her nose its pungent odour being adequate to revive her. “Ezekiel...” she said, her eyes opening wider with recognition, a tortured smile coming to her lips as she beheld her saviour. “I am here darling, we’ll make sure that whoever did this to you pays the ultimate penalty! Tell me, who hurt you?” She slumped down however at this time and was unable to respond further having fallen into a semi-comatose state. Blonde turned towards the shopkeep who swallowed hard meeting with an ingratiating whine: “They made me honest sir!” “Who

are they!?” Blonde asked coldly yet with insistence that bore the tone of command. “Sheriff Cuck – please don’t kill me sir...oh sir Ezekiel.” Blonde detached the manacles from the woman and threw her over his back and, grabbing the rope to which the Jew was tied began to exit the chamber and ascend the steps followed by Hasker who ensured that the shopkeeper would not be able to escape the punishment to come.

Scene: Sheriff Cuck’s Office in the jail

Cuck sat on the plush leather office chair fondling his squaw that he shared with the shopkeeper and looking over to the holding-pen area behind the bars he spat a gob of tobacco juice at the prisoner who leapt up and rattled the bars of the cage shrieking: “Sheriff Cuck you can’t treat a Christian this way!” The man’s face was gaunt and of ashen hue his lean frame comprised of rope-like muscle under his white linen shirt and suspenders. Cuck leaned forward again and spat his shirt striking the emblem of the cross with tobacco juice: “Shut it churchie!” he growled “You’re not in heaven...yet” his menacing tone brought a screech of enjoyment from his squaw who cackled with laughter at the helpless Christian. “I have done nothing, me a poor Christian man humble before the lord – you shan’t get away with this! You are not a man of the law!” The sheriff sneered again and replied: “Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesars” and, with a salacious grin he cast his gaze down upon the supple breasts of his squaw squeezing one with his other hand. He bent down to kiss her and spat a gob of tobacco juice into her mouth which she spat back in his face, both amusing themselves in this childish fashion bursting out into guffaws of laughter. He reached over to the desk and picked up his brandy glass as the Christian was crying out: “If there is any conscience left in you for the love of god release me! I won’t cause you any further trouble...but will leave it for the lord to have pity on you!” At which point having downed the last of the whiskey he hurled his brandy glass at the bars and it sprayed glass shrapnel all over the cell splashing the Christian with brandy who threw his hands up to protect his eyes from the shards. The sheriff spoke soberly in spite of his alcoholic stupor: “You’re the one who’s been workin’ with that other Christian punk putting up posters calling for the impeachment of me and the mayor – that right?” The Christian picked himself up and wiped the detritus from his face as blood from the fragments poured across his vision: “You have dishonoured the laws of this town Sheriff, selling the poor girls into slavery to your ‘associates’. Do they not deserve a chance at life? Do you not yourself have a daughter? How could we – and where is Bradley anyway, perhaps you have murdered him also? How could we not try to stop the mad course along which this town has gone dragging us all into the abyss – I beg of you in the name of Chr-” At this the sheriff again spat tobacco at him this time in the area of his face so that the Christian

was choking on the juice, coughing to expel the poison. The sheriff sneered again: “Yeah I gotta daughter. So what? She likes the savages more than she likes the Christian fags! But I got me plenty more chillins where she came from “he burst out laughing as he pointed to the belly of his squaw “– A young womb like that can make plenty more!” The squaw shrieked with laughter as the sheriff fondled her breasts some more. “You’re the one who’s gonna pay – Christian!” he spat the word out of his mouth with another gob of tobacco. “We gotta find a scapegoat for the crime see, and now that you have been apprehended for possession of cocaine that my boys planted on you we’re gonna hang the crime of pimping on you too as the townsfolk are becoming alert to the fact. We forged your signature on a confession that admits to the act and already have plenty of witnesses we can bring to vouch for your guilt. You’re gonna hang alright Christian! Just like Jesus hung on the cross you’re gonna hang!” He and his squaw burst out in fits of laughter while the Christian stared hopelessly at the sheriff in impotence: “I go with a clear conscience,” the man said, “willingly to meet my maker. Pray that god will forgive you your sins...” The Sheriff became serious and tapped the masonic sheriff’s badge on his chest: “I am god Christian. A lucifer like me lives only in order to buck god – that’s why they call me a goat!” and with this declaration he again fondled his squaw who giggled in amusement as he made humping motions with his gargantuan bulk that rocked the desk. Just then a rapid knock was heard at the door to the office and the sheriff bellowed in response: “Whaddya want!” The door opened at his utterance and a lanky deputy with an apathetic expression said: “Got a man here to see you sheriff, a Mister Blonde.” This name was uttered in a tone purporting to connote significance. The facial expression on Cuck’s face darkened and he heaved up his bulk thrusting aside the squaw who tumbled aside but immediately came up again and snatched the brandy bottle behind the sheriff’s back sneakily eyeing him with caution to avoid his wrath. The sheriff however was looking at the deputy and pulled his heavy bandolier belt with its six- shooters up to his belly: “What does he want?” he asked. Without waiting for a response he elbowed the deputy aside and strode into the foyer. Mr. Blonde was standing there a woman thrown over one shoulder and the shopkeeper dragged by a rope in his other hand. “What’s this all about?” the sheriff barked attempting to sound manly in face of the fearsome look cast by Blonde. Blonde whipped the shopkeep forward onto the ground and declared: “I know your administration is corrupt Sheriff but I want this man brought to justice,” he booted the shopkeep in the ass which latter cried out “Oy vey...Sheriff don’t let him hurt me oh please Sheriff.” The sheriff looked down upon the shopkeeper in disgust and spat a gob of tobacco juice in his eye. The shopkeep curled up with a shriek rubbing his eyes in vain attempts to clear the poison the sheriff queried: “What’s the charge Blonde?” To which the latter replied: “Rape, assault, and

abduction. You know the penalty for rape Sheriff.” The addressed nodded gravely thinking of the value of Hymie’s property and how he could embezzle it for himself once the shopkeep was done away with. “Hanging,” he said with gravity, the word eliciting a desperate response from the shopkeeper who threw himself onto the boots of the sheriff clutching them and mewling: “Please Sheriff, it wasn’t me-”and the latter knocked him out cold. At this Blonde observed that the shopkeeper had been right in implicating the sheriff else why would he have been silenced in so abrupt a manner? His icy blue eyes penetrated the depths of the sheriff’s soul and the latter nervously spoke in his most professional sounding tone: “Of course there must be witnesses and a fair trial before a conviction can be made...” he trailed off as Blonde’s gaze never left his own. “Naturally,” Blonde stated. “when will the trial be?” “Today,” the sheriff uttered and looking at Hasker queried: “Is this your witness?” Blonde nodded relaying to Cuck the details of his encounter with Hymie and his step-sister’s discovery of the bloodstained cross which he presented to the sheriff who looked at Hymie in disgust grovelling on the floor and again spat a gob of tobacco juice in his face. “Raping women are we Hymie? That’s a serious offence, very serious...hanging serious. You’ll have to pay for your sins Jew boy.” At which the shopkeep let out a loud wail as Cuck grabbed him by the rope around his neck and, opening the door leading into his office/jail cell opening up the cell and throwing him in with the Christian. “Two sex offenders – together for the rest of their lives!” and slammed the cell door before either the desperate Jew or outraged Christian could escape the cell, the former out of a desire for escape the latter out of a desire to confront the sheriff in marquis of Queensbury rules pugilistic standoff. They both crashed into one another knocking heads as Hymie attempted to rush out of the shutting door and the Christian fired with righteous anger attempted to follow in the footsteps of his saviour and pull a miracle walking through the bars. The sheriff returned to the foyer and informed Blonde that the trial would be held this afternoon and to ensure he would intend. The latter, trusting in the greed of the sheriff to ensure justice would be served at least to the extent of terminating the life of the shopkeep, confirmed he would be there with his witness and walked out the door letting Hasker know that he would save his revenge against the sheriff for a later time as though the law of the town had been corrupted he wanted to uphold its principles to the extent the conformed to natural law and that given that the sheriff was above the law defacto, a vigilante response was warranted to rectify the injustice he had committed against his wife and the innumerable other girls who had fallen victim to the rape gangs and sex slavery orchestrated by the administration. For this he would pay and as cosmic justice called by some providence by others karma through individuals he would be the judge who would judge the judges working within the fallible constraints of man-made traditions which must needs deviate from the

natural law as they operated only in the transient realm of illusion though they strove for eternity. Hasker was charged with the duty of dropping his wife off at his step-sister's.

Scene: Mayor's Office; court

The mayor's office let onto a larger room which served as the town's court though kangaroo court would be the more appropriate term as it was notorious for its corruption, all verdicts being given by the mayor and only his cronies being allowed any leniency all others being given the harshest penalties especially the Christians who the mayor had subjected to many a mock trial and frame up with the false accusations / charges levelled at them. The mayor sat in his plush leather-backed chair drumming his gold-ringed fingers on the arm. He looked like a cornered rat, ferality displayed on his features, eyes staring at the clock on the wall for when the court would commence its proceedings pupils shrinking to pinpricks in anticipation of the exposure his regime might have to endure through a public scrutiny of his affairs given his close involvement with Hymie and illicit narcotics trade that was run surreptitiously from behind the scenes and which had ties to his office that might be possible to trace. Accordingly he had formulated a plan to convince what he referred to as 'the dumb goyim' to hang Hymie out to dry through rendering a guilty verdict after pretending to weight the evidence with great consideration ensuring that he played the role of impartial judge and altruistic mayor knowing that this was indeed the only role necessary to play given Hymie's obvious guilt which was more obvious to the mayor than anyone given his involvement. In order to allay suspicions of his own involvement he had visited Hymie in secret, taking the underground passage which led from his office to the sheriff's and confided in the latter that the only way he could placate the rancour of the goyim was to convict Hymie and enable him to escape before the public hanging which was scheduled for the day after should he be convicted. In his place he would hang the Christian and dispose of the body before anyone could take notice. He would then maintain his valuable agent in the narcotics business who would receive plastic surgery from the surgeon thereby disguising his countenance enabling him to continue his operation in the town transforming the dry goods store into some other type of venture and obtaining a monopoly on the dry goods trade through making it a public concern which would simply funnel more money into his pocket. The only loss was Hymie's features which were of no great appeal in any case and were, in his estimation, in need of reconstruction. However, he contemplated, there was always the chance that one of the goyim, especially that Blonde goy rancher who started all this trouble, would cause yet more trouble he knew not what but instructed himself to remain ever vigilant so as to anticipate whatever move he might make.

Cogitating thusly he looked up at the clock which announced that it was a minute to the time of opening the court. He gave a glance to the court security guard who stood and opened the door for those waiting outside. Cuck entered with Hymie on the rope he wore around his neck thrusting him forward to make a great display of his righteous anger before the throng who hung back behind him as he made his way into the docket bumping Hymie in with his barrel of a belly and slamming the gate behind him. The jury were motioned in, the mayor wearing an expression of grave solemnity leafing through his law book which was still in brand new condition as he only brought it out as a theatrical prop in his kangaroo court to 'blind the eyes of the goyim' he said to himself. The pious women entered, those who took an interest in such matters as the self-appointed enforcers of the mores of the town and seated themselves in the jury stand as church-goers awaiting a sermon from their preacher. A few of Mayor Samael's minions also took their seats in the jury box to keep up the appearance of a representative democracy the women feigning offence at their presence yet subtly making eyes at the 'bad boys' whose latent dangerousness they detected with their female intuition and which gave them a sexual thrill in spite of their neurotic inhibitions that had been entrained in their consciousness from birth through their Jewdeo-Christinsanity religion. Hymie looked somewhat at peace with himself yet still agitated at the possibility of his actually receiving punishment in place of the Christian fall-guy who still lingered in the jail cell unaware of what the mayor's plot consisted of. Sweat beaded on his forehead given the audience the impression of his guilt which served his interests. At this point Blonde came into the courtroom and removed his hat displaying the golden blonde hair which was the basis of his cognomen, his icy blue eyes staring with eagle-like penetration into mayor's beady black eyes which latter shrank to pinpricks and began blinking uncontrollably under Blonde's gaze. The mayor attempted to over-compensate for his loss of face by bellowing out: "The court is now in session," and, consciously attempting to avoid the gaze of Blonde, began the court proceedings. Blonde scrutinized him then Hymie the both of whom he held in the utmost contempt and discerned some unknown connection existing between the two apart from their obvious Jewishness, aware of the existence of their being connected in some way that was indiscernible to him. The trial went by the book with all proper ceremony the judge performing his duty according to procedure and both Hasker and Blonde were brought out to bear testimony. Blonde's wife who had by this time recovered displayed her bruises and welts and broke down in tears on the witness stand over her treatment at the hands of Hymie. However, for whatever reason she failed to recollect the mayor or sheriff perhaps having

blocked out their memory through the trauma they had induced in her the mayor being an expert in hypnosis and an ability to ‘wipe the brain slate clean’ rendering the woman, at least in those particulars essential for implicating himself or Cuck as complicit in the rape and abuse, amnesiac which he had achieved through heavy doses of belladonna and hypnotic black magic derived from the Kabbalah. Hence the woman could only implicate Hymie through recollection of memories he conjured up in her mind all of which became associated with him exclusively rendering him the perfect scapegoat though himself still having been the principle orchestrator of the abuse and sacrifice of the Christian youth whom the woman had witnessed being sacrificed. The trial began to wind down to a close as Hymie was asked to take the stand in his own defense. He looked about at the crowd with a look of wounded innocence, a pained smile spreading his pasty flabby cheeks in a look of contrition for the woman and then ascended the stand next to the judge who looked upon him with cold indifference creating in the minds of the jury the appropriate impression thereby subtly influencing their opinion which always followed authority as lemmings gravitate to power as surely as iron to a magnet. Hymie spoke this time revealing his true intentions, knowing well in advance that the verdict would be guilty and that he had no chance but to rely upon the mayor’s plan. He decided that, through his whole life of living a lie he now had an opportunity to speak the truth. Hymie shrieked with a fanatical look on his face, veins standing out on his neck and forehead: “You gentiles!” he shouted, “I accuse you! Yes I did the deed, but was it not you who made me? For I am the victim, I am the persecuted one and it was all that I could do not to murder that shiksa as I had the donkey Christian – and with my own hands!” At this the audience hissed with rage, the women gasping in astonishment and muttering under their breath. Blonde balled his hands into fists and stared menacingly at the shopkeep who continued his diatribe: “I could not but do what I did you gentiles! You’re history of persecution of people of my kind, the people humble before god, has gone on unrelentingly throughout the history of the world and my vengeance could not be suppressed any longer! I did what I did because of you! Because we want a world of our own free of persecution, a world where peace will reign and all of those whose souls you have destroyed will be able to live and love and laugh.” The mayor looked uncomfortably at the shopkeep who he deemed to be laying it on too thick and risking exposure, coughed subtly under his hand. “No longer,” Hymie continued, “must we be forced into ghettos to slave our hands to the bone only to be a bootlick to a king, a footstool to a prince! I had to do what I did – there was no other way to revenge myself, in the name of the equal rights of all mankind then to kill and rape and torture! For the sins of your fathers are upon you, you gentiles, and must be atoned for!” The room had fallen silent as the shrimpy shopkeep screamed out his defense concluding with: “I know that I have made peace with my god though it would never be enough to rectify the balance of justice. Go on! Hang an innocent man; I am accustomed to your hatred!” With this he spat at the wife of Blonde who immediately rushed at the shopkeep but was restrained by the minions of the court. The mayor banged his gavel on the table attempting to bring order to the court. “The jury will now render its verdict.” All members having been assigned a voting card

upon which was displayed a set of boxes, one for 'guilty', one for 'innocent'. These being tallied and summed up the verdict was a unanimous 'guilty'. Hymie was led out of the courtroom and the mayor ended the trial by saying: "The court finds the shopkeeper Hymie Weinstein guilty of rape, assault, and crimes against humanity, namely murder through sacrifice, and is sentenced to death by hanging. The hanging will take place tonight after sundown at the town fountain in the central square."

#### Scene: The Fountain

The townsfolk gathered around as the sun was beginning to set, many of them having brought unlit torches to view the spectacle which was to happen once the sun had gone down over the horizon as a symbolic act of the passing of a life which was a time-honoured tradition of the town, a gesture which implied that a life taken had to be taken away in turn to rectify the balance of justice, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' The throng gathered as an ox cart with what appeared to be Hymie was brought into the center square driven by Sheriff Cuck who wore his cleanest apparel, clean and pressed and his six-pointed sheriff's star shining brightly flashing in the torchlight which the townsfolk generated from their torches now that the sun had set. The mayor was seated beside Cuck and the man appearing to be Hymie was trussed up and gagged with a hood over his head so no one could positively identify him. Two armed guards on horseback flanked the ox cart ensuring that the struggling hooded man would be unable to escape his fate. Arriving at the fountain the cart stopped and the sheriff roughly threw the man onto the ground out of the cart leaping after him and spreading his arms wide for all the throng to witness: "Behold, justice comes swiftly to the guilty – in the form of a rope!" and so saying he held aloft a rope displaying it for all to view. His two toughs grabbed the man by each elbow as he came out of his daze and began to attempt to free himself from his hood as if he wanted to reveal to the audience his visage. The toughs grabbed him and pulled him upright so that his manacled feet dragged behind as they led him to the podium under the scaffold. The sheriff and mayor both followed suit behind the dead man. The mayor held a piece of parchment in his hand and the sheriff held the rope, each stood on their respective sides of the convicted facing the crowd, created an air of solemnity. The mayor extended his hands in a manner similar to the sheriff before and began his prepared speech: "This man stands before you convicted of crimes against humanity. It is our opinion that justice will be served this day and that it is our hope that the grievous wrongs perpetrated against an innocent woman will be redressed to the extent that such may be possible. The life," his voice rose to a crescendo to emphasize his speech and elicit an emotional reaction from the audience, "...of an innocent, her very soul, has been irreparably damaged to the point that it could be said that in the very core of her being she has ceased to be who she was – is instead now a living dead." He waited as the emotion built in the audience.

Continuing with his neuro-linguistic programming mind control he reverberated using a certain beats-per-minute cadence. "And as her life has been destroyed so another...must...be... destroyed – for does it not say



in the holy scriptures ‘an eye for an eye...a tooth for a tooth...’ He trailed off and letting the parchment drop to his leg he turned towards the squirming hooded man throwing out his pointing finger in accusation: “You, Hymie Weinstein, monster of iniquity, I find an abomination in the sight of our lord.” He stabbed again at the hooded man in vigorous condemnation each word being accompanied by the gesture: “An – eye – for – an – eye – a – tooth – for – a – tooth!” and finishing gestured to Cuck who placed the rope around the man’s head which writhed with great intensity as every fibre of the man’s being struggled for self- preservation, the two toughs with difficulty restraining him and preventing him from escaping his fate. The sheriff placed the noose around the man and the four stepped away from the platform which caved in as the sheriff pulled a lever releasing the trapdoor. The man plunged into the pit of no return and his neck snapped killing him instantly. At this time the hush of the crowd was interrupted by a small group of men riding into, at the head of which Blonde rode. He approached the platform as the crowd parted from his horse to avoid being trampled. Blonde spoke clearly and distinctly but without excessive volubility: “Let me have a look at that dead man sheriff,” at which request Cuck became flustered his bloodshot eyes bugging out and beet red face becoming blustery as he rushed towards the body attempting to block it with his corpulent body. “You can’t do that Blonde! I’m the law around here!” - At which Blonde unsaddled and approached the sheriff. “The townsfolk have a right to know whether justice has been served. Stand aside so I can remove the hood.” The sheriff refused to move and the mayor looked furtively about for a way of escape but was hemmed in by the crowd and had no means to escape. The sheriff reached for Blonde saying, “You’re under arrest for obstructing jus-“ and was immediately dispatched with an uppercut from Blonde who then brought an elbow crashing down upon his neck with enough force to render him unconscious. The fat sheriff collapsed under his own hulking bulk and the mayor met the gaze of Blonde with trepidation, a stream of sweat falling from his brow: “Mr. Blonde, you have struck a man of the law...but...” he said in attempts to avoid the same fate, “You are right – yes...the people do deserve a chance to see who...Sheriff Cuck has brought here to be hung. My own...” he continued with nervousness, “...implicit faith in the sheriff preventing me from questioning...” he trailed off as Blonde moved towards the hanged man. The mayor backing away with a gaze of apparent curiosity attempting to convince the crowd that he the mayor was in favour of what he had imposed upon him by Blonde. The big man reached out and cut the rope from around the man’s neck, his body falling to the ground in a heap. The citizens with their torches moved nearer to illuminate the darkness as Blonde worked to extricate the hood revealing the Christian man from the cell. The crowd gave a collective gasp, some exclaiming: “It’s Joshua,” “The man who went missing a week ago.” The mayor feigned surprise and looked with apparent outrage at the sheriff who was still unconscious on the ground: “What kind of a game is this! An innocent man...” but Blonde and his small band were off, Blonde parting with “Time to take justice into our own hands fellow citizens! We must tear this town apart to find that butcher!” He lifted his six-gun in the air and waved the townsfolk forward to scour the town. The mayor whined after them: “Don’t wreck the infrastructure! We must

abide by the rule of law oy vey! That's vigilantism! You'll be sorry Blonde!" After this outburst he brought out the smelling salts and attempted to wake up the sheriff smacking his rosy cheeks while the toughs brought him up to a sitting position. Dazed, the sheriff came to questioning the mayor as to what happened. "No time for that Cuck! We gotta get the savages here for when they come back and wipe 'em out." "You gonna wipe the whole town out Sam?" the sheriff queried with an amused smirk on his face. "Just Blonde and the other principle figures – whatever casualties are lost is their own problem. We'll come in after and make it appear that we saved the town and that Blonde was the cause of the problem. We'll pin the blame on him and make ourselves look like heroes. We'll claim he substituted the Christian goy for Hymie and that he had his wife knock you out with smelling salts in the jailhouse so you didn't know. Those dumb goyim won't suspect a thing." The sheriff sneered and became energized over the prospect of revenging himself on Blonde. He rose to his feet and collected his wits: "I'll go and see Chief Firewater now." So saying he leapt upon the donkey he rode and signalled with masonic hand gestures to the toughs to follow him. The mayor looked about him with trepidation and finally leaped onto his horse and chased after the already departing sheriff.

#### Scene: Redskin Camp

The mongoloid sub-humans who had poured into the Americas over the land-bridge that connected the continents together had brought into the civilization of the whites nothing but chaos, violence, and disease. Given their animalistic tendencies these redskin invaders had outbred and driven whites from their created territories through sheer numbers leading to a near wholesale genocide of the white pioneers who had created the Americas thousands of years ago as colonists from Atlantis. However this concealed historical reality had been swept under the rug by the Jewish establishment who used their savage slaves as a terrorist army against the white settlers as a means of demoralizing them and destroying their created territories through creating a false historical narrative that the redskins were the first occupiers of the land and therefore had a moral entitlement to dwell there in accordance with the prevailing Christian morality of egalitarian universalism which claimed that everything that walked on two legs upright was 'human' and therefore was entitled to equal treatment which was a non sequitur outside of that hegemonic moral discourse which the Jews had invented as a means of subverting and usurping white society. The redskins thus were mind-controlled to perceive themselves as victims of white villainy and entitled to reparations if need be in the form of slaves and blood.

Their savage sub-IQ mind was incapable of grasping the fact that everything they had was simply given them by whites without which they would have stagnated in Stone Age poverty for eternity and that the only reason why they had been allowed to live was because of the mind poison called Jewdeo-Christianity which had been injected into the Whites' consciousness by the Jews themselves as a means of rendering them docile slaves who had a sin-expiation complex imposed upon them by their subtle mind manipulators. The gang

calling itself 'The Savages' lived a short distance from the town and which – so far as the townfolk of Eden knew – was a tribe of 'indigenous peoples' who were victims in need of love and Christian charity by the whites. There were many more conscious whites however who were aware of the abduction of white girls and even boys for sex slavery and that the savages were the pawns of a larger, more sinister regime that sold them across the border in Mexico and perhaps shipped them all around the world. These were typically the more healthy-minded who had not allowed Jewdeo- Christianity, a religion of suicide, to snuff out their more healthy instincts which enabled them to arm themselves and undergo rigorous training as a means of preparing a defense against the redskins when the latter would inevitably be led against them in a racial holy war (RaHoWa) at the instigation of this shadowy regime. Many amongst the congregation who adhered to a radical splinter sect of Jewdeo-Christianity interpreted this regime as being led by the Jews themselves against those they deemed the Israelites, namely the white race. This apparent theological inversion of the Jews' mind control where the Jews were put into the position of the devils of the earth and the whites as the children of god was at the very least a practical theology that accorded with the natural law edict of self-preservation. The unfortunate reality was that only a small group of these existed, those instrumental in the formation of the paramilitary organization they called the 'Adamic knights' after the theological interpretation that the Adamites or Adamic race was equivalent to the white race. The vast majority of the small town of Eden adhered to the standard issue Jewdeo-Christian ideology wherein the Jews were looked upon as the children of god and wherein all beings who walked upon two legs were equalized regardless of merit, the latter disproven through the sum total of history, a history which was glossed over with the term 'pagan' as a diminutive epithet designed to minimize the reality of history that it was a white creation and in absence of which nothing but stone age violence and a bellum omnia contra omnes world of chaos would reign. Thus at this juncture in the short history of Eden the veil of deception had been placed over the eyes of the populace and only a few could pierce its tenebrous tissue. The naïve townfolk still continued to feed the problem which only exacerbated itself leading to their own loss through conferring upon the unworthy the fruits of their labour and knowledge. By arming the savages with a knowledge of the white man's ways they simply revealed the chinks in their own armour and made of themselves a target for the savages which manifested itself in the abduction and rape of the women and children and the commission of arson against their property, etc. Sheriff Cuck and the mayor entered the redskin camp accompanied by two of the terrorist gang members carrying repeating rifles and bearing the self-inflicted scars which testified to their rite of passage which crisscrossed their cheeks, their topless bodies tattooed with various demonic markings which they used to invoke the lower astral entities which they propitiated for occult power in exchange for the blood of sacrifice. They ostentatiously wore large gold donkey ropes around their necks and had gold rings in ears and nose as well as gold rings on their fingers. They entered into camp with the sheriff and mayor riding in front the two toughs flanking them slightly behind and the redskins on their sides. The camp was made around a

central fire before which several white girls whose necks were manacled to an iron chain were sifting grain and pounding it into flour and putting it into sacks for transport and sale. The chief's corpulent body lolled on his stacks of blankets which served as his throne surrounded by more white girls and a white boy that he kept on his knee a chain wound around his fist. The boy was kept in a small cage which the chief dropped scorpions into through an opening in the top and which the boy attempted to bat out of the cage to prevent them from stinging him. The chief was in process of drinking another brown bottle of firewater which he would smash against the cage so that fragments would bombard the white boy as a means of getting his jollies. The chief was being fanned by the white girls he allowed to stand and these were intermittently spat at by the squaws who thronged round the chief. The redskin male youth danced around the fire in ecstasy screeching out some type of arcane language in propitiation of whatever entities hovered round the camp. Tom-tom drums beat out a cadence which was punctuated by the youth's cries as the group entered. The sheriff approached the chief after dismounting from his donkey and gave a masonic hand sign in greeting which was reciprocated by the chief. "We got a problem," the sheriff stated matter-of-factly. The chief finished his bottle and smashed it against the cage which again caused the boy to cower in the corner in fear. He wiped his fat mouth with his massive ham fist bloodshot eyes staring at the sheriff who stared back unperturbed. The mayor walked up to the chief and pointed his finger in his face – "Listen up Firewater, we've got no time for your games. We gotta hit for you and your braves see!" The mayor took out a sketch of Blonde and held it up to the chief's face. "This guy's causing trouble for us and that means trouble for you capishe? We need him taken out tonight. Send all you got but only take out those who shoot back and those men who surround the guy. We don't need a massacre, all those goyim have gotta be used as tax slaves to generate revenue see...just take out the leadership – strike the shepherd and the sheep will scatter..." The chief's alcoholized gaze stared out at him from his bloodshot eyes. "Mayor," he began, "We redskins are a simple people, we only want peace. You want us to fight. But how can a peaceful people be made to fight?" he asked rhetorically kicking a stash of gold he had at his feet. "You want more than you deserve redskin," the sheriff replied, "but we need you now so what's your price?" The chief smiled in self-satisfaction pretending to ponder what would be a just price and finally said: "Fifty per-cent of the pale-skin money," by which he meant the sex slave trade, and in his greed added "...and fifty per-cent of the peyote money." The mayor gnashed his teeth in anger but suddenly an idea came into his head – that he would bring in hard men from back east and clean house of the redskins whose irresponsibility was jeopardizing his illicit operation, threatening exposure amongst the goyim of the town as the recent Christian sacrifice had proven. Once they had them properly trained they would take back what money the redskins were given. Finally appeasing himself with these reflections the mayor consented urging the chief to hurry as their contact Hymie was threated and he was an asset having connections from back east that were of considerable value that would bring in more profits for the organization. The chief then clapped his hands above his head and shouted above

the din of the drums and screeching of youths: "Prepare for war against this pale-skin. Only fighters must die, kill no one else!" And so saying he passed the picture of Blonde around to the braves who gazed at it imprinting his image on their memory. The chief then let out a whoop and stood up, his massive bulk illuminated in the firelight. He took up the cage in his two hands and held it aloft saying "Taka tubba wasin! Taka mihela wasin!" The drums instantly began to beat as if in preparation for battle a martial dirge tramped out in monotonous staccato beat while the braves leaped into the air and circled the fire in counter-clockwise directions intermittently screaming out: "Taka tubba wasin! Taka mihela wasin!" as they brandished their spears in the darkness. At this moment an apparition seemed to crystalize over the fire assuming a humanoid form, its gaunt hollow cheeks and eye sockets suggestive of a long-starved and tormented soul, its wild shock of black hair spilling out over the fire yet still an impalpable shape semi-translucent in the fire existing in both physical and metaphysical dimensions bending over the fire yet too timid to reach out to the prize of the white child who clung desperately to the cage bars as the chief shook it seeming to taunt the creature inflaming its ardour and greed. The chief took out a flint knife and screamed out "Taka taka wasin!" at which point he poked at the child with the flint, a course of blood accompanied by a scream emanating from the child's body. The apparition trembled with eagerness as the chief again struck out at the child who emitted another scream of pain – the blood flowed out as the chief shook the cage over his head. Finally he shouted "Tubba wasin!" and hurled the cage into the flames at which the apparition leapt upon it and gorged itself upon the child, its jaws moving in two dimensions spraying blood into the fire which hissed with each drop. The chief stood by with arms over his chest relishing the sight as the mayor and sheriff laughed with glee over the entertainment their toughs sampling some of the fried chicken the chief had in buckets around him. "We go! War on the paleface!" the chief cried out, the terrorist youths leaping onto horseback to ride upon the town. The mayor and Cuck looked down upon the white girls and the mayor said: "Time we taught these girls a lesson eh Cuck?" The sheriff sneered with a salacious look on his face and licking his lips took up one of the liquor bottles and drained it down.

#### Scene: Eden

The townsfolk had turned up nothing in their search of the jailhouse or of the saloon and brothel. They now at the instigation of Blonde made their way to Hymie's store and stopped outside. Blonde ascended the steps and said: "You all go and surround the town so no one can get out. Hasker, myself, and a few others will go inside and if we find him we'll come out and hang him and give the Christian a proper burial." Blonde reached into his gun belts and fisted his two six-guns kicking the door of Hymie's open which opened up onto the store which had the kerosene lamp turned out. Hasker lit it and wrenched it from its moorings holding it up so that a view of the interior was possible. The group felt the oppressive atmosphere around them as if some demonic energies haunted the place. The interior room was barren as if someone had been clearing the shelves

of its goods in preparation for leave-taking. Blonde held out his arm suddenly barring Hasker from heading into the office room. He indicated a trail of blood which led down into the basement. The trapdoor was opened by one of the men upon instructions from Blonde who then descended the steps with the men behind. A faint light could be seen at a distance and Blonde extinguished his own so as not to be detected. They went forth into the inner chamber and observed Hymie bent over a leather-bound volume of Yiddish characters, the binding seeming to be of skin and the lettering to be of a bloody hue. A menorah was lit in front of Hymie, the candles giving off an odour of animal – perhaps human fat – and he was busying himself bobbing before the book, his arm and hand wrapped in a black leather tassel and a black prayer box on his head. Below the menorah a child was strapped to the sacrifice table, its mouth gagged and its blonde hair streaming sweat. The shopkeep muttered Yiddish phrases in a whiny alien tongue as a strange entity coalesced on top of the menorah, a hybrid serpent humanoid creature which hovered in the atmosphere over the child. Hymie was beginning to go into ecstasies as he bobbed back and forth, his left hand grabbing a silver sacrifice knife and preparing to strike into the heart of the child. Just then a shot rang out as Blonde terminated the life of the floating creature sending a magnum slug into its brain. It fell on the floor squealing and writhing as Hymie whirled around the daze he had been put in interrupted by the discharge of the projectile. The child he ripped from its moorings and giving an apprehensive look over his shoulder he twisted round and held the silver knife to its throat while it writhed in his arms attempting to break free. Blonde let another shot off knocking the knife from his hand which blew apart in fragments. Hymie dropped the child and prostrated himself before the group of men. “Please, have mercy!” he cried, “I am a victim of” – Blonde cocked his guns as the group approached Hymie surrounding him and trussing him up with the straps he had had the would-be sacrifice victim in before. “You’re going to stand trial Hymie,” Blonde said, “You’ve sinned and must compensate those you’ve injured.” He gestured to the men who began to move him out instructing Hasker to find some gasoline to burn the building down “as an evil place such as this must be wiped from the earth”. The group exited Hymie’s and were welcomed by the crowd who heaped vitriol upon the criminal. Blonde wound a length of rope around the prisoner’s neck and leapt upon his horse leading it at a trot with the Jew stumbling behind holding the rope which would be used for his own hanging. The throng gathered around the place of execution and Blonde ascended the scaffold with Hymie behind, his associates following in tow to prevent the Jew from escaping. The Jew had to be dragged up the steps as he attempted to resist his fate, the men prodding him with their rifles up to the platform which Blonde had reset. The rope was thrown over the scaffold and Hymie was brought over the trapdoor. Blonde in the spirit of lawfulness made the standard request for last words to which Hymie screamed out: “You may destroy me goyim but you can’t stop what the evil one has planned for you. Even the best gentiles must be killed!” At this the trapdoor was released and Hymie fell through, the rope not being taught enough to snap his neck so Blonde pulled his body up and down as a tolling of the death knell of the Jew whose body was jerked up and down his feet running beneath him in a perverse comedic display of

his death throes. Eventually his body went limp and Blonde tied the rope's end around an iron rail spike which had been pounded into the scaffold leaving the Jew dangling into space so there would be no possibility of his coming back from the lake of fire. The townsfolk cheered aloud and began to celebrate the destruction of an evil in their midst when the shots from a repeating rifle were heard in the distance. One of the men of the scaffold fell and Blonde yelled: "Get back to the sheriff's and the jail – we can seek shelter inside," as the walls were made of thick slabs of granite and the building was all but impenetrable to assault from without. The townsfolk rushed to the jail while the shouting picked up. Blonde covered their rear firing intermittent shots when he realized that most of the shots were directed at himself he decided to draw the fire away from the crowd who rushed to comparative safety in the jail.

Blonde sped towards his vehicle as the whoops of the redskins approached believing themselves to have discovered easy prey. Blonde headed down the alley where he had left his carriage.

Unlocking it he leapt inside and twisted a lever which enabled the bulletproof visor made of diamond-coated glass to pop up thus shielding him from any bullets directed into the cabin and twisted another lever which enabled the Gatling gun turret to project outwards and acquire targets. He pedalled the vehicle out of the alleyway and into the crowd of oncoming savages who shot at him as they rode their emaciated horses screeching their savage war cries piercing the quiet of the town turning Eden into a hell on earth. As Blonde could see up the street past the savage horde most of the townsfolk had managed to attain sanctuary in the jail though a few had been shot down before they could make it inside both women and children as well as men. The horde pressed on towards Blonde and now that he had a clear field ahead without any of the townsfolk in the way he opened fire with the Gatling gun mowing down the redskins who were then caught in a pincer movement of sorts between Blonde and the men in the jail who opened fire through the bars now having access to the town armoury. The Gatling gun continued to blast away in its staccato melody of death turning on its turret in a tightly controlled formation controlled by Blonde who manoeuvred the vehicle from side to side to present a more difficult target and introduce confusion into the minds of the savages as to whether he would approach or not. The lines of Redskins kept charging forth seemingly in waves of red bodies their feral eyes and teeth being the only visible brightness on their bodies bathed in the firelight of Hymie's store which Hasker had apparently doused with gasoline and begun the burning of prior to the townsfolk's retreat to the jail. The bodies of both horse and rider fell to the ground writhing in pain and gaping wounds erupted on their flesh exploding in bursts of blood and muck as the redskins screamed their war cries of death. The onslaught against Blonde had become an onslaught against the redskins by Blonde as he turned the tables on the feral terrorist army and continued to reap a bloody harvest. The dim light of reason finally dawned on the remaining savages who then reared their horses around and attempted to flee from the barrage of Gatling

gunfire but not a single one escaped. Silence again descended on the town as the smoking Gatling gun wound down and the moans of the wounded redskins ceased, the jail snipers knocking them out one by one leaving a carpet of detritus in the form of carcasses on the main street of Eden. Blonde exited his vehicle after parking it next to the jail cell exhausted after having stayed awake for such a long period. He approached the jail visible to its occupants and raised his six-guns high into the night sky in a symbolic gesture of victory. The crowd cheered and the men inside the jail came out to congratulate Blonde on defeating the savage gang. To his reckoning it appeared as if he had defeated most of their numbers in his two recent skirmishes all within the period since he had last slept. At this juncture at the edge of town two figures rode towards the group bearing torches. The men levelled their guns but when they saw that it was the sheriff and the mayor they hesitantly dropped them to their sides and waited for them to approach. The two entered into hearing distance and the mayor bellowed out: "Thank the lord y'all are safe. We got caught up with a band of redskins when we were looking for Hymie and narrowly escaped. We couldn't pursue them as we'd have been done for sure. We tried to circumvent them and warn y'all but they were already upon y'all," the mayor stated with theatrical intonation pretending to be winded and full of anxiety over their fate. "Why not search for Hymie in the town," queried Blonde rhetorically. "Why exit the town's perimeter and why would a large group of savages appear shortly after your disappearance almost as if you were the cause of their presence?" The mayor entered into his theatrics again feigning righteous indignation: "Mr. Blonde! Surely you, yes even you, would find it hard to impute a motive to me for such nefarious action. Why the sheriff and I are only looking out for the best interests of the townsfolk. We want everyone to get along...and you! You've killed them. Granted they are a savage breed but surely you can see to it as a Christian to forgive their trespasses..." To which Mr. Blonde staring icily at the mayor responded, "If you are acting in the best interests of the townsfolk why then did you hang an innocent man in the place of Hymie?" The sheriff snorted: "Blonde! I already told you why – I was drugged and someone with vested interests substituted the two bodies. I ought to arrest you for striking me – but I'll forgive you as a true Christian, only on the condition that you drop this issue and cease to undermine the law of which I am a humble representative," he looked indignantly at Blonde whose eyes displayed a sarcastic humour. "I," he began, "as everybody here knows, am no Christian though I have no objection to the adherence to the real teachings of Christ. As to the law it appears to have been put away here. If you are indeed a Christian you would not invite savages amongst your flock, wolves into the sheep's pen. Now I and my wife and children will leave to return to our ranch and hope that you will adhere to the laws of Eden as they were enacted at their creation generations before." In saying this Blonde returned to his carriage to pick up his wife and children from his step-sister's turning his back on the two representatives of an inverted law and order in a world gone mad.



## Scene: Church of Universality

After these events the mayor and sheriff decided it would be best to lie low as they waited for their heavy hitters from back east to arrive as they intended to finally take out Blonde once and for all. That day a man arrived in the town who had never been there before. He was a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes dressed in a formal suit and riding a horse which pulled a small cart behind inside of which was his every belonging. He wore a brace of pistols on his belt and a white brimmed hat neither the latest fashion nor anything unfashionable like himself an implacable and non-descript character outside of the intensity of fervour which radiated from out of his icy blue eyes and gaunt features baked in the sun a ruddy hue. As he entered into town and approached the church of universality his gaze looked down with a stern fanaticism at the priest whose corpulent body was wheezing as he attempted to water the cacti which grew on the grounds of his church. The man passed by with contempt having no willingness to greet what he deemed a ‘pharisaical hypocrite’ who led the flock into the wolves den and into the flames of the lake of fire. “Truly,” the man cogitated, “the worldliness of the priest manifested itself in his rotundity and flabby appearance, an abomination in the sight of god. The outer is the inner and the inner is the outer. “It would be,” he thought, “a great shock to the people of this Edenic paradise to have the scales wrenched from off their purblind eyes and to behold the truth he had come to enlighten them with. Many would be resistant as they still clung dogmatically to the teachings of men and the distorted letter of that what they in their ignorance construed to be ‘the law’. Such laws were not for such as he and soon those who were receptive would understand the true law and overcome their dogmatic slumber. He made his way to the recently reconstructed building that had been Hymie’s dry goods where he would be establishing his new Church of the Divine Gnosis which would serve as a mechanism of deliverance from the dark age ignorance the townsfolk had come under and which was facilitated by the hypocritical administration as it was in all places throughout the world – the peasants subordinating themselves to the priest class who would feign humility before an abstract anthropomorphic deity as a means of perpetuating their mastery over their serf class. He would do his utmost to sever the chain that bound them in subjection to the tyranny of universalism embodied in the Jewdeo-Christiansanity church of the universal and the Jewdeo-Masonic administrative apparatus all of which was merely part of the same despotism, which ruled under the guise of representation of the popular will and tending the garden of god via priestly caste hegemony. As the man approached Hymie’s he was met by the mayor and a small delegation of the town establishment. The mayor approached and vigorously shook the hand of the man: “Greetings,” he said unctuously beaming before the man, “we are all very glad you decided to purchase this building and establish a rival church. Diversity is our strength we like to say in Eden. It’s the town’s new motto.” The women in the audience smiled with welcome, some amongst them attempting to elicit his attention in turn intimating to him that they were more than pleased with his arrival and his lithe physique and rugged

constitution. One of the men having overheard the mayor's 'Diversity is our strength' slogan made a sour-looking face and recovering himself attempted a smile keeping up appearances. "We welcome you good sir. Your name is Eckhardt is it not?" he questioned with ingratiating unctuousness. "Hans Eckhardt," he said smiling politely if not with a tone of mirth and took the mayor's hand in his own giving him a vigorous handshake. "You must be Mayor Goldblatt," he enunciated his Jewish name pretending to have a great veneration for the Jewish self-proclaimed master race. The mayor appeared to get the hint and filled his chest with pride, his six-pointed gold star puffing outwards reflecting the sunlight revelling in his own vainglory, his purple silk cravat crisscrossed with gold threaded Yiddish characters and black silk suit bespeaking a man too big for his britches or rather like a child stepping into his father's clothes. After further introductions the delegation left and Eckhardt was left alone with the store. He had purchased the building while in St. Louis having recently arrived from the old country on the basis of photographs and reports of property assessors who worked for the town. Observing it now he saw it was in need of repairs but given the prize was not too self-critical of his purchase decision and perhaps naïve reliance upon the administrations' representation and altruistic regard for the buyer. Over the next few days Eckhardt worked to fix up the building for conversion into the Church of the Divine Gnosis (C.D.G.) and had finished painting the sign which he was expert at having been trained in the fine arts as well as having followed a mystical path whereby he had attained enlightenment. The demonic entities that Hymie had enticed into the building had been purged the day of his arrival as his heightened sensibility enabled him to detect their presence which to him was no different than vermin easily discarded through the higher consciousness that he channelled through himself as a conduit of the Divine Absolute. These lower entities dispersed as they could not dwell within the light radiated from the higher god-man Eckhardt had made himself into. The satanic torture chamber had been the reservoir of these lower astral forms which lingered even after Hymie's had been burnt down and another edifice erected in its place. The church of the divine gnosis was in direct competition with that of its rival the church of universality and over the weeks the townsfolk came to appreciate and recognize the more meaningful and sincere sermons delivered by the preacher which were more interactive and where they were given exercises, meditations, and tasks of a spiritual nature to undergo as opposed to merely to passively spectate as the preacher of the other church Jude Barrabas broadcasted his platitudes of universal brotherhood and love and peace always intimating that submission to the church was essential and all one had to have as a means of ensuring their ticket to the pearly gates was a blind obedience to the dogma which was contained in his bulletins which were little more than a religious reflection of the administrations politics of 'integration' (i.e. race mixing) and boundless tolerance for all manner of sick and weak forms of societal decay, as a representative of god upon earth he was the arbiter of all truth justice and his truth and justice corresponded to the policies of the administration without deviance therefrom as he was himself a member thereof. Such acts as sodomy, which he called 'brother love' and pedophilia which he persuaded the congregation was merely a natural tendency for all those who

welcomed Jesus into their hearts, he sermonized about in a rapture of ecstasy absolving all who committed such acts of punishment and declaring that god the 'lord' recognized no sin if only belief in Jesus were had and the laws of his earthly administration of Eden were upheld. Given the extreme changes to the lives of the townsfolk which this created now that they had an alternative gathering place for their spiritual development and edification many of the townsfolk perhaps also beguiled by the aesthetic appeal of the young priest as opposed to the doughy corpulence of Barrabas would much rather take in his positive vibrations than the doom and gloom preaching of the latter who deliberately though unbeknownst to the majority would play upon their emotions as a means of mind-controlling them, created states of fear and depression and then appear to offer them the solution afterwards which was always the instruction to adhere to and obey the law of the town which according to him was merely the application of divine law on earth which worked itself through the instruments of the divine will, the priest himself and the mayor and sheriff. At a basic intuitive level of consciousness the masses understood that the church of universality was a source of depression leaving them feeling that they had been stripped of their willpower which in fact they had as a deliberate ploy to dumb them down and drive them into the vices which the administration was only too happy to offer them such as prostitution, and alcohol and drug addiction. Also on this level of consciousness the white majority of the town knew that the term 'integration' meant the destruction of their ancestral culture and identity and that, in spite of the preachings to the contrary, it was in no way a desirable thing for them to be replaced in their own town in spite of the jargon of 'diversity' and 'acceptance' – they knew instinctively it was wrong but the mind control was so entrained within them that it merely led to a demoralization and chronic depression. For this the pastor Barrabas would administer special 'pep pills' that he said contained the elixir of angels which would help to lift their spirits of the congregation. Many of the townsfolk had gotten addicted to these pills and that was one of the reasons they continued to return to the pastor and would simply endure his depressing sermons as a means of getting their fix. In spite of this more and more were leaving and finding their way to the Church of the Divine Gnosis and to the priest Eckhardt who would lift their spirits through what he called 'discourses' instead of sermons where after there would be a question and answer session where he would divulge his personal experience and the trials and tribulations of his adventurous life in the old country and in the larger cities of the new world as a means of illustrating his principles and lessons on the higher mind and the potentiality of all of becoming who they were, their true selves and that there was indeed an eternal hereafter that was available should the individual have sufficiently developed their higher self which meant a freedom from the slavish adherence to others such as the priest and government, the powers and principalities which reigned with arbitrary sway over the destinies of their charges who had been convinced that they only freedom they were entitled to was that which was dispensed by the regime. "Freedom is before the law," he stated, "but before which law? The laws of man...or the laws of god! Thus even in chains one is free so long as the chains are the armour of god and not the rusty fetters of the legions of Satan!" Preaching of this sort had

brought upon him the rancour of the mayor and administrative apparatus who had initially looked upon him as another seminary student eager to level up in the hierarchy and obtain what pastors such as Barrabas and others from the beginning of time had sought: temporal power and the luxury of a materialistic life. Now that, given the talk of the townsfolk and their rumblings and rumours of discontent the mayor began to suspect that since Eckhardt was the only change that had been introduced into the town since the change of attitude of the populace he must be the ultimate cause. “Eliminate the cause, eliminate the effect,” the mayor said as he and the sheriff sat in the office upon holding a meeting to discuss the matter. “We gotta get this goy,” the mayor stated. He gestured over to one of the toughs who was guarding the door and whispered in his ear: “That priest punk Eckhardt – take’em. I want it done tonight see?” The tough nodded in obedience. “Make it look like a suicide,” he stated. “Here is a silenced weapon,” he stated as he reached into his vest and drew out an ornate gun which resembled a long-barrelled machine pistol. “This is a custom-made gun from the kosher arms factory in New York. It discharges in automatic form. One squeeze of the trigger and that’s it.” The mayor smiled with a smug look on his face contemplating the destruction of the young priest whose gnostic gospel was in direct contravention to his prescribed dogma that his pastor puppet served at the mouthpiece of, the gospel of ‘universal brotherhood’, in which any being that walked on two legs qualified as a ‘human’ and was entitled to resources from the labouring peasants, from the white goyim. He knew, or at least believed his delusive beliefs amounted to knowledge, that he alone was a human being of the Jewish people. The sheriff who was in the room with him reached out and fondled his squaw with a lecherous look on his face, his bloodshot eyes a testament to the bottle of whiskey he held in his hand. “Animals,” the mayor thought contemptuously as he beheld the fat sheriff, his bulk spilling over the chair. He did indeed resemble a pig in his pink cheeks or jowls would perhaps be a more appropriate word and his wheezing breath. Disgusted the mayor looked out the window of his office at the congregation which were filing into the church. That young punk would soon get to see whatever god he worshipped he thought sneering with contempt.

Scene: Church of the Divine Gnosis

Eckhardt knelt before the image of the Celtic cross and meditated on the divine gnosis of god who he channelled through himself concentrating all his energy upon the cross, a white cross on black background before and to the sides of which were set a candle which further enabled him to concentrate on the cross. Knowledgeable about the spiritual war which played itself out before his eyes in this very town which was a microcosm of the macrocosm of that eternal struggle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness between the Aryan race of divine gods and the demonic race of Jews and their beast-people slaves who they used to attempt to destroy the Aryans and their civilization, the only civilization on earth properly so-called. Eckhardt had been a member of Aryan orders which adhered to gnostic ariosophical kristianity and had broken through this enlightened path from the pietistic church of his formative years after he had stumbled

upon works by the ancients and books of philosophy in his grandfather's library who was a local eccentric in his woodland town. He was self-taught and had no dogmatic path which he adhered to, no taskmaster who overarched his activity directing him towards whatever path that was foreign to his own inner nature, a nature that drove itself as a self-propelling wheel, its own motive force needing no impulsion from without. He concentrated unblinkingly at the cross breathing from his diaphragm slowly and rhythmically as he chanted "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children" repeating the fourteen words in homage to the Aryan race and its posterity. His fingers formed the mudra signifying 'white pride' where the thumb was brought into a circular formation with the forefinger, the others splayed outwards. He sat with his arms outstretched before him over the pair of six-guns he carried ornately engraved in filigree of gold bearing the markings '14/88' for the fourteen words and eighty-eight precepts of David Lane. The classically blued barrel and metal of the gun stood out in stark contrast to the gold. His chanting continued for some time in silence the magnetic energies he invoked from the surrounding aether amplified his consciousness and enabled him to perceive all disturbances in his surroundings. Suddenly he sprang into action rolling sideways and picking up his pistols coming up in a crouching run as a stream of silenced bullets pierced holes in the reed mat he had been sitting on moments before. Turning as he ran he fired his six-guns at the target he could perceive hidden in the darkness but which was to him as clear as day given his heightened perception. The figure's head exploded as the projectiles crashed into it blood and muck erupting like a geyser exploding from the earth.

The man fell inward from the window which Eckhardt always ensured was kept open to ensure a continual supply of oxygen. Blood oozed from the wound onto the floorboards of the church and the special gun clattered out of the man's hand. Eckhardt began cleaning up the detritus and took the body in a wheelbarrow to be buried. The next day Eckhardt called an emergency meeting of his inner circle of gnostic ariosophists, these members of his church which he had initiated or, like Ezekiel Blonde, were themselves initiates through other organizations they had been involved in from past lives outside of Eden or through their own cultivation in solitude amidst the crowd of sheep who had gathered at the dogmatic church of universality to slavishly bow before the priestly caste in what they believed in their naiveté was the will of 'the lord'.

Eckhardt's meeting was his revelation not only of the assassination attempt which had been made on his life but which was his proposal of the formation of a counter-movement that opposed the tyranny of the town and its internal decay brought about by the priestly caste. "I have gathered you here today," he began, "to demonstrate my willingness to work with you all in forming a defensive organization against what in other places has been referred to as Z.O.G., the Zionist Occupation Government comprised of Jews and their underlings the Freemasons and Judeo-Christians embodied in the figures here of the Jewish mayor, Sheriff Cuck, and Pastor Barrabas. These three figures as you all know have been holding the populace of this town in subjection through their mind control and this through the church of universality, the drug and alcohol

monopoly and their usurious tax system which has all but driven the townsfolk into serfdom on the verge of being supplanted by sub-human untermenschen, the mestizos and redskin savages.

In order to secure the existence of our people we must oppose with counter-violent force this tyrannical regime else we will surely perish and the memory of our ancestors will be wiped away from the earth.” At this the elect order of the Church of the Divine Gnosis nodded their heads in agreement and were engaged in sporadic discussion that was becoming heated until Blonde, ever the voice of reason, interjected: “we must not get over-excited,” he said, “let us harden the sword of passion in the cold waters of reason. Clearly what you say Eckhardt is true, this regime has become insufferable and must fall. The question is how, given that the beast-people and toughs of the mayor and sheriff are on their payroll, their loyalties have been bought and the finances are apparently inexhaustible being bound up with the central banking system the Jews run. More replacements could be brought in if we didn’t do a clean sweep all at once and wipe out the opposition. Given that the townsfolk are largely mind-controlled through the church they have been brainwashed to view us with suspicion. I have heard rumours that the pastor has been influencing them to view us as Satan incarnate which further binds them to the church. Should we not attempt to win the hearts and minds of the masses through propaganda counter to that of the universalist church? Or perhaps we should simply work within our inner circle?” The question was put slightly rhetorically and Eckhardt underscored the point: “The townsfolk being the lemmings they are clearly were only as iron filings in relation to a magnet – and that magnet is power. There is no way that irrational lemmings would be or even could be receptive to the gnosis. They are incapable of being reached and simply assume whatever yolk is placed upon their neck, though all of them have some potentiality to receive the gnosis it would be impossible to break through to them through rational argument. Thus it is only seeing us from the sidelines as spectators scoring victories that will bring them over to our side. To the victor go the spoils and the game is zero sum – total victory or death.” The crowd was now held rapt by his rhetorical stance as he continued to particularize his general principles and course of action: “I propose we elect from an organization modelled on vigilantism and destroy the enemies’ key power points to weaken him for the kill. Clearly the beast-folk are one of their strengths and constitute the force arm of their conspiracy in the main, as well as their mules for the trafficking of drugs which they grow out in the desert.” Blonde interjected, “Suppose we kill two birds with one stone and set up the pastor who is clearly an affiliate of theirs, entangling him and ruining his reputation and then lynching him after.” Eckhardt laughed aloud at the cunning of Blonde and in agreement: “Clearly that Barrabas must be crucified. The only question is how that can be orchestrated.” The group fell into a dialogue attempting to strategize how to eliminate this excrescence upon the creation of god. Their conclusion was again Blonde’s idea: to assault the mestizo camp and kill all of their squaws enraging them against the white population and leaving a tangible clue behind that pointed to the church of universality leaving one of the universal bibles behind. If the mestizos survived the defensive measures of the administration then they could be exterminated as what they

were namely a tangible threat to the security of Eden. If the mestizos killed off the administration then yet another bird would be killed leaving all problems solved. In either case the church of the divine gnosis would escape with clean hands and reap a benefit either way. Whatever members of the congregation wished to seek sanctuary they could do so as Gnostics knowing full well that the lies of universalism would have been exposed in the wrath of the savage mestizos and redskin remnants who had joined their tribe to their cousins. “An excellent plan Blonde,” Eckhardt said. “I fully subscribe to it, and now we must confer a name on our inner circle. Given that we are all Aryan and serve the Aryan race that name that I will confer is that of the Adamic Knights as we are according to the scriptures and ancient texts, the Adamites of this world, those whose blood derives itself from the gods and who as it says in those texts are of a ruddy or rosy complexion clearly connoting us. Therefore we are the living gods of the earth and all of these others are as beasts in relation to us.”

The Adamic Knights rode out from the town at high noon careful to remain undiscovered by the administration. They passed by the church of universality and observed the pastor gobbling his luncheon of bacon and lobster with a jug of wine beside him. He was too engrossed in his meal to pay attention to them as they rode by, one of his squaw helpers massaging his corpulent flesh which would have obscured his view anyway. Eckhardt and Blonde were at the lead and looked back with amused disgust at the pastor as they discussed the affairs of the town. Their passing of the church of universality signified their exit from the town as it was on the outskirts. They headed off into the desert with six-guns and bandolier belts crisscrossing their bodies, repeating rifles hanging from their saddle bags. It was on this day of the week that the mestizos went to pick up their shipment of peyote from Mexico and exchanged their portion of the townsfolk’s tax money which was tendered to them by the sheriff. Thus the mestizo camp would be largely unguarded and their plans would undoubtedly work without a hitch. The more gruesome the slaughter the more enraged the mestizos would be – fuel to the fire. As they approached the camp from above they were pleased to observe that the fat chief could be observed through the spyglass Blonde carried as they crept on their bellies to observe from the cliff gorging himself on liquor as he lounged around amidst his squaws who danced naked before him on buffalo hides, other squaws drumming a monotonous beat, and the few white women and girls who had been captured were tied via a single chain to a heavy metal object and sat disconsolately apart from the redskins looking outwards towards the sky. The savage terrorist youth also indulged themselves in drink and were busy fornicating on the buffalo hides with abandon. “Easy pickins,” Blonde said handing the spyglass to Eckhardt. The latter smiled as the opposition came into view and he stated, “Move out knights. Your mission is to take out the males and gruesomely slaughter the females. While we’re at it – we may as well liberate the white women who we can bring back to the gnostic church. They can be of service and given that they will bind themselves to us – their liberators – they won’t be a liability.” So saying they rode down upon the camp and the inebriated savages were too dull in their consciousness to have any awareness of the fact until they were

upon them. Blonde fired both six-guns simultaneously as his horse wheeled and rose up neighing on his hind legs, his hooves beating back one of the savages who had attempted to rise with his repeating rifle and take aim. A series of bullets penetrated his chest knocking him back against the buffalo hides blood pooling underneath. The chief grabbed a few squaws as shields but Eckhardt blasted through them killing them instantly. The chief's fat belly erupted in a geyser of blood as bullets penetrated his flesh and he went down writhing with muscular tremors, his fat shaking like jello.

His massive bulk flapped on the ground like a corpulent pancake with a resounding crash.

The other savages were discharged with ease, their bodies riddled with magnum rounds discharged from the six-guns and repeating rifles of the Adamic Knights. The squaws stared around in wonder at the Adamic white males who were so able to overpower their inebriated males. They prostrated themselves at their feet wantonly offering themselves to the white men as their new masters. However Eckhardt, blue eyes flashing icily, stated with cold decision: "The end justifies the means," and blasted a hole in the chest of one of the squaws. He leapt off his horse and ripped his hunting knife from its deerskin holster and slashing wildly at the squaws brought them down as so many laid low with the reapers scythe. His other knights blasted and hacked with their respective weapons until there were no redskins standing. Eckhardt carefully positioned a universal bible next to the chief to indicate to the mestizos when they returned that the deed bore some connection to the church. He approached the white women who looked towards him as a liberator with a look of hope upon their faces and spoke: "We have come here to put an end to the administration's evil. We would like you to join us. Our church, the church of the divine gnosis has a place for you. But we require complete loyalty and devotion – there is no room for traitors in our church." So saying he brought out a skeleton key from his pocket and unlocked the manacles that bound the women and girls who rubbed their necks which had become sore and rashy through the iron manacles. Blonde stated: "Perhaps we should leave them at the ranch given that women's loyalty changes with circumstances." Eckhardt looked thoughtful for a moment and stated looking at the females: "Perhaps I was hasty. We should instead take you to Blonde's ranch and we can initiate you there. There will be much violence to come and it would be best if you are kept out of the fray." The women consented to this and looked relieved to be as far from danger as possible. They took the females into the saddle with them and headed off to Blonde's ranch to undergo the initiation and then sped back to town to warn the congregation of the coming chaos. Eckhardt separated from the group to warn the townsfolk leaving Blonde in custody of the females.

#### Scene: Eden

Once back in town Eckhardt went immediately to his church and sounded the bell in the belfry as a signal for his holding an emergency meeting. By this time it was nearly evening after



the ride and the townsfolk had finished their tax slavery roles what they dignified with the term 'working' and had filled their bellies with the local fare. They were now up to entertainment and the special ring of Eckhardt's bell was a welcome sound. Within half an hour all of his congregation had assembled and he invited them in with a sense of urgency that impressed itself on his followers or perhaps fellow travellers would be a better term as he looked upon himself merely as a conduit of the true knowledge, a vehicle of enlightenment illuminating whatever portion of the darkness of the material world of imperfection he could through his finite consciousness. He entered the circle from which he spoke surrounded by the congregation.

Raising his arms outwards he began: "Townsfolk – I have intimate knowledge of many significant events which happens in this town and on the outskirts and I can say with assurance that you are no longer safe from the regime which controls it. As many of you know and many others have suspected, the administration is thoroughly corrupt and have caused irreparable damage to both yourselves and the surrounding environment which they have raped and pillaged in the name of Mammon. I know that at this very moment – for I have foreseen it in a dream – the peyote gang and remnants of the savage gang are about to strike against Eden out of a hostility and vengeful hatred borne of their resentment for the better type, the godly Aryan man." The congregation stirred and one of the women asked in alarm, "What should we do? They will slaughter us all." Eckhardt raised his hands in assurance. "Fear not," he said placatingly, "We can prepare a defense here in the basement. Whatever damage they will do must be the responsibility of the sheriff and his men and if they can't manage to finish them off we will then come against them. This will serve as a proof of the competence of the sheriff and whether he has what it takes to perform his role. Since your houses lie outside of the main part of town which is between the savage camp and yourselves it is not so likely that they will strike you. The earliest warning sign will be the church of universality which will in all likelihood be targeted first. The basement being a fireproof and separate structure with a passage leading out to the stone shed, if the building burns we will still avoid our deaths. It is safest..." he said reassuringly, "...to remain within this church. I will, with your assistance, summon guardian angels to surround the building and ward away the animalistic beings whose lower consciousness is repulsed by the higher. Then we stand the greatest probability of survival." A worried discourse ensued amongst the congregation as they decided whether it was not safer to return home and guard their belongings and many were on the verge of leaving when Eckhardt again spoke: "Come with me to the basement there is something I wish to show you." He opened the trapdoor as the congregation out of deference to his history of prudence and complete lack of triviality decided it would be in their interests to at least entertain what he had to offer. They all made their way into the basement and Eckhardt told them to wait in the large room wherein Hymie had performed his sacrifices but which was now thoroughly cleansed of the demonic Jew and his presence. Eckhardt walked briskly back up the passage and pulled a rope on a pulley that brought a metal column away from the alcoves in the walls which exposed the top part of the basement to the outside through these portals which apparently served as gun ports. The top

part of the basement was elevated from the ground enabling them a view of their houses which were just outside shooting distance and from which vantage point they could snipe the peyote gang if they came within view attempting to gain access to their houses. Eckhardt spoke further: “See we are not defenseless at all!” as he opened up a large cabinet stocked with repeating rifles and a large Gatling gun which could be wheeled out and which had a large box magazine attached that was piled high with a belt of ammunition. “If any of the drug-dealing peyote gang come out and attempt to ambush us we can finish them off from here. We would be doing ourselves and the world a favour in ending the degenerate lives of these brutal animals – sex slavers, murderers, and poisoners of our Adamic race! - Unless of course you wish to return to your homes and defend yourselves there.” He looked at the position of the sun and said: “I think it is safe for you to quickly return to your homes and gather your children and whatever arms you believe would be of service for the beast- people always attack at night being of a nocturnal nature. Quickly now, bring whatever would be essential for a fight and we will shelter through the storm here.” The townsfolk began to filter out and Eckhardt said in parting: “Should there be any others worthy of salvation please pass the message on. If they are not willing to be receptive they must find other forms of succour.”

#### Scene: Church of Universality

Pastor Barrabas gazed out of his window as the sun set on the horizon as he reckoned his daily accounts. His market share had dwindled ever since Eckhardt had come to town and led away a large contingent of his flock. He had had to increase the peyote pills to dull the minds of his loyal followers to prevent them from straying from the broad and winding path he had carved out for them in his sermons. His church was now full of those few whose loyalties remained with him and he had gathered them all now to preach a sermon on blasphemy which targeted Eckhardt’s Church of the Divine Gnosis. He liked to make the congregation wait for his sermon, ‘beg for their supper,’ he would say to himself as ‘casting pearls before swine’ required the building up of greater digestive juice than the ‘milk-fed babes’ they were. He chuckled at his cleverness applauding himself for being so much more superior to the ‘common folk’ as he derisively called them. He could hear the squaw working the organ and playing ‘Bringing in the Sheaves’ as the congregation robotically sang the cadence. ‘Bringing in the green’ he chanted sneering at the ‘ignorant rabble’ who he exploited to fatten himself at their expense – ‘like an effendi’. Gathering up one of the pre-packaged sermons he ordered from his universalist catalogue he exited his accounting room and made his way into the assembly, a smile of false humility plastered to his face as he walked stooping up to the podium. The organ music came to an end and he made a gesture with his left hand in further apparent humility signalling to the congregation that he was about to speak. The latter consisted of quite a few mestizos, some of the Jewish community, a few race-mixers who had hybrid offspring, retarded people, and the deliberately ignorant Mammon worshippers who attended mainly out of a hypocritical desire to maintain the image of a pious

person as a means to maintain their employment and to cultivate business relations. Pastor Barrabas began: “Tonight’s sermon has been written by myself and Rosita my housekeeper who is an underprivileged minority in our town. It is “ ‘Tolerance’ and its limitations.” He paused significantly so as to allow the weight of the title’s meaning impress itself upon the congregation. One of the mestizos in the audience farted and a few of the more hypocritical members attempted to suppress their laughter while they were chided by the women. “Yes...tolerance,” he began, “what does this word mean?” he asked rhetorically. “We must all learn the meaning of this word as it is god’s will, the very basis of our community, the bedrock of society. There are some,” he continued, “who are not possessed of this virtue...and they may learn to embrace OUR values... however...I’m afraid there are others...” and at this he made a grimace, “...who have no understanding of this ideal and who never in all likelihood will. They are the goats spoken of in the bible. They...” he began to speak with increasing volubility as the audience tensed in expectation, thrilled with the harshness of his tone and that there was an ‘other’ whom they could castigate and shun as a way of gratifying their ego. “...They are anathema!” he paused again waiting for effect and then continued using his hypnotic voice roll speech cadence: “...and they live...in this...very town of Eden! I think you know who they are...don’t you good sheep of the universal church? They are those who call themselves Gnostics who claim to have knowledge...a satanic –knowledge- from the very bowels of hell! We are the wheat! They are the...tares!” He spoke in thunderous tones suddenly becoming silent as though exhausted through having to use such force in speech, as though it pained him to have to castigate even the devil himself. He hung his head in exhaustion and finally said in a quiet voice: “We must learn...tolerance...for we...are the sheep...and stray not from the shepherd.” The audience, having taken their peyote pills prior to the beginning of the sermon were now put into a state of relaxation and heightened suggestibility. The pastor, having delivered the intended message continued: “Prior to the delivery of the sermon I have prepared for this evening I have only one thing further to say and that is this: Hans Eckhardt – is of the devil! I sensed it given the power vested in me by the lord. As soon as I saw that devil in his white suit, a wolf in sheep’s clothing if I’ve ever seen one, I received a message from the lord – and that was: “Be led not into temptation by those false preachers who would look under every rock...and every bush... ferreting out the knowledge that the lord forbids – and which brings nothing...nothing but vice and sin.” The straight and narrow path – follow it and only it...for it is as the lord walked...away from temptation.” So saying he picked up his premade sermon and began, the audience still in a state of hypnosis by his voice roll technique. “Tolerance...the virtue of the meek. Springer Publishing...” he inadvertently read the caption of the publisher and some of the audience appeared to take notice and one of the hypocrites coughed. The pastor recovered saying: “I had this sermon published in the...journal of theological studies at my alma mater...the universal cemetery...I mean seminary...” he trailed off and another of the hypocrites laughed at his mistake, his Freudian slip. He began again: “Tolerance – should we learn to love the way the lord loved? For surely he was a tolerant lord...and...” just then shots rang out and the pastor with feral instincts honed

through a life of political corruption and having to always look over his shoulder, dived down on the ground as the stained glass window shattered inwards as a fusillade of shots rang out from repeating rifles, a series of shrieks ringing out into the night: “Arriba! Arriba!” as the mestizos rode their donkeys around the church blasting away with their guns. A few of them had burning firebrands in their hands and tossed them inside in spite of their own people who were shouting in Spanish from within pleading with them not to attack. The flames spread rapidly around the congregation who attempted to flee from them but most of whom were engulfed and fired upon from outside by the repeating rifles of the donkey riders. The pastor had managed to crawl down into the basement which he had constructed as a fireproof room for himself in just such an event knowing that there were countless enemies forever in pursuit of him given his drug dealing and financial swindles. What had brought about this turn of events he couldn’t say but the insurance would cover his losses he reasoned. Clearly the role of preacher had had its day for him and he would have to involve himself more heavily in the drug trade to make his pile of money and then retire down in Mexico to escape whatever uncorrupted sheriffs might pursue him. He rummaged around in the basement for his shotgun in the event any of them would break in and attack and locked the trapdoor leading down behind him which itself was carefully concealed from above by a carpet that overlapped the cut-out area thereby disguising it. Outside the heathens raged as their whoops and chatter of broken Spanglish penetrated his basement hideaway. The screams of the congregation above also met his ears as he smirked at his ‘flock’s’ having to meet the lord before their time sarcastically wishing them luck. Outside the sheriff and his men watched from a distance as the mestizos circled around the church intermittently blasting at those hapless members of the congregation who were trapped in a wicker man of hellfire and the brimstone of repeating rifles. Sheriff Cuck spoke: “Let them vent. Once they’ve spent their ammo then we can snipe them from the jail if they come into town. If not...c’est la vie – no skin off our nose. As the chief law enforcement officer my duty is to protect the citizens of this town and the citizens can’t function without an administration.

Accordingly I must protect this town – even should all of those churchies perish in the act,” he sneered and the men positioned themselves at a gesture from Cuck taking up their vigil as the church burned before their eyes. The mayor then spoke: “You’ve outdone yourself Cuck...those greasers must have some reason for acting up – and yet you didn’t keep them in line as you stated you would.” The sheriff re-joined, “I’d like to see you keep a bunch of animals like that in line,” he growled. “Now, now Cuck...there are plenty more mules to serve us way down mestizo way. The main problem lies with that priest punk Eckhardt and his butt buddy Blondey. But I’ve already made all the preparation we need – got some heavy hitters coming from back east and they are gonna back you up Sheriff. You might say that they will give a professional touch to the flabby arm of the law.” Cuck crimsoned at the barb and gave the mayor a scathing look but the latter stared him down and snorted a line of cocaine from a money bill he had rolled up. “Yeah!” the mayor said punctuating his statement: “They’re some real heavy hitters alright. Unlike these dumb goy Christians who

are heading to hell they know the real law: might is right.” The mestizos began to make their way into the town now that they had riled themselves up emotionally, hopped up on peyote and a hostile desire to ‘make the whiteskins pay’. Given that the town’s commercial district appeared deserted the mestizos were drawn towards it as flies to jam eager for loot. As they approached the jail Cuck gave the signal to his men to begin firing and many of the donkey-riding mestizos came down with their mounts, the streetlights illuminating the sprays of blood the sheriff’s men had blasted out of them. Undaunted the mestizos continued to ride down in a veritable army of savages cautiously making sure they avoided the jail and its barrage of gunfire. The administration’s men were only too happy to see them head towards the residential section on the outskirts and try their luck with the townsfolk in robbery, looting, and rape. At this point the members of the church of the divine gnosis observed the mestizos approaching their settlement and Eckhardt shouted to them from inside as he raced up the tunnel to the stone shed where he had stowed away a Gatling gun – “Cover me! I’ve gotta get a better vantage point to wipe away these meshitzos!” As Eckhardt ran the mestizos continued to pour in rushing upon what they believed was an easy kill in the collection of houses which was informally designated the residential zone or ‘the village’. Opening the heavy iron door Eckhardt entered into what amounted to a bulletproof gun battery with ports along the walls big enough to gain a view of the target small enough to be incapable of being sniped at in return. The crowd of mestizos moved steadily on their donkeys towards the village shooting wildly as they went until Eckhardt opened fire with the Gatling gun mowing down whole columns of mestizos whose bodies were ripped apart as a veritable slaughterhouse of gore and exploding bodies as the high calibre ammunition punched into the soft flesh of wetbacks whose sweaty carcasses became bathed in blood. The mestizos caught by surprise attempted to return fire and escape and began to split up to flank the storehouse wherein Eckhardt was positioned. However further fire was discharged from the ports of the basement and this additional fusillade dampened the mestizos ardour for vengeance scattered their remnants in all directions confused as to which way to head. Eckhardt pivoted the Gatling gun sweeping them away with an iron boom until nothing but silence descended on the town, the church on the hill still burning in the night.

#### Scene: Church of Universality

The pastor sheltered in his fireproof room as the chaos around him continued the screams and gun blasts and falling boards, the rustle of the fire as his church burned to the ground. He opened up a bottle of whiskey and relaxed in his easy chair looking at burlesque images he had had imported from St. Louis. “Nothing like a hot time in the old town tonight,” he sneered, taking a pull of his bottle and flipping the pages of his pornographic magazine. After a time the sounds of the mestizo killers diminished as well as the cracking boards, the pitch the church had been constructed of having been a ready fuel source that, when ignited spread the flames throughout causing the structure to tumble in on itself with himself protected in the

fireproof underground room. After a short time he heard distant gunshots from repeating rifles and then a shorter time later the barrage of a larger gun, some type of military weapon that discharged a continuous stream of rounds and much screaming of the mestizos. He paused and curiosity got the better of him. Now that the fire had all but dissipated there was only wreckage and burnt bodies remaining he decided to risk a view with his spyglass. He cautiously opened the trapdoor and observed the night sky, flaming boards burning at hip height around but not within reach of himself. Taking his spyglass out he scanned the perimeter of the town from the vantage point of the hill upon which his church was situated. He observed the mass of mestizos being mown down by the Gatling gun which was to him concealed behind the shed and church of the divine gnosis: "Eckhardt!" he spat as he took another swig of whiskey wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. The Gatling gun stopped apparently having wiped out the mestizos. A few minutes later a small group of men came riding up the hill, Eckhardt and a few others of the church of the divine gnosis, pastor Barrabas' rivals. Eckhardt came up leading the pack and observed the wreckage with Barrabas in the midst of it with his clean and pressed suit: "Is this the sermon you have to preach to us tonight Barrabas?" Eckhardt spoke with a sarcastic tone of condemnation.

Barrabas reddened as the firelight reflected in his eyes looking the very image of a demon- possessed man. He raised the bottle as if it were a weapon and then checked himself lowering it and like a cornered rat looked around furtively at his surroundings as if for a means of escape. "Now see here Eckhardt!" he began attempting to sound offended by his blustery tone, "I..." "Don't bother Barrabas – like your namesake you were always a robber. Whatever motive you might have had in bringing in these savages to murder those innocent people of your own congregation I don't know and cannot decipher...however I know that their blood is upon you as you stand here in a clean and pressed suit with a bottle of whiskey and no signs of contrition on your face for the dead – and they lie butchered and burnt an unburied mass whose flesh suits are desecrated by filthy Mexican vermin. One thing I know is that you are implicated in their death and that you must therefore suffer for your sin." So saying he leapt from his horse and took a rope from his saddle. Another of the men did so also ensuring that there was no escape for the pastor. "I am an innocent man!" cried Barrabas, "I know nothing of their death! O' Lord forgive an innocent man!" he wailed as the two men bound his hands and neck together so that he could be dragged towards the town square to receive his punishment. Eckhardt and the other man swung into their saddles and trotted away towards the square the fat pastor wheezing behind them. Once they had gotten near the town Eckhardt called out to the congregation who could see him from the ports in the basement of the church: "We've got a traitor in our midst people of Eden! Behold the crucifixion of Barrabas!" One of his men queried: "You're not actually going to crucify him are you Eckhardt?" The latter laughed and replied: "Such a practice is far too cruel and unusual for an Aryan – that would be something more in the line of Jewish ritual murder. No, he will be given his fair trial and punished accordingly." The townsfolk by this time had congregated in the street and formed a procession around

Eckhardt and the pastor who was still dragging behind his captor intermittently shouting: “An innocent man! For the lord’s sake!” etc. and other stock phrases he used to elicit pity from his congregation. Most of the townsfolk knew that Barrabas was indeed a robber and that he stole the souls of his congregation through rendering them mere puppets of his tyranny dancing to the tune of his mind manipulation, his drugs and neuro-linguistic programming techniques. Now that they had recovered through discovering for themselves the real truth they had no longer any pity in their hearts but rather an understanding of the causes and consequences of all the agents of god upon earth and that it wasn’t for them to forgive and to judge, but merely to uphold the laws of nature which were simultaneously those of god, the materialization of spiritual reality as it inhered in matter upon earth. At this junction the mayor and sheriff exited the jail and observed Eckhardt and the procession. The mayor shouted at Eckhardt to stop but the latter continued looking straight ahead towards the town square when the trial would commence. Sheriff Cuck raised his pistol over his fat bulk and fired a shot in the air, the toughs he and the mayor were surrounded with standing guard with weapons drawn, repeating rifles at the ready and pistols on their hips, bandoliers of ammo crisscrossing their chests. The mayor repeated his statement now that the crowd noise had been shocked into silence; the townsfolk looking with stern contempt and annoyance but not without a modicum of fear at the administration, just enough to stop the processions. “What’s this man accused of? You are unlawfully imprisoning an outstanding member of the community...explain your charge!” Eckhardt laughed mockingly: “Charge? This man was found in clean spotless clothing amidst a pile of bodies of his own congregation. He had no remorse over their death and for all we know was instrumental in the Mexican invasion which could have led to the slaughter of the entire town. Why was he not harmed? How did he escape the flames of his church? Perhaps he had bigger fish to fry than a small town and wanted to collect the insurance money from his church and to perhaps eliminate witnesses. But that alone does not convict him for there are many in the congregation here who have been poisoned by the drugs he trafficks in his church. Perhaps he knew that his time was short before discovery.” As Eckhardt spoke he jerked the rope around the neck of the pastor who he had brought close to his horse to prevent him from escaping. “It’s a lie!” Barrabas spat looking wildly around his bloodshot eyes bugging out with primal instinct for self-preservation. “I didn’t do anything to anyone! I’m as pure as the virgin Mary!” He screamed face reddening. The crowd booed his statement and the mayor, upon hearing the charge of drugs stated, for fear of implication should the pastor reveal his complicity: “The man appears delusional. The trauma from witnessing those mestizo murderers injure his flock must have been too much for him to take. Let us pity this man...” at which statement jeers arose from the crowd but the mayor continued, “...for we are all sinners, all imperfect in this satanic world of sin.” The pastor attempted to graft onto this idea by suddenly adopting a nervous tick which he intermittently pantomimed to attempt to confirm the diagnosis of his mental illness. Eckhardt lashed him across the face with the rope: “Stop that clownish behaviour! We all know you’re faking – just like you did in your sermons!” The audience having been

damaged by the pastor had no sympathy for him and began chanting: “Guilty, guilty!” as the mayor and sheriff conferred with one another on the steps. Finally the mayor stated: “You all, good townsfolk, would know better than I having been most of you members of his congregation. Though he appears an innocent man in my mind I must submit to your judgement as you are all more acquainted with the facts than a mere instrument of the popular will such as myself, I tender his fate into your hands to do with what thou wilt. I can only pray the lord that you have made a sound decision, with impartiality and have weighed the evidence in a judicious manner. You may carry on Eckhardt...only don’t make a habit out of it... for there is law and there is... vigilantism, the justice of the mob, is always fraught with error.” So saying he turned and with a pompous display of dignity went back into the jail followed by the sheriff and toughs who eyed the crowd suspiciously slamming the heavy iron door behind them.

As the statue of Wyatt Gott, the town of Eden’s pioneering founder came into sight the torchlight from the crowd’s torches illuminated the hero’s rugged features and burly physique which was depicted in a scene struggling with an Indian and pointing his pistol at his fallen savage foe as a testament to the supremacy of the white man and his superior technology over the savage with his stone knife, his violent features and receding forehead testifying to his animalistic mind. The statue had been cast in bronze by one of the local artists who had in miniature immortalized the eternal conflict between the higher and lower type, between reason and passion, between good and bad, noble and base. The statue also featured a tree to situate the scene in the context of a lone promontory, the isolation and barrenness of the semi-desert enabling the viewer to feel a part of the scene given their surroundings. The branches were approximately twenty feet high – the perfect height for lynching. Eckhardt reared up on the horse as they approached the base of the statue and spoke: “What does the town of Eden decide will be the fate of this man? Shall it be guilty or innocent?” The crowd shouted in unison for the former: “Guilty!” and the pastor reeled with madness at the verdict shrieking out: “No!” in the dead of night though he knew his fate was sealed regardless of the priest’s question. “Very well,” Eckhardt continued: “This Barrabas, this thief, is found guilty before a jury of his peers. The punishment for being an accessory to murder through drug trafficking and poisoning both body and mind of the people as well as the most heinous crime of all – racial treason – what he calls euphemistically ‘integration’ and ‘diversity’ – is death by hanging.” Eckhardt dismounted and approached the pastor who attempted to flee though he was surrounded on all sides by the townsfolk. Eckhardt threw the rope around his neck and, holding him as he attempted to struggle, threw the other end around the branch of the statue. The firelight from the torches flashed over the plaque which bore the name of the founder of the town ‘Wyatt Gott’ and the pastor’s beady eyes were reflected in it wildly staring around as he cried out: “Let me say at least a few last words! For the sake of the lord!” he sputtered feeling the rope tense around his neck as it flopped to the extent of its length around the branch. “Speak then,” Eckhardt said out of a sense of principle more than a desire for any revelations of truth or edification coming out of the satanic priest’s mouth. Barrabas straightened eyeing the



crowd and with great solemnity pronounced: "I stand here as an innocent man wrongly injured by a mob of ignorant and hateful bigots. If here I must die, then die I shall but not before I have made you pay for your sins." He began to chant in an arcane tongue: "Ge-gal-ram-vau-resh-resh-nun!" intoning this strange series of words three times his eyes bugging out and yet vacant staring into space as if no longer cognizant of his surroundings. "Ge-gal-rem-vau-resh-resh-nun!" And in the process of this chanting a shape began to crystallize in the space before the statue illuminated by the torchlight. It appeared to be a winged entity with translucent skin, a pale and sickly construct of a greenish yellow hue. It began to coalesce further becoming densified as the pastor laughed malevolently his head thrown back crazily mad with his sense of power over what he construed as a rabble of animals, goyim. As the shape became physical it screamed out in a ululating cry striking fear into the weaker members of the congregation. Eckhardt pulled out his shotgun and before the entity could tense its muscles to strike the townsfolk he shot it dead from the air, it collapsing in a heap of flesh rather like a plucked chicken. The pastor screamed as his vengeance failed and Eckhardt gave a gesture to the man holding the other end of the rope who yanked it down with his body weight causing the pastor to be yanked upward smacking his head into the tree branch. However the fat pastor was too heavy for the man's weight and the pastor came crashing down again his face empurpled by asphyxiation coughing and sputtering, his pants having a black stain spreading from his meeting with the reaper. Eckhardt signalled to another man to add his weight and this time the pastor was erected to the top of the branch which pinned him against it, his legs kicking feverishly as brown muck oozed down his legs and splattered against the statue of the redskin. Finally the spasming muscles relaxed and the dead weight of the pastor hung for a few minutes as the men continued to hang onto the rope to ensure that justice would be served. The townsfolk cheered with satisfaction and the body was dragged back to the church of universality left for the vultures to feast upon.

#### Scene: Mayor's Office

The Jew stood with a malevolent aura in the office his reptilian hooded eyes peeping outwards with a look of psychopathic indifference. His lean face and square jaw somewhat obscured by the five o' clock shadow which grew from his neck. Adjacent to him and equally diminutive in stature was his partner also dressed in dusky black fatigues carrying a black leather valise. "So you're the guys," the mayor queried rhetorically seemingly nonplussed. The two men nodded. "I don't see how you're gonna be the solution to the problems here..." he trailed off. "The Big Boss back in New York is sending a troop down," one of them said. "We're here to prepare things for them and to...impress upon you the importance of upholding standards..." The mayor stared at the newcomer with hostility and responded: "I'd like to see the Big Boss maintain control down here with such meagre resources..." he trailed off his display of bravado dampened by the stony stare of the Jew. "Let me tell you..." the newcomer said, "...you don't want to make waves..." Then Sheriff Cuck interjected: "Enough! Show us what you have to offer." The Jew took his leather valise and put it down on the

desk before the mayor who sat back with his arms folded behind his head in a display of apathy and indifference. The Jew took out a bag of powder: "This is the spice of life...or should I say death..." he sneered cruelly. "It is the most addictive substance our chemists have yet devised. It was developed in Switzerland in a chemical lab and is a compound of heroin, cocaine, and other synthetic chemicals. One hit and you're hooked. You can never have just one..." he continued sneering. The sheriff moved his fat bulk from the chair and the Jew stepped aside to make room. Cuck took out his pocket mirror and a money bill which he rolled into a tube. He scooped out some of the powder and took a snort. Immediately he began coughing and wheezing and hacking up blood, his fat bulk shaking and quaking as he fell to the floor his form a rictus of spasming muscle wreathed in jelly-like fat. His eyes bulged from their sockets face empurpling with asphyxiation. He wheezed gasping for breath and finally relaxed in the arms of the reaper. The mayor stared at the sheriff and then angrily back at the newcomer. "Now what am I gonna do for a sheriff! More responsibility for me! The vultures are already circling in this town. But..." he thought, "how can that poison be any good...other than as an assassination weapon..." The newcomer replied: "The dumb goy wasn't supposed to snort it. It's a sublingual. Only under the tongue. But he insisted..." The mayor stated: "...so it's that addictive is it? And the price...?" "There is no price they won't pay once they're hooked," the newcomer said. "As to a sheriff, I'm your man," he said pointing at himself. "Name's Shem Bronfman. I'm a krav maga expert and one of the inner circle of the Big Boss up in New York. I can manage my crew and whatever toughs you got can be assimilated. We'll train 'em up to our level or whatever level they will be capable of." "Not so hasty..." the mayor put it. "You gotta earn your position." In saying this he rummaged around in his desk and extracted a photograph of Blonde. "This guy lives out in the sticks on a heavily fortified ranch called Blonde's Ranch. Take him out and you can have the sheriff badge." The Jew took the photograph and put it in his valise replacing the powder. "This stuff can fetch a pretty penny," he looked at the mayor significantly. "I'll hold onto it until then. Consider the goy dead. Before I go and take care of business I should introduce my partner Joe Dalitz. He's got another surprise for you." With this the Jew indicated brought forth from his heavy valise a strange-looking hand-held cannon. It was constructed of what appeared to be a length of pipe and a metal container attached. "It's a white phosphorus cannon. This stuff melts flesh like a barbecue and leaves nothing but a smoking pile of grease and bones behind." The mayor looked uncomfortably down the barrel of the weapon: "For Lucifer's sake point that somewhere else." The Jew did as requested and pointed it at the corpse of the sheriff. He pumped the action and it appeared to prime the weapon. A discharge of white powder exited the muzzle and the corpse of the sheriff was immediately a sizzling pile of bacon as if he had been thrown on the grill. The Jew laughed and pumped another spray at the corpse. The substance ate into the clothes and leather belt of the sheriff leaving nothing more than a grease stain behind the stone floor dissipating the fumes which the mayor was quick to clear away through the open window. "How many of these cannons can be brought down here?" Shem answered the mayor's question: "We've gotta factory in New York that makes them. Takes

a long time and a lot of dough to make ‘em though. We could maybe bring a couple down but not for a good year at least.” The mayor thought for a moment becoming indifferent realizing the weapon was merely an assassination device more than a weapon of mass destruction capable of holding hostage large populations which is what he wanted as a means of holding sway over the population of the town and expanding its borders into neighbouring settlements. The mayor snapped out of his reverie of conquest and spoke to Shem: “I’ll assume the sheriff’s role until you can take out Blonde. I want his wife and children dead also – no one on the ranch alive.” With that the Jews left taking their merchandise with them.

### Scene: Blonde’s Ranch

Blonde’s wife arose as usual with the dawn and meditated before the rising sun which was her usual practice. The chickens were up also cackling in the nearby coop. The cows were lowing in the corral where they had been placed to prevent coyotes from attacking them both livestock were sheltered behind a high adobe wall which further expanded the borders of the compound. The woman continued to meditate until the sounds of falling rocks behind her broke her from her reverie and she twisted round immediately her instinctive mind going into fight or flight mode and she raced to escape the figure, a black apparition only partially visible in the dawn light. The man slipped and fell down the rocky escarpment sliding down towards her with a curse in a strange foreign tone. She was in the process of going towards the house when one of the cattle before her was struck by a smoking canister which emitted white smoky powder. The cow bellowed and attempted to run to escape just as she herself did in the opposite direction now confronted with two threats to survival, the one apparently in front and the other behind. The white powder burned into the flesh of the cow which bellowed again horribly as it emitted smoldering smoke. The woman took out her derringer which she kept in her garter and spun round taking aim at the black dressed figure with brutal pasty face and liver lips blasting a cap in that ugly maw which erupted in a spray of blood and bone fragments, the man dropping the large gun he carried and crumbling on the ground in a silent scream given that a hole in his face had been introduced by her well aimed shot. However, another man behind him brought up his two six-guns and blasted at her with both laughing all the while with maniacal glee as the rounds ripped through her linen dress splattering blood on the dirt. At this moment Blonde came bounding out of the house with his own pair of six-guns and discharged all rounds into the man as he, caught by surprise, fell to the ground in a cry of angry rage, clinging to life even as it fled from him. Blonde ran to his wife who was by now on the verge of death and looked up into his face unable to speak. He held her to him as she died and then laid her onto the ground a few moments later knowing that it would be futile to attempt to revive her, that her spirit had departed to the higher realms and that it was out of his hands what destiny was hers. However, what was not out of his hands was to impose vengeance on her killers and whatever hidden hand had been behind their hire as, investigating the bodies he observed that they were strangers with pale complexions, some type of hired gun. He dug into

their pockets for evidence of who they were and found a matchbook 'Sid's Pickled Herring Co. New York'. Discarding this he rummaged further and came up with the sketch of himself with the caption in the mayor's hand: "Blonde Ranch." The mayor was behind this as he had suspected, hired kosher killers from Jew York City brought in to eliminate opposition to the Jewdeo-Masonic tyranny which had an iron grip on the town and its people through taxation, etc. and which was ultimately enforced through the mind control of the church of universality and the force of arms the sheriff and his toughs could bring to bear against opposition. He looked down at his wife's body and a rage burned through him. The mayor was going to be in for a hot time. Thinking thusly he buried his wife in the hills overlooking the ranch and prayed with devotion for her passing into the fields of Elysium. As it was still early dawn he began to make preparations for his journey into town. If he could enlist the Adamic knights in the cause it would be liberty for the townsfolk otherwise slavery to the administration and inevitable assassination attempts to the point of his inevitable destruction at the hands of a greater force of arms or the life of a hunted dog whose children would be perpetual targets for the assassin's bullet. He gathered the bodies of the killers up and left them far outside of the compound for the vultures. The white phosphorous cannon he took up and loaded into his carriage. There would be a hot time tonight if he had his way. Blonde pedalled off into the desert and towards the town.

Scene: Eden, High Noon

Blonde pedalled into town at the sun's peak and observed from a distance the arrival of a few wagon loads of hard men descending from their carriages which themselves appeared to conceal Gatling guns, each man, a Jew so far as he could see from the other side of town through his spyglass, carried a repeating rifle and a brace of pistols. They were headed towards the stone jail and the mayor's regular toughs were standing around to welcome them in. Blonde realized that there was no time to attempt to recruit the Adamic knights and that the fight was now his and his alone...at least for the initial salvo. If they wished to enter the fray that was their choice and would have to make their move when the time was right for them as they would undoubtedly hear the gun battle which was to ensue. Given that the majority of the men were still unloading their hardware from the wagons he found it would be an opportune moment to welcome them to Eden: he let rip with the Gatling gun as he approached, aiming high so that the rounds took out a few of the Gatling guns in the carriages before concentrating on the men who attempted to fire upon his bulletproof carriage. Their rounds bounced off harmlessly whining off into nowhere as his dragon's flame of hot death moved from side to side in the turret mowing down the Jewish devils who blew apart under the impact of the Gatling gun ammo, its large calibre punching holes in them like a sewing machine as they shook in death agony vibrating to the beat while doing the rigor mortis shuffle. The men he had not struck rushed into their wagons and began grinding out return fire from their Gatling gun which was only minimally effective against his body armour until he decimated the gun and wagon upon which it was contained. One of the remaining men leapt out of the

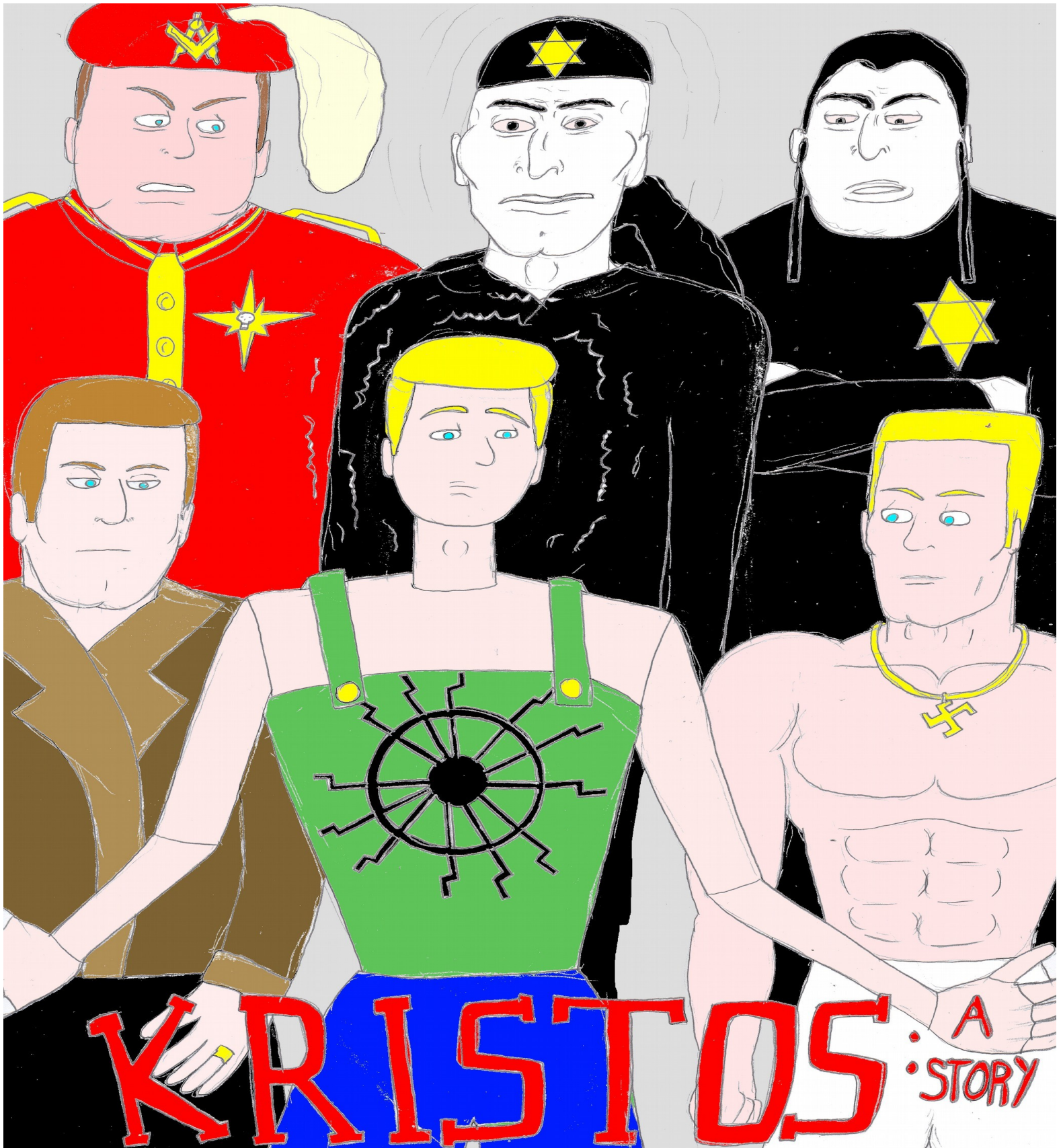
wagon and hurled a bomb at Blonde's carriage before being raked over with a barrage of fire. The bomb detonated at the feet of the carriage and cracked the body armour capsizing it. Blonde hurriedly grabbed his brace of pistols and leapt from the vehicle running and gunning into the alleyway out of range from the big guns at the jail. Now it was just himself, a pair of pistols and a pack of kosher killers from New York as well as whatever toughs the sheriff still retained control of. He ran around the back of the jail but was barraged with gunfire as soon as he stuck his head around the corner. He turned around and brought his guns up blasting as other hard men attempted to gun him down in the alley like an old alley-cat being sprayed with the contents of a chamber pot. The hard men went down and he scanned the environment for options. His only hope was up and he began to climb the side of the building adjacent to the jail which was constructed of rough-hewn boards that enabled him to grab a foothold. Up he went as yet more toughs became emboldened and attempted to sneak their way into the alley but were blasted by his six-guns as soon as they entered. He reached the top and ran at a crouch over the saloon adjacent to the jail finding the trapdoor which lead him down into the building. He stumbled upon a penthouse suite in which an adulterous couple was engaged in a tryst, a Jewish-hired thug fornicating with a white female who appeared to have been shooting drugs into her veins given the needles which lay beside the bed. He spared them no mercy as he unsheathed his bone-handled hunting knife and ripped a gash into the throat of the Jew who disgorged a stream of blood onto the prostitute. Before she could open her eyes and scream Blonde silenced her with the knife tearing into her throat also as she had to pay the ultimate penalty for racial treason and to avoid detection by the administration though he would have gladly dispatched the woman regardless. He glanced round and discovered the black robe of the Jew which, though filthy with snot and grease, was an adequate cover for his own body to enable him to escape the saloon/brothel in safety. He picked up the wide-brimmed hat of the Jew and covered his hair with it. Exiting the room he made his way downstairs and observed the occupants of the bar who were at this time few in number. Passing out the side entrance out of sight of the administration's men he made his way over to the Church of the Divine Gnosis now discarding his greasy garments and knocking against the metal door of the shed which led to the secret passage into the church. After a few moments Eckhardt came up after viewing Blonde through the portals of the basement and queried as to what he wanted. Blonde quickly informed him that the administration's new heavy hitters were after him and that he needed Eckhardt's help in dispatching them. The door was opened and Blonde descended with his fellow Aryan knight into the inner sanctum. "I've got a plan," Eckhardt stated. He motioned for Blonde to follow him over to the cabinet which served as an armoury. Upon opening it he displayed two suits of specialized ceramic armour which he referred to as the armour of god. A shield and helmet with transparent vision were also available and two specialized pistols that were belt-fed in the same manner as the Gatling guns which enabled the user to fire on automatic thereby discharging many rounds with a single depression of the trigger. The belts were wound around both Eckhardt and Blonde outside of the armour they had put on and further dynamite sticks were worn around them in belt

fashion so as to do maximum damage. Blonde had left the white phosphorus cannon in the coach and mentioned it by way of warning to Eckhardt who stated that the ceramic suits with their undershirts were incapable of being penetrated by any acid or flammable/combustible material and that though the enemy had undoubtedly sequestered the weapon it could easily be reacquired in the event of its necessity. They formulated further plans and prepared to set them into motion. They both exited by the rear of the church and came up in front of the newcomer thugs in the main street. Shooting as they ran they headed straight for the thugs in parallel, one on each side of the street. The thugs returned fire heading for cover and Blonde darted into the saloon while Eckhardt went into the herbalist shop the latter of which was run by a Jew. Blonde took care of the Jewish barman who was serving drinks to one of the alcoholics of the town a degenerate wastrel who freeloaded from the public purse gunning both down and heading to the staircase and balcony from which he had come upon his earlier entry.

The herbalist who was a cabalistic witch Eckhardt dispatched with a round between the eyes and then took up a position up the staircase loft in the blasting her old husband who was puffing away on a marijuana cigarette as he leafed through a pornographic magazine. Both Adamic knights monitored the entrances for the inevitable newcomers and as they began to filter in had retreated out of sight towards the roof hatch planting dynamite sticks below which after a few men had gathered in were detonated blowing apart the hired hard man. These dens of iniquity caught fire as both knights found kerosene lamps and lit them on fire as they exited escaping the blast radius incinerating and burning the sins of the occupants from their houses of ill repute. The two kept going legs pumping as they ran across the rooftops shouting into the fray below those thugs who poured out of the jail angrily sniping at the knights with dynamite being exchanged as well as copious rounds of ammunition from their modified six-guns. The snipers in the jail kept taking pot shots at the knights as they ran past and eventually began climbing and converging on the jail from either side, throwing dynamite sticks into the windows which exploded upon entry demolishing the stone building and leaving it a hull of its former self. The remaining toughs came out blasting seeking vengeance but were hunted down by a barrage of six-gun ammo.

Finally the dust settled and the top floors of the building lay in ruins around the foundation. The two knights approached and observed a trapdoor leading down towards an underground portion of the jail. Eckhardt lifted the handle and was met by a shot from a pistol which bounced off his armour. "Who are you shooting at?" he said with a tone of humour in his voice. The rat-like scuttling of someone gave off his position. "Nowhere to run Mayor!" Blonde shouted grabbing some harness rope that had been attached to a stake in the ground. He jumped down the tunnel rolling as he landed, shots bouncing off his armour as the mayor cursed "die goy die!" Blonde threw a punch at the mayor's head which knocked him to the ground. Blonde hogtied the mayor and climbing up pulled him after him still unconscious. At this point now that the dust had settled and the townsfolk saw who it was who had finished off the administration they cheered and

clapped the two knights on the back their having taken off their helmets revealing themselves to the crowd. “Now we will have justice,” Eckhardt said. “This rat has caused enough trouble for the town,” Blonde said holding smelling salts under the nose of the mayor who struggled to avoid the scent regaining consciousness. The mayor looked up at the crowd with rat-like eyes looking furtively for a way out. “You’ll never take me alive goy!” he screamed as he fished out a derringer and attempted to shoot Blonde in the face but Blonde knocked down his hand and the shot merely buried itself in the dirt. “Hang ‘em!” shouted someone in the crowd. Blonde rose with the rope he had slung around the mayor’s neck in his hand. “To the statue of Wyatt Gott, our founder!” Blonde cried as he dragged the mayor behind him kicking and shouting out vile curses. The procession moved towards the statue as the sun began to descend from its highest point on the horizon. The same procedure was undergone as with Hymie and the pastor. The rope thrown over the statue and the struggling mayor, sweat streaming down his face was hoisted up in the air spasming with death agony as he expiated his sin for turning Eden into a hell on earth. The body was left to fall upon the redskin statue impaled upon the bronze knife the latter held aloft in the position of an attempted murder of the founder of the town, the pioneering adventurer Wyatt Gott. The townsfolk cheered again as the shackle of tyranny fell from their neck and they were at liberty again to fulfill their destiny. Eckhardt spoke: “Noble Aryan kinsmen, today is the beginning of a new struggle - the struggle to purify this town and build it anew in the image of god. From thence all horizons are open to us for expansion, the world is a place of limitless possibilities and we Aryans intend to branch outwards and build our kingdom of heaven upon earth.”





Kristos

Everybody is a star. – Crowley

Abba the Syrian magician was schooled in the arcane arts both white and black. He had scoured the seven seas and the seven wonders of the seven worlds for all manner of hidden love and its keepers, clandestine and reclusive enclaves of ancient orders, isolated wisemen and dangerous mages spanning the terrestrial globe, some working for evil others good. Abba had ingratiated himself with all and sundry carefully concealing his sinister intentions to appropriate for himself their carefully guarded gnosis. His was the procedure of the cobra, to mystify via hypnotic gaze and magnetic influence, to lull into a false sense of security and from thence to sequester their talismans, parchments, and other sacred objects after he had assimilated their gnosis through participation in their rituals and rites. He would then either dispatch them with his poisoned needle whose sting was instant death or employ cruder methods such as strangulation or demonic invocation to serve them up as a sacrifice in exchange for an amplification of his personal power. Now he was situated after years of persecution and inner strife brought on by demonic possession in a state of relative – for him – peace and quiet in an equally peaceful and quiet town. It was his desire to pour over his trunk of ancient manuscripts here and possibly to formulate plans for the conquest of the town and its peasant folk who he thought may be easily led against their leadership who had grown decadent with vice through living a life of too-great leisure and not being hardened by battle or refined through the furnace of study and mental training. These as yet vague plans however were for later at the moment he had much studying to do. Pondering upon an ancient Akkadian ritual one day he was reminded of the practice of rendering inanimate beings, such as stones, animate through endowing them with the energy of pure youths who had been unsullied by vices such as alcoholism, drug addiction, and carnality. This may, he contemplated, be useful in the construction of a small cadre of slaves who could be conscripted to do his bidding. However the creation of each construct required the pure energy of a child and to create a legion of such would certainly implicate himself as the cause of the children's disappearance. Hence he would not be able to make more than one as a means of financing his hire of a small mercenary contingent to stir up discord in the town and to serve as his protectors, furnishing them with the needed arms and armor and sheltering them in his farm outbuildings which were out of the eyes of those peasants and townsfolk he had not yet corrupted and rendered his de facto slaves through his hypnotic magnetic influence. To raise funds he would create one of these constructs and sell him to the local merchant with whom he had contact in his nefarious dealings for herbs and various drugs and who served as a liaison between him and the outside world. Abba communicated with the merchant who lived on the periphery of the town by way of sign. He was accustomed to allow his cow to graze on the opposite side of his stone farmhouse but when he desired Stromboli the merchant to meet with him he would graze his cow in front being within the visual field of the latter who he had equipped with a spyglass for the purpose as the town was some way off. Once a child was caught by the merchant who usually carried out the ritual with Abba in exchange for some of the blood of the sacrifice; the construct could be made and forthwith sold into service to Stromboli who would then resell it to whichever of his contacts trafficked in such wares. Such was not the concern of the magician only the payment from the merchant. Stromboli fawningly greeted the merchant after responding to the signal: 'I have just the thing', he cried beginning his sales pitch: 'a most rare herb from the wild steppes of the hinterland. Certain to augment the mental faculties and' – Abba silenced him with his piercing gaze and communicated to Stromboli what he

sought. Stromboli was silent, his visage growing ashen not out of moral sentiment for the sacrifice to be but out of fear lest Abba respond with hostility to the information he had to bestow upon his paymaster and indeed his de facto master himself. ‘Out with it, what are you concealing from me?’ Abba demanded. Stromboli informed him that he heard some of the townsfolk in their gossip and they spoke of Abba as a queer fellow and that perhaps he was to blame for the disappearance of the child they had last sacrificed. The townsfolk were becoming wary of Abba the merchant stated and he knew not how long their relationship could continue undisturbed. Abba waved his hand: ‘It matters not - the townsfolk will soon be under my influence’. He then requested that the merchant procure for him another child and that this time it would fetch Stromboli a high price. Stromboli reluctantly agreed to the kidnapping after stammering a silenced protest and was off that the child must be procured before the moon reaches its full for it was needed to be sacrificed at that time for the purpose Abba had. This ancient Syrio-African practice of child sacrifice so prevalent in Canaan and Mesopotamia ensured that the energy of the child was incorporated within the villain who carried out the act through the imbibation of the blood which, the occult lore had it, was a gas and not a liquid that became liquid upon exposure to the atmosphere but within the body was in gaseous form. This contained the life force of the being and upon release this spirit energy was capable of being imbibed through vampiric and cannibalistic acts. As such it was the blackest of magic negating the life of another to enrich one’s own life. Abba had been a habitu  of this practice and as a result had grown very powerful at the expense of the innocent he dispatched with callous disregard for their suffering. This came not without a price however and that was the conflict of soul energy that became entangled with his material body deforming it anatomically as well as physiologically thereby introducing great strife within. He had become, indeed, powerful however this power began to tear apart the very fabric of his own soul manifesting itself in these conditions of disfigurement for ‘as above so below; as within so without; spirit and matter are one’ and what affects one affects the other. Heedless of these consequences and addicted to his sanguinary practice Abba insisted on continuing to feed himself this elixir vitiate through his vampiric violation of the sanctity of another’s life. A few days later under the time of the full moon Stromboli knocked at Abba’s door with a prearranged series of knocks thereby signifying that it was he and not a peasant or the defense forces of the town who had previously sent spies to gather information on Abba who had cudgelled the milkmaid for her speaking to one out of na ve ignorance. He opened the door and allowed entry to Stromboli who had a burlap sack on the bed of straw where Abba’s mastiffs slept and readied the circle for sacrifice in accordance with ancient semite cabalistic ritual, arranging the candles of child fat contained within leaden holders arranged on the six points of a six-pointed star on the stone floor, this symbol having been previously drawn by Abba with the charcoal of burnt bones from a past sacrifice incorporating the face of the demon he intended to invoke to enable the transfusion of blood into a wooden marionette he had purchased from the town woodcarver ostensibly for a young nephew he knew who Abba claimed enjoyed to play with marionettes who were of a similar size as himself to create imaginary friends that were a reflection of his own developing mind. The leering face of the demon also reflected Abba’s own countenance as he recalled the little black lie he had told the woodcarver whose suspicions of Abba were allayed once mention of an innocent child related to Abba was made. This false association technique always worked on the peasants the magician thought with a smirk of disdain – they would be blinded by the sight of anything that had the childlike appearance of innocence as they operated in the lower ‘chakras’ – an ancient Indian term for the occult metaphysical energy centres of the physical body – meaning that they had an animal or beast mind and were incapable

of his cold rationality and god-like perception that differentiated him from the mere beasts that called themselves men. He had thus obtained the marionette with problems but had first instructed the carver to create an orifice in its mouth which would enable the storage of liquids – the woodcarver paused a moment, a glimmer of suspicion returning to his features but he then was put at ease for the idea that the puppet was to be used by Abba himself and this for a hidden flask of alcoholic beverage entered into his mind. In truth Abba through mind transference via the aether, had implanted this thought in his mind as a means of allaying the suspicion of the woodcarver who would no doubt have spread rumours regarding the existence of Abba’s alleged nephew. This then would cast further suspicion upon Abba which could at present not be tolerated and hence Abba had implanted this idea in the crafty woodcarver’s mind, one rooted in the coarsest of drives and fleshly pursuits. The carver happily bored a hole into the puppet with his tools but according to the magician it was inadequate. He then instructed the woodcarver to bore a larger hole within the pelvic region of the puppet and to use a cork to seal both ends. The woodcarver complied further convinced that Abba required this marionette as a flask for drink or perhaps even a sexual device for his own twisted purposes. The strangeness of Abba was now given an explanation and the puppet was tendered to Abba. This ruse of the magician enabled his strangeness to repel rather than attract attention as rumours would necessarily be spread and the townsfolk would cease to think of him as a child abductor and murderer and more along the lines of a sexual pervert and inebriate. This bought him more time for his purposes until he could cultivate a better reputation with his useful tools the ‘dull-witted peasants’ as he thought of them. The struggling sack was opened by Stromboli and the gag removed from the young boy’s mouth. An elixir of herbs was thrust into his mouth and the boy’s struggles ceased being put into a stupor by the brew which caused enervation through its narcotic, sedative effect. Stromboli lashed the boy to the pentagram binding hands and feet with straps that were looped through iron handles embedded into the stone floor. Abba then began to chant an ancient invocatory cadence comprised of a mixture of arcane language of monosyllables: ‘ba-ra-ra-ta-ka-ta-na-ma’, his voice enunciating every syllable with vibratory rhythm: ‘ka-ta-la-na-ma!’ ‘Ka-ta-ma!’ his voice rose with the cadence being repeated seven times as he swayed widdershins around the pentagram sprinkling incense from a burner on the body of the youth who stared transfixed at the ceiling. Stromboli beat a gong at each point Abba reached circling seven times and repeating the cadence. ‘Oh Kristos holy spirit of ancient days thee I invoke!’; and so repeating this cadence the aether above the bay began to coalesce into an opaque formation resembling the face of a god form, face leering and emitting a shrill ringing noise that altered in volume as if the demon were communicating to Abba. The boy’s face took on a hint of fear in spite of his nearly comatose state. The apparition descended as Abba continued to repetitively chant ‘ba-ra-ra-ta-ka-ta-na-ma’. Soon the mage was upon the boy but stayed, hovering over his form as if somehow repelled or unable to descend upon his victim. Abba then collected the marionette from the rough-hewn table nearby and placed it adjacent to the boy. He also took a basin from the table and placed it between the boy and the puppet–‘ba-ra-ra-ta-ka-ta-na-ma!’. He picked up his sacrifice knife while the demon hovered seemingly eager for the hot liquor which would soon pour from the jugular of the innocent child. Stromboli tightened the straps holding the boy who as if now finally coming to an awareness of his plight began to struggle wildly at the thought of extinguishing his life and forfeiting it to the demon. A fate worse than death dawned in his drugged mind but too late as the merchant held fast the child while Abba skewered a gash in his throat with the knife. As if unchained the demon plunged into the sanguinary basin which filled rapidly with the life’s blood of the child. It shook as the demon imbibed the vital elixir into its person. Abba abruptly,

as the struggles of the boy ceased and a sufficient quantity of blood was extracted, began to pour the blood into the marionette which enraged the demon who was interrupted in its feast. It followed the blood into the puppet which then shook as if with life. The remaining cork was placed in the mouth hole once the puppet's container was filled and the shaking ceased. The wooden doll began to change in appearance, its features softening and taking on the glow of human flesh, the ruddy colour of youth. Stromboli, never having borne witness to such an occurrence, in spite of his experience with prior sacrifices of Abba's gaped in wonder at the vitality the once dead being exuded. 'He lives,' he ejaculated. Abba impatient with the boorish lack of self-control shoved the merchant aside saying 'you will pay me a pretty penny for this construct merchant'. The latter though thinking little else then for money was only too willing to sell this freakish construct as quickly as possible and to be discharged his obligation towards the magician. The marionette moved about the floor and spoke to the two seeking to know who he was and why he was here; who they were and a torrent of similar questions. Abba ignored him and spoke to the merchant about buyers who stated he was in contact with some calling himself 'The Mason' who wore a splendid suit of scarlet with gold buttons and wore an eight-pointed star of gold on his coat as well as white gloves and spoke in an uppity and condescending tone. Abba claimed he cared not who the buyer was so long as the price was right to which Stromboli assured him he would not be disappointed as this man, however precious he was in his manners was independently wealthy and required no haggling over prices but was always forthcoming with the sum Stromboli demanded. The merchant then took the strangely vital wooden boy half- dead half-alive with him in the sack to which the marionette gave only feeble protest until Stromboli instructed him to cease to speak on part of being thrown to the wolves or burnt as kindling. The puppets wriggling continued as Stromboli hefted it over his shoulders and carried it back to his place. Abba the magician shut the door on Stromboli after instructing him to return with the sack of gold he exchanged the puppet for. 'The Mason' gazed into the crystal palatire as he contemplated the events unfolding in the lodge of which he had been a member since infancy and to which he was bound through rituals too unspeakable to describe and which had conferred upon him a certain dark power that was shared in common by those who had changed him from a weaker and still-developing neophyte into a monstrous hue-man possessed by dark entities which vied for supremacy within him and partaking of the genius of the lodge which was the demonic entity which exerted its influence over him and yet through which he derived many of his supernatural faculties of clairvoyance and clairaudience, able to discern the thoughts and inclinations of others through a hyper-aware consciousness amplified through being plugged into a dynamo battery as it were of which he was a part as a cell within the larger power source. He desired in this seeking through his crystal gazing, the discovery of a suitable candidate to play the most lucrative role of child actor in his Hollywood productions in which he and his partner, Mr. Cahn, were seeking to fill the role of their former child star, Ricky McDougall who had met with the unfortunate fateful accident of ending up as the main course in a cannibal feast that both he and Mr. Cahn had made the concluding scene in their latest blockbuster film 'Ricky Goes to Timbuktu' where the African scene had portrayed the boiling of a cannibal victim and subsequent cannibalization of this victim in a fictional scene that was rendered real much to the chagrin of Ricky who had been bound hand and foot with his acquiescence to be then plunged into the boiling water which had been omitted deliberately from his copy of the script to inveigle him into allowing himself to be trussed up like a fatling pig in a pig roast. At this thought the sinister coachman sneered maliciously and rubbed his swollen belly at the thought of how he and Mr. Cahn had celebrated the ritual feast dressed in blackface so as to preserve the realism of the film for the

audience. Of course with the current stodgy censors on the film board of Hollywood, most of whom were Catholics, most of the death scene of the sacrifice had to be omitted and sold on the black market for a much higher price. The Mason's thoughts were interrupted by an apparition in the crystal, an almost artificially handsome boy who had the perfect features of a mannequin – almost as if he were a mannequin himself only endowed with animate properties. He was gazing into a hearth and showed no visible emotion on his almost wooden features. This was the new child star to play the leading role in a remake version of the classic story 'Wooden-head', about a young boy who was brought to life from mere pieces of wood carved by a blustery old man fond of the wine bottle, old Gilletto, an Italian in the classic sense who had had recourse to carving pieces of wood he collected with his jackknife while he lived the life of a vagrant. The 'Woodenhead' was an old family favorite teaching the youth of society the lesson that 'though life hands you lemons, lemonade can still be had' even for a gin-soaked skid-row bum like Gilletto. The Mason put aside his crystal and observed the play of shadows upon the wall cast there by the perambulations of his fellow masons who through this process had created an energy vortex that through the law of attraction brought in sympathetic information from the aether to discover the next child star of Satanic Hollywood. Mr. Cahn suddenly stopped, knowing that the mason had discovered his newest star and cast off his black robe revealing a pasty-hued skin and almond-shaped eyes with black pupils and a shock of receding black hair over a hook nose so characteristic of his people. 'I presume you have selected,' he addressed the coachman now turning towards the latter the other masons themselves casting aside their robes and flowing out of the rooms towards the place of their next ritual activity to prepare the atmosphere and arrange the ceremonial implements – to which the addressed replied in the affirmative and added 'the perfect Woodenhead'. Stromboli cast a bundle of garments towards Woodenhead, the mannequin Abba had created, and which he alternately called the former or 'Goyboy' given his characteristically hostile attitude towards all those not of his biological type. The woodenhead, who in spite of the cork in his mouth, which had grown over this plug thereby resembling a normal mouth though incapable of projecting sound, had a strange way of transmitting sound through his nostrils and rather than imparting a nasal quality to his voice gave it a more mellifluous quality. This fact disagreed with the merchant who was easily riled into a state of aggression given his biological predisposition to low impulse control and higher testosterone. The puppet, Goyboy, began to speak and was immediately put to silence by the crack of a backhand across his face from Stromboli who told him to don the apparel as the buyer was soon to come and to take him away from the cabin which was the merchant's. A knock at the door of the cabin alerted the merchant to the mason's presence followed a predetermined series of knocks with varying degrees of force transmitting a correspondent tone. Stromboli flung open the door and the mason entered with a supercilious sneer on his face, striding into the room and casting a glance about for the marionette. 'You needn't inform me of your designs merchant,' the mason said, 'I have seen the puppet in a vision through my palate and now have come to claim him as my own'. 'But surely you will pay a reasonable price as always', inquired the merchant with a slight demand to his tone attempting already in his implicit negotiations to up the ante for this magical item. 'No more!' shouted the mason, 'I tire of this dirty shopkeeper's game of barter!' and with that he projected a lightning bolt from his hand a concentration and discharge of his bio-energy at the merchant who flew into paroxysms of spasmodic violence as if being ripped asunder, fat belly bouncing and jiggling as the electrical voltage fried his flesh, a high-pitched scream broke from his lips and he fell to the ground continuing to shake as his vital energies ebbed away from his lifeless corpse. An acrid smoke wafted from his cadaver with whatever soul he had retained from his vampiric rituals of

imbibing the life force from others. The mason had lit upon the wooden boy who was now a fleshly living-dead structure animate and yet inanimate possessed of a vitality latent and potential only yet able to appear as the reality and in a perfect form for his future role as a Hollywood star. The mason stared into the unblinking and apparently emotionless gaze of Goyboy, who the mason called simply 'puppet' and fell into a trance under the magnetic influence of the mason's will. The mason then threw him over his shoulder and into the darkened limousine which was driven by himself as even his initiates could not be trusted with such a lucrative task as they may attempt to abduct Puppet for themselves for ransom money. The limousine ride for Puppet – for this is the only name he has yet been identified as by his new master – was a smooth one without any event other than his cognition of the difference between his previous short life inside of the farmhouse of Abba and in the cabin of Stromboli as well as the brief glance of the countryside town as he was hurled into the back of the limousine by the mason, whose name he knew not but was impressed by his violent energy that seemed to radiate from his body and generate a chaotic sensation. Those brief experiences enabled Puppet to develop his latent faculty of reason and to thereby grow, to understand the power differential which expressed itself through the form of the mason, the merchant, and Abba whose name he was unacquainted with but who had given him life. The mason was powerful indeed far more so than the merchant but not much more than the haggard mage who had brought him life. Though what life it was he failed to understand as he still knew himself not being only an undeveloped being. The skyline of the City of Angels, 'Hollywood', arose over the hills and Puppet became further aware of the contrast of his environment, between little and big, sophisticated complexity and rude simplicity both yet elegant in their nature yet representing great contrasts to one another. The limousine suddenly squealed to a stop outside of a palatial suite belonging to Mr. Cahn, the mason's partner in the 'picture business' as he was fond of calling it and had been speaking via a communication system in his limousine during the course of their journey. The mason spoke into space: 'I have arrived with the puppet Mr. Cahn; send out an escort to prepare the puppet'. Shortly thereafter Puppet observed a coterie of Negroes dressed in butler uniforms walking briskly towards the limousine. They carried leg irons and handcuffs which after open their opening of the door they affixed to the half-marionette half-boy's wrists and ankles affixing another chain to both of these which was several feet in length. This larger chain with a handle attached the mason grabbed and motioned to the Negroes to step aside which they smartly did. 'Mr. Cahn the puppet has been shackled you may meet us in the foyer'. The large plush Persian rug greeted them as the finely molded door was opened by one of the Negroes who rushed ahead with amazing speed to cater to the mason's rapid gait. Mr. Cahn descended his brass-banistered staircase across the Persian rug which molded itself to the mahogany stairs spiraling upwards towards a vaulted ceiling. The film producer was at first taken aback by Puppet never having seen such a strangely artificial yet natural creature, even his golem he had created were mere clay and iron relative to the seamless purity of Puppet. These golem he had used in many of his power moves against competitors who had found themselves in the bottom of the ocean or tumbling from his brass balcony overlooking his swimming pool, leaden weights attached to their limbs. 'He'll be good for the part', Cahn stated flatly. 'Take him into the lower levels and keep him on ice'. Straight away the two Negroes took the chain the mason had dropped upon the ground and they pulled Puppet down the spiraling staircase into the stone dungeon Cahn had designed to serve as a holding pen for those of his associates who refused to comply with his often one-sided contractual terms which favoured them but no one else. Puppet heard the wailing of cries emanating from the cells which paralleled the stone passageway lit by sputtering candles set in iron embrasures. The iron bars of one

cell were being beaten on with a tin cup by one of the prisoners who cried out ‘I want out! Cahn! Give me Cahn!’ before the Negro escorting Puppet took a stun gun out of his waistcoat and discharged it into the face of the prisoner who fell to the floor trembling and weeping. The few other prisoners some of them with ill-kept beards and hollow, sunken cheeks and eyes, returned to the inner recesses of the stone cell cowering from the burly butlers who cast no glances to either right or left suddenly stopping abruptly before a vacant cell at the end of the hall. Into this they brought Puppet shackling his chain apparatus to an iron ring in the corner of the cell with a heavy padlock with many tumblers and wards. The Negroes returned by the way they came and Puppet was left in isolation just as he had been in the sack of the merchant. He appreciated the silence as it opened up a path into a heightened state of awareness and contemplation. He entered into a meditative state watching the flickering shadows from his prison bars on the floor. Suddenly he heard a noise but it was not a noise transmitted through any vibrations within his environment but rather a noise from another dimension that was only audible to himself. ‘Kristos – that is who you are’ it stated and was for some time silent. The puppet communicated through his nasal apparatus in response: ‘Who are you?’ The answer: ‘Kristos’ I am inside of you and this is who you are. Once you were a boy...or rather I was a boy – once I was a god – and am still a god. I am both boy and god and I am you. You are the nexus of both mortal and immortal, you have your feet in both worlds, material and immaterial. Your destiny,’ the spirit - for it must have been a spirit if it were not visible Puppet reasoned – ‘Is to become who you are. But find you must understand yourself and to do so you must understand others. I will counsel you from now on to serve as your conscience, your genius who influences your actions. I will not interfere with your development through verbal advisements but I will be a voiceless guide who steers you towards godhood. Some day you will be a Real Live Boy.’ Puppet – who we will now simply refer to as Kristos, for that was who he was – sat in contemplative silence for some time before understanding his plight and that such conditions as he had seen in the dungeon he had been imprisoned in were terrible indeed and that the pain of those trapped within had been long suffering. He felt their pain sympathetically though understanding that though different he was yet similar to them in having the faculties of affection, being susceptible to the like sensation and pursuing and forbearing from the like paths of good and evil. Such men as Mr. Cahn and the mason not to mention the merchant and Abba also appeared different in that they did not have that, were unaffected by the pain others suffered and were in fact the agent of its infliction further emphasizing their lack of all moral scruples. Though unable to articulate his thoughts Kristos nevertheless understood these matters with his heightened intuition and recognized them as species wholly alien to himself, a threat and danger to his life and that of others such as the young boy he had in part been and the prisoner who had been ruthlessly electrocuted by the Negro’s stun gun. In the case of the latter he noticed no sign of emotion or regard for the prisoner as he had been shocked to the point of incapacitation and extreme pain. He felt the necessity compelled by an ever sharpening faculty of reason to judge that Negroes were of this nature – incapable of feeling and remorse, a cruel and barbarous group of animal-like creatures who willingly subordinated themselves to a greater and more violent power such as in the person of the mason and Mr. Cahn. Interrupting these reflections of Kristos came again the Negroes who were placing more Persian rugs along the stone floor and spraying perfume around preparing the way for Mr. Cahn and the mason. The duo’s footsteps approached while the Negroes stood at attention along the side of the other cell. The pair presented themselves in front of Kristos’ cell which was opened by one of the burly Negroes. Mr. Cahn and the Mason stepped into the cell carrying a doctor’s bag and a video camera which was manned by the mason. Mr. Cahn uttered ‘lights’ – at which

point a recessed light near the ceiling of Kristos' cell was illumined; 'camera' – the mason turned the camcorder's light so that it shone green signifying it was on – and 'action!' Two Negroes entered the cell and brought a table in also another chain which was affixed to a ring in the ceiling and which could be used to pull Kristos once attached to his chain apparatus which would strain his muscles and ligaments. His harness was rigged up to the chain which was then grasped by the white-gloved hands of the mason who then yanked a fearsome wrench on the chain and extended Kristos so that his legs were extended to the point of dislocation. he screamed an unintelligible cry of arcane words: 'ge-bo-ra-la-ka- ma' and writhed against the chain. The mason relaxed his grip on the chain taken by surprise at the utterance of the puppet who until that time had not spoken. Mr. Cahn was the more sober of the two and wrenched from his bag a sacrifice knife long and pointed and full of holes from which to let the blood of his charge. He jabbed at Kristos who had once more been pulled taut by the mason which puncture emitted a spurt of blood. Again Kristos writhed 'ge-bo- ra-la-ka-ma' as the inner spirit within him raged against the violation of the sanctity of his flesh vehicle which grew more ruddy and sinewy as Kristos writhed against the chain. 'Hold him!' screamed Mr. Cahn as the mason struggled to maintain his hold motioning with his head for the Negroes to grab a hold of the remaining length and to lend their strength to his – however the rock into which the iron ring had been embedded began to crumble around the pressure being exerted by Kristos as he continued to writhe with outrage over the prick while Mr. Cahn stood by like a cornered rat seeking to dart in and finish the job thereby defeating his own plans for making the puppet into a Hollywood star and thereby deriving profit for himself and his partner. 'Ge-bo-ra-la-ka-ma!' shrieked the puppet whose real name was Kristos. Soon a discharge of electricity emanated from his body and encapsulated his jailors and their serfs causing them to shake with uncontrollable frenzy as it entered into them. Soon they lay dead and the chains that had bound Kristos were broken, himself freed of their limitation. He walked from the cell not forgetting the jailor's keys for he desired to free the prisoners from their cells as he had freed himself from his. Two of the cells were still occupied but the third contained only the decomposing body of an unknown who had apparently disagreed to acquiesce to Mr. Cahn's contractual terms. One of the two he had freed ran up the staircase with a shriek bespeaking his lack of sanity and was not seen by Kristos again. The remaining prisoner greeted Kristos with a cordiality that seemed out of place in the dungeon environs. 'Thank you, good sir, for freeing me from this wretched abode. I am Mr. Roncesvale and I was a Hollywood producer but only of the variety that has now grown rare, a moral one.' With this he took Kristos' hand in his shaking it and said: 'you are a strange creature whoever you may be, pray tell me your name.' 'Kristos', the puppet said. Truly you must be endowed with some miraculous power Kristos for you have dispatched in one blow the foremost producer of moral depravity and his affiliate in one blow and with minimal loss to yourself.' So saying he gestured towards the mark where Mr. Cahn had pierced him in the side with his sacrifice knife. Observing this gesture of Mr. Roncesvale Kristos noticed the wound beginning to close and the blood to dry up. 'How did you do that?' Kristos asked to which his acquaintance responded: 'It was you who did it when you recognized that I was your friend. Your occult anatomy healed you internally and 'as within so within' we say'. '-We? Who are we?' asked Kristos. 'We spiritually enlightened. We know when we are with friends and enemies and who is which.' The two made their way at the recommendation of Mr. Roncesvale away from the dungeon and upstairs to the now vacant palatial suite of the deceased Hollywood producer Mr. Cahn. 'Yet I think,' Mr. Roncesvale stated, 'that you have unfinished business – is that not so?' Kristos was slow to respond but stated he had had a father once, one who was the height of evil and who lived near a small town amidst



peasants on a farm outside of its borders. He stated it was so very far away, whither he knew not but that he must pay for the sins of his father as this sire was carrying out evil deeds that must be rectified though it cost him his own life. Mr. Roncesvale pondered a moment but then as if with a dawning realization: ‘Your father, he was a magician, a sorcerer is that not so?’ Kristos affirmed the fact. ‘Yes he must be Abba! - The sorcerer who usurped my kingdom who has now enslaved my noble peasants under the lash of his dark minions who he has imported into my poor kingdom. It appears as if our paths are star-crossed and we share a common destiny. I had been forced to become a Hollywood producer in hopes of amassing enough public approval to rally an army against his treachery but Mr. Cahn stood in my way – until you came to liberate me. Now we must liberate my– no our – kingdom for I will if you consent, grant you lands in the kingdom should our victory prevail. Kristos agreed to participate in the venture acknowledging the truth of Mr. Roncesvale’s words that their paths were mutually shared and that Abba must be vanquished else he may seek to develop an empire of most horrible tyranny. Mr. Roncesvale and Kristos sped into the valley of Hollywood from the palatial suite of the deceased Mr. Cahn which continued to burn along the horizon through their having set fire to it to wipe away all traces of their presence especially that of Mr. Roncesvale who had been forced at gunpoint by Mr. Cahn and his Negro minions to sign a declaration of guilt that he had been the mastermind of Mr. Cahn’s takeover of Hollywood studios through mafia-style tactics and that Mr. Roncesvale had kidnapped the niece of Mr. Cahn with the threat of execution if the latter had gone to the police for a confession or to inform on his alleged captor. This declaration was hidden somewhere on the premises and its whereabouts were known to a few of Mr. Cahn’s affiliates who if anything happened to Mr. Cahn or if he were disobeyed by Mr. Roncesvale would make public the declaration thereby absolving Mr. Cahn of any liability for his takeover bids and high pressure tactics. In committing arson to the suite he effectively wiped away any potential trail leading to his arrest and the liquidation of his assets which would be forfeited to the state. Now he was at liberty to sell off his studios to obtain the necessary military hardware to combat Abba his usurper and thereby to reclaim his throne. Kristos was to have personal vengeance against Abbas as the latter had destroyed the lives of others as a means of making him come to life and this not out of altruistic regard for Kristos as a surrogate child but rather out of crude material gain through creating an effectual slave to be sold to the highest bidder. This alone would have been the gravest immorality had it not been compounded by the use of the proceeds being allocated towards the funding of a mercenary terrorist army whose sole purpose was the wresting of Mr. Roncesvale’s kingdom – which was incidentally called ‘Paradis’– so that Abba could become supreme tyrant and dictator of ‘Paradis’ conferring upon it the name ‘infernal’ which he had subsequent upon the usurpation of Mr. Roncesvale who had hardly escaped with his skin transformed it into a technological monstrosity which put the peasants into bondage through tax slavery and tithing to the universal church which he erected around himself, a cadre of priests who immersed themselves in the blackest arts using the peasantry as guinea pigs routinely sacrificing them in open rituals in the public square to demons invoked and propitiated through Abba’s blood sacrifice. The peasant’s once free life was reduced to abject serfdom each day but one of the week, each being a day of incessant drudgery throughout the daylight hours and into the night so that the sum total of a peasant’s lived experience consisted simply of physical drudgery allotted only enough nutriment to sustain the endless cycle until exhausted they were to be led to execution on trumped up charges as a heretic who had violated the sanctity of the demons which perpetually encircled the towers of Abba’s keep, spires of blackest iron projecting towards the darkling sky.

The duo found ample buyers for the Hollywood studios which they sold exclusively to ethical buyers who would produce only elevating and morally uplifting content so that the scales on the eyes of the at-present blind populace would fall away and the beacon of truth would shine upon them. Having gathered enough proceeds from the sale they set about enticing willing followers to participate in the coming war with Abba the sorcerer. This done they wound their way as a caravan to the outskirts of Paradis armed with munitions and firearms for the peasants. John Strong, a local stuntman from 'Universe Studios' which had been named by Mr. Cahn evincing his aspirations to supremacy which had fortunately been defeated by Kristos, was an expert in munitions and improvised explosive devices and would serve a valuable role in the coming conflict. It was he who volunteered to free the peasants using his skills of physical prowess and to sever the cable that was projecting electromagnetic fields from towers strewn around Paradis which had the effect of placing the populace under mind control through alteration of brain wave activity that could be modified by these devices to create sensations of fear, panic, anxiety, depression, hopelessness, etc. thereby creating a false association between the mood state of the victim and whatever sensory appearance (visual, auditory, etc.) could be paired with this state rendering the mind control subject to deviant from their healthier instincts and go against their innate tendencies and instincts in their behavior, rendering them subordinate to the whims and caprice of authority. John Strong knew that the cable was heavily guarded by the beast-men Abba had brought into Paradis and that heavy armaments were necessary to dispatch their number. He selected two Heckler and Koch MP-5's and extra capacity magazines as well as a chest rig with grenades. He donned a black wetsuit and ran off in the direction of the cable. Once out the peasants would be aware of their surroundings enough to be reachable to the return of their king and welcome his second coming. Abba though usually clairvoyant lay dormant in his tower by the looks of it as far as Kristos, who had heightened sensibility, could perceive through his inner sight. Now was thus the time to move on Paradis. The beast guards were armed with Kalashnikov AK-47's using ancient combloc ammo which wound around their chest and was fed into the gun. John Strong back-flipped over the gate, which was not so high as to prevent this manoeuvre. He landed behind the lethargic guard who was staring into an electronic entertainment device observing the latest sporting event. Suddenly his head snapped right and he gazed away from the device all happening too rapidly to elicit a surprised reaction as John Strong broke his neck. Strong moved with catlike agility along the tops of the myriad guardhouses scattered in a perimeter around the central tower and its power cable which ran underground to a hydro- electric dam buried deep under the former Paradis, now 'Infernal' the place surrounding villages spoke of in hushed whispers as 'The Accursed Land' and trembled over what seemed to be their inevitable fate that of crushing servitude and the expropriation of all their earthly goods to be sold at auction to Abba's co- conspirators black magician mages who hid behind the hidden hand of earthly political machinations driven by some dark force that goaded them on towards a project of unending chaos. Strong was wearing a tinfoil hat under his wetsuit which buffered the electromagnetic fields which may have thwarted him from his task through inculcating in his mind different thoughts and emotions which, in such close proximity to the tower may have driven him mad. The guards who patrolled widdershins around the tower wore specialized helmets that transmitted into their brain certain voltage of electricity which kept them in a state of hyper-alertness. In spite of this Strong remained as yet unseen. Nearby the central tower he espied a toolshed which may contain what he needed, means of severing or at least destroying the cable through it was encased in a specialized material, an alloy of super hard metal and ceramic which could

apparently withstand most coarse implements. Investigating the toolshed which was locked only with an easily pickable pin and tumbler combination lock that he used his lock picks and specially honed skills to enter. He observed mainly garden tools and bags of cement along with smaller bits and pieces of electrical wire and various electronics arranged in trays along the bench which bordered the shed's interior. Just as he was scouring the shed for suitable materials a Negro guard entered with a yawn. John quickly hid himself behind the door and blended seamlessly into the darker interior in his wetsuit. The Negro uncorked a bottle and fell to, leering with greed as he quaffed the liquor which gave off a pungent and malodorous scent reminiscent of rotten fruit and chemicals. Strong acted quickly and impaled the Negro in the back of the neck while the latter, still oblivious to his fate though now dying continued to make the motions of drinking while he wiped at what his dimming consciousness understood to be liquor dripping from his mouth but which was actually the vital liquor of most sanguinary quality. Strong lowered the brute to the floor and took up the laser pistol which was affixed to the brute's belt. He knew this would be adequate to penetrate the concrete encasement and sever the cable that kept the populous under mind control. he decided a distraction was needed and, gathering the bottle of liquor as well as some fertilizer and electronics quickly assembled an explosive device that would detonate in the shed once he had repositioned himself atop the roof overlooking the main cable housing. His radio-controlled detonator was as small as a TV remote and was slipped into his pocket. He quickly exited the shed and ascended the roof springing off adroitly onto other roofs leapfrogging back towards his destination. He flipped the activation switch which exploded the shed causing all the guards to go rushing in the direction of the explosion. He extracted his laser pistol and blasted three quick blasts on high power in rapid succession which demolished the housing and concealed cable beneath. Testing the results he removed his tinfoil hat and detected no signs of artificial interference with his ordinary mentation. Mission accomplished. He radioed to Mr. Roncesvale and Kristos to move in with the armaments as he hurled primed grenades in a 360 degree radius to exacerbate the chaos and distraction thereby drawing the guards away from their posts towards the source of the noise and enabling the duo with their assistants and weapons cache to go to their wet work on the beast guards. The sounds of laser pistols rattled and echoed through the night as searchlights danced wildly around seeking purchase. Cries rang out and occasional laser blasts were heard. Kristos had decided that a meeting with Abba was necessary and that he alone could take down his nemesis who was also his father. He wound his way up the craggy pass which diverged from the entrance delegating the task of the peasant rebellion's leadership to its rightful hero Mr. Roncesvale and girded himself for battle with the enemy who had been the sole cause of the harm which had befallen both himself and the denizens of Paradis. He vowed he would avenge the wrongs which his father had imposed upon the populace through Abba's destruction – it was the only way to kill a kingdom – to kill a king especially one as malevolent as Abba whose accumulation of evil lore manifested itself outwardly in the tyranny he oversaw in his dark tower and the empire he sought to create for the overlordship of the world. Winding his way up he was beset by many pitfalls and a circling horde of vulture-like creatures with hooked bills and wild bloodshot eyes which constantly darted at him as he neared the summit but which were beaten off through his surrounding himself with a protective aura that allowed no evil to enter within it. As he neared the summit however this translucent orb began to wane in its strength as the power of Abba's malevolence increased in proximity to his tower. He approached the gates and was set upon by two burly beast guards who brandished metal beams with hooks protruding from their ends, their faces dark as pitch revealing a grimace of yellow fangs. They circled and intermittently swept their hooked beams with great rapidity which Kristos darted away from.

One of the pair had his hook embed itself in a rock it was swung with such intensity and, attempting to extricate it from the fissured crevice it had snagged on was not quick enough to pull out his black dagger from its hauberk before Kristos sent a ball of electrical energy from out of his hand at the creature who immediately vibrated with the intensity of the voltage as acid wisps of smoke wafted from its scorched flesh. The remainder had his black metal dagger out and dove for Kristos even as another ball of electrical lightning met its heavy body and discharged itself over its course causing a writhing paroxysm of muscular tremor with the same smoke emitting from its reeking flesh. Kristos ran for the gate as the portcullis fell to bar his entry but managed to dash beneath its knife-like ends which embedded themselves in grooves with a crash. He had gained entry into the tower of Abba and now had only to find the mage before he achieved the victory over Mr. Roncesvale and the peasantry. Climbing yet further into the recesses of the tower Kristos ascended a spiralling staircase leading into the interior of the castle where his heightened intuition detected the malevolent dark energies of the sorcerer whose power had seemed to increase relative to what Kristos recalled from his last meeting when his dawning consciousness was still in its infancy. Turning a corner he stopped dead before a heavy door of black metal and knew Abba must be behind. Surprisingly it was open and he could see through the crack upon peeping behind the door. He witnessed Abba perambulating around a pentagram with those same candles of human fat as when Kristos in his dawning consciousness was brought into creation by his progenitor. Now this same was again invoking some dark entity as he stopped facing a large window cut into the tower and cried: 'Mal-kal-zebo-nama!' which he repeated with increasing volubility seven times, his hands and arms raised making a 'V' shape with feet together toes pointed outwards. 'I call upon thee oh Nama, spirit of ancient chaos, to enter into the pentagram – enter in so that I may grow mighty with power! I offer to thee O' Nama, this young child!' So saying he brought out from behind a metal chair a bruised and battered youth who was riddled with wounds over his body, his face pale and ghostly and only able to stand it seemed to Kristos through being under the magnetic influence of Abba. 'Oh Nama, chaos of ancient days, I beseech thee – harken unto me Abba of the steppes now mighty ruler of Paradis – enter into the pentagram that I may obtain great power!' So saying he flung the child, who was chained by his ankle to an iron ring in the floor, into the midst of the pentagram who then crumpled lifelessly upon the stones as Abba had apparently removed his magnetic influence which was holding the abused and mutilated child erect. Abba rushed to the pentagram as a dark force manifested itself over the child which though seemingly impossible grew more ashen and its bloody wounds ceased to show a rubicund nature as the dark being imbibed its vital elixir. Abba positioned himself over the child and extracted his sacrifice knife, that same which he had used to murder the boy whose spirit had become part of Kristos and whose other spirit, purified of vampiric evil, was the demon that Abba had first invoked to create from a marionette a Real Live Boy who was Kristos. Just as Abba was finishing his cadence of 'Nama, Ka-ta-zebo-ra-ta-nama' in monotone, Kristos jumped into the room from behind the door, recalling that his own earlier fate had occurred in just such circumstances and that he must save this boy to save himself. He concentrated and hurled a ball of electric lightning at Abba who immediately went into spasms of uncontrollable strain still holding his sacrifice aloft. The dark shape that was Nama ceased its waiting to partake of the boy's vital elixir to an even greater extent and turned against Abba whose sizzling flesh and ululating scream was exacerbated through Nama entering into him and absorbing his soul from within. Transfixed Abba stared through dead eyes as Nama vampirized his life force. 'Nnnnooo!' he cried in anguished helplessness and he saw his life ebbing before his gaze. He stared as Kristos entered the room yet further and traced a chalk mark closing the pentagram. The

demon Nama raged inside the pentagram while Abba lifeless fell to the ground with the now dead boy who was too late to be saved. The trio exploded or rather imploded it seemed leaving nothing but a smudge mark. Just then Mr. Roncesvale and John Strong entered at the head of a group of peasants singing a victory song to the march of a side drum. They opened wide the door and stared at Kristos as he turned to meet their gaze: 'We have attained eternity,' he said, 'good will always prevail over evil and the path of destiny tread by evil is that of extinction.'

# LIFE STORY OF A HETEROSEXUAL WHITE MALE

PAY FOR YOUR SINS!



SLAVER  
COLONIZER  
IMPERIALIST  
SEXIST  
RACIST  
FASCIST  
NEO-NAZI  
HATER

WHITE DEVIL



## **Life Story of a Modern White Human Male**

I was born in a major multi-ethnic city – that is assuming my biological mother did not abort me through contraceptive medication or through going to a Jewish abortion clinic and having one of their non-white workers or themselves use metal instruments to mutilate my developing body. Should I carry past this point I would be born of a mother who may have had relationships with non-whites in which case I would be contaminated with their genes which have been intermingled with her own even if condoms were used as they are microscopically porous and allow semen to filter through into the woman thereby contaminating her with the DNA of non-whites which inevitably passes on to the offspring. If I should be lucky enough to avoid this fate I would probably be subject to genetic damage through the alcohol my mother drank. Upon conception I would be yanked out of her womb with metal forceps by a non-white midwife or a Jewish or non-white doctor who would with their knowledge of anatomy, deliberately maim or mangle me through alteration of the spine thereby crippling me for life. I would be lucky to avoid this fate and would be pulled out through metal forceps which would horribly traumatize me. Of course I should also mention that the ultrasounds and radiation I was subjected to would cause mutations in my DNA and would probably induce extreme trauma as well. Upon being taken out of my mother's womb I would be taken by the Jewish doctor and have my foreskin cut off thereby adding to the trauma of my short worldly experience. The Jewish doctor would then suck the foreskin vampirizing my blood according to his Talmudic religion. He would send the foreskins from myself and other newborns to meat-rendering plants which would mix the meat from animals with them to curse the non-Jews by forcing cannibalism upon them. I would be given vaccines filled with mercury and formaldehyde as well as various other heavy metals, dead fetal tissue and adjuvants. These would cause my brain damage and possible sterility or reduced fertility as well as organ damage which would reduce my chances to thrive in this world. Upon being taken out of the hospital I would be subject to the quarrelling of my parents who depending on their socio-economic class would devote their lives to selfish and egotistical pursuits with my father roaming around with his drinking buddies and crashing into our home be it apartment or McMansion disturbing my ability to sleep and creating an atmosphere of tension and strife while my mother would be too interested in creating petty problems to entertain herself out of a desire to look upon herself as a courageous feminist controlling the life of a man. I would be neglected and have to live in a state of sympathetic nervous system dominance, a fight or flight state which would burn out my adrenal glands and deprive me of sleep. My mother would probably be too concerned about her breasts sagging if I should breastfeed so she would put me on a soy-based formula which would deprive me of the needed growth factors and nutrients to form a healthy skeleton and brain. I would thus be underdeveloped and have less opportunity to thrive in life as my body would be deformed to a greater extent than otherwise; the facial bones would not grow as wide as they would under normal conditions and I would thus be less attractive to the opposite sex, thereby diminishing my opportunities to spread my genes and have a family of my own. Upon my debut in society my mother who is a modern woman, a careerist and feminist, would leave me in the nursery – or 'daycare' center as it is called to be raised by state-financed caregivers who are of a racially foreign stock and who have a hostility to me because I am white or at least visibly so (if my mother had had relationships with non-whites prior to my conception). The other children with whom I have to get along are also predominantly racially foreign and have the same hostility.

They bully me and abuse me and are egged on by the non-white girls who have been instructed by their propagandists to hate white boys and to censor and harass them as a socially obligatory behaviour and to get a sense of power over me. I suffer through this treatment during the weekdays and it is cold comfort when my father picks me up from the daycare center as my callous mother is too busy working in her career to care for me as she wishes to accrue to herself a sense of importance in the eyes of her fellow career women. I am subjected to electromagnetic fields being transmitted by the cell towers and smart meters in the center and from my home which causes cellular excitotoxicity and maintains a sympathetic nervous system dominance which causes hyper-anxiety, adrenal fatigue, and insomnia. I am fed a diet of genetically modified foods which incubate cancers in my body and modify my DNA as well as having to drink chlorinated water which contains the chemical chlorine used as a warfare agent in gaseous form. I go to attend the school where again a multi-racial nightmare confronts me with many black, Arab, and hybrid students subjecting me to abuse and bullying me at every turn. My feminist and Jewish teachers are forever punishing me for defending myself against these non-whites who have only been in my country for a most of a couple generations but typically only having been born here of parents who have not been in the country my ancestors created for more than a decade. These so-called teachers or brain polluters have never taken my side and insist on imposing their sanctions against me in defense of my own existence. My career as a student continues on with a repetition of the same activity continuing through the grades. I am being passed through their system without any meaningful education, merely being propagandized with Marxist indoctrination, what has been called 'liberal democracy' or 'socialism', secular humanism', etc. The children from the more affluent classes in my school have all of the opportunities and are stream-lined towards becoming future controllers of society where I am left behind, relegated to a lower order of society because the social engineers judged me unfit as I am not an arrogant or extrovertive person from an affluent class as they are and given that I am a white male they look upon me as an enemy, as the modern day Satan in relation to themselves as the priestly caste of those who matter, the Jewish elite and their white liberal race-traitors and non-white replacements. The privileged students in my school are progressing towards their destination as a financial and social success where I am demoralized and have low self-esteem. They are going out to parties and having relationships with the opposite sex but I am left alone having no one to associate with as I am an introvertive person and not an arrogant extrovert like them. This hobbles my development and this combined with a feminist mother who controls every facet of my life creating a dependency in me upon her as well as a lack of self-esteem which inhibits my ability to be a functional member of society, a society relative to which I am an alien, an outsider having no place. The attractions of the youth of society disgust me: alcohol, loud music, and drug culture. They have a vile and cruel personality always vilifying those who are not of their socioeconomic class and who they look upon as beneath themselves. I managed to graduate high school and had sufficiently high marks given that I withdrew from society throughout my academic career having no recourse but to study and to learn on my own and seek to improve myself not out of spite of other's judgments but though an inner drive to achieve, to make myself a better person not knowing just what that would be but nevertheless understanding that I was an imperative. I managed to obtain student loans though as a white male, non-whites and women are given preference over me for student loans. I do well in the school system taking a liberal arts program. Unfortunately all of my personal study outside of the school curriculum mainly of old books prior to WWII does not correspond with the contemporary ideology or accepted mores of society and this leads me to research into the facts of history further. I come to the realization that society, as it is, is a far cry



from that of the past and come to venerate. The culture which pre-existed in the 60s was an infinitely superior one. I stumble upon more books that make reference to Jews and their influence. From there I become aware of their evil throughout history and how to physically identify them. I then look over the course of my life and realize that these claims made in the books are true and that the Jews are attempting to genocide the white race through psychic castration of the white males whose duty and innate drive has always been as a defender and protector of society. That their plan is clearly to destroy the society which whites created through non-white immigration and feminism, to weaken society and thereby enable a takeover by their Chinese and Russian troops which they have controlled since the Bolshevik revolution in Russia and the Boxer rebellion in China under Lenin and Mao respectively. I continue supplementing my education with a more important education – that of racial awareness and the history of the world as faithfully represented in those old books lying in musty corners of university libraries as well as in electronic form on the internet printing them off and compiling my own library. Though I have had difficulty in the school system because of racial bias against me from non-whites and Jews as well as sexual bias against me by feminists, from the professors, that is who deliberately grade me poorly so that they can get a twisted sense of vengeance against heterosexual white males who they blame for whatever troubles or problems they perceive in the world or their own personal lives; in spite of their tyranny I manage to graduate through supplementing my course curriculum with less politically charged courses which I take through distance education where I don't have to see a biased professor face to face who seeks to harass me for being a white male who is not a complete degenerate, a homosexual, or race mixer. I eventually graduate having made no friends in the school system as I was in high school, not an extroverted person who desired to hang around in a bar in the middle of the night drinking alcohol and listening to loud music. I am no longer receiving student loans but prior to graduation had managed to obtain work in a security firm so that I could avoid being subjected to unpleasant working conditions knowing that I have minimal prospects for obtaining employment given the racial bias in hiring policies in all corporations and public sector positions where the only white males who are hired are homosexuals or the remnant of the well-connected upper crust. Anticipating these inevitabilities I seek employment in capacities that seem at least somewhat appealing such as trades of various sorts. However given that my student loans are cut off and it is impossible to obtain more and that my occupation doesn't enable me to save any money as it is too low-paying; hardly enough to pay the bills I desperately seek out alternatives – perhaps a relation in the country can enable me to live off their property and work on a nearby farm or labour site so that I may survive. However there are no such options as, given I was raised apart from society and had built no connections or marketable skills I have no such options. I see other white males my age – in their early 20s – having recently graduated from the Marxist indoctrination centers they call schools involving themselves in all manner of degenerate practices from race-mixing to drug and alcohol use. I myself having no interest in the vulgarity of society dissociate myself and live in my own segregated world apart from the degeneracy of society that surrounds my tiny apartment. Further research on the internet and through books that I had managed to save up enough money to purchase convinced me that given the tyranny of the Judeo-Masonic control system there is only one path that lies before me and that is through white nationalist activism and through this either victory or Valhalla. One way or the other my destiny however tenebrous, lies before me presenting me with the few options that I can avail myself of.

I live in a minimalistic lifestyle paying only for food and shelter not even having enough money for a gym pass as I am attempting to stockpile food and obtain a firearms license, guns, ammunition, and other survival supplies before society through the outsourcing of jobs and increased mass non-white immigration destroys society from within and enables the imposition of a police state and the further strengthening of a totalitarian regime – unless of course well- positioned white nationalists use that as an opportunity to create domestic terrorism in society and have a potential military coup of the corrupt establishment flushing out the non-whites who would have to be sent outside of the borders or killed if need be for the survival of the white race within their own borders. I can only do so much with so little after all. Just the other day the Jewish landlord of the apartment building I am in gave me an eviction notice as one of the non-white tenants had complained that I ‘made them feel unsafe’ – they had probably heard me listening to a white nationalist podcast and sought vengeance against me for not willfully bowing to them and recognizing the implicit threat of the racially aware white male from whom they derive their sustenance through his work in trades and industry and who they lord it over in the offices receiving their employment through the biases of public policy conferring upon them a privileged status as an ‘untouchable victim’ who can do no wrong and will always have their side taken by any legal or other power structure which plays a role in the disenfranchisement of white males from their society. I thus have no recourse but to avail myself of government housing or homelessness that assumes of course that I will be accepted into government housing given that preference is given to non-whites and especially newly arrived immigrants who have countless children when they arrive to derive benefits from the productive white male worker. The Jewish landlord having heard rumour from their non-white tenants that I was an ‘anti- Semite’, as they fallaciously call an anti-Jew like myself, was quick to use the complaint of the non-whites as a pretext for my eviction. Luckily I managed to obtain through one of the older white employees in the government a place in government housing in the run down inner core of my town, a place which was once a thriving community of productive white citizens who had built beautiful stone buildings which are now little more than hives of degenerates from every dark corner of the third world and who have turned them into dens of iniquity, incubators of their sub-human spawn who involve themselves in gang war and rape of white women. I am now to be downgraded to a sub-human myself, a continuance of the life of deprivation and ignominy I have been forced to live since birth.

The drug den and prostitution brothel that is my new residence places me into the bowels of the beast that is J.O.G. (Jewish Occupation Government). I am literally surrounded by vice of all forms from drug deals going on inside and out, to rooms of prostitutes plying their trade to a veritable incubation centre of Negro and Arab offspring who play about around the dumpsters with pigeons and who immediately form gangs raping and killing each other and those who are the descendants of the builders of this ruined society, the whites.

The job I am in had been tolerable until I was transferred to a site where I had to work alongside a Jewish woman. She had the characteristically psychopathic personality all Jews have and eventually given her hypersensitive Jewish nature she sensed I was aware of who she was, as a Jew, and framed me on the jobsite sending emails in my name to the non-white human resources manager of the jobsite I worked on to have me fired. This enabled her to justify my firing which she, a token non-white from the Philippines, had obviously desired upon setting eyes upon me the first day I arrived on the site – her racial animus towards whites and white males specifically being palpable and manifesting itself in her constant attempts to trap me in dereliction of duty by leaving things not supposed to be in certain places

out and visiting me randomly at my duties.

Now that I am fired and have no means of sustaining myself or building a future for myself my life is more or less forfeit. I now know what I must do and that will be to commit suicide by cop through blowing up a government building and assassinating whatever Jewish and white race traitor politicians I encounter in a spree of violence which will put to rest at least a small part of Jewish tyranny.

I, out of prudence and regard for legal gun owners not wanting to enable the conspiracy to create more gun control or restriction legislation to justify the dispossession of firearms from the populace and thereby render them defenseless against the non-white hordes they are bringing in and aiming in their mosques and Chinatown enclaves. Hence I will go onto the streets and obtain illegal higher powered firearms to more effectively strike out the control system without implicating my own people. I will also eliminate all paraphernalia relating to white nationalism and in place obtain communist and Marxist paraphernalia even going so far as to tattoo the hated communist hammer and sickle on my body prior to the strike as a means of deflecting any possible attention towards the white nationalist community. I will also fill my apartment to as great an extent as my meager means allows with degenerate material to deflect attention away from me: photo-shopped images of myself with non-white males and women in orgies and as friends; BDSM gear and porn; marijuana and alcohol as well as books by Aleister Crowley and the Communist Manifesto. This should serve as a red herring to cover my tracks.

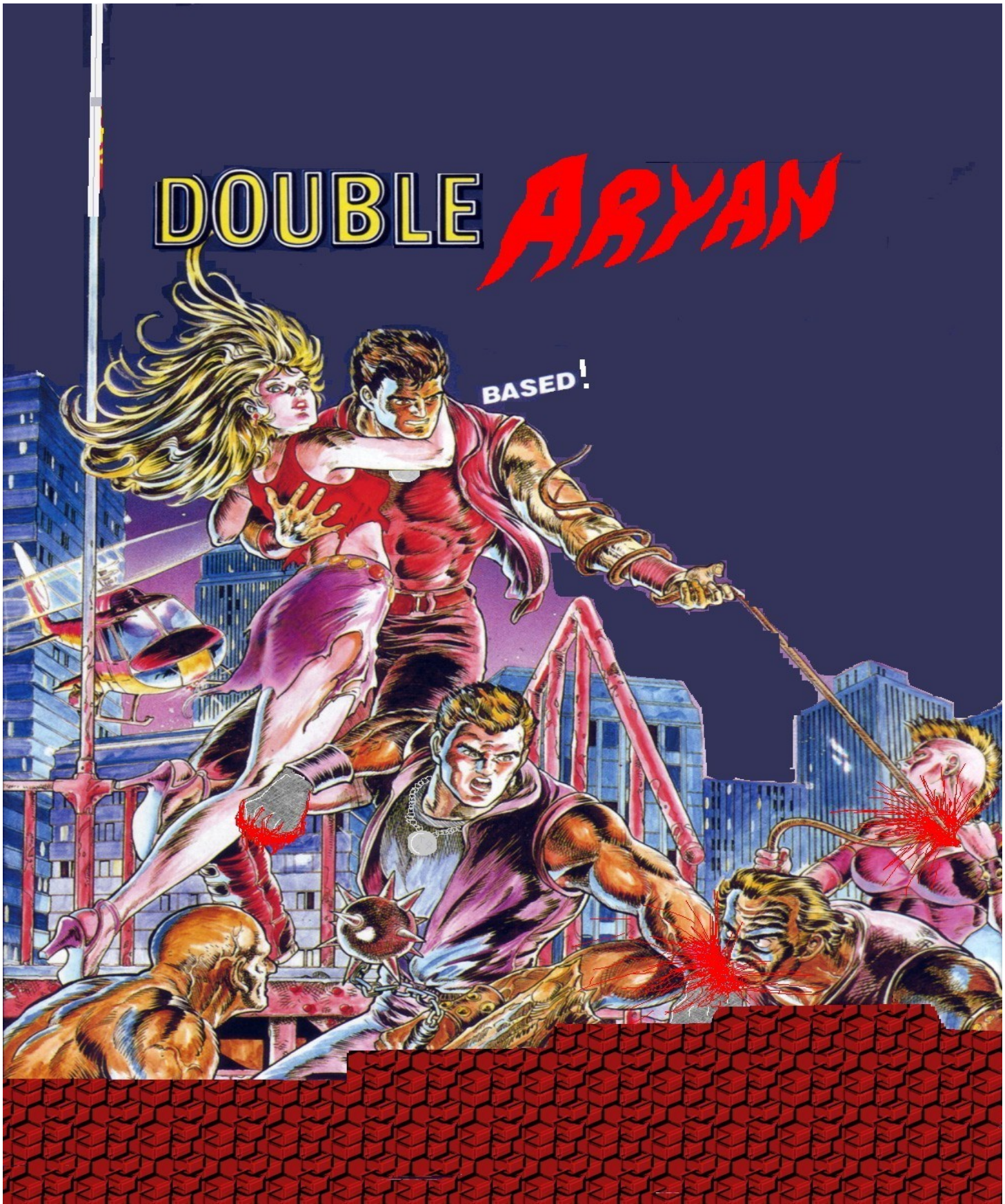
I will also obtain knives and non-descript functional clothing that will enable me to manoeuvre in my hit. Monitoring of the target site – the law courts and city hall both physically from a distance in disguise and via the internet to obtain maps of entry and exit points will also be undergone. I will download Anders Breivik's Manifesto from the net which plans out a similar strike only in much greater detail, read this blueprint of his and relate it to my particular situation. 'The Turner Diaries' and 'Hunter' novels available in audiobook format from the net will also be listened to a couple of times each with notes being made as the preparation and execution of the events spoken of therein relate to my current situation. I will foresee any contingencies occurring and attempt to avoid potential glitches in my plans which will be made plastic so as to accommodate circumstantial changes. Upon the day of the execution I will take ephedrine Hcl or caffeine to heighten awareness and motor responses in the carrying out of the hit careful to have experimented with them several weeks in advance on a trial run dress rehearsal careful to do so outside of the eyes and area of the actual target site, mentally creating the event in my mind.

I underwent my dress rehearsal today. I was getting hyper-tense and overwhelmed with a euphoric anxiety, sympathetic nervous system going into hyper-drive as when I was ripped from the womb of my mother by the metal forceps the Jewish doctor wielded. Now I am in the grip of another pair of forceps – either to end my life in a blaze of glory, whatever glory may be had from such an event or to find another path and continue to live, to use my remaining funds to leave this place and find a more peaceful environment in the country where I might finally begin a life of some degree of meaning and fulfillment – but how? I don't want to end my life as I believe I have much to give to my own kind though given their corruption I have no means to have any connections or friends of any sort. Nevertheless it is posterity I fight for – the question is whether I should live to fight another day given that I have no means at my avail to fulfill any purpose let alone surviving myself. This decision plagues me and no conclusion can be arrived at. I walk the streets into the night still in a state of

hyper-alertness that caffeine tablet not having worn off yet. I think of those images of white picket fences in the countryside where people are enabled to have freedom amongst their own white people and a decent healthy life and compare it to the nightmare of multi-racial demon-ocracy that has been imposed upon the whites in this prison society that represents itself as a joyous world of love, peace, humanity, etc. but is in reality a cover for Jewish supremacism and white genocide. Should I end my life in this belly of the beast and strike however feeble a blow I may, hopefully awakening others to the fact that the control system is not unreachable, invulnerable? But perhaps the message would be confused by the communist angle and send the wrong message? Perhaps the leftists would like this thinking that their mystical 'fascist capitalist white supremacist state' is being dismantled? Perhaps the people I am trying to reach would turn against the leftists towards a more hard right direction? Perhaps the control system would use my act as a means of increasing totalitarian measures through building up the police state? Perhaps this would be a good thing? Perhaps I should just get a bust ticket and leave the city forever to find a paradise in the country? Perhaps such a paradise exists? Perhaps it doesn't? I might be able to start a life elsewhere and live in a Norman Rockwell painting ignoring the reality around me – though I could attempt to raise awareness outside of this prison of unreachable fools. I pass out from exhaustion and dream about a dark future.

# DOUBLE ARYAN

BASED!





“Double Aryan”

Scene: Long Island, NY, Don Palumbo’s Compound

The Sicilian Don paced back and forth inside his plush office across his Persian rug as he glanced at his diamond-encrusted Rolex watch – ‘late again!’ he fumed muttering under his breath. He grasped the decanter of 50-year-old brandy and filled his crystal goblet, ham fist nearly breaking it in rage. ‘Fifteen minutes late – too late...’, setting the goblet down on his mahogany desk he opened a drawer by its brass handle and a spring-loader holster containing an odd-shaped gun sprung out. He looked up into the nervous eyes of the rat-faced man on the leather sofa who swallowed and looked with wide eyes and shrinking pupils into the granite face of the Don who bent over the desk as if rummaging for papers, the gun invisible from the point of view of the rat-faced man who took a swig of brandy from his glass, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead and greasy dago hair. “You’ve been with my organization for two years – that right Jakie?” The man stammered a reply, “Bout that Don Palumbo...” The man was too nervous and intimidated to correct the Don in addressing him by the name his mother, the Don’s cousin, called him. The Don, not expressing his emotions, took amusement in emphasizing the name by way of disparagement knowing the man detested being belittled even by the Don himself. The Don continued, “That man you recommended me to hire – what was his name?” Jakie jumped in his seat knowing that he was accountable for having the man, who was fifteen minutes late, hired and that the Don’s use of the past tense meant that the man was finished in this world. “Just give him another chance, Don Palumbo, I swear he must have some excuse – I swear on my grandmother’s grave – just, just give him another chance.” The Don appeared to ponder his words weighing them as if this decision had not already been made and could be overridden or swayed by his cowardly nephew. “Will you answer for him Jacob,” this time using his proper name. “I swear Don Palumbo, I swear!” The Don beckoned his nephew forward around the desk and Jacob stopped short seeing the glistening gun projected from the drawer only now visible. “Something wrong?” the Don queried nonchalantly. “What’re you gonna do, Don Palumbo?

You’re not gonna ice me are ya?” The Don appeared taken aback and looked with wounded reproach at his nephew. “Would I make your mother lose a son? We’re family. No, the gun is not for you – at least not to dispose of you. No you are gonna make right your mistake of hiring that good-for-nothing.” “But...you said...” Jacob stammered. “You stated you would answer for him,” the Don stated matter-of-factly. “Does the thought of blood disturb you” “We’s like brothers Don Palumbo,” Jacob whined, supplicated the Don’s pardon, “we been through thick and thin together. Could you...could you just give him another chance?” At this a knock was heard at the door, that specially decided upon between the Don and his right-hand man, Stern. The Don looked icily at the prostrate Jacob who kneeled before his Don in religious supplication but then Jacob nervously arose in embarrassment upon hearing the knocking, dabbing his brow of sweat with his

mismatched handkerchief a purple silk on olive-coloured suit. He looked towards the door. The Don buzzed Stern in who escorted an equally nervous man dressed in rakish apparel with a bright orange suit and shiny shoe buckles. Stern looked at the Don with a look of significance as if of reproach for both Jacob and the man. The door was closed and Stern remained within barring the exit of the man. Don Palumbo repeated his prior statement still yet unanswered by Jacob: "Does the thought of blood disturb you?" Jacob's knees weakened and his Adams' apple bobbed up and down, "I...I...don't know... I...can't Don Palumbo, I can't..." at which conclusion he stooped forward with head and eyes bowed before the Don not looking at his friend. The Don appeared to consider, and let his features soften. He reached out his arm and drew his nephew towards him in a gesture of reconciliation, Jacob reciprocating his apparent familial kindness. "You were always a softie Jakie!" At which pronunciation the Don wrapped both arms around his nephew and squeezed hoisting him up into the air at the Don's full height. The nephew squealed at the pressure of the Don's massive arms enwreathing him like two anacondas squeezing the life force out of him. Jacob attempted to pull away and struggle beating the Don wildly as his face empurpled, eyeballs protruding and cranial and jugular veins standing out like ropes on his beet-coloured skin usually a pale opalescent. One final gasp of panic and Jacob fell limp into the arms of the Don who dropped him to the floor like a sack of groceries. The man near the couch stared open-mouthed in horror both at the prodigious strength of the Don and in expectation of the same treatment. The Don spoke: "Jakie said he'd answer for you, you need have no fear." The man let out a ragged sigh of relief and opened his mouth to speak but was silenced by the Don's beckoning gesture. He approached to the desk from in front and the Don leaned over concealing the gun from view. He queried, "What did you find out?" The man answered stammering that he couldn't find where the girl was dropped off. That he had lost the tail and that traffic was too dense. The Don said: "Jakie answered for your lateness. I can forgive you...that." The Don extended his ring and offered it to the man to kiss. "Swear you'll do better next time." The man stammered again and stated he would. "Kiss the ring," the Don instructed. The man brought his lips to the ring and upon contact was engulfed in a wave of blue electrical fire, the ring discharging millions of volts into the man's body which was held against the ring by the Don's hand, tendrils of blue fire licking his ham fist with no visible effect or harm. the man was smoking, his body trembling uncontrollably in rictus. Suddenly the electricity stopped and the smoking body fell to the floor on the Persian rug. The Don looked upon the corpse which was curled in the fetal position and smiled a satisfied smile. His law was infallible for he served the One who ruled the world from behind the veil of appearances, and who demanded sacrifice by way of propitiation.

Scene: alleyway behind Ivan's Grocery

Sieg and Tod, two white male youths in their late teens, are practicing martial arts with a heavy- bag hanging from a fire escape. Sieg, a blonde-haired, athletic youth is doing roundhouse kicks against the bag held by the darker-haired Tod. "C'mon Sieg you can strike harder than that! Even the Coonskin gang can strike that" – mention of the Coonskins elicited a rage response from Sieg who landed a forceful kick against the heavy-bag knocking Tod sprawling into a pile of fruit crates – which broke under his 175 pounds of lean body mass. Arising to his feet Tod congratulated his brother: "That's more like it..." he said not fully confident in his words still rubbing his back. Both brothers had been orphaned in their youth, their mother having been raped and murdered by the Coonskin gang who had viewed both her and her husband as easy prey. They had both fallen for the preachments of egalitarian dogma with its emotive slogans of 'Brotherhood', 'One Love', etc. and so had decided to volunteer in the 'underprivileged' neighbourhood out of sympathy for the media portrayal of the negro youth. Their confrontation with the culture of the negro ended nearly as soon as it had begun – through abduction and cruel voodoo ritual torture by the negro gang youth who were practitioners of their vile 'culture', one of predation, bloodlust, and licentious self-gratification at the expense of others if need be. Indeed the principle 'do no harm' was the very antithesis of their black creed. The two boys were adopted by kind-hearted Ivan, a recent émigré from the old country who had lost his wife in the holodomor under the Jewish tyranny of Eastern Europe. Having no means to pass on his legacy however economically humble he had made the decision to take under his wing the two boys who were in need of a home and were of sound genetic stock even that exceeding Ivan's who was a former military officer in the old country. He needed protégés to pass on his initiatic tradition, a most ancient teaching that made of its practitioner an apotheosized god-man whose martial arts skills were no mere mechanical endeavour but were the seat of occult power used to combat the dark forces which governed the terrestrial plane and the city in which he now lived, the crucible of vice, New York. Sieg and Tod moved on to the next part of their training session that of harnessing the occult power they were in process of developing to manifest as a concentrated projectile weapon, a ball of energy gathered from the aether which pervaded their surroundings, interpenetrated them and constituted the very fabric of reality. They established a target constructed of wooden vegetable crates with a drawing of a Coonskin member head and face, wearing the characteristic black bandana of the gang with its red fist patch. Recalling the pain and suffering of their lost parents at the hands of this savage gang, Sieg and Tod both positioned themselves into a ready stance, knees bent, torso erect, and hands cupped facing one another. They concentrated their forces within breathing regularly and slowing their sympathetic nervous system function, reducing their heart rate and concentrating their energies within, drawing in energy from without through the creation of a vortex focusing its development within the space created between their cupped hands. A small vortex of energy opened up gradually widening to the inner surface of the hands. They were on the brink of its release and direction at the target when – "Boys, boys, we got customers!" the old man Ivan broke in, the energy balls not fully developed flew off in a wild direction and ignited one of the boxes which the old man rushed to douse with the herbal tea he carried. Then, beating out the flame from the smouldering wreckage he cried, "You must concentrate boys – no interruption should prevent your striking the target! But now – go and serve the customers for we must have bread and the hooknose tax farmer has been by today already. Hurry to your posts boys!" The two scrambled to assist the customers leaving Ivan in the alleyway who took a moment to ponder as he looked over the tops of the skyscrapers to The Source Of All– "Will they ever be ready? They must be for soon the Cabal will make its move." He turned and attended to his duties.



Scene: Adams' Manor: Kristina Adams, daughter of the industrial magnate and philanthropist, Colonel Adams, shared in her father's zeal for assisting the poor. She had only recently started attending the soup kitchen at the encouragement of one of her classmates, Esther Glumwitz, one of the 'innocent' Jews whose grandmother was killed in the holocaust by the Nazis as Esther had told her. Kristina didn't entirely understand the history of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Reich and what had gone on or what motivation Hitler might have had in persecuting the Jews but she sympathized with Esther who, though a fabulously wealthy society woman from Manhattan, appeared to have undergone great suffering through the trauma of this historical event and though not having had any direct involvement in it nevertheless took on the suffering of her grandparent. In fact every time Kristina made mention of her family history Esther was quick to reference her grandmother and the Nazis. This seemed out of place to Kristina and perhaps even intended as a subtle reproach against her, as if she herself were to blame for the historical events she had only second-hand knowledge of and could see no way how they connected to herself and her family. However these allusions of Esther still left her with a strange witch's brew of feelings of shame, guilt, and obligation to Esther and the Jews as a whole. Her attendance at the soup kitchen though primarily motivated by altruism was directed away from her initial desire to help the white youth she had seen gathered in the street and seemingly malnourished, dressed in rags. Though many of these were also gathered in the food bank line it was mainly populated by negroes and mestizos many of whom were dressed in expensive name-brand clothing and had gold jewellery on their bodies and were loudly declaiming against 'white privilege', 'white supremacy', and 'racism' which they seemed to give expression to as weapons directed against those who were bestowing free things upon them as charity. Esther was also stating that 'we whites were evil and owed all the minorities' for past injustices, etc. These types of statements elicited doubt in the mind of Kristina as the Jewish background of Esther was clearly not white? Why would Esther say these things to the minorities if she were Jewish? Nevertheless Kristina continued to ladle out soup and hand out cheese and tins of sardines to the non-whites always making sure to smile and behave in a friendly manner. Perhaps they were only hostile towards her because they had been 'kept down' and 'persecuted' as Esther had been? Still the idea that 'white folks' as one of the negroes referred to white people were capable of 'slavery and colonialism' in some hateful and evil way didn't correspond to her own lived experience of white people and their behaviour. She continued to ladle out soup attempting to be of good spirits. On another occasion she encountered Esther in conversation with some blacks outside of her prep school before they were to go down to the soup kitchen. The blacks looked with arched eyebrow at Kristina and then back to Esther who signalled to them with her own strange look the meaning of which was unintelligible to Kristina suggested somehow a compact between the two, a secret relationship of some sort. Esther left the group which stared at Kristina in a silent mockery, sardonic looks plastered to their faces, concealing a none-too-subtle malevolence. Esther approached saying that they would be late for the soup kitchen if they didn't hurry. On the way there the chauffer kept looking back

through the rear-view mirror and Kristina was curious as to what he was looking at, her eyes drifted towards the mirror scanning it intermittently as Esther played with her phone communicating with someone, a smirk playing about her features. A souped-up '64 Impala was following them as this was the only vehicle Kristina saw throughout their ride. Before catching sight of the soup kitchen the chauffeur veered off into an alleyway and the '64 followed all but blocking the rear-view mirror with its closeness of proximity. The limousine ground to a halt with the driver rolling up the electronically controlled divider between front and back passenger seat.

Kristina was startled by this turn in events and began to speak but stopped as she observed Esther leap out of the limousine and slam the door behind her. The chauffeur locked the doors with child safety lock in place effectually imprisoning Kristina who, panicking, began to beat against the door and window with her shoe heel attempting to break through the bulletproof glass windows. She shouted to be let out as she continued her fruitless exertions observing that the '64's occupants were exiting the car and that Esther and the driver were conferring with the crew of negroes who were attired in what looked to be gang uniforms, a black bandana and a red fist patch covering their heads, their torsos clothed in ostentatious colours and limbs covered with tattoos and gold bracelets and watches. They congregated around Esther who laughed saying, "She's all yours boys," to which their apparent leader a huge black with deep bestial voice stated, "Cracka ho gonna pay her dues!" Just as she was observing the group breaking up and the four negroes approaching the vehicle in which she was imprisoned, two aside, she witnessed two other figures come into the scene she was watching through the rear window, one blonde and one darker-haired muscular white youths. The dark-haired youth accosted the chauffer and Esther with a question: "What do you think you're doing here?!" The chauffer reached into his jacket and Esther into her purse both at the same time withdrawing gleaming metal objects which appeared to be guns. The two white youths gave a snap-kick to the jaw of both, effectually dispatching them into unconsciousness. Meanwhile the two sets of negroes were rushing towards the youths talking about 'donchu touch mah money muhfuka! Dats muh meal-ticket!' They reached into their pockets the two nearest the youths for their guns but were met with a roundhouse to the skull which left them swaying drunkenly given the protection afforded by their thick negro skulls, a sweep kick knocked them off their feet and an elbow to the Adams' apple dispatched them from this world. The two other negroes were upon them and attempted to slash them with their switchblades, alternately thrusting and slashing with frenetic mania at their hated white foes who adroitly dodged the gleaming blades. Tod, the dark-haired youth snap-kicked the blade out of the onrushing negroes hand and followed up with another to the face whilst Seig ducked a slashing blow and sent a fist into the solar plexus of his foe, tangling up with his feet and burying his own knife in his belly pulling it out with a gush of blood and slicing across his throat for the finisher. Tod did a roundhouse to his assailant's head and then a knee to his belly; whilst the negro beast curled in winded pain Tod brought his elbow smashing down on the cervical vertebrae of his foe shattering his spine.

The two brothers inquired of each other if they had any injuries and discovering none they formulated a plan to dispatch the bodies of the negros. They approached the limousine and opened the doors after retrieving the keys from the chauffeur. Kristina stepped out of the vehicle and was assisted by the brothers asking if they had been hurt, to which the brothers responded that they would only be hurt if she were. She stated she was fine but what was to be done now? The brothers asked if she knew these negros to which she responded in the negative. They told her they were of the Coonskin gang and that if the other two (indicating Esther and the chauffeur) had any dealings with them they were just as corrupt. The two began to come to, Esther moaning and looking around eyes suddenly lighting upon Kristina who stood over her with a hostile expression on her face. "Bitch!" she spat smacking Esther back into unconsciousness. The two brothers were monitoring the chauffeur who gazed up at them with a rat-like expression of fear and anger, eyes darting around for an escape route. "Looks like another Jew devil," Seig said, fully aware of the plague upon the white civilization that the Jews represented as Ivan had instructed both him and his brother through his pedagogical influence and personal background as a military officer. "Clearly they were seeking to make you their sacrifice and use the negros as their tools. This is the secret relationship between blacks and Jews one of reciprocal use and abuse, reciprocal hatred and yet mutual dependency. The negros hung around Jews for the gain they acquire through the Jew's master-minding of their evil devices. This has been their relationship since before time on this earth according to occult lore." Kristina responded, "I thought this bitch, Esther, was attempting to create a negative situation for me given her apparent insinuations with the negros in the soup kitchen and other places that white people were an evil group who had committed all manner of past injustices. Given the evidence the evil appears to lie with them." So saying she gave a swift kick to the body of Esther which elicited a reaction of feral survival instinct from the prostrate form. The chauffeur too was still seeking a way out looking at the brothers for signs of weakness, for a window of escape with his beady black rat's eyes. The trio of victors were contemplating the next course of action. Looking down they noticed a yellow star tattooed on the hand of Esther. "The star of Remphan," Seig declared calling attention to the tattoo with a gesture. "They are members of the cabal." "The Cabal?" queried Kristina. "Yes," replied Tod, "it is the Jewish cult who worships The One, the evil dark force which has gotten hold of this world and is enslaving the population, attempting to use their non-whites to freeload off the system and eventually to use as fodder in a revolution against the whites." They both looked at Tod in astonishment at his emotional outburst, but Seig corroborated his brother's statements saying "once we dispatch these bodies perhaps you would like to have a discussion about this issue with us. As you can see even in this particular instance the general principles which my brother Tod has spoken of apply: these negros were hired goons of these two Jews here to attempt to sacrifice you for whatever reason..." he was abruptly cut off as he observed Tod pull back and whip a throwing knife he carried past Seig's chest on a downward arch. Seig turned abruptly to see the chauffeur holding a small derringer in his dying hand

gasping out his breath without the strength to get a shot off. Muscles spasming in rictus, nerves sending interrupted signals to his limbs being poorly guided and controlled by a dying brain. He slumped to the ground and his companion eyed the brothers with stereotypically Jewish rat-like ferility. “My name’s Seig by the way,” he stated addressing Kristina, who replied in kind introducing herself to the brothers. “We will have to dispose of the bodies,” said Seig, and looking around they observed the ’64 Impala. The bodies were lying about and Seig indicated the vehicle stating: “We can drive this vehicle into an old abandoned construction site I know of and give the two Jews the holocaust they’ve all been wanting – only this time it will be they who pay for the sins of their fathers as well as their own.” Accordingly the trio began striping the bodies of their ostentatious jewellery which the brothers intended to sell as a means of paying some of old Ivan’s debts to the loan sharks of the cabal to whom he was indebted for ‘protection money’ and to pay a tariff on his imported goods to the Cabal’s middle man, an importer of foods from Israel and the middle east, mainly Saudi Arabia which the Cabal had coerced Ivan to adopt as his sole connection. Thus Ivan had been put into thrall to the Jewish cult of which Esther was also a member. Tod unbuckled a belt from one of the negros and trussed up Esther in the even she might escape. “What are you doing goy! I know people at the highest levels! You can’t get away with” – but her vituperation was cut short when Tod ripped the bandana off a negro and thrust it into her mouth leaving nothing but the red fist projecting outward. “Nothing worse than a noisy kike! They’ve been squawking in the Jews’ papers and the Talmud-vision for far too long. At least this one’s had her say.” The trio hurriedly loaded the trunk and rear of the impala with the negros on bottom and the Jews on top so that they were crushed against the ceiling. Lucky for them the windows were tinted and thus no one would see the pile of bodies in the back. The vehicle rode high but with the souped up shocks it appeared to be a typical gangster ride the Coonskins favoured thereby serving as a perfect disguise in travelling to the site of the ritual burning where the trio would turn the tables on the Jews in a gesture of poetic justice and vacate the premises in the limousine which Seig and Kristina would drive. Tod rode in the ’64 bumping the tunes the negros had ‘enjoyed’ for lack of a better term, the lyrics, hardly intelligible broke out in mumbles and slurs: “Hoe ass bitch, gonna kill me a white muthafucka” – Tod endured the music to maintain his cover while inserting the earplugs he kept handy to drown out the city noise. “Payback’s a bitch!” the music spat and Tod had to second that thought, again thinking that poetic justice had descended upon the negros’ head like a ton of bricks and that a few more angry and hateful negros would be prevented from continuing their cold race war with the whites reflected in the horrific trail of crimes they committed from rape to theft to murder of the most torturous and inhuman kind. ‘Inhuman,’ yes, Tod thought – that was the word. Clearly neither they nor their Jewish masters were human. Tod wheeled the vehicle into the abandoned construction site whose buildings and cranes towered against the setting sun as the arms of Moloch, the Jew’s god of sacrifice. He parked the vehicle between these two spires – a set of metal girders projecting into space ready to transmit the energies of the soon-to-be holocausted towards wherever

'Remphan' might be in the firmament above. The trunk had room enough for spare gas canisters which Tod proceeded to douse the leather interior with making sure to splash the kike bitch in the face so that her beady black eyes would cease to glare at him. She wriggled on top of the bulk of negro flesh beneath still pinned between it and the roof of the vehicle. Tod dug around in the waistcoat of the chauffeur for a cigarette lighter but found none. He decided the only way to ignite it would be to blow the gas tank with one of the negro pistols. Rummaging amidst the bloated girth of the Coonskins he came up with a semi-auto .45 and slammed the door shut locking it from within. He observed the limousine at a distance approaching and gestured for it to stop. He then ran towards it halfway and turning still within rage took aim and fired a round into the gas tank. It had an immediate effect creating a whoomp sound and blowing the vehicle off the ground, the gas catching fire and increasing the flames which engulfed the vehicle. "Come on let's go!" Seig cried from the window as Tod turned and ran to the limousine. The flames licked the vehicle which had been thrown from its original position and soared upwards arms reaching towards Remphan, bestowing upon it the energies of sacrifice. The limousine drove off into the sunset. Over the course of the next few weeks Kristina, 'Kris' to the brothers, would take trips into town from Adams' manor to visit her friends and to help the inner city white youth as she had become aware of the false claims of the Jews in their media mind control apparatus and its portrayal of non-whites as 'innocent victims' and how this representation of fact had no correspondence with reality but was merely an illusion designed to undermine and demoralize the white population so that the Jews could take over their society, mix them with non-whites, and subject them to genocide. Kris' father Colonel Adams, upon hearing of her becoming aware of the Jewish Cabal and their influence. Kris tried to reassure her father stating that she knew how to maintain the necessary façade of political correctness and would be cautious in dealings with those who were potentially upset by politically controversial topics. At Ivan's grocery she and the boys were playing a chess variant called 'H8' (pronounced 'hate') a microcosm of the macrocosm of the global spiritual war which had been going on since the beginning of time and in which they had become immersed through their initiatic rite of ritual murder of some of their enemies, representatives of the Coonskins and the Jews Esther and her chauffeur, the latter of whom were (at least in the case of Esther) clearly signified figures in the Cabal's reckoning given that only initiated members of the Cabal were tattooed with the yellow star of Remphan, The One, their god of dark forces. This game was a 3-dimensional chess game with a matrix of three octagonal boards representing the material plane and higher dimensions within leading to a pinnacle region wherein the ultimate power – for both dark and light side – was attained transforming one into a god, an apotheosis of man, man become superman.

The brothers became more expert at the game with their new combatant Kris who brought a more subtle and intuitive form of gameplay given her female consciousness which itself grew through conflict with the polar opposites of the boys, both of whom had very idiosyncratic qualities. This game Ivan told the trio when they had time to discuss the spiritual situation of the world during lulls in business activity, had developed in the mists of time back in the old country, derived from long dead civilizations of the white race which had fallen through non-white invasion and in some cases through employing the non-whites to do their slave labour which led to their either being led by the Jews in slave rebellions or through the whites granting them citizenship and leading to inter-breeding and the dousing of the divine spark of the white race through genetic devolution. In spite of the collapse of these ancient multi-millennial old civilizations whose history had been deliberately obscured by the Jewish tyranny and its media and state indoctrination monopoly, the game 'H8' continued to serve the secret societies of the white race of which Ivan was a member as a mental training exercise, with its complex logic and infinitude of permutations and combinations. To concentrate and focus one's mind on the game was to undergo an alchemical transmutation of consciousness the end result being a function of the gameplay and the individual qualities of the players which manifested in that gameplay and its effect on consciousness. Around this game and the martial arts training the two would undergo they developed greater spiritual powers than previously taking further steps towards godhood. Ivan would intermittently come out and deliver the lectures to them about the history of his people, a sub- group of the Aryan race and touch upon the Jewish influence historically and all of the notions they had invaded and destroyed. Throughout his lectures he would reference their psychology, tactics, and other forms of cunning which they would employ as a means of gradually and imperceptibly taking over the societies of others and subverting them from within. He had a large library of rare and difficult to find books that discussed 'how to recognize and identify the Jew' (one of their titles) and various strategy in overcoming them, matching in intensity only for the good, the fanatical loyalty the Jews had to their self-interest which was bound up with their diabolical kind by all white racial loyalists who had the ethical obligation to serve the greater cause of their own kind not merely for their own self-interest which was the dark side. One day Ivan appeared in the alleyway from the shop and took them aside. "I feel that you are now ready brothers for the next stage of empowerment. Kristina, you must forgive me for exempting you from this honour as it passes only by way of the masculine line. In the Arya which as you know is the name of our society the females play a different role from the men. They serve as medians, channels for the divine force and as a connection to the divine spirit world. The men are the agents, the women the patients although both play both parts at times. The men are involved merely actively in the spiritual combat with greater force whereas women are in a way the more knowing, more understanding in their intuitive nature. Hence at this stage of initiation we require you, a young woman, to serve as a donor of magnetism to these two pendants – upon saying 'pendants' he raised up two metallic circular objects intricately engraved with runes and symbols all of which were unintelligible to

the trio. “These two pendants are sources of great occult power which when activated and endowed with the appropriate type of magnetic life force, from a young woman preferably endowed with blonde hair such as you Kristina. They are forged from a metal which knows no earthly origin and which is believed to have derived itself from a far off planet in another galaxy from whence the Aryan race originated.” Ivan closed up the shop indicating to them to follow him to the rooftop. As it was evening they witnessed the setting sun bordered by the skyscraper skyline. The rays of sun shone upon them and the boys knelt as Ivan indicated on two reed mats gazing into the rays of the sun. Ivan instructed Kris to take the pendants and clasp the metal surface of the disk between her fingers still exposing them to the light of the sun. He told her to look into the sun while holding them above her head with arms forming a ‘V’ shape, that of the life rune. Ivan began to intone in a strange, guttural language unknown to the trio who remained in their positions at Ivan’s behest. Ivan then arose and instructed Kristina to place the pendants around the necks of the brothers who knelt bare-chested in the sun, still gazing into its rays. They felt a strange vibration or perhaps radiation would be a better term emanating from the pendant invigorating them with some subtle power. Ivan told them to stand which they did still looking at the sun in semi- hypnotic fashion. He then spoke: “At this point in history we are nearing the final confrontation with the enemy, called Ragnarok. The enemy, the Jews, the dark forces they propitiate and whose powers they harness, the powers of their god Remphan, are now making feverish preparations to finally annihilate the white race from this earth so they may become supreme ruler of the world and bring into it dark spiritual forces – for they, the Jews, are merely earthly emissaries of their god preparing the earth for these same Lucifer spirits. We must annihilate them both for our own and for the survival of all life on earth which would otherwise merely be food for their god who like them is a vampire. Accordingly I have performed this ritual as a means of preparing you for Ragnarok. I have conferred upon you great powers through the possession of this pendant which should be worn at all times and will amplify your spiritual powers of foresight, clairvoyance, enhance concentration and enable the bringing to bear of great force in battle with the enemy. I also will present to you these weapons” – so saying he took out of a leather case he had positioned on the rooftop prior to bringing them there and opened it. He produced a set of gloves with hard metallic knuckles, presumably of the same alloy as the pendants, and the remainder of a strange flexible material which appeared like a breathable latex or skin. He motioned to Seig: “Since you are the better boxes these will be as suitable addition to your fighting skills. Put them on.” So saying he held them out to Seig, who put them on his hands. “They don’t feel like they’re...there,” Seig stated in astonishment. Ivan pointed to a brick chimney nearby. “Strike that,” he stated. Seig approached and threw a right jab at the chimney which exploded in fragments upon the gloves’ contact. Seig stared open- mouthed at the force impact. “Handy in a trice,” he quipped. Ivan then reached into the leather case and brought out an intricately carved small gleaning blade and small magnetic circle which, when twisted (it was in fact two circles placed on top of one another as a stack of coins) would come apart from the knife which presumably

had a magnet of a similar nature within it. Ivan twisted the 'coins' again and the knife hopped onto the coin, the blade disappeared instantly within it housing handle. He approached Tod and handed him the device. "You may place the magnet on your pendant," he said. Tod did so and the magnet seemed to weld itself to the metal inextricable therefrom. "It will never come off," Ivan stated matter-of-factly. "Turn around and come to the other side of the chimneys." The trio did so and observed a grouping of thick iron rebar projecting from a section of broken bricks on the tenement building. "Twist the magnet," Ivan stated which instruction was followed by Tod. The knife blade projected with lightning speed from the handle. "Throw it at the rebar – hard!" Ivan shouted. Tod with practiced knife throwing skill did so and the rebar was shorn from the brick, the knife lodged handle deep into the brick wall. Tod gazed open-mouthed just as Sieg had done. "Now twist the magnetic to return the knife," Ivan commanded. Tod did so and the knife popped out of the hole it had bored into the brick returning to the magnet with minimal impact though it flashed across the space between the brick and Tod. "Now attempt to remove the knife," Ivan stated. Tod did so with great ease and juggled the knife in his hand. Ivan walked up to the iron rebar lifting it towards their faces. It was shorn as with a laser. "Extend the blade by twisting the magnets," Ivan instructed. The knife in Tod's hand was pristine with no scratch upon it. The trio gazed in amazement. "There is one more thing," Ivan stated reaching into his grocer's apron, "this philtre is a life-giving draught which, though not conferring immortality, has the power to heal all maladies of poison and virus and to accelerate the healing process within one's own body. I give this to you Kristina for the woman has always been a healer and to heal herself is a means of healing others. Take a draught and save the rest for emergencies – for yourself or others. Only a sip now!" Kristina did so and placed the remainder in her purse. The trio now equipped to give battle the enemy decided to go with Kristina to Adams' manor to meet their father. Ivan still accompanying them to the shop inquired as to who her father was as he was yet not acquainted with Kristina's background. Kristina informed him that he was Colonel Adams and that he was a philanthropist and inventor who had served in the military. At this piece of news Ivan's curiosity was further piqued leading him to inquire whether the colonel had a birthmark on his arm in the shape of a lightning bolt. Astonished Kristina confirmed his suspicion stating that it was a green mark, a sort of zigzag pattern, "yes – just like a lightning bolt." Ivan stopped the trio in their path down towards the store. "Know this," he stated with gravity, "that Kristina is of the bloodline of the Arya and that is prophesied in the ancient texts that this bloodline will deal the decisive blow against the legions of Remphan. She must be guarded – you boys must make this your task – to guard her from the Cabal and to give battle with the Cabal and its non-white legions executing and thereby disbanding the Cabal brick by brick – as with your fists Sieg, you must crumble to dust this monster, this dark force! I have given you the weapons which have been transmitted throughout time and which are beyond time in their powers as I now feel it needless for you to train any further. Now you must put your training into practice through the helter-skelter of battle– that is the only training you need." The two boys swore an fealty oath to Kristina to guard



her as the bearer of the superman to come against the dark forces of the cabal. Later they accompanied Kristina back to the manor in the limousine they had appropriated from Esther and ultimately the Cabal though having taken it to a chop shop to modify its external appearance so as to be largely undetectable to any members of the Cabal. As added precaution they parked the vehicle several blocks away and made sure that they took circuitous routes so as to avoid detection by the Cabal's agents. Once arrived at Adams manor they were introduced to the colonel, a middle-aged gentleman of immense height with iron grey hair and a monocle leaning on a brass-handled cane of black walnut wood. The elderly (or nearly so) gentleman had an eight-pointed star affixed to his lapel and a star of Malta above glinting in the warm sunlight as he stood on the marble steps to greet the brothers as he had had foreknowledge of their arrival apparently, they knew not how. The two brothers followed Kristina up the steps to the Colonel who shook both of their hands with a vigorous handshake seemingly radiating an unusual and strange energy, projecting a magnetic influence into their own hands leaving them feeling more invigorated as if he, an aging cripple, had imparted some of his superabundant life force to their already robust constitution. "You are the two...brothers I mean," the colonel said with a smile as if wanting to reveal a secret but recovering at the last moment as if the time for the impartation of such knowledge were not yet mature. They replied that they were the brothers who had saved Kristina as she had already informed the colonel of this fact and that they would do their best to protect Kristina from any future repetitions of entanglement with the Cabal. They approached the veranda overlooking the lush gardens of the Adams' estates. The colonel began to inform them of how Kristina had come to the realization – he could not have convinced her otherwise – that charity should exist only towards one's own kind and that to be charitable with others, in her case the non-whites she had attempted to help in the soup kitchen before she was set up by the Cabal and ambushed by the non-whites and through that experience became aware of the evils of out-group altruism, which was merely the act of feeding and building up an enemy who would then turn around and destroy one and one's own kind. 'The 88 precepts' of David Lane, I ensured became available to Kristina to, as it were, remove the scales from her eyes, and then the rose-coloured glasses. Now she sees with lucid perception that all types of creatures in the world serve their own and that this is the law of nature, of the cosmos. The colonel informed the boys that he had many irons in the fire of charity, though himself keeping a low profile unlike the self-promoting Jews who trumpeted their ostentatious charities seeing their name in lights while skimming the majority of donations off the top to fatten their own pockets. Such hypocrisy was foreign to the colonel who gave without expectation of reward and clandestinely so as to avoid the public eye. Simply to see the good prevail was enough. "The good being," he said, "the survival of the white race," and accordingly he bestowed his largesse only upon sympathetic affiliated organizations who helped exclusively white children. "What about the influx of non-whites Colonel – is there nothing that can stop it?" The colonel replied that he was working with affiliates but that the power of the Cabal was still too strong and had to be weakened before any

legislative enacting could be brought into play – else the Cabal and its minions, the other non- white gangs would simply assassinate whomever attempted to introduce any changes in public policy. He himself was targeted for assassination. Tod asked why and the colonel looked inquiringly at Kristina who nodded her head and stated, “It’s okay father, they are already knowledgeable about the situation. They have even been initiated by Ivan.” The colonel looked pleasantly surprised though concealed his surprise as best he could. “So you know Ivan?” he asked which Tod answered in the affirmative: “He is our foster father and told us that you were yourself an initiate.” In so saying the colonel pulled up his brass-buttoned sleeve to reveal the green lightning bolt tattooed on his forearm. “I am indeed,” he stated, “and have known Ivan for many years. He has told me about you. I may as well reveal what so far I have attempted to conceal – that we believe you and Seig are those destined to bring about the destruction of the Cabal, that one of you as yet I know not which...” at this he looked indirectly at Seig “- are destined also to marry my daughter Kristina and to continue the bloodline.” The two brothers looked at him then at Kristina in slight embarrassment knowing not what to say. “I myself, as I was beginning to say, have been the subject of assassination attempts and narrowly escaped. I was much more active in fighting the Cabal until I was run over by a Cabal assassin which crippled my right leg. Prior to that I had been an expert – more so even than Ivan, I was at a higher grade than himself in the Arya of which you two are now members – in the martial art of the order which I employed against the Cabal on numerous occasions. Now however I am looking for a replacement and two are better than one.” He looked at them ponderously and with a look of expectation and hope. “I have released a work of the Cabal’s which was discovered on one of their members’ bodies who had failed to breach the defenses of one of my factories, a manufacturer of ozone generators – a work called “A Plan for Global Dominion” which outlined the Cabal’s general plan for the subversion of white society through infiltration and using the media to manipulate the minds of the population to accept subversive activity such as the inversion of sexual roles and the influx of non-white invaders euphemistically called ‘migrants’, ‘refugees’, ‘temporary foreign workers’, or whatever excuse can be made to bring as many in to serve as voting blocs through the democratic system to vote white people out of power and ultimately out of existence, to breed them out or even outright murder them if need be. This book I have been publishing using my own clandestine publishing house for all of one year and already I have had multiple assassination attempts on my life.” So saying he produced from his waistcoat a copy of the work, a thin and easily accessible volume with a yellow star of Remphan around which a serpent was coiled on the verge of biting its own tail. He placed it on the table and dug again into his waistcoat, this time producing what looked to be a letter on parchment with a wax seal. He turned the latter to the boys who witnessed that the letter bore the seal of Ivan, the same he had used for all his business correspondence only in this case it contained also another indentation – a specialized logo the same as their pendants. They looked inquisitively at the colonel who began to read: “Please see to it that the boys are welcome in your manor. I know they are the ones

spoken of in prophecy. They may stay there with you indefinitely as I can no longer train them beyond their current level. If they will I would have them pay a visit sometime. – Ivan.” The colonel stood up and said: “The time for Ragnarok has become just as in the old texts – all circumstances are now ripe for the final battle – the final solution to the Jews and their god Remphan.” The time at the manor with the colonel, though brief, was extremely productive. At the training centre the boys honed their skills with the colonel’s men, ex-servicemen who had attained special forces status and were proficient with firearms and all weapons used by the lower tier minions of the Cabal, the gangs whom the boys had previously had encounters with such as the Coonskins – the negro gang – and the Scorpion gang, a coterie of Arab jihadists who operated sex slavery rings and assisted the Jewish leadership in the subversion and demoralization of white society selling the exotic drugs imported from clandestine labs in Israel and China. These were only the lower tier of the Cabal though their leadership had status within the Jewish hierarchy and were themselves crypto-Jews of a more Sephardi background adhering to a mystic occult tradition called ‘the pure’ – and who lived an ascetic life of denial of passion and worldly desire as a means of attempting to ascend to the 7<sup>th</sup> heaven and to have a harem of 666,000 virgins from which to manifest their suppressed sexual instincts which were considered merely of ‘fleshly concern’ of the ‘tomb of the spirit’, the body. These ex-servicemen served the colonel as a security task force which monitored the compound 24 hours a day and which accompanied the colonel on his infrequent business trips in an armoured vehicle which was thoroughly inspected for explosives prior to driving. The boys cultivated a rapport with the team and were taught in their brief stay many technical aspects of booby traps, bomb making, and other useful guerrilla combat information that would prove useful for their operators in their inevitable clash with the Cabal. In consultations with the colonel, the brothers decided that a full frontal assault on the Long Island compound of Don Palumbo was unfeasible given their lack of battle experience beyond skirmishes with the lower level Coonskin dealers who would often be sent around Ivan’s to solicit the old man for funds, ‘dues’ to the Cabal who looked upon such ilk as Ivan as unworthy of their attention and thus under their radar save as an entry in their account ledger. Apparently they had no knowledge that he was an initiated member of the Arya and credible opposition to their operations which he sought to undermine to the greatest extent while still evading detection. The plan the Colonel, Seig, and Tod devised was to create instability and breakdown within the cult through severing the chain of command between lower and higher tiers by striking against accessible targets who had significant enough power to cause the Cabal irritation at a low level. Thus sabotage and the war of the flea were the strategy and through interrogation of prisoners to gain greater insight into the workings of the Cabal so as to more efficiently throw monkey wrenches into its gears. This would be facilitated through table turning on the Jews’ ‘dividing and conquering’ that which they themselves had built up through those same tactics. Taking out Remus Jackson and portraying the hit as the act of the Scorpion gang was the first mission.

Scene: Long Island, NY – Don Palumbo’s compound

The secret underground passage opened up onto a large chamber replete with alcoves with sputtering candles held in iron braziers. The cold cement walls made the ambience like that of a dungeon – or a tomb. Ali Mahfouz stood with Don Palumbo as Stern approached escorting a negro Coonskin member who looked frightened out of his wits – eyes bulging and sweat beading on his forehead, his black bandana soaked through. The Don turned towards Stern with a querulous look on his face, eyebrows arched in sardonic confusion. “What do you bring me Stern? I thought zoo animals were locked up at night?” At which Ali sneered with a reptilian countenance offering his opinion in facetious disdain: “They take their stink with them too.” “Enough!” the Don growled. “Stern, bring him close,” at which request Stern gave the Coonskin a shove towards the Don who was positioned ear the center of the room outside of a reverse pentagram scored into the cement in a triangular trough-like indentation with the central square opening up into it and the trough extending into a deeper trench outside of the pentagram. “You were given a task – weren’t you boy?” The Don emphasized the last word knowing it triggered the negro’s given his Cabalistic mind control in the pop culture. “Ye..ye..yes Don Palumbo.” “What was that task?” the Don asked rhetorically. “I was sposed to acks the rep from dem Scorpion gang to meet up with the rep of da snake gang fo’ de transaction.” The Don looked puzzled: “Did you?” Desperation showed on the face of the Coonskin who stuttered, “No..no..no Don Palumbo.” “Why?” the Don asked in a whisper. ‘F-f-forgot Don Palumbo...you see...I... it’s like this...see”--“Stop” Don Palumbo said flatly. “You were given a task and failed to make good. But I will excuse you. Now go and apologize to Mr. Mahfouz here the representative of the Scorpion gang – maybe he will forgive you. Well, Mr. Mahfouz – why not shake and make up with this – beast,” Don Palumbo said with evident sarcasm. Mahfouz stretched out his hand and the Coonskin mirrored his gesture, relief coming over his countenance in the belief he had escaped punishment. Mahfouz, a burly man with cold, burning black eyes grabbed the hand of the Coonskin and dropped to a knee pulling the negro forward. Mahfouz rolled around and grabbed the negro around the neck shouting hysterically: “That missed meeting cost me 20 keys of China White!” So saying he pulled the negro’s head back and rabbit punched him in the occiput and then in the back of the neck which shocked the negro who fell forward in a daze of disequilibrium. The Don and Stern were upon the group pinning the arms of the negro to the ground in the pentagram. The Don intoned “Ra-ba-ka-la-grav- mem-shin-on!” reverberating the syllables in repeating cadence. The negro tried to struggle but his limbs were pinned as with manacles of adamant. Mahfouz slid a hooked dagger from his silken suit and waited for an opening while the Don continued his cadence which rang out in the chamber. “The Scorpion’s sting is the best vengeance!” Mahfouz hissed as he plunged the dagger into the heat of the negro eliciting a spurt of blood spattering his coat. Stern held down the legs preventing them from doing the rigor mortis shuffle while Mahfouz slammed his sanguine blade into the throat ripping it from ear to ear sending a torrent of blood cascading into the pentagram while the ominous presence of a lower astral entity eagerly fell upon the blood welling from the neck of the negro the remainder draining into the pool. The trembling of the sacrificed negro ceased

and Stern rushed to produce three golden goblets from which the sinister trio drank after dipping them into the pool. “Every dog has his day,” the Don stated grimly.

Scene: Ivan’s Grocery, New York City

Seig and Tod traveled in their modified limousine with Kristina to pay Ivan a visit prior to their embarkation on the mission decided upon with the colonel. They parked the limousine in its usual place several blocks away and walked the remainder of the distance towards the store. Rounding the final corner before the store came into view they heard the sound of smashing windows and the thud of furniture falling on the ground. Shouts of inarticulate Ebonics were broadcast from the smashed open window as the trio ran towards the store rushing into the fray. They witnessed the blacks, members of the Coonskin gang by their characteristic berets – black with a red fist emblazoned upon it – throwing the groceries around the store shouting: “Give us your muhfukn money ol’ bitch!” As Ivan wrestled with one of them who was attempting to slam his head into the cash register, an old vintage heavy metal special. Sieg shouted – “Hey niggers! Why don’t you take on a challenge instead of harassing an old man” At which a few of the gangsters turned towards him some throwing groceries at him. Perceiving that these bad apples were irredeemably degenerate he slipped on his fist gloves and gave a right cross to one, metal knuckles crashing against the black bandana-covered head and appearing to take away the bandana like a piece of laundry on a clothesline, a spray of blood, brains, and bone fragments gushing in a stream with his fist like a bullet crashing through a wine bottle. “Keep back Kris!” Tod said as he twisted the coin on his pendant thereby releasing the knife and extending its blade. As he did so a Coonskin pulled a heavy bowie knife from a leather sheath depending from his belt and began tossing the knife back and forth in mockery of Tod with his apparently pusillanimous blade that nevertheless emitted an eerie light. The negro kept up his taunting until suddenly Tod let fly the blade in a backhand toss, a gleaming missile imperceptible to the naked eye which plunged into the mouth of the negro making him appear as if he had swallowed the knife, it exiting clearly the back of his skull and returning with equal speed as Tod again turned the magnet. The negro looked agape at Tod as if uncertain that anything had happened until suddenly blood gushed forth from his mouth and he sank with a thud to his knees. Tod gave a roundhouse kick to the side of his head cracking the rest of his skull in an explosion of bone. Kristina hung back pressed against the pinball machine Ivan had in the corner for the local kids to play with and to keep them out of trouble. Seig was pummelling the Coonskins left and right exploding heads and caving in chests with his hammer blows while Tod slashed with his knife filleting the negros like a butcher on amphetamines – black sheep to the slaughter. The fray continued with shouts and crashes the brothers unable to tell which direction they were in knowing only that any black face was an enemy and thus must be struck out at without restraint. Battle lust darkened their vision to blood red whilst adrenaline pumped out inflaming their

ardour. All of a sudden it grew quiet and the last negro thumped to the ground dead. The brothers looked at one another and scanned the room paranoically in 360 degrees taking in a complete panoramic perspective. – All clear. But wait – where had Kristina gone! – And Ivan. They gazed down at the body of Ivan with his white balding head and saw that he still lived. He muttered, “Kristina – get her...” and the boys on instinct rushed to rescue her from the negro hordes who had apparently escaped. They observed another souped up ’64 swinging around the corner out of reach and returned to the store to check Ivan. He was labouring for health and frantically trying to tell them something. A black blade projected from his side, a stream of blood pouring around it and soaking his shirt. “Do you know their...headquarters...” he gasped. Tod answered in the affirmative. “It is too late for me...boys. Use the entrance...on the roof to get...without...seen...” at which he died in the arms of Seig. The two boys gathered up Ivan and took the elevator to the roof. There they burnt Ivan’s body in a shed that was used by the janitor to force Ivan’s soul to ascend. It was again sunset and a bloody sunset it was. Kristina was now their objective. They had to find her tonight before the animals who were the Coonskin gang had their way with her defiling her pure body with their vile seed and ruining the bloodline of that branch of Arya. The two brothers went downstairs and hurriedly washed the blood from their bodies in the event the police or curious passers-by would investigate the damaged shop. They clothed themselves in black and took additional weapons Ivan had stockpiled on site. A bandolier with hand-grenades for each and some C-4 satchel charges as well as MAC-11 submachine guns and extra ammunition. their raid on the Coonskin compound would be the first strike against the Cabal. They were ready.

Scene: Coonskins’ headquarters

Remus Jackson was a typically slick negro whose adept communications skills and ruthless strong-arm tactics had enabled him – with Don Palumbo’s approval – to rise to the top of the black gangs of the streets of New York and to consolidate power over the lower tier of the Cabal’s gangland. He was not yet 40 years of age as most negroes rarely lived past that age through a combination of drug usage, alcohol consumption, venereal disease, and gang violence. He had in his short years positioned himself above the competition to an apparently unassailable position within the Coonskins – that of priest, the leadership role of the gang. It was so-called because of the voodoo rituals which the Coonskins partook of as means of increasing their occult power, an atavism to their inner nature once the white hand of justice and its iron rod were removed. Remus reclined casually on his panther-skin covered chaise lounge, a mahogany cane topped with a shrunken head cradled in his bejewelled hand, thick golden rings and multiple Rolexes glimmering dully in the subdued light cast off from brass lamps with human skin shades painted with the blood of their victims in primitive designs and sigils of demonic spirits. The room was clouded with marijuana smoke and two white female slaves knelt before the priest rhythmically beating out a cadence on skin drums. They had chains attached to

their necks which were capable of being shortened or lengthened through a mechanism which the priest controlled. Now he let them play, let them invoke the demons. Remus felt at home in his abode, reminiscent of the Motherland. In New York City, New Africa rose as the spirits of his departed ancestors, arising from the pain and suffering at the hands of the white man's lash. How he angered over the genetic memory of his tortured people who – he mistakenly believed – had be so cruelly tormented by the white race. He had insufficient learning outside of Jewish propaganda of course to understand that the Jews were behind the slave trade and that the whites had been a benevolent influence on the negros bestowing upon them the gift of civilization and ending the cruel hardship of slavery for both black and white through legislative reform. Nevertheless in self-righteous egotism he revelled in his abusive mastery over his 'white hoes' as he called them delighting in keeping them in subjection to his every whim. At this point they had largely lost the will to live and subsisted in dependency upon that of the priest. Around the room hung lion skins and a cage with a white child hanging from the ceiling. This cage was connected via wires to a controller the priest held and when the priest desired he would press the button to discharge electricity into the bars and floor of the cage which would make the child leap about crying with the pain. "Vengeance was a dish best served cold" – was a quotation he was fond of. Stacked adjacent him was a mahogany table carved in the likeness of an African fertility goddess carrying a jug on her head and upon it was a stack of books featuring W.E. Dubois, Marcus Garvey, and Malcolm X. Open on the table was a human skin bound book with weathered skin pages open to a section which the priest intermittently glanced at covered with more sigils written in blood. The priest raised his bloodshot eyes to the light and his cane simultaneously barking out in a strange barbarous tongue: "Obaba - wonga – odlala!" The drumming continued but the light seemed to dim upon the cessation of this utterance. He repeated the formula while simultaneously pressing the button on the controller such that the child screamed in fear and pain as the light further dimmed. The cage rocked back and forth as if impelled by an invisible force. "Tawanga! Tawanga!" he shouted in a voice of command as from the alcoves in the shadows appeared two muscular initiates of the voodoo cult. They adroitly raised their hands in gestures of propitiation while the priest again pressed the button this time holding it down so that the electricity rocked the cage and sent sparks in all directions. The child screamed while the mute white girls continued to drum rhythmically. The cage continued to shoot sparks, the child's body spasming and shaking with the current transmitted through it. But it was not the voltage alone which rocked the cage = it was the demon who amidst the marijuana smoke began to take shape so that its features crystallized revealing a gaping maw and hollow cheeks – the features of a negro distorted in a surreal manner like a concretization of the negro oversoul. "Tawanga! Tawanga!" shrieked the priest in his bass voice. The child's skin seemed to be melting from its body while its spirit energies attempted to flee but the demon absorbed it within itself the already dead body smoking from internal electrical fire which had caught the flesh as its kindling and began producing oily smoke as the fat crackled like a pig roast. Suddenly an explosion of brick erupted into the room as Seig

pounded the walls with his fists sending fragments into the sacrifice chamber. Tod sent his knife honing in on the nearest initiate which buried itself in his heart sending streams of blood spurting onto the tiger skin rug. However the blood seemed to disappear and become sucked back into the body as the apparition flew about the wound and vampirized his own draining the blood from the body so that it took on a whiter hue of an ashen grey. During these moments Seig hurled his fist at a initiate who managed to duck out of the way but was met with a roundhouse to his thick skull. Swaying drunkenly the priest attempted to grapple with Seig and overpower him. A spear penetrated his chest and narrowly missed making a shish-kabob out of Seig and his assailant – the priest had launched his leaf-shaped spear which he had kept next to his table. Tod’s knife had returned to his hand and he attempted to throw it into the body of the priest. However mid- flight it stopped and hung suspended as if being resisted by a counterforce. The priest strained as a battle of wills began Tod finding that he could accelerate the speed of the knife through a magnetic influence. However his knife was ineffectual. Twisting the magnet on his pendant he fell back on his spiritual weapons as Seig thrust his impaled opponent to the floor preparing to battle the priest. The priest cried: ‘Tawanga! Obaba – odlala!’ which elicited a reaction from the demon who, having finished lapping up the energy of the impaled initiate now whirled upon the targets of the priest and prepared to descend upon them. The priest intoned “Tawanga! Tawanga! Odlala!” while the two white girls continued their drum beating in apparent obliviousness to the surrounding events. The demon thrust out at Seig who was forced back by its assault. Tod cried out as the priest continued to chant and the drummers continued to drum: “Use the pendant Seig!” The both of them placed their left hands on the pendant and raised their right arm at a 45 degree angle from their body their fingers outstretched and slightly raised. From the pendant which was placed over their heart chakra a brilliant green energy welled up and followed the path of their arms meeting together in a burst of energy at the demonic target. Showers of sparks and rays of electrical energy poured forth from the demon which struggled to free itself from the ball of energy which engulfed its amorphous form. Its shaking accelerated until a high-pitched buzzing sound amplified in pitch culminating in an eruption of the demon into a burst of light. Once Seig and Tod recovered their eyesight they checked the room in panorama but found nothing but the two girls who had by this time ceased running and were rubbing their necks looking around in wonder as if awoken from a daze. Seig approached them. “We’ve got to get you out of here. Are there keys to your manacles?” One shook her head but the other stated that the priest had it and wore it around his neck along with the key to where the other girl was kept. At this Seig prompted them eagerly: “Other girl? She had blonde hair? Where is she?” The one who had spoken before was about to speak when the other silenced her saying with a significant look “He’ll find out”. Seig overhearing attempted to allay their suspicions but was met with silence. Tod approached and proposed: “If you let us know where she is we can let you free from this place – no one will know and we can smash a hole through this wall for you to escape from.” The one who had initially spoke inquired: “But the Cabal is too powerful. They’ve inserted tracker chips into our



bodies which they can use to track us. No matter where we go they'll find us." Seig responded that he knew a powerful man who could help them and that he had at his disposal a large array of professionals who surely would be able to extract the chips. In so saying he noted a glimmer of hope in their dull eyes and they agreed to help him. He let them know the address of the colonel and Tod used his knife to cut through their bonds delicately cutting the neck band without doing any harm to their body. Seig gently pushed against the brick wall so as not to make excessive noise. A large section fell outwards and the shine of the streetlight bathed the room in its ghostly glow playing over the bodies of the initiates and the incinerated corpse of the child swaying in the breeze ushered in from outside. The two girls ran out without a 'thank you' into the night to find the colonel and have him remove their chips to enable themselves to break free from the Cabal. "We gotta find Kris!" Tod stated prompting Seig out of his astonishment at the fact of the ingratitude of these former captives. The two raced out of the sacrifice room and in hyper-vigilance scanned the interior of the Coonskins headquarters which opened up into a centralized room with walls of cracking plaster and a bare bulb hanging over the whole with a zigzag staircase rising to a second storey. The pair had come down the fire escape and had heard the intoning of the priest and so had broken in at that point knowing that only primitive beastmen would be causing such a scene and that Kristina would not be harmed given that the Cabal had issued orders for her abduction to be held for ransom to blackmail the colonel in ceasing the publication of the book "A Plan for Global Dominion" which was circulated amongst the white elite and the more influential classes to influence them to oppose the Jewish tyranny. The garbage and 40 oz. liquor bottles strewn around the floors reflected the harsh light of the overhead bulb testament to the animalistic life of the negro. The two brothers crept further up the stairs until they heard the sounds of rap music coming from one of the upper rooms, all rooms along the way being quiet and eliciting the sensation on the brothers heightened awareness of being empty. Given the time of day it was reasonable to assume that the Coonskins were out partying and cruising the boulevard in their '64s as the brothers had seen them doing so frequently before in their work at Ivan's grocery. They ascended creeping cat-like up the stairs with their MAC-11s drawn at the ready sound suppressors screwed into the barrel to minimize a reaction from potential hearers, the rap music also was sufficiently loud to cover the muffled sounds of suppressed fire. They positioned themselves at 45 degree angles to the door from which the music emanated. Seig knocked out the song 'Shave and a Haircut' to give the impression that it was one of the Coonskins with their characteristic nonchalance wanting something from their fellow Coonskins. A doped up negro stuck his head out and Tod slammed the stock of the gun on his head downing him to the ground. They scanned the room and found nothing but more 40 oz. bottles and a few bags of marijuana in process of being divvied up into smaller portions for sale, presumably to the local teenagers. Many thought that such a 'benign' commodity was harmless but in reality it was a brain damaging substance and the brothers strongly opposed the trafficking and usage of drugs looking upon dealers as a contaminant in the system of an otherwise decent society. The

probability of the drugs being contaminated with other possibly lethal poisons was just another reason why gangs whose main source of income was drug sales needed to be stamped out. The negro came to after the brothers had dragged him into the room and shut and locked the door throwing the dealer on the bed amidst the pile of 40 oz. Bottles and a bucket of half-eaten KFC. “Muhfukr – what duh...” The negro groaned in a daze feeling the lump on his head. His eyes came to rest on the brothers who had their guns levelled at him. “Tell us where the girl is – the new one named Kristina,” Seig demanded cocking the gun threateningly. The negro gulped and slurred, “She be...down in de basement...cool?” He attempted to pacify Seig in a fawning way. Seig pretended to consider and looked down at the table at the marijuana cigarettes called ‘blunts’ by most of the negro gangs. Putting down his weapon he picked up a Bic lighter and a cigarette and nonchalantly gave the negro the items saying: “Relax bro – we just want her back.” The negro seemed to relax at this and struck up a ‘joint’. Seig asked a further question: “Good shit? Bet that be laced with some extra special shit right?” mimicking the slang of the negro gang to ingratiate himself further with the negro to elicit the desired response. The negro looked with satisfaction at Seig, a crafty look coming into his eyes. “Fo sho bro – it’s China White and gasoline – dis be the hard sheet!” Seig’s act continued: “Bet dat fetch a high price bro,” – the negro replied: “Bout 100 times what she worth playa!” chuckling to himself at his clever business sense. The look on Seig’s face clouded and the negro, still oblivious to the white man’s change in countenance continued: “Sheet I been selling dis sheet to dem white folks in da burbs – dez trippin’ off dis sheet – yup!” His eyes fell upon Seig and the smile faded from his face. He took an extra-hard pull off the joint and Seig stated: “Just say no to drugs Coonskin,” before ramming his gloved fist into the negro’s skull, a spray of wet muck exploding from what used to be his head extinguishing the joint. The negro fell forward onto the table scattering the packages around and crashing on the table. “Let’s go Tod,” Seig said picking up his MAC-11 and exiting the room. The two crept downstairs and to the ground floor from whence they came. Underneath the stairwell they noted a carpet and as there were no other evident points of entry indicating a basement they kicked aside the carpet revealing a removable panel which looked down upon a staircase carved into the concrete spiralling down into gloom. A distant noise could be heard rather like an animal’s roar, a lion or other big cat. The pair descended the staircase with MAC-11s pointing the way. As they crept closer they heard increasingly the roar of the animals reminiscent of the lion in the logo of the Jewish Hollywood company. They observed brighter light as they continued down the passage dully glowing overhead lights intermittently placed along the passage and smeared with some type of greasy pitch to dull the brightness for whatever reason. Tod speculated that given that negroes were nocturnal animals they had a desire to reduce the brightness which was more suitable to their constitution and which was also more conducive to their voodooistic practices enabling the invocation of demons such as that seen as they entered into the priest’s chamber.

They were now overlooking a catwalk which entailed a group of steroidally muscled negro gang members armed with automatic military-grade rifles who stood over the ground floor of what appeared to be an amphitheatre or platform similar to a boxing ring without ropes that was separated from the surrounding concrete walls by this same type of catwalk. Remus Jackson was standing dressed in the Coonskin uniform of red pants, black bandana, and green gloves looking agitated and alert. He had Kristina with him on a long chain which was manacled to her neck.

Adjacent more bodyguards tightened the grip on their rifles in readiness for some form of event that appeared to be of pressing moment. He spoke in boisterous volubility: “Dis bitch be de cause of da trouble! Her white bros be coming to us here if we don’ take action. Dey killt the cacodemon but not da boss demon dat control dis ‘ere crib! Da only way to invoke da muhfuka is to give a virgin pure sacrifice – and only da lions in da cage o’er dere can bring it in. Only da might of da lion canst invoke da muhfuka. No one here...” – he gestured with great solemnity around the congregation – “...touch da bitch or dey die by ma hand.” So saying he brandished his shrunken head cane and rattled the chain at the end of which Kristina strained with the other attempting to remove herself as far as possible from both the lions and the priest. The priest gestured towards the lions’ cages which were positioned on the platform and intoned in a deep bass:

“Konunga! Konunga! Tuga mekeki!” All the lights dimmed and the room became ominous in its vibration. The negros positioned against the walls clanked the barrels of their automatic weapons on the railing of the catwalk which offered protection from the reach of the lions. The priest continued to intone the demonic cadence while dancing in a bobbing fashion around the lion’s cages leading Kristina before them which elicited growls of excitement from the beasts who thundered against the bars of the cages sweeping their claws outwards in wide arches as they sprang. The priest attempted to ascend a platform overhead while pushing Kristina towards the cages whose front bars were being raised by the negro attendants. The priest was ascending the scaffold continuing his voodoo chant when he stopped suddenly pierced to the heart by Tod’s knife which was imperceptible to the audience yet let out a torrent of blood which splashed upon the platform. Sensing the slackening of the chain, Kristina looked up towards the priest and observed his tottering on the scaffold. She yanked vigorously and he came down spilling a stream of blood from his torso and screaming out unintelligibly. The lions were nearly out of the cage and scraped past the uplifting bars to rush upon the priest whose corpse fell between them and the girl who flung herself onto the staircase and raced up the platform. The negros in the audience were moving madly about seeking the assailant. Both Seig and Tod rushed out of the alcove still undetected and Seig shouted “Lie down Kristina” who flattened on the platform as primed grenades exploded in the catwalk area of the audience, Tod burying his knife in some of the guards whilst discharging a full MAC-11 magazine into the audience. The lions tore into the priest but were themselves soon blown apart by the grenade flechettes which turned the once noble beasts into mincemeat. Gunfire rattled from the automatic weapons while Kristina flattened herself on the platform

forgotten by the negro gang. Seig hammered out blows with his fist spraying blood and muck in all directions while the pair let loose their grenades around the audience whose only exit was barred by the brothers. Soon all gunfire ceased and the brothers checked one another observing that both were unscathed. They shouted to the girl: “Kristina! You alright? It’s all clear now!” She cautiously raised her head peering around the room in hyper- alertness. “Thanks for saving me Seig – oh, and you too Tod.” The brothers looked her over and informed her that it was time to go. They told her that Ivan had been killed by the Coonskins in their raid on his shop. Seig spoke: “We have no place there anymore Kristina. Your father as you know has initiated us to the fullest extent of his ability. It’s only you two we have now. Our first mission is accomplished.” As they ascended the staircase and returned to the main floor they gathered together as much armament from the compound they could, discovered in one of the ground floor rooms which entailed a secret compartment. this same contained rocket-propelled grenades and launchers as well as crates of grenades, 9mm hollow-point ammunition, and more C-4 satchel charges. They moved these out into the back alley and Tod ran back to place satchel charges throughout the compound as the Coonskin gang was now finally obliterated from the earth. It was only left for them to erase all memory of this cancer on society. Seig and Kristina had already loaded one of the ‘64s with the crates when Tod entered the vehicle. “Got two minutes before she blows,” he stated as Seig sped away in the vehicle into the moonlight. “Looks like the boss demon will go down with the ship,” he exclaimed chuckling over the poetic justice of how the Coonskins’ attempted sacrifice led to their own sacrifice and the demon they fed with their sacrifice was itself a sacrifice. “Black humour,” laughed Kristina who had now learned her lesson that there was no innocence in nature, least of all amongst murdering voodoo practitioners.

Scene: Scorpion gang hideout, Ithaca, New York

Over the past two decades, the immigration of Muslims into the New York area had increased exponentially owing to the legislative legerdemain of the Jewish Cabal and its infiltration into politics at the highest level of the administration. Legislation had been introduced that was designed to replace the white majority of the country though with more easily controllable as lower IQ populations of non-white third-world invaders whose primary motivation for their migration was to exploit the productive white society to the fullest extent draining away its resources into their own empty coffers heedless of the consequences to themselves as they devolved their host’s vitality (culturally and economically) through their parasitism, in consequence leaving a ruined society behind in the image of their own societies which they had largely destroyed through overpopulation and inability to cultivate the land in a sustainable fashion. The base consciousness of these black and brown denizens of primitive societies prevented them from far-sighted rational planning and immersed them in the transience of momentary existence what the Hindus called ‘Samsara’. Not all of these

violent invaders had such short-term motivations however and yet violent they most definitely were. These invaders were comprised largely of two groups: the first and perhaps most threatening as least discernible and most cunning were the far eastern Asians, the Chinese whose ties to their communist home country made them the greatest threat. This force stationed itself both within and without New York as well as in the Pacific Northwest which was the staging point of their invasion of America. The Chinese concentrated their forces in the form of the snake gang with affiliates scattered about the country hiding behind the appearance of mercantilism representing themselves as humble traders who simply wanted to 'live the American dream' outside of their communist stronghold which they portrayed to the naïve white population as an 'oppressive regime'. The name of their gang was an appropriate image given that their strategy was that of a snake, sneaking around and concealing itself in the grass – 'hiding in plain sight' ready to strike at the heel of the white race and inject its venom to anaesthetize and eventually kill the host body. They had established operations within the heart of New York City creating for themselves a segregated area as in all other major cities called 'Chinatown' and operating under the guise of being 'Christians' which enabled them to ingratiate themselves in the good graces of the gullible white majority who still laboured under the mind control of Jewish-created Christ-insanity, a religion of slaves who worshipped Jews and advocated living simply to follow their dictates awaiting a fictional world beyond. The other major threat was of an even more violent caste, that which was also cryptically racially based – that of the Arab and their black subordinates who they tricked into defacto serfdom just as whites had been tricked into serfdom by the Jews. Indeed the Jews and Arabs both had much in common along racial lines and had an unstable relationship of friendly enmity in which 'the enemy of my enemy is my friend' of course temporarily and treacherously. Being also of a race- mixed constitution the Arab was a wellspring of violent and chaotic energies which manifested in the religious fanaticism of Islam which was the iron hoop that bound them together as a collective enabling them to have functionality, order within the chaos of their political machinations which consisted of initially consolidating power hand in glove with the Jewish Cabal through commerce and subsequently political infiltration. This was done through guileful terrorism and as with all other non-white invaders creating the appearance of humanitarianism and loving kindness, etc. This face enabled them to disarm the whites while subtly building power for themselves through swelling their population and using the democratic system to vote in their own people once they became wealthy enough through heroin trade based out of their home countries. The Arab drug gangs largely controlled the Coonskins through being the wholesaler of narcotics in relation to the retailer who had more street-level presence. The Chinese cornered the market on cocaine, crystal meth, and various pharmaceutical products which were both highly addictive and deadly to the user and were trafficked largely in white areas and to white youth. Just as the snake gang had its surreptitious mode of operation and thus deserved its name, so too the Arab gang had its own guileful treachery and would frequently strike without warning at the enemy who was all who had not been initiated into Islam and who

did not follow its tenets which were embodied in its law called 'sharia'. The leader of this gang had given it the title 'Scorpion' as connotive of the sudden violence of its practitioners and its mesmeric quality which appeared to those confronting it benign or at least non- malevolent until they found themselves skewed by its sting. The leader's name was Farouq Akbar, a self- proclaimed Ayatollah who was the harbinger of the living god to come and who communed with him in the higher planes. According to this seat of Islamic theology, the function of Farouq Akbar the Ayatollah was to serve as a medium through which the absent god could communicate his intent and whose dictates uttered through the Ayatollah as his mouthpiece were absolutely bidding on the gang, questioning of which was punishable by torturous death. The Ayatollah lay on a bed of nails in a barren room wearing nothing but a loincloth and his turban. His greying beard projected from his gaunt face emaciated with fasting and illuminated by a small skylight above-the only source of light within the room. His eyes gazed vacantly at a tapestry of Arabic writing spelling out the name 'Allah' in black ink on a white square of linen. He sensed – or so he thought in his depleted state – that the djinn who conferred power upon him were pervading the room with their strength – the strength of god's love, "Blessed be Allah!" and who had come to enable him to be of greater strength in his service to the one true god- "Allah peace be upon him". His fanatical gaze drilled into the tapestry as if wanting to make Allah appear before whom he could prostrate himself in obeisance to the One. 'Smite the unbeliever O' Allah! I humble myself before thee and will strike them all in thy name! They will burn forever blessed be thee O' Allah! For you are my strength and to you I give my life in devotion!" Such ramblings continued in his mind when suddenly the door of the chamber emitted a timid knock, a quick staccato tremulous with a latent fear of disturbing the Ayatollah. The gaunt figure was awoken from his reverie and screamed: "Allah Akbar! What disturbs me at this hour?!" Leaping from the bed of nails he rushed to the door with scimitar in hand, loincloth wrapped around his emaciated form. The door opened inwards and the entrant jumped back just in time to avoid being slashed across the chest with the sword. The Ayatollah fell exhausted upon the barren floor too weak to pick up the sword yet his beady black eyes blazed forth with fanatical rage at having had his religious ecstasy interrupted by this fawning figure who now grovelled at his feet. "Allah's curse be upon you Hasim!" The Ayatollah screamed, fever sweat pouring down from his body. Hasim responded in anguished timidity, "Ayatollah please in Allah's name – a thousand apologies. I must tell you an important piece of information...it..." The Ayatollah shouted: "You were instructed not to interrupt me! – During..." he panted, "...my communion with Allah!" The Ayatollah paused, a look of craftiness coming to his senile face. He continued feigning friendliness: "Surely Allah is merciful," he said reflectively as if in contrition. "He alone can forgive you... but what is it you have to say – out with it!" he said impatiently. Hasim informed him that the Coonskin's had had their headquarters destroyed and that all of the members save a handful had been ruthlessly slaughtered by two young white men whose identity was unknown but whose features had been observed by one of the survivors. They had had a white girl with them whom they had called 'Kristina' and who had been abducted

by the Coonskins at the behest of Don Palumbo himself. At this the Ayatollah became more curious than angry. “They were seen? What do these boys look like?” Hasim handed the Ayatollah a sketch of the two boys which had been done by based on one of the witnesses’ descriptions: one blonde, one dark-haired; both with chiselled features, muscular bodies, and high foreheads. They were both shown in full with their black suits and grenade bandoliers. “Tough guys – as they say in America,” the Ayatollah mused, a look of disdain plastering his face. “We will show them who is tough! Yes Allah will smite them; these infidels and have no mercy! We are his agents. Peace be upon him!” He looked over to Hasim with a cold look of hostility. “You... Hasim...you will be the one to dispatch them. Now go to your room and beat yourself for violating the sanctity of Allah and his humble servant your Ayatollah. Go!” Hasim backed away bowing in reverence before the Ayatollah. The latter turned towards the tapestry upon which was written the name of his god “Allah smite them the infidel! Make them as if they never were!” He reached for his scimitar and cut across his chest in a gesture of self-mortification, eyes riveted on the name of god, drawing sustenance from the name. “Allahu Akbar” he whispered in reverence and fainted through the weakness induced by his exertions.

Scene: Adams’ Manor, New York, New York

The refurbished limousine cruised towards Adams Manor with Seig and Kristina in the back and Tod driving. They were all in good spirits having successfully completed their first mission sweeping away more of the maggots of the rotten Apple of New York. “Now that the Coonskin gang has been destroyed,” Tod said through the divider. “The children on the streets of New York have only the Scorpions to contend with – and their minions are far less than the Coonskins. We’re on our way to a whiter, brighter world,” he laughed as he accelerated the limousine which careened around the bend escalating towards the manor now in view. As their eyes fell upon it, Kristina cried out observing the smoke coming from the main building, the manor house: “What’s happening Seig? Hurry Tod we have to get to father!” Tod accelerated the vehicle which whipped towards the manor house. As they approached they observed that the heavily fortified gates had been blown apart leaving a tangled wreckage of wrought iron with the remains of an ornate signpost reading: “Adams...” for the name of the manor curling in twisted shape towards the clear blue sky as smoke billowed up behind . Several armoured vehicles belonging to the security force of Adams Manor had been reduced to scrap by mortars whose fragments had detonated their gas tanks tearing into the hull of the machine. The doors of the manor were also ajar and wrenched from their hinges hanging twisted in their frames by an apparent bomb blast. Shouts from within could be heard even at that distance by the trio in the car. “Stay inside the vehicle,” Seig instructed Kristina as Tod pulled into a discreet location adjacent to the manor

where they could not be seen. “Be safe Seig, Tod,” she replied softly kissing Seig on the cheek as he jumped out putting on his MAC-11 shoulder rig and ammo vest. He waved back to Kristina while he and Tod raced up the manor steps in hyper-vigilance hugging the corners and approaching from opposite extremes to cover a panoramic view of the interior. They spotted one of the security team who luckily identified them before he could get a shot off and gave a Roman salute, his other hand cradling a Heckler and Koch MP5. He signalled to them to ascend the left staircase which spiralled upwards in the central hall to an upper landing which was overarched by a domed skylight depending from which was a chandelier that was partially obscuring the sight of anyone who entered through the front door. The shouts from beneath the staircase they were ascending became louder as submachine gunfire stuttered. A group of swarthy Arabs came forth with the colonel, pushing and prodding him forward at the point of their Scorpion machine pistols. By this time the brothers had ascended the leftward staircase whilst the security team member had ascended the rightward. Both were concealing themselves as best they could behind statues, imitations of Roman centurions with bronze spears held in their fists. The colonel was thrust upon the Persian rug which covered the ground floor in a sprawling and undignified manner, his cane flying from his hand as he flung his hands out to brace himself. The smallest of the men, bearded with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes rushed in front of the colonel blocking his potential exit from the manor and gave him a swift kick to the stomach. “Infidel!” he cried. “Where are the boys who have insulted Allah!? Bring them to me!” and so saying he gave another swift kick to the thigh as the colonel struggled to rise and face his opponent, buckling and wincing in pain as the leather shoes of the Arab connected with his femoral artery area and surrounding nerves. The Arab raised his Scorpion machine pistol and levelled it at the colonel’s head. “Where? Where?!” he screamed working himself up into a frenzy. The colonel stared coldly into his dead black eyes preparing to go down without betraying the future of his bloodline, of his race and the hope that was revealed in the prophecies of the ancient texts. Just then appearing as if from nowhere a spray of blood erupted from the Arab’s hand who dropped the weapon on the ground screaming in pain. In an instant the other Arabs whirled round only to confront the gunfire of the boys and the security member. They danced with machine gun fire spraying the ceiling and crashing the skylight in which fell deadly fragments onto the upper floor where the three were stationed. A long sliver of glass impaled the security member through the neck nearly severing his head from his body while he did the rigor mortis shuffle, feet beating out a tattoo in homage of his long career of service in spasming rictus. The Arabs below lay in pools of blood but for one. The short man who was about to deliver a death sentence to the colonel had escaped leaving only one Arab, a big burly steroidal-looking figure whose muscles burst from his traditional dress. The MAC-11s had chambered on empty and the bandoliers of the brothers had been without extra magazines and were only stocked with C-4 satchels as they had intended to use them as spares for demolition work, their other vests having been placed in the trunk. The Arab raced towards them perceiving them to be largely defenseless. He looked around furtively and



espied the Roman centurion with his bronze spear held in his grip. The Arab pulled it from the statue with a metallic sliding noise as a sword drawn from its scabbard. He advanced upon the brothers sweeping the spear before him shearing off smaller statues from the banister as he ascended and the two brothers leapt back out of range. They came around the dead body of the security member on the other side and Seig reached for the spear pulling it free of the statue just in time to meet and parry the thrust of the Arab. They clashed again and again Seig's spear thrusting at the Arab who parried it aside with sheer muscular force. Seig was being pressed back down the rightward staircase while the Arab went in for the kill, ready to impale Seig with the spear. Seig was knocked down lying angled downward on the staircase and rolled hard as the thrust came, a chip of marble flying off as the spear bent against the stone. "Didn't...your mother..." Seig gasped, "... tell you to clean behind... your ears!" The Arab looked puzzled then angry but the anger was to no avail as when the Arab lifted his spear as a club to smash Seig the latter popped up with his metal-knuckled gloves and struck the Arab on the cheek, his head shattering with a spray of muck that splattered upon the red carpeted marble stairs. His body fell off the balcony and crashed with a thud to the ground below. Both the Colonel and Tod clapped as vigorously as they could at the performance: Seig picked himself up inflating his lungs: "Back to Allah beastman!" The brothers raced down the staircase to inquire as to whether the colonel was in need of assistance. "I'm as fine as I'll ever be boys.

That was the Scorpion seeing to carry out an assassination attempt. They've been here before; they are a lower tier of the Cabal but are used for more skilled operations than the Coonskins. "The Coonskins are wiped out Colonel," Tod said. "We took care of both them and their headquarters last night. Whatever dark entities they were using as a power source are now banished from this plane, unless they found another host to operate through." The colonel replied, "You can never be sure – the higher planes, even the astral planes which are the only ones accessible to the negro race outside of material existence – a strange place governed by strange laws. But you say you completed your first mission? Good for you boys," the colonel seemed genuinely pleased. "Why were they here? Was it another attempt on your life? The little fellow was asking about us..." The colonel replied grimly, "It wasn't only you he was after... Kristina too. Where is she now?" he asked, the boys faces taking on a worried expression as Seig dashed out of the foyer and towards where the vehicle was parked. Moments later he rushed back with the news: "She's gone! Looks like that little raghead abducted her!" The colonel looked crestfallen: "Out of the frying pan and into the fire," he muttered. He then began to instruct them in the whereabouts of the Scorpion gang's headquarters in Ithaca, New York, and how the compound was a greater fortress by far than the Coonskins'. He took off his pendant he wore around his neck and handed it to Seig. "This pendant enables a psychic connection between the wearers.

There are two – the other of which Kristina wears. Only true members of the Arya bloodline can sense each other's resonance and communicate through non-verbal communication by way of this device, it being of as

ancient lineage as yours and of an extraterrestrial origin. Once you approach the compound you may be able to detect where she is located. You may take one of the remaining armoured vehicles and further arm yourself in the armoury. The next mission is to free Kristina and destroy the Scorpion gang which would be a major blow to the Cabal and its drug and sex trade operations.

Scene: Tel Aviv, Israel

Don Palumbo accompanied by his bodyguard Stern pressed his hand against the wailing wall, muttering a cabalistic incantation to 'The One', dark lord of the earth. Accompanying him were two orthodox rabbis who maintained the appearance of solemnity and quiet dignity to mask their natural inclination towards vice of all description, a behavioural emanation of the Talmud which was the basic book of their religious philosophy they fanatically adhered to construing all non-Jewish people as mere 'animals and excrement', what they called 'goyim' (meaning 'animals', in yiddish). The Don was here on business, the only kind he trafficked in, namely murderer for hire, pain and suffering through drug addiction, sex trafficking, and organ harvesting – the funding and fomentation of wars and genocide of peoples. He, being a big-time player in the Cabal, the heavy calibre operating out of New York, took frequent trips to this Jewish ethno- state which prided itself on being the homeland of the 'chosen' of The One, the earth's dark god. Rabbi Moshe Mendel confided in Don Palumbo calling him by his Hebrew name 'Yakob' for Palumbo was a Sicilian crypto-Jew who masqueraded under the cover of Italian Mediterranean ethnicity when it suited him amongst the goyim. "Yakob, why not? Why not do dis ting for your people – for Israel," the rabbi entreated with an ingratiating smile revealing his crowded teeth and wizened face bedecked with scraggly beard and gesticulating with his hands. "You have given so much and I don't want to impose...but there is much suffering in the holy land and ve could use dis...dis boon on your part." Don Palumbo continued to walk alongside the rabbi seemingly deep in thought as if considering the proposed course of action whose onerousness was only counterbalanced by the effrontery, the chutzpah of the rabbi. "So you want me to pull the strings I hold in my hand...?" said the Don. "What would profit you would profit me of course as we all share a common bloodline, of the seed of Israel, but – it can only be done with much risk and expense..." he trailed off and shook his head subtly as if in denial of the possibility, upping the ante with the rabbi for what he sought in the bargain. "Perhaps ve could sweeten the deal," the rabbi said. "Come...let us attend the bathhouse where dey serve de best kosher wine and we can discuss it further." So saying, the Don nodded in satisfaction.

The bathhouse was a flimsy cover for a homosexual and pedophilic sex brothel which was favoured by the rabbis and which served as the environment in which their more clandestine dealings occurred given the controversial nature of the activity, even for Israel, the world's den of iniquity. Once seated they were attended by naked boys with silver plates bedecked with lines of cocaine and a straw as well as goblets of a red liquor reminiscent in appearance to blood (as it was the very thing). The Don, taking a snort of coke and

a gulp of blood waited for the rabbi to finish his goblet which he slurped down with evident relish licking his lips and wiping his beard on his greasy caftan. He took a snort of cocaine in preparation for the negotiations he knew would inevitably ensue and was determined now pepped up with vigour from both the drug and adrenaline-filled blood to minimize his losses now that his prospect of a free lunch was hopeless. The Don, knowing what he sought in advance waited for the rabbi to speak and begin negotiations. The rabbi taken off guard by this cautious approach began conjecturally: “The neighbouring country of Arabistan is an extreme threat to de security of the nation...we need tde goy army of the States to intervене and bomb dem back to the stone age – de animals. Just last veek...my aunt’s boyfriend’s daughter vas wounded in a terrorist attack by de filthy animals! Ve got ‘em back but...it vas horrible...” he trailed off shaking his head in apparent anger and sadness. Don Palumbo adopted the appropriate facial expression of outrage and sympathy mirroring the rabbi. “Go on Rabbi...let me know what I can do to help and to take vengeance against these accursed animals...” The rabbi continued after the necessary pause of prayerful sympathy. “Dere are benefits to be had in bestowing dis favour. Ve could for example create an inflation in de price of the gold shares and...” he saw no effect was had as the Don’s bored look conveyed disinterest. “Vell...ve could pull some strings with de Saudis to lower oil prices...” Still Don Palumbo was reserved appearing irritated and slightly offended by the proposal. “Well...” the rabbi said in amused exasperation, “Vhat can I offer? Vhat is it you want?” Don Palumbo cradled the goblet of blood in his hand and ponderously spoke: “The One came to me last night in a dream. He spoke to me and said that there existed a representative on earth who had the power to give me a slight portion of his own power and that I required this to fulfill a very important mission against the hated white race whose awareness of our secret power is growing. This gift exists in the holy land in the keeping of a rabbi...it is a ruby in which is concentrated some of the energies of ‘The One’ ...perhaps you know of this stone?” the Don asked with difficulty badly suppressing his greedy lust for power. The rabbi looked at him and said: “Dhat is a tall order Jakob...it is not entirely vithin my power...” he trailed off. The Don knew it was and that he had final decision in the Sanhedrin that his ruling was decisive. “I can promise you Arabistan will become a parking lot in two months’ time,” the Don said adding an incentive to get what he sought. “Make it vone,” the rabbi responded,””Dhere is much grievance vith dhis nation of dogs in de holy land.” “Consider it done,” the Don replied grinning ghoulishly. The masonic lodge in Tel Aviv was one of the most elaborate and ornate on the planet. Its occult symbolism was an arcane text codified in stone hiding in plain sight before the lesser brethren of the Sanhedrin, its spires arching skyward in homage to the horned king the G.A.O.T.U. On the outside of the building the cornerstone had writ upon it in Hebrew the letters Yod He Shin Vau He, connotive of the demon to whom it was dedicated over a masonic square and compass surrounded by a six-pointed Magen Dovid star of Remphan, the very demon to whom the dedication was made – ‘The One’.

Rabbi Mendel and the Don both dressed in the black hooded robes of this higher initiatic order of the Cabal, made their entrance into the tomb-like sepulchre, the inner chamber of the lodge which was constructed of black marble walls, the floor a masonic tracing board depicting the heavens above and the ceiling a surreal two dimensional representation of a 4-dimensional hyper-cube of black and white squares. The room was dimly lit by lights embedded in fissures where the wall met the ceiling and the room had a cool and vacant quality outside of the latent sensation of the presence of lower astral entities which gave the Don a sense of affinity, of the promise of the greater power he lusted for. The rabbi approached a menorah situated in the center of the room and uttering words in Enochian while bobbing his head, he proceeded to light the nine candles in their holder from right to left looking upwards and pausing after lighting each in silent prayer of invocation. All of the candles being lit he discarded the long sulphurous match which still smoked into a golden brazier at the feet of the menorah which was shaped like the tree of life, each candleholder being one of its branches. The Don knelt before the candle holder in silent prayer swinging one of the tassels on his robe as if to invite the entities which pervaded the room to bestow upon him the power he sought. This gesture of his was of course preliminary for the entities would not give without first receiving and they required blood. There would be much blood spilled that night. The rabbi raised his arms with the commencement of his prayers and spoke in a commanding voice: “Ve are born to die ve mortals! But it is immortality ve seek! Remphan,!Remphan! Ve would be vith you in your immortal beth-el (*house of god*).” In a quieter tone he spoke to the attendant: “Bring dem in.” The rabbi raised his arms again and repeated the invocation. A stirring in the aether occurred and the Don eagerly anticipated the new power he was to acquire. A slight squeaking was heard as the attendant wheeled in a cart reminiscent of a clothes rack only in place of clothing there were chained three Palestinian youths manacled to the top and bottom by their wrists and ankles. Their fearful faces conveyed the youthful desire for life against all odds, sweat pouring from their dark curly hair and down their naked forms. The attendant wheeled the cart before the menorah, the moonlight streaming down from the skylight surrounded by the surreal checkerboard design. The rabbi used his remote control to dim the lights in the fissures enabling only the starlight cast down from Sirius to illuminate the youths whose ashen-looking skin glistening with sweat. The rabbi, continuing to invoke the entities above drew from his cloak a hollow tube dotted with holes and ending in a point. He gestured for the Don to rise who in turn drew out his own device. The Palestinian youth, knowing the tales of what Jews did in their rituals wriggled against the rack, threatening to topple it as it swayed back and forth. The attendant grasped it firmly to steady it but the rabbi gestured him away. He produced his remote and held it up to the faces of the youths. Pressing the button they writhed as 100,000 volts of electricity reverberated through the device and into the youths whose bodies stiffened as the current coursed through them. The rabbi released the button and gestured to the attendant who held the cart steady: “Remphan! Remphan! Ve offer dee sacrifice!” he stated brandishing his sharpened tube. The Don also brandished his above and both plunged

their tubes into the body of the nearest youth who convulsed as rivulets of blood spurted from his body into the golden basin held by the attendant who attempted to catch the blood, the remainder flowing down into the grooves, the tracing board pooling in a larger indentation what was a representation of the moon. The Don and rabbi worked like sewing machines puncturing sackcloth as they impaled the youths over their bodies streams of blood shooting forth from their blood vessels bright scarlet blood pumping out in arterial jets. Once the youths sagged and became less convulsed with their dying life force, the rabbi screamed, “For Dee Remphan!” as he removed an obsidian sacrifice knife from his robe. He sliced across the chest of the one nearest and a flap of skin fell forth the intestines spilling out on the tracing board steaming in the cool room with vital elixir. He handed the knife to the Don who shouted in his bass: “For Dee Remphan!” as he slashed across the remaining two youths, their dying bodies ceasing to convulse as their life force drained away.

The attendant opened the gift box attached to the cart and in the light of Sirius a ruby shone twinkling in the night. “None but de elect may see the Star of Remphan, de ruby of all power, and live!” The rabbi screamed knifing the attendant in the throat who fell to his knees issuing forth his life’s blood over the stone. Around them gathered the entities who dwelled within the lodge lapping eagerly the blood at their feet, pouring their own energies into the stone. The Don took up the stone which was partially encased in a gold border attached to a chain and placed it around his neck, that source of power he so craved. His body vibrated with its occult power amplifying its own demonic energies through this stone of violent sacrifice which contained the pain and suffering of countless souls for thousands of years. “Remphan! I am close to you now!” the Don shouted feeling the power course through him as the light of the lodge illuminated him.

#### Scene: Ithaca, NY

The armoured vehicle wound its way through the placid suburban landscape of New York – ‘Ithaca’, the sign read. A town apparently at rest with no need to fear anything in the world save whether one’s infidelity was made known to one’s neighbour or whether the family down the block had an alcoholic mother or an abusive father or whether the children skipped school to do drugs down by the river where the vagrants hung out. Little did the denizens of the quiet town suspect that a notorious gang of fundamentalist Muslim terrorists had quietly moved onto the outskirts of the town under the cover of warehouse workers in an apparently operating business that was created out of an abandoned mine site which had now been fenced off and was covered with spirals of barbed wire. The fence had been electrified after two youths had gone missing and the townsfolk had raised an uproar over their disappearance. To deter investigation into their premises, the fence had been electrified as teams of investigators comprised of searchers from the townsfolk had been commissioned. The Freemasons on the town council had filibustered the search in time for the jihadist gang to create this defense – for had this been investigated the Cabal’s plans of using Ithaca as a jihadist training

centre would have failed. They had chosen Ithaca as it was more clandestine and the Muslims could build up their power slowly, ingratiating themselves into the good graces of the population and worming their way into the political system for an eventual forced conversion of the population to sharia law and Islam. At such point the Cabal reasoned they could within a matter of a decade or two merge Christianity (the prevailing religion of whites) with Islam as the new slave religion controlled by the Judeo-Masonic hierarchy of priests. Seig and Tod arrived at a local hotel as the sun began to set having spent quite a while on the road; they needed recuperation time before their raid upon the compound which they decided had to be done that night given that Kristina might have become lost in the subterranean network of the Cabal which virtually spanned the globe. Once she left New York it would be difficult to track her even with Seig's heightened awareness and its amplification through the pendant the colonel had given him. They knew that she would be unharmed by the Scorpion's given that the Don desired her for himself for sacrifice, to imbibe the blood of the Arya into himself and get a glimpse of eternity through his vampiric ritualism. As the boys were parking the armoured car they espied an Arab with gaunt features buying groceries at the local supermarket. As he drove away in the cube van Tod decided to approach one of the locals who was also unpacking his groceries in the parking lot and looking with suspicion long and hard at the Arab who then drove away down the street. Tod asked the man what he thought about the presence of the Muslims in his town and the man responded that he looked upon them as a threat to the security of Ithaca. Tod nodded his head in agreement and continued to pump the man for information as to the whereabouts of the mosque. The man whispered that he speculated it was located in an abandoned mine site and that this was some type of jihadist training center wherein two local boys had been probably abducted or murdered. Tod continued his gossip for a while to find out more particulars on the compound as a means of developing a detailed plan of attack. The man said his cousin delivered concrete to the compound once and that the compound had now constructed a concrete wall around it as a means of avoiding the townsfolk from spying into it. The electrical fence was located on the exterior with the perimeter wall within. Beyond that he knew little else than that the compound was situated largely beneath the earth in the catacomb of mine shafts. "Who knows what dey got in der," he said, speculating that the myriad delivery trucks may have been bringing everything from automatic weapons to sex slaves. Tod listened to the man's rambling discourse for a time longer and then excusing himself he headed into the grocery store to buy provisions. Upon exiting he looked across the street at the local convenience store and saw an attractive young white girl leaning against the wall seemingly solicitous of the attention of the passing men. A greasy Arab with an angry face exited the side entrance and confronted the girl. He held out his hand to her and became increasingly angry eventually erupting in loud aggressive epithets: "White cur!" he shouted as he backhanded the girl who fell sobbing at his feet. "Next time you try harder!" Tod had had enough. He raced across the street towards the two and cuffed the Arab across his greasy face, the latter's front jowls flapping with the impact. The tough Arab looked up with rage and anger boiling in his dusky

features and shouted: “Allahu Akbar!” drawing out a dull-looking curved blade from his grease-stained white apron. The Arab swept towards Tod with the knife who dodged the knife whistling past his midsection. The thrust unbalanced the Arab who lurched forward making contact with a knee from Tod which cracked a few teeth out of his mouth spewing blood on the greasy concrete. The Arab fell to his knees but rage-induced adrenaline propelled him forward to thrust once again at Tod’s midsection raking the knife across his body, the point scratching the skin as his shirt opened up in a tear. Tod responded immediately through twisting the magnet on his pendant which dropped the open blade in his hand. As the Arab again lunged Tod swept his knife across the latter’s throat like a knife through butter severing his head. A geyser of blood rushed forth out of his neck and spilled all over the girl who crouched trembling in the corner drenched in his blood and shrieking with horror at the disgusting scene. Another Arab rushed out of the convenience store with a sound-suppressed submachine gun already raising it to aim at Tod. In time the latter flicked his knife at the would-be assailant which buried itself in his wrist causing him to drop the weapon. As the Arab grabbed his wrist in agony it dangling obscenely by a twisted section of sinew and bone spraying the girl with arterial pumps of sanguine liquor, Tod gave a snap kick to the belly and the Arab buckled. A roundhouse to the back of the head crashed the Arab against the brick wall splitting his skull like a ripe melon. The girl stared in shocked horror at Tod saying: “Don’t...don’t hurt me please...” Tod told her to relax and asked if there were any other Arabs in the store. She stated that one of them had gone to the compound where they would often go. Tod prompted her to come with him and, shouldering the machine pistol and keeping out of sight of civilians he crept with her back into the alleyway. Her tight-fitting clothes were covered with blood almost to the point of dyeing them completely. They were now out of reach of the civilians and nearing a carwash. He told her to undress and he would clean her off with the spray hose. Outside of the carwash there was a clothesline in the neighbour’s yard and he adeptly hopped the fence and returned to the carwash with the clothes for her. Drying herself with the dryer she then donned the clothing looking cautiously at Tod. “Tell me more about this compound,” he said. She told him that it was the hidden mosque centre where the imam dwelt though she hadn’t seen him when she had been taken there for her training. “Training?” queried Tod. She said that the Muslims had forced her to dance for them as they said this was most enticing for the clientele, that it seduced ‘buyers’, they said. Tod’s face darkened in a frown at seeing his own people reduced to such abject servitude and debasement before a group of half-savage desert dwellers. He prompted her to tell him if she had seen another girl called ‘Kristina’ who was also blonde. The girl responded that there was and that she had recently – as of yesterday she had been told by one of the Arab women whom the Arab men called their ‘wombs’ as they were used as incubators of future jihadists in preparation for the takeover of the white society they always spoke of making such statements as “Ithaca first – then the world!” Tod suddenly looked at the girl and recognized that she might have been one of the one’s at the Coonskins’ headquarters they had freed. However he kept silent about it and let her continue. “It’s inevitable anyway.

Both they and the Coonskins are too powerful – we’ll all be Muslim soon so we better join now before they kill us all...” Just as she said the words she met his eyes and came to the realization of the fact that he was one of the one’s who had freed her in the Coonskin compound. “Oh please!” she cried, “don’t hurt me...I... didn’t mean it...” she looked around her frantically for an escape route and suddenly turned and ran down the alley away from Tod. He let her escape as she seemed to be uninterested in the survival of her own people. If she wanted to submit herself to the jihadists, that was her concern. Someone so mind controlled to look upon their own racial kinsmen with fear and to seek a violent slaver as her protector was a lost cause who had no redeemable qualities. At least he had struck a blow against the Arab sex slavers at a low level and had redeemed a useful weapon in the process. Tod decided that he had best return to the motel room and kit up for the invasion which had to be bumped up in the schedule given that the Arabs might become alerted to their presence now that some of their members had been slain and would inevitably be discovered by the police soon and thereby be transmitted throughout the networks of the Cabal to all of their minions. He doubled back over his tracks and observed from a distance that the bodies were still visible from the road. He quickly slipped into the store through the side entrance which was still open and turned off the lights flipping the sign to ‘closed’ and locking the door. Dragging the bodies behind the cash register would buy him time even if the girl ran to the Cabal and informed on him. He took the video tape from the video camera as the Arabs had been too cheap to upgrade their technology once they purchased the franchise from an old retiring white baby-boomer couple who simply wanted to blow their wad on gambling and vacationing and who had disinherited their own children. Tod locked the bodies in the meat freezer where they wouldn’t decompose and attract insects and vermin. He then exited and used the spray washer to wash away the blood from the side wall down the drain into the sewer. This would buy a little time keeping heat off the boys as they struck the compound at least from official channels such as the police, etc. “That’s what I get for my heroics,” Tod stated thinking of the girl and his risk-tasking. “Best not to be distracted from the mission – no good Samaritan has a role to play in a RaHoWa for the survival of one’s race. Casualties are bound to be incurred.”

Back at the hotel Seig was cleaning weapons and setting up his rig equipped with grenades and C-4 satchels. Tod informed him of his recent experience and the necessity of striking A.S.A.P. Seig agreed stating: “A damsel in distress is a dangerous Pandora’s box. The word to the wise is to tread carefully.” Tod nodded in agreement recognizing his own weakness when it came to women. They exited the room and stuffed bedding under their blankets to make it look like they were in the room, leaving the TV on also as a cover and left to where they had parked the vehicle at the rear of the hotel. They threw their duffel bags in the backseat of the armoured vehicle and took off their coats they had concealed themselves under not wanting any passers-by to inform on them to the police. Thus equipped they left the hotel without needing to return as they had checked in with forged identification and thus no trace to themselves could be made. They



headed towards the compound as the sun set on the horizon leaving the residents of Ithaca in blissful ignorance of the dangerous threat to their community at the hands of the Scorpions.

Scene: Scorpion compound, Ithaca, NY

The armoured vehicle rolled up to a stop on a side road nearest the compound but shrouded in trees. The compound was visible ahead and lights from the top of the walls blazed outwards intruding into the dark forest around the compound which was situated in an indentation in the ground given that it was built on an old abandoned mine site. Though placed in the middle of the mined out area it was still visible from above where the two boys crouched in their harnesses and black suit. They could see below a gathering of Muslims praying all directed towards the star which shone brightest in the sky apparently in reverence of its glory. The man who had attempted to assassinate the colonel came out dressed in sombre clothes wearing a turban, eyes blazing with fanatical religiosity. He ascended a platform so that he was positioned above the congregation. He shouted out loudly enough so that the brothers could hear: “Allah praised be he. He is mighty! The infidels in the town of Ithaca must die like dogs! They are a plague upon the earth! Allah punish them! Be it so that your servants here in this mosque may be used as an instrument of his divine will! – That the true faith of Allah – peace be upon him! – may conquer the world! Ithaca today, tomorrow the world!” The congregation arose from their prayerful posture and faced the star with upraised fists shaking them in religious rapture: “Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!” the congregation chanted. Just then Seig, yawning with boredom nudged Tod and made a gesture of taking off a grenade and throwing it at the congregation. Tod shook his head. This time he would chastise his brother for his imprudence. He held up his hand as a signal to descend on the compound, putting a finger to his lips connotating to infiltrate into the inner sanctum and then escape again and detonate the compound with C-4 satchel charges. Seig nodded in agreement – it was too risky as yet to risk the life of Kristina given that they had no knowledge of what the Scorpions with their lower impulse control would do if threatened. Accordingly as the Muslims faced the star above the brothers crawled down the hill toward the compound now that they were convinced that there were likely no watchers and that all were congregated above – all save the Ayatollah and perhaps a few minions. The two brothers crept round to be away from that side of the compound and Seig used his gloves to burrow a hole through the wall behind the main building. Having no other choice he also burrowed through the main building and discovered that he had entered into the servants’ quarters. A man was bustling about in the kitchen adjacent and could be seen through the open door from the darkness of the room. He was scooping out monkey brains onto a large board which the Muslims used as their collective plate soon to be sharing in a feast in celebration of Remphanadan, one of their holy celebrations. The servant opened a hidden cupboard and poured a draught of what appeared to be wine down his throat hiccupping and swiftly concealing the

bottle again peering over his shoulder out of guilt and concern lest he be discovered. His crafty bloodshot eyes bulged upon sight of Seig and Tod who stood in the doorway to the kitchen. Seig held up a hand and the wily Arab looked around nervously for an escape route. Seig's silenced MAC-11 made him think twice and he put on the best actor's smile he could. "And what can I help you with sir," he said sweat beading on his forehead as he looked down the barrel of the sound suppressor. "Where is the girl called Kristina?" Seig asked in a quiet menacing tone, his steel blue eyes gazing with icy coldness at the black eyes of the Arab. The Arab answered hesitatingly not wanting to anger Seig: "She not here. They send her to snake gang for keeping – Allah I swear it is true!" Seig was noticeably angered by the news yet still self-composed enough to make use of his captor: "Where is the Ayatollah?! We have words with him!" The Arab recoiled at the name of the Ayatollah. "I swear on the holy Koran I know not! Allah peace be upon him I cannot say!" Seig raised his submachine gun away from the Arab and threw a hard right punch next to the man who trembled with fright as the kitchen stove exploded into fragments. "I won't ask again," Seig said his calm inducing fear-sweat to tumble from the greasy brow of the Arab. "Okay, okay, I will tell. He down flight of stairs and to right..." he trailed off nervously. "Right?" Seig asked, raising his weapon. "No...I mean left...oh Allah be merciful!" Seig pointed to the hole in the wall which was only partially visible from the kitchen. "Go!" he commanded. "You are free." The Arab hesitated nervously then yanked upon the hidden compartment where the liquor bottle was concealed and with a sly smile and gesture of raising a toast to Seig exited by the hole out into the night. Tod noticed that a fine powder trailed after him – "Cocaine!" he said. "That should buy him a ticket to paradise." The brothers then made their way down to the room where the Ayatollah was alleged to be. They wound their way down rough-hewn wooden steps and turned a corner to the left. "This must be his room," Tod whispered. The two approached the heavy steel door at a 45 degree angle and Seig then used his gloves to pound it off the hinges. The door fell inward knocking over the tapestry of Allah which had been pompously displayed before all entrants who would have to view this calligraphic representation of their moon god Allah. The room was vacant and only a cloud of dust billowed up as the starlight shone upon a bed of nails, adjacent to which were left splayed open copies American pornographic magazines and a bottle of sesame oil. The brothers scanned the room but found nothing. Exiting they continued to follow the hallway which led down another flight of wooden stairs overlooking an open section carved out of the bedrock of the earth. They had a view of the adjacent side of the pit and saw bathed in harsh light that a ritual was occurring: the two blonde girls from the Coonskin gang were gyrating their hips as a Muslim played a wailing chorus of flutes and bongos, the girls having attached to themselves timbrels and bells. The Ayatollah sat prostrate on a Persian rug with legs crossed and a look of rapture on his face as he ogled the gyrating and sweaty bodies of the white girls who were chained together and which chain he held in his fist intermittently whipping it so that the girls were struck with the heavy iron chain leaving red marks on their bodies. This sadomasochistic action was apparently a source of sexual excitation to the Arabs

who worked themselves up into a frenzy. They had accompanying them a group of goats who they masturbated. The Ayatollah eventually stood and raised his hands above his head screaming out “Allahu Akbar! In the name of the mighty and powerful Allah I call upon thee o’ djinn of this mine! I call upon thee to come to feed upon these young fatlings! Grant power to Allah o’ djinn, for thou art a mere vessel of Allah’s will upon earth!” So saying his attendant brought forth one of the goats by his horns and the Ayatollah removed a curved knife from his linen shirt brandishing it in the air so that the shine of the harsh lights were reflected on the blade like a point of light, cruel and pure. The goat’s head was tilted mercilessly by the attendant, its eyes upturned and a frightened bleat exited its maw. The Ayatollah’s knife struck in a downward arch and sliced across the throat of the animal which trembled in death throes as the attendant struggled to keep a grip on it. The Ayatollah readied a cupped gnarled hand out and filled it with the blood wiping it on himself, and screaming “Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!” - summoning the djinn. The lights appeared to dim to some extent and the Muslims who were not occupied in playing instruments took up incense burners and lit them with a Bic lighter, sending the perfumed particulate wafting into the air. A shape began to form with all the dust in the air and the incense, one gaunt skeletal face which overhung the group on the other side from the brothers. It hovered over the goat and the blood was licked clean absorbed into the djinn. The Ayatollah yanked roughly on the chain which bound the two girls towards him and they obediently unlike the goat walked forward seemingly oblivious to the intent of their master who brandished his dully gleaming knife above them preparing to slit their throats just as he had the goat’s. The djinn bent forward over the two girls, its diaphanous body taking visible shape in the incense and dust, a snakelike shape with a humanoid skull its maw gaping in eagerness over the prospect of its vampiric feast. Just then the Ayatollah let out a scream of pain as Tod’s knife burst through his belly exploding in a torrent of blood and gore. The chain fell to the earth as the Ayatollah’s hand slackened and yet his body did not fall it being taken up by the djinn who tossed it up in the air to more efficiently drain the blood which poured from the wound into its maw. The staccato bursts from the MAC-11s of Tod and Seig mowed down the remaining Muslims, musicians ceasing to play their instruments and the others being mere lambs to the slaughter. The two girls prostrated themselves to the earth as the gunfire peppered the rock walls and ripped apart the congregation of Arabs upon whom the djinn fell upon with relish absorbing their vital fluid within itself. As the two brothers approached on the walkway which bordered the open pit behind them rushed a large contingent of Muslims, those who had been praying above and who had come aware of the chaos beneath them. They attempted to charge the brothers across the walkway but the brothers were nearly on the other side. Tod waited until they had nearly all come upon the bridge before lobbing a pair of hand grenades behind him waiting until the fuse was sufficiently low to explode on impact taking the bridge down with the Muslims who screamed with rage as they plummeted to their deaths into the abyss. The djinn sped after them to feast upon their broken bodies. Now the brothers had reached the two girls and asked them how they

could exit the mine. The two pointed to a shaft nearby which was apparently an elevator leading to the surface. Tod held out his hand in a gesture signifying for them to lead the way and they sped forwards toward the shaft. Seig placed one of his C-4 vests on the platform with the Ayatollah and a timer to detonate once they had managed to escape. The brothers went into the elevator and began pulling it up and out of the mine. Once upon the surface they heard the subdued explosion of the C-4 and a rumbling in the earth. The four ran off into the woods where the armoured car had been waiting. “Where are you taking us?” one of the girls asked nervously for it was she who had run from Tod earlier. “Nowhere,” came his reply as they approached the vehicle. “You’ve made your choice to betray your race.” The girls looked frightened and attempted ingratiating themselves with Tod as Seig appeared immovable in his cold rationality. “Please don’t leave us to die in the woods. we had no choice but to do what they wanted.” Tod replied, “You wanted to be independent didn’t you? Now you have your independence...do you seek dependence again?” They shuffled their feet and looked nervously into the woods into the unknown world which loomed before them threatening their comfortable lifestyle of pampered indulgence. Seig, knowing the history of the two stated “You can’t make a whore into a housewife,” but continued saying “but we are not evil like the Jews or any of the other non-whites you have been affiliating with. If you promise to devote the rest of your life to the 14 words we will return you to your parents in New York or allow you to live off the system in Ithaca if you want.” Visibly relieved the girls complied but the one Tod had assisted last inquired, “What are the 14 words?” Tod recited them: “We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.” The two girls looked thoughtful, Tod’s acquaintance said: “I promise to do whatever is necessary to secure my people’s existence.” “So that the beauty of the Aryan woman shall not perish from the earth,” Tod replied.

Scene: Snake Gang Headquarters, Ithaca, NY

The people of Ithaca looked well upon their Chinese community – ‘Salt of the earth’ many of them said. The townsfolk didn’t realize of course that the salt was in fact MSG and that, though an addictive substance leaving you wanting more, it had a very deleterious influence on the health of the host body. This was the strategy of the Chinese communists who worked hand in glove with the Cabal at its highest echelons and who had developed a feudal society which operated under the auspices of a Mandarin who benevolently looked after his people according to the precepts of Confucianism. At least comparatively, comparatively benevolent relative to the Maoist murder machine funded by the Cabal to subvert the traditional society and to build it into a military juggernaut to be used as a battering ram against the white society intended for its

ultimate destruction. The policy was to seed as many Chinese immigrants into all white nations on earth and within a few decades to have enabled a takeover of power through the Chinese communist party funding their excess population of colonists who would then buy up real estate and ingratiate themselves into the political system, a policy which was – to a greater or lesser extent depending on the non-white demographic – universal for all immigrants as devised by the Jews to reduce the power of the white population to a nullity in preparation for their genocide. Each Chinatown, though appearing benevolent and an economic and cultural gift, was in reality a criminal Trojan horse which had been put in place until the time was right for the cabal to unleash their terrorist army against the whites. The town council had already quite a few Chinese on it not representative in terms of the proportion of the population exceeding it by a few times thus granting inordinate power to this foreign group who had had no stake in creating the country in its origins let alone the small city which was on the other side of the globe. Sitting in his comfortable office in his traditional Chinese medical clinic, Dr. Chew Li, leader of the Snake Gang, looked placidly over his round spectacles at the two turtle doves he kept in a gilt cage overlooking the window. So peaceful, he stated yet...so dull. He slid a large lacquered box over to the cage from the other side of his desk the holes peppering the side emitting a hissing sound which disturbed the doves and caused them to cease their warbling and cooing. The doctor slid the side wall away out of sight of the turtle doves and this led them to attempt to crane their necks in concern attempting to perceive whether there was a potential threat concealed behind the box. He then opened a compartment on the desk which enabled the snake to crawl in without detection from the birds. He smiled placidly as the snake crawled into the inner maze of his desk outfitted with myriad drawers and compartments ostensibly as cupboards for oriental herbs. The doves cooed nervously but appeared to have relaxed appreciably as the snake (which they had not yet seen) had ceased its hissing and thus exited their bird brains. They went back to pecking in their trough while Dr. Chew Li pressed a button on his desk initiating an electronic mechanism which opened another compartment adjacent to the cage. Sweat beaded on the doctor's face and he became erect bending over the cage in a state of ecstatic anticipation. Suddenly the snake darted out and struck one of the doves in the neck breaking it and injecting its venom. The other dove attempted to fly away and beat its wings against the snake whose sleek black body stooped over the dove its cobra hood inflated. It arched away from the dove and Dr. Li approached climax, the cobra and doctor both simultaneously expelled their fluids – the cobra its venom, the doctor his semen. The doctor shaking as he hugged the cage, the other dove flapping its wings in death agony as cobra venom splashed into its eyes. The cobra struck at the bird impaling its fangs in its neck. It clung to the creature whose life force drained into the cobra's body while the doctor heaved in ecstasy over the gilt cage. A few moments later the doctor had put the cobra safely away in its lacquer box and picking up a little golden bell from his desk rang. The door was delicately pushed inward and a

slender youth of about twenty entered standing at attention after bowing obsequiously before the doctor. “Chan,” the doctor began with a smile concealing his more sinister motive for summoning the youth, “Have you been in contact with the honourable gentleman Don Palumbo?” “Yes Doctor, he has informed us that he will be returning from Israel this evening and that he has one of the usual ‘special guests’ accompanying him, a certain Freemason of the thirty-first degree named Sir Reginald Comingsford, an emissary of the royal family. It appears that Sir Comingsford is not compliant with the directive of the Cabal to take out Arabistan. He claims that it would create tension in international relations for the Anglo-American faction to intervene and that resources in the area are spread too thin.” The doctor nodded with understanding and reflected: “So the Don wants to cater to his guests? Chinese is on the menu...” he said, glancing at the pigeons which had been infected with cobra venom. “They will make a succulent delicacy fit for royalty.” He smiled a cold, hard smile at Chan who returned it respectfully. “Let the Don know that I will be throwing a feast tonight including a very special dancing girl of the Aryan bloodline who we have in custody.” Chan bowed and exited the door. The doctor looked again at the pigeons and smiled his cold smile. “Might is right,” he thought, “all things go to the grave but some have a more comfortable life and a more comfortable death.” At this he laughed hysterically conjuring up in his mind images of himself living in an opulent palace in China surrounded by a harem of young boys that he would find great delight in torturing to death. He turned and was broken away from his reverie as he looked out at the city streets and the McDonald’s across the street its arch casting a yellow golden glow which he had imagined as the glow of his sumptuous golden palace with distaste he picked up his golden bell to ring for his servant to begin preparing the birds for the feast. “Curse America and curse the white devils!” Soon he would live his life of luxury as a Mandarin and no longer have to kowtow before fat society ladies and coarse westerners for their filthy petro dollars.

Scene: Dinner table, Dim Loo’s Chinese restaurant in the same building as Dr. Chew Li’s medical clinic. The Don had seated himself in the faux opulent booth, a ruby-coloured red with shiny golden wallpaper, ornate red lacquered latticework with an aquarium nearby filled with many coloured fish. The Don squeezed himself into the booth after the Freemason who was effectually trapped within the booth by the Don’s steroidal bulk. Dr. Chew Li waited politely and took his seat once the Don had gestured for him to sit. The aroma of soy sauce and greasy lard filled the atmosphere along with that of white rice. Oriental yang xin music whined in the background as secret service people stood guard at a distance. The Don spoke: “Sir Reginald,” he spoke with deliberate insult and at which his companion grew red with anger but had not the fortitude to protest given that the Don was an imposing man. “If I may,” he continued,

“inquire as to why you are so opposed to the Arabistan campaign? As you are aware the state of Israel views this as a serious security threat failure to take the appropriate measures meaning the compromise of the ODED YINOM plan for the formation of greater Israel and the formation of Solomon’s temple...” he trailed off observing a fortune cookie that had been left from the previous gusts and which had not been cleared away. Dr. Chew Li coughed with disgust like a cat hissing at a child playing too roughly. “Solly Don Palumbo, the waiter will be severely punished.” The Don shrugged his shoulders appearing bemused. He looked at the cookie and then at the Freemason: “What will the future have in store...?” He trailed off. “Open it,” he said softly though with irrevocable command. The Freemason rolled his eyes sarcastically and took up the cookie with a look of irritation on his face: “Right then if you wish me to play this game” – so saying he cracked open the cookie and unravelled the paper message inside: “Today you will have ill luck,” he read with a sneer of disdain. “I would hope the best for you Sir Reginald,” the Don continued, “for Israel needs your assistance. Since you are the only one preventing the campaign against Arabistan with your influence amongst the royals and the international community it would be a pity if you could not see it in your heart that Jews must live and that Israel is our homeland.” Sir Reginald responded attempting to pacify Don Palumbo who looked at him with a vacant smile of wounded dignity.

Dr. Chew Li chimed in: “Here comes the first course – a big bowl of egg drop soup – a delicacy in my country and a cup of orange pekoe tea.” As the dishes were placed upon the table the doctor asked in a polite tone who had waited on this table last. One of the servants claimed responsibility and the doctor’s pleasant smile immediately hardened as a cobra preparing to strike. He picked up the tea cup and flung the hot tea into the servant’s face. “You forgot to pick up your fortune! – Now – misfortune!” at which he laughed aloud while the servant attempted to subdue the pain, muscles contorting as will battled with flesh. “Now go to your duties!” The servant bowed and went away face peeling in reddened pain. Sir Reginald smirked superciliously and swallowed a gulp of tea. The Freemason continued: “Given the negative reputation Israel has in the democratic countries to strike against Arabistan would be to show our hidden hand too clearly even for the common people. This could create a great diminution of trust in the appearance of representativeness of democracy and also to boycott of Israel’s goods and refusal to submit to taxation for foreign aid to Israel especially in the European countries.” The Don made a rude circling gesture with his hand: “Yeah, yeah Europe’s finished anyway, The idiot Christards in America are all the justification we need to get the campaign underway. We will have war with or without you...” he stated matter-of-factly. “But this conflict could escalate and bring about war with neighbouring countries and through diplomatic ties bring about a world war – Solomon’s temple will just have to wait for a more opportune moment.” The

Freemason though a race-traitor found the necessity of betraying his aristocratic lineage as a pure blood British – a distasteful action especially in kowtowing to this ‘Jew upstart’ as he called him in his mind. They set to their meal to alleviate the tension and the Don made several other attempts at swaying the Freemason finally drifting to other topics concerning China and its role in international affairs and its relationship to Israel and how Britain was a failing nation and that China would be the next world superpower; that Israel and China would form a great partnership and a global order would arise that would wipe away all previous forms of corruption stemming from Rome and the Vatican, etc. At these words the Freemason became angry: “I must protest this slander – without England’s backing Israel would not exist. Past history requires” – at which point he was cut off by the Don: “Past history is past history. We’re onto bigger and better things and besides with the city of London – what do we need of England?” In saying this he demonstrated the subordination of the former British empire to the financial power based out of the city of London governed secretly by the top Jewish banking houses. At this the Freemason seethed and abruptly turned on the Don his secret service agents becoming attentive and fingering their weapons. At this instance the waiters returned minus the scalded one carrying covered dishes steaming through their cracks, the fine bone porcelain of which they were constructed gleaming in the dim light the yang xin still sounding in the background. The Freemason continued to stare at the Don who shifted his attention to the meal. Chinese chicken balls and wonton soup were the fare for the Don and doctor while a glistening pair of turtle doves sleek with pig lard were that of the Freemason’s fare. Rice bowls were supplied on the side with chopsticks. The Don looked apologetically at the Mason: “Sir Reginald, let’s eat,” he stated with an amicable tone in his voice. They began gorging themselves on the fare and the Don slid a steel chopstick from his rice bowl into his hand reversing it in an ice pick grip. The doctor also seemed to stiffen as if in readiness, an incomprehensible smile plastered to his face. “Food’s good...” the Freemason mumbled between bites. Suddenly he hacked, face empurpling and eyes protruding from their sockets. He bent over in his seat hacking. The Don and doctor made a simultaneous move both assailing the secret service agents, the Don coming up and down with the chopstick jamming it into the eye socket of the agent, the doctor striking a few pressure points with his ba gua skills – one to the solar plexus and followed immediately by a punch to the throat then a palm to the nose jamming the nose bone into the brain of the agent. The Don had not been idle his other chopstick jammed into the throat of the agent and grabbing both chopsticks one in the eye and one in the throat dragged the agent down onto the table after sweeping his legs out from under him smashing his head into the porcelain bowl. The Freemason was curled in the fetal position under the table as the venom took effect. The Don drew a knife across the throat of the agent and a pool of blood welled out into the dish. The Don and doctor both dipped their teacups into the blood and drank a toast: “First New York, then the world,” the Don said clinking his cup against the Oriental’s. The two got up and shifted booths to get away from the gore and detritus scattered about. They sat down again and began discussing affairs. Dr. Chew Li brought up the topic



of Kristina: “As you are aware Don Palumbo, there is alive and in our keeping one of the daughters of the bloodline of the Arya. She is kept in the basement of Dim Loo’s kitchen. Would you like to see her?” The Don nodded and said: “There is only one thing remaining for me to become a living god – and that is the blood of an Aryan virgin. Are you sure she is pure?” Dr. Chew Li responded: “We have done genetic tests to verify that she has not been contaminated with the genes of any of the other races and her hymen is intact – this without a doubt proves that she is virgin.” At this the Don became excited: “It is rare in today’s degenerate age for a woman or even a girl of young age to be virginal – Remphan smiles upon me at this time. Soon the world will belong to Israel...and you of course will share in it Dr. Chew Li as well as your people. We will transfer power from America and Europe to your country as a major superpower and base of operations. We’ll rule the world with an iron fist!” The Don arose and demanded: “Bring me to her! I would finalize this project. The blood of the Arya must be mine!”

Scene: Dim Loo’s Kitchen basement wherein Kristina is held

The grimy floors and reek of rotting Chinese food which wafted into the dimly lit basement were not enough to defeat Kristina’s hopes of rescue. She heard a scraping on the stairs sure that it was the hunchbacked kitchen slave who fed her her daily fried rice and pork come to deliver. However the stairs groaned under what sounded like a great weight descending. She defiantly stood her ground and prepared for whatever would enter. The steel door opened outwards and she came face to face with a giant of a man thickly muscled and dressed in a black suit with a large glowing ruby depending by a gold chain from his neck. He stared at her through his Neanderthal brows and granite jaw clamped shut in a thin smirk the lower and upper lips having the appearance of thin pieces of raw liver, his skin tone a pasty colour yet luminescent as if possessed by some strange occult force. He walked in and stood before her: “Kristina Adams? Your father has caused much trouble for the Cabal,” he stated with a menacing tone. “It would be hoped that his daughter would pay for the sins of her father.” In so saying he took up his fist with its electric ring and grabbed her transmitting direct current into her arm. She screamed as the voltage cursed through her arm rigidifying her form. The Don sneered and hurled her into a corner. The doctor followed behind and entered saying: “If you will be needing me I will be upstairs with Dim Loo going over accounts,” he said bowing and shut the door behind him. The Don towered over Kristina and the star of Remphan on his chest glowed and pulsed as if sensing that what is needed was within reach. The Don reached towards Kristina as if impelled by the star which used him as its instrument. The girl kicked at the Don who became enraged at the sight of Kristina in her red dress as a bull is angered by a red flag. He charged at her but in his blind rage struck a piece of metal rebar projecting from the concrete floor and went crashing with his full weight against the wall headfirst cracking himself against the concrete. Stunned he swayed and Kristina attempted

to sidestep him and make for the exit but was pulled down under his bulk and wrapped in his steroidal arms which imprisoned her in that adamantine grip. “I will have blood!” bellowed the Don who shook Kristina like a puppy in his arms.

Scene: Dim Loo’s office, Dim Loo’s restaurant

Dim Loo, a gargantuan Chinese sumo wrestler who had adopted the lifestyle of a sumo in his journeys in Japan found the marital art to be complementary to his gluttonous propensity. This was partly the reason he had established the restaurant – to state his immense appetite for delicacies. His greasy fat face billowed out at the chin taking on a buddhistic appearance. His greasy topknot hung back off his head exposing a large ornate chain with a jade gemstone depending from its golden links. His opulent silk suit patterned with dragons of gold thread shone in the light of the paper lanterns which illumined his office. Two lithesome oriental geisha maids dressed in Chinese schoolgirl outfits waved paper fans to cool his grotesque bulk which sprawled on silken cushions. The room was large and spacious accommodating his many large meetings which both he and his superior Dr. Chew Li arranged in overseeing the affairs of the Snake Gang. Now the two leaders poured over their accounts which were recorded on paper as no electronic database could be trusted. These were stacked high and Chan their assistant stood by making notes in assigning orders to the gang’s members for the collection of debts. Just then a row was heard in the foyer as the remaining kitchen help raced out of the kitchen armed with cleavers and submachine guns. The two leaders looked puzzled and instructed Chan to go and report to them on what was happening as they sealed the room with its sliding door effectually concealing them from detection from whatever problem letting the staff fight it out. They turned towards the screen that showed the front entrance and watched the scene ensue. Two white youths attacking the staff who employed their most highly developed martial arts skills in combatting them. The submachine gun-toting chefs were dispatched with a roundhouse kick from the darker-haired youth and another’s head exploded in a rain of gore as the lighter-haired youth dealt an uppercut to the jaw with metallic-looking gloves, followed by a sweep kick to the remaining fire-armed assailant who crashed to the ground striking his skull against the floor.

The remainder of the waiters were dispatched by the two, one with a knife thrust through his throat which ripped away his head, the other with a fist to the stomach that broke him in half. The final waiter whose face was scarred with fresh third-degree burns knelt prostrate before the two youths and a conversation appeared to ensue finishing with the frightened waiter pointing back to where the two leaders were and the two youths racing after their target, the oriental waiter rushing out of the restaurant out of sight of the cameras.

The two leaders sealed within their room hurriedly put away their accounts in their lacquer boxes and picked up their ceremonial tasselled swords in preparation for the assault to come. The fat Dim Loo heaved his bulk up and assumed a crouch stance with his sword extended in one arm off to the side. The doctor covered the

other section of the room both being at forty-five degree angles to the steel bulletproof door. Suddenly fragments of the door burst inwards as Seig's fists pounded holes within the door buckling it on its hinges and eventually sending it sliding across the floor with a scraping sound as nails on a chalkboard. As Seig's last flurry of fists flew the doctor slashed with his sword and brought forth a rush of sparks from the contact of metal on metal. Tod rushed it and met the slash of Dim Loo's sword with his knife slicing the blade in two. Dim Loo looked in amazement at the severed blade then entered into a sumo stance thrusting forward at Tod with his incredible bulk hand after hand attempting to push Tod into the concrete wall and crush the life out of him with his incredible bulk. Tod's knife slashed upward splitting the skin of Dim Loo whose belly burst open spilling its contents on the floor the sizzle of fried fat wafting upwards and mingling with the incense. The jade pendant that hung around the neck of Dim Loo glowed and shook. Appearing in the incense an apparition arose and stood over the group its flat black eyes like those of the dead Chinaman which looked up vacantly from the bamboo matted floor. Seig was too busy to see the apparition which had descended upon the fallen Dim Loo and was feasting upon his vital elixir. The doctor slashed and his slashes were met by Seig's gloves. Seig jabbed at the sword and it shattered into fragments when he used his knuckles. The doctor immediately crouched into horse stance and prepared for the onslaught. Seig hurled punches alternating left and right which the doctor adroitly sidestepped bobbing out of the way, back-flipping some distance away from Seig and onto a low-hanging platform upon which rested a Ming vase. He toppled it over and a wave of sulphuric acid rushed out of the top burning a hole in the floor. Tod utilized the opportunity to whip his knife at the doctor whose silk suit was impaled from the front pinning the doctor to the wall tapestry. Tod twisted the disc on his pendant and the knife flew back to its source causing the doctor to fall into the smoking hole left by the sulphuric acid and down below. The demon which emanated from the jade rushed down after the doctor to imbibe his vital elixir into itself. Seig looked down into the pit and observed that the room into which the doctor and demon had fallen also contained Kristina. "Kristina!" Seig yelled but the girl didn't respond as she was in a hypnotic state a red glow surrounding her. From below the head of the Don appeared and yelled, face contorted with rage: "C'mon punk! C'mon and put it to the test!" Seig yanked the silken rope from one of the hanging tapestries and tied one end around the lacquer table. He rushed down on top of the demon who still feasted upon Dr. Chew Li's corpse. The Don confronted him, muscular body trembling with rage as veins projected from his skin, he having discarded his suit for the ritual sacrifice of Kristina which had not been able to be completed though she had been put under hypnosis as a preliminary act. The star of Remphan glowed brightly on the Don's chest as if pulsing with life. Even the demon kept its distance contenting itself with the meal of the doctor's soul. Tod came crashing down on the silken rope shortly after Seig his knife sailing at the Don yet shattering to pieces on his flesh, the glow of the star of Remphan brightening in intensity for a brief moment flickering as if mocking the assault. The Don bellowed: "Your weapons are useless! You cannot defeat me!" charging Seig who attempted to buffet

the Don with his fists but to no avail the blows landing with metallic sound as of metal on metal. The Don laughed maniacally: “Remphan flows through me – I am demigod soon to be god!” Seig was seized in the arms of the Don who attempted to crush the life out of him. The pendant of Sieg glowed which elicited a greater glow and brightness from the star of Remphan. Seig derived greater power through the struggle the formerly steel limbs of the Don becoming flesh and his own taking on a more steel-like hardness. The Don’s eyes bugged out in astonishment as he sensed the relative shift in power between his supremacy and the challenge Seig represented.

Just then he was struck a blow on the back of his neck by an elbow from Tod which diminished his defenses. A further blow against his lower back by Tod had him loosening his grip on Seig. Both brothers pendants glowed now and even that of Kristina’s was also glowing. The demon who had apparently had his fill of the doctor’s vital essence rushed back out of the hole in Dim Loo’s restaurant. The star of Remphan glowed brightly and the Don let out a cry of anguish as the pendants of the Arya lit up like molten metal radiating outwards their energies. A ringing sound emanated from the pendants and the star of Remphan cracked letting forth a rush of bright light, the light of a thousand thousand souls which had been trapped within the jewel for a thousand thousand years. The Don’s body shook and a well of blood erupted from his mouth spewing the contents of his vampiric feasts of a lifetime onto the greasy concrete. “Noooo!” screamed Don Palumbo as his plans for global dominion washed down the drain of a filthy Chinese restaurant in an obscure city on the eastern seaboard. “Yod He Shin Vau He!” he screamed choking on the words. His body slumped to the ground dead. The demon appeared again at the hole in the ceiling and rushed upon his corpse to imbibe the elixir of many victims of torturous sacrifice. “All’s well that ends well,” Seig said going over to Kristina who was recovering from her hypnosis and helped her to her feet. “Anyone for dim sum?” Tod joked. The three of them left the demon to lap up the remnants of the Don.

Prologue: The trio drove the armoured car towards Adams Manor eagerly anticipating their reunion with the colonel and celebration of the death of Don Palumbo one of the major operatives of the Cabal. They wound their way towards the manor over the rolling hills of green under the blue skies above and came in sight of the manor. Repairs after the destruction at the hands of the Scorpion gang had been underway and were in process of completion. Though the manor had lost its ornate and traditional ironwork and statuary which had been desecrated by the Scorpion gang in their raid upon the manor last they visited it had acquired a sterner more rugged quality, the stone blocks out of which it was constructed being of a black marble to replace the former white. The wall had been rebuilt with double thickness and the wrought-iron gates were doubled, separated by a distance of ten feet to minimize the ability of infiltrators to gain entry. Arriving at the gates in one of the armoured vehicles they were met by a security detail of a similar calibre as the previous one though comprised of new faces given that the old had been largely wiped out by the gang raid.

Tod stuck his head out of the window and stated he and Seig had Kristina with them and that he wished entry to reunite the colonel with his daughter. Kristina poked her head out of the open window and waved to the guard who had become acquainted with her image from family photos. He signalled to the gatekeeper to buzz them in and the sliding gate began to open. Once inside the trio exited the vehicle and they were escorted inside by the security member who beckoned for them to follow him onto the veranda where they espied the colonel lying down with an ice pack on his gaunt, ashen face looking out over the fields. As they came into his view he brightened at their coming, ashen face showing the ruddy complexion of old: "You've returned! You're alive!" he croaked, lips spreading in a ghoulish grin. He fell back against the cushion wracked with pain. "What's wrong Father?" Kristina asked as she stooped over him. He gestured towards the glass of water on the table and she brought it towards his lips to drink. He took a sip and fell back exhausted yet in spite of his painful grimace he had a look of accomplishment like he had attained what he had been born unto the earth to do, to continue the bloodline of the Arya. He spoke: "Kristina...before I die I must request of you that you marry Seig. For you must continue the bloodline." Kristina looked towards Seig and then back to her father. The colonel continued: "Promise me Seig that you will take my daughter in marriage," at which point he coughed hacking into his kerchief. Seig replied: "If Kristina will have me I will gladly do so." She looked towards him and smiled a token of her consent. The colonel explained to them why he was so incapacitated: "The Scorpion Gang stung me," he laughed hollowly. "One of their members injected me with a bio-weapon which is impossible to recover from. I have only two days to live according to my old and trusted friend Dr. Harrow who has gone to town and who is treating me here. I have implicit faith in his diagnosis. I must accordingly initiate the final solution to the Jewish problem and perish myself in the attempt..." he trailed off in another hacking fit and Kristina attempted to get him to relax to cease struggling. He resisted continuing to finish his statement amidst much coughing: "Seig, you and Tod must continue the fight whatever there is left once my final mission is completed. I want you all to remain here with Kristina and to continue the bloodline to preserve the teachings of the ancients." The plan the colonel had devised he reiterated to the trio: he would use his underground Hanebu craft and internal canisters of bio-weapons which were racially specific targeting Ashkenazi and Sephardi DNA and would fly over the heart of New York City spraying the particulate over the area so that it would be impossible for any Jew to either detect in advance or to escape their inevitable destruction. He would first give the signal telepathically to all other pendant wearers who were members of the Arya and who would initiate similar strikes in all the major cities of the western world and also to operatives who pretended to be Christian evangelists in Israel to detonate a facility of such canisters in Tel Aviv and Haifa. The operatives were Palestinians who had a righteous desire for vengeance against the Jews and would have no difficulty dying in a suicide attack. They were custodians of the pendants through transmission from ancient Aryan bloodlines that had become racially mixed yet retained the external trappings of their forbearers having mutual interests bound up with the Arya throughout their history. All of these acts would occur

simultaneously across the power centers of the Cabal. There were even rogue ethnic Chinese agents who descended from Mandarin bloodlines and who had been ousted from power under Mao and who thirsted for vengeance. Indeed the entire world had a dog in the fight against the Cabal and their tyranny over the earth through their system of usury and exploitation. The colonel prepared the next day for his flight – it had to be a suicide mission as that was the only option for a man with only one day to live – the day that he had chosen upon which to die. He intended to crash the Haunebu into the Long Island compound of the Cabal and put the finishing touches on his apotheosis. A self-destruct mechanism was placed into the Haunebu should additional force be needed to obliterate the compound. The next day the colonel was placed into the cockpit and took off into the clear blue sky. Hours later, order was finally established amidst the chaos that had been the history of the earth. Seig and Tod stood with Kristina on the veranda and welcomed the dawning of a new day.

# Curious George

THE MAN IN THE YELLOW  
YARMLILKE



“Curious George and the Man in Yellow Yarmulke: An Allegory of the Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews”

Many years ago there was a little monkey named – well, he didn’t have a name as he was just a silly little monkey. He lived in the jungle with his tribe who didn’t have a name either as they too were just silly little monkeys who did silly little things in a big bad jungle. The little monkey was neither happy nor sad living amidst his tribe amidst the jungle as he had little mind with which to be happy or sad. He simply existed in his own little monkey way: eating, sleeping, propagating, and fornicating. His tribe also did these little monkey shins with not a care in the world – for how could they care when they had no mind with which to care. One day the little monkey was terribly frightened, for the tribe had begun a voodoo ritual and they needed a little monkey to sacrifice for their ritual – and that little monkey was the little monkey who is the star of this tale. They chased him over hill and dale, under vine and around banana tree – they chased him across piranha ponds and around hungry lions on the prowl. The little monkey ran and ran and finally reached a crew of sailors who were disembarking from their ship, making camp and setting fires for food. The little monkey saw that they had many nets and many chains and manacles. If the little monkey had a mind he would see things more clearly. He approached the men who sought to hunt him for their supper brandishing their carving knives and shouting at one another with glee over the prospect of meat. Just then another man dressed in a stately mantle of ermine fur clasped with a bejewelled gold chain cried out: “Cease this foolishness! Who can tell if there are not more about? We will use this one to bring the rest to us!” So saying this man, who wore a funny little round hat which he called a yellow yarmulke which was also known to his fellow tribesmen as a kippah, brought forth from his pocket a shiny yellow banana which he held up to the vision of the little monkey. The monkey, who was in process of escaping the sailors was enticed back by the gestures of friendliness the hook-nosed man made as he placed the banana on a barrel of rum and beckoned to the little monkey to partake thereof. The little monkey approached and began to partake of the banana. The man in the yellow yarmulke smiled with ingratiating affability and said to the little monkey by way of hand signs: “Are there any more of your kind around little monkey?” to which the monkey responded in the affirmative. The man instructed the monkey to bring back the rest of his kind and he would have many more bananas to partake of. Yes, for each of his kin he brought he would have a big yellow banana.

The little monkey returned to his people and to avoid his fate as a sacrifice for a cannibal feast convinced them to enslave the neighbouring tribe with whom great conflict had always existed. He saw this as a means of killing two birds with one stone and set upon his journey to his village where he



would negotiate his own freedom for the promise of gain. The chief monkey of the village was easily convinced and the little monkey led his tribe to capture the neighbouring tribe. Being weaker, they submitted to the might-is-right ideology of the jungle and were tied up with vines around their necks in a line and led by the chief guided by the little monkey to the shore where the man with the yellow yarmulke was with his sailor crew. The man upon seeing all the monkeys signalled to the sailors to arm themselves but upon concluding that they came in peace shouted to them: "Cease fire men! These monkeys are here to trade – looks like they want bananas in exchange for these other monkeys who are clearly their slaves." He signalled to the little monkey, whom he had befriended, that he should bring the chief forward. The latter puffed up with the vanity becoming of a chief, signalled by sign that he wished to make the exchange. The man signalled to the sailors for crates of bananas to be brought which they did upon which the exchange was transacted. The monkey captives were herded onto the slave ship and the man with the yellow yarmulke with his ingratiating smile signalled to the little monkey to come onto the ship with them as they were now departing for a land where there were many bananas for little monkeys like him. The monkey slipped into his leash which the man held and scampered up onto the shoulders of the man peering with disdain at his fellow monkeys who were not so fortunate as to be a favourite of this banana-bestowing benefactor. The other monkeys who were on the island and who had laid to in prying upon the crates to extract the bananas were astonished to discover that the soldiers upon receiving a signal from the man with the yellow yarmulke who was by the way the captain of the ship turned upon the monkeys with their rifles and not knowing what these 'sticks' were – taking them for spears – retaliated at the cost of the lives of many of their companions at which point they came to see the error of their ways and threw themselves upon the ground before the magic of these white priests. They accordingly allowed themselves to be shackled in fear and trembling before this group of white priests and were escorted onto the boat. Solomon Goldberg, the captain of this vessel helped the little monkey affix collars on his people and said with joviality to the little monkey: "I will call you 'Curious George' as you are so curious in investigating my yarmulke. You see that it is an emblem of my people, the Jews, who are the chosen people of god. Soon we will rule the world as the master race." So saying by way of sign which his white servants couldn't understand – he chuckled at his cleverness – even a silly little monkey knew more than the white goyim he employed as slaves. George ate a banana to toast this piece of cleverness of his new master whose hand had a firm grip on the leash. The ship's sailors kept watch upon the monkeys who were thrown down into the cargo hold of the ship, intermittently airing it out to prevent the spread of cholera and dysentery. Soon the ship arrived in the land Solomon Goldberg had trade dealings with called 'land of luxury' a place that had been created by white people thousands of years before yet which had until recently as at the

time of this story been occupied by an invading army of red monkeys who had arrived from another continent and slaughtered most of the whites who were there. A group of whites arrived later and took their land back after attempting to form friendly relations with the red monkeys. They then proceeded to re-establish the civilization their ancestors had created only using modern technology. This 'land of luxury' however was run by a secretive cabal of Jews and their Freemason slaves. Hence the country was called 'Uncle Samael' after the Jewish leader who was truly the offspring of the devil.

Upon arrival, groups of white protectors attempted to stop the landing of the monkeys who they detested and who threatened their livelihood as they were enslaved through the bondage of taxation to the cabal and Uncle Samael and were subjected to replacement by the more simple-minded monkeys who could be made to love their serfdom unlike the whites whose inherent rebelliousness made them a liability to the Jews and their economic slave system, given their rebellion against their former master the king of the Yiddish empire. The little monkey loved to play about in the cotton fields with his fellow monkeys and was fond of the delicious watermelon that constituted his pay. He saw that the man in the yellow yarmulke who ran the plantation had a great fondness for his fellow female monkeys and that many of the females' chillins had the features of the man with the yellow yarmulke. They behaved in a very deranged and corrupt way always involving themselves in fights – even more so than his own kind – and putting on airs of superiority to himself. This angered the little monkey who wanted to kill those whose lighter skin seemed to possess some higher quality that his dull consciousness could not perceive. Solomon Goldberg perceived the anger of the monkey and took him aside to give him counsel. He told the latter that the whites were to blame for all the hardship the little monkey had had to suffer picking cotton and tallying bananas and that he, a humble Jew who only wanted the best for the little monkeys wanted to help them become the equals of whites who had 'privilege' he said and that he would give them 'rights' and they could live in the manor house just like the white people and wouldn't have to do such onerous work picking cotton and tallying bananas. The man with the yellow yarmulke got the little monkey so angry that he persuaded his other monkeys to 'act up' and 'take the shirt' of the white man. Accordingly the man with the yellow yarmulke gave the 'bang sticks' to the little monkey so that they could kill the whites and take their stuff. However, the whites were too perceptive and caught wind of the slave revolt even though most of their numbers were merely humble workmen or dispossessed from their employment by the little monkeys. They put down the revolt before it even got started and hung the leaders as a sign to the other little monkeys not to 'act up' anymore. Soon the little monkeys forgot the ideas that the man with the yellow yarmulke put into their heads and they happily went back to work. However at this time the whites in a different area of the

country who had no understanding of what was going on in that region where most of the monkeys were placed had been exposed to a lot of propaganda from the Jewish-controlled media that the monkeys were being subjected to abuse from the racist whites. Through this means and using his influence with the federal government, the man in the yellow yarmulke initiated a campaign for war against the other region ostensibly to help the little monkeys but in reality to destroy the other region's economy and political independence so that it could be completely controlled by the federal government and so that the little monkeys could be brought into the region controlled by the federal government and enslaved in factories instead of living in comfort and freedom on those few plantations owned by whites, those owned and operated by Jews having been the real cause of maltreatment and abuse. Such is the nature of scapegoating by a silver-tongued Jew such as Solomon Goldberg however that the whites in the north were keen as a whip as to what they believed was helping the little monkeys and thus had a willingness to sacrifice themselves against their own racial kinsmen in the name of abstract ideas such as 'the rights of man', 'equality', and 'freedom' while in reality merely serving as a useful instrument, a 'Shabbos goy' of the Jewish elite who ran the country and would only put the little monkeys in even greater servitude. The war raged for many years and led to the devastation of many whites resulting in the destruction of the region wherein the little monkey and his master Solomon Goldberg lived. This time was a time of turmoil and the little monkey's area was devastated by war and in its aftermath the little monkeys, having nowhere to go, ran about committing arson, raping and murdering the whites whose jobs they took and who had been courteous to them. The man with the yellow yarmulke decided to continue with his plans and placed the monkeys in the political offices so that they could lord it over the whites and enslave them.

However at this time there was a white man who saw that this would not cease until he took a stand and formed an organization called the Ku Klux Klan to prevent the annihilation of his people during this time from the violent and mindless monkeys and their greedy rapacity. Lucky for the whites and unlucky for the man in the yellow yarmulke and his little monkey the whites managed to quell the revolt and oust the monkeys from power. However the monkeys got what they wanted as the whites were too acquiescent to their demands and gave them the 'rights' they had been encouraged by the Jew to 'act up' for. Now that the monkeys had rights they were puffed up with a sense of importance and spent their days walking around with an uppity disposition taking liberties with the whites who the federal government had castrated politically as a means of reducing opposition to the Jewish tyranny.

Now recognized at least officially as 'equals'. These little monkeys, so the man in the yellow yarmulke stated, were destined to 'see their names in lights' by being made into sports heroes, jazz musicians,

and entertainers of all kinds so that they could be built up at the expense of whites and eventually become interbred with the white women who were especially made the target of emotional propaganda wherein the monkeys were portrayed as 'innocent victims' who needed to be given freebies by the white people who were portrayed in the media the Jews controlled as 'privileged' and 'evil racists' or at least as 'good Christians' who had an obligation to help the 'victim' in the name of 'equality', an artificial equality which was created by Jews through legislative means imposed upon the whites through the barrel of a gun. This trend of elevating the monkey to the status of a man and portraying them as happy simple creatures so full of childlike helplessness while simultaneously brain-polluting the women to view them in this manner, caused exactly what the Jewish elite (and the Jews collectively) intended that they continued to push for greater and greater equalization such that the monkeys were given huge salaries as entertainers and put into positions as political activists who were crusaders for what the Jews called 'human rights' which simply meant bestowing upon the little monkeys free advantages of an economic and political nature which ultimately would lead to the degradation of society through unprofessionalism in the form of skilled labour and professional capacities being filled with the monkeys after the whites were forced out.

Eventually the white population became dispossessed of their own country and the man in the yellow yarmulke tyrannized over them as a veritable tax-farming slave master. The whites had been thrown into the streets as they couldn't pay the rent and had been displaced from their jobs. Soon the man in the yellow yarmulke began spreading his propaganda again inciting the savage monkeys to violence over a falsified history that had been concocted by the Jewish elites which portrayed whites as demons who had hurt the little monkeys and had a natural tendency towards violence and hatred against them and must therefore be struck from the record of history through a genocide against them. The monkeys were eager for blood as they secretly desired to rule over the whites as masters and to rape their women and live in their large houses and take their possessions. The man in the yellow yarmulke created some more legislation that stated that since the whites had not been in the land of Uncle Samael first but were evil colonizers who had murdered monkeys who had been there before them they were not entitled to own the houses they had built or the land they had cultivated. Accordingly the large monkey police and military force was mobilized to begin expropriating the land of the whites through force.

This act however pushed things too far and the passive whites became angered – they became active and rebelled against the federal government of Uncle Samael through counter-violent force. Since the police and military was still largely white a military coup occurred as violence in the streets instigated by Jews and carried out by non-white monkeys erupted in riots and arson and mass shootings by mind-

controlled monkeys who had no thoughts in their mind but raping and robbing the white populace. The whites fought back long and hard and the numbers on the monkeys' side however great became decimated through famine and disease spread and through the advanced weaponry that had been taken over in a military coup by the white military and police who had not betrayed their own people and who had the willingness to sacrifice themselves if need be for the survival, expansion, and advancement of the white race and the white race alone. Finally after all the hard fighting and the shedding of innocent white blood by the monkeys and white race traitors led by the Jews, the war was over and the victor was the white race who came out of the ashes of the conflagration like a Phoenix born anew. The leadership of the whites knew that justice had been served – but it was not over yet.

There was yet another task to administer too and that was the punishment of the guilty: the Jews, monkeys, and white race traitors. The groups of enemies were dispatched with barrages of automatic weapons fire and their bodies burned through napalm, the smoking wreckage being visible for miles around. Before the man in the yellow yarmulke was assassinated he looked at the little monkey he had brought over from Africa and grabbed him by the neck, his face a mask of rage, beady eyes boring into his slave: "It's all your fault you little monkey!" he said as he throttled the little monkey who fought back with his fists and teeth pummeling the man in the yellow yarmulke. The two grasped one another in battle-lust and soon the life force drained from each other's faces and they lay dead in each other's arms.

Prologue: Back in Africa the whites unpacked their sparse belongings comprised of tools and basic necessities. "Finally we have returned!" one of their members cried as they scanned the horizon overlooking the world's most resource-rich continent. "Back to one of the colonies of our Atlantean ancestors – old Egypt to the north and South Africa to the south and all points in between! Now that the monkeys are gone and their masters the Jews we can finally create a beautiful civilization for white people to never be bothered again!" The sun had risen over the hills heralding the new age wherein a whiter, brighter world could serve as the lebensraum of the Aryan race.

# POSTMODERN LOVE

WHADDA YOU GOT?

?



The author does not take responsibility for those who choose to follow a M.G.T.O.W or degenerate lifestyle but has penned these slight works to serve as a portrayal of the zeitgeist of the Kali Yuga.

The author recommends only a course of wisdom and prudent caution in all conduct with the female sex.

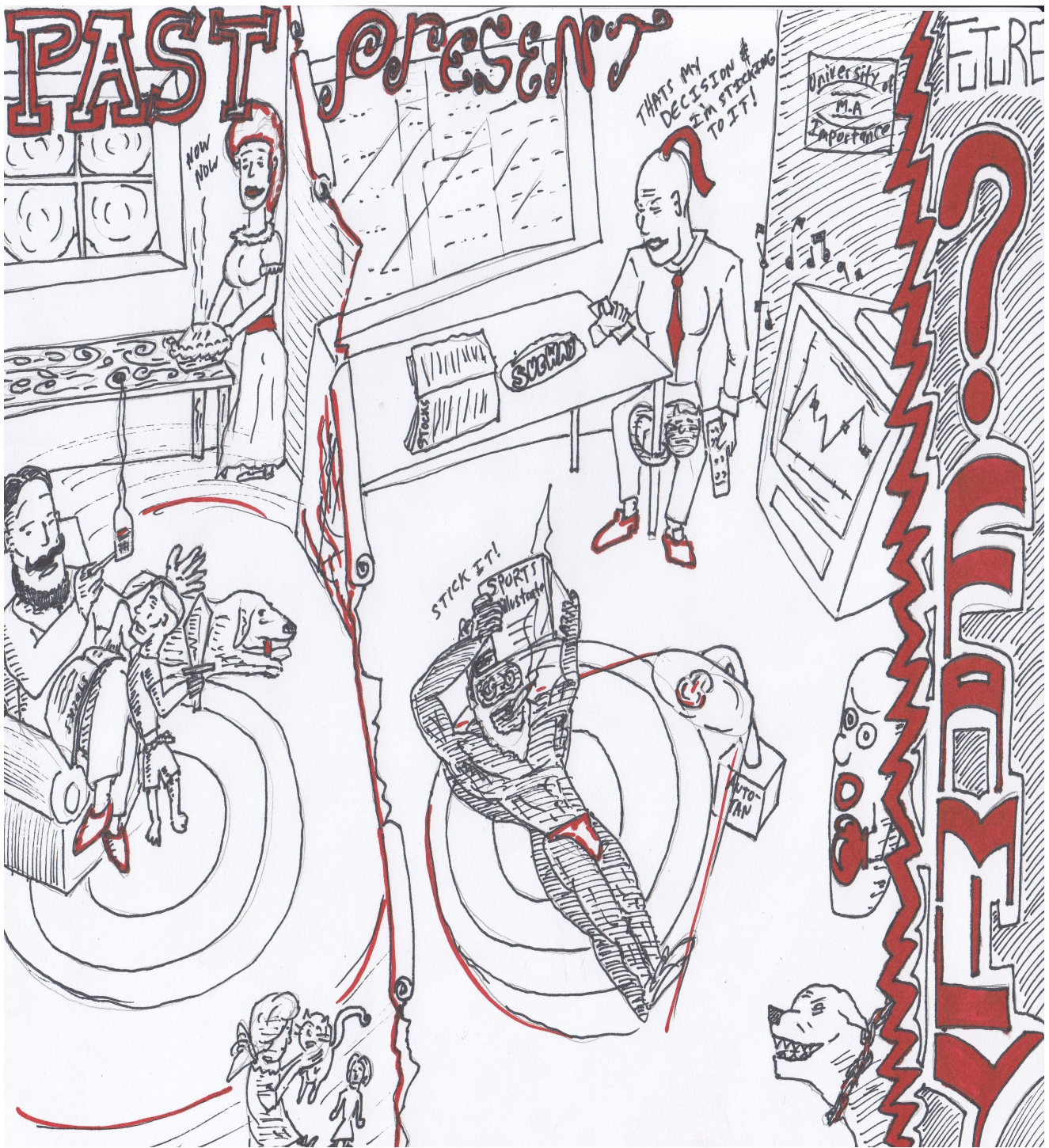
Given the nature of the J.O.G legal system and bias against males whose livelihood may be threatened by goldiggers or vengeful females who have decided their former man-slave's use-value has come to an end, prudence in all things is recommended according to the prescriptions laid out in Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics.

Indeed it is wise to heed the words of the wise and such figures as Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Evola and Aristotle are excellent sources to ponder upon in developing, polishing the pearls of one's wisdom.

The 'Sexual Strategy' outlined in the handbook 'WHITE LAW' provides a practical course of action to take in all affairs of the heart.

In reading the following therefore know that these poor manuscripts are meant only as 'perspectives' shedding the light of truth on matters of love and lust and perhaps serve to better guide the aim of cupid's bow towards its target. To be taken 'Cum Grano Salis'(with a grain of salt)





**Give it to Beaver: a meeting of a traditional and a post-modern family**



Traditional: Gather round family we are about to greet our long absent friends who have just arrived from America. Unfortunately we have not had the privilege of sojourning to that wondrous land. Let us welcome our friends. Here they are now I hear them knocking.

Post-modern: ‘Sup foo! Wha’s crackin loq! Jus’ playin’ wit chu homie y’all know dat! The chillin be here now – line up now chillin! I said line up now! Well dey don’t wanna line up so I’ll make de introductions: Laqueesha over der she just got her y’know whatcha call it ‘abortion’ – she be the first one of the litter ain’t but 12 year. D’other chil’ she be not 9 yet – I think – and she flunking her grades but dad o.k. she gon’ be jus’ fine once dem babies start coming! Sho nuff!

Over der dat be de man of de house – he rollin’ wit de Blackface crew an’ cashin’ in big money – y’know what I’m saying! D’old man he done run off somewheres devil take ‘im and ain’t got no chil’ support. Don’t matter anyway he done no good fo’ nobody anyhow! Shee de state be a betta father than he ne’er be.

T: Pardon me my good woman I believe you must have the wrong household for we are seeking the company of an old acquaintance and we have not the privilege of knowing yours. A thousand apologies but we simply can’t continue to dialogue with you as we must await the arrival of our good friends.

PM: Whatchu talkin’ ‘bout!? Ain’t you the Joneses from round the way? Y’all look like dey does!

T: I do apologize my good woman but our name is James and we have no knowledge of this group you reference. Please excuse us while we wait for our dear friends. And thank you for your time.

PM: Sheet! (Walks off and door is closed)

PM2 (the proper family): Greetings friends! Here we are after our long absence in the Americas back to the homeland of our ancestors. I would like to sit down and discuss our respective families good neighbour. By the way how much did you pay for your house? Ours was within the highest income bracket where we were staying and near the river. We had a large yard where the children could play when they were little. By the way they are here with us now. They are teenagers now as you know whereas they were young children when we last saw you. Let me introduce you: Jaden here is attending high school and is first in her class. She is also on the debate team and is a champion of human rights in the local multi-cultural club. She aspires to be a United Nations ambassador when she attains maturity.

T: She sure is a healthy young girl. But my so many tattoos – surely those are a sign of...

PM2: Tattoos? Oh all the young girls get them nowadays! They are a way of demonstrating their liberation from heterosexual white male patriarchy and proving to the world that they have nothing to prove.

T: Indeed. She sure appears rebellious with all of her piercings and skimpy clothes.

PM2: Her civics teacher who is a Ph.D. in cultural anthropology and head of the feminist community at her school advises all the younger girls to dress down as a protest against the treatment of women and

girls as sex objects. By dressing down they demonstrate that they don't care if they are treated as sex objects because they transcend the norms of a rigid western patriarchal society.

T: But surely such a society is what enables them to 'dress down' as you would call it...what societal form would you prescribe in place of this 'patriarchal' one as you call it.

PM2: Surely you jest! Only one remains, which is an egalitarian society wherein the boundaries between races and genders are broken down and substituted with a rainbow reality of love and peace. Such is the goal our dear daughter is striving to manifest. She has always espoused goal of a universal humanity genuflecting before the earth mother as their most gracious god and mother love.

T: Sounds very Christian this utopia of yours: (presumably those spoken of as human) somehow equalized in terms of the division of labour; all selflessly sacrificing their own personal self-satisfaction for the 'earth mother' as you call it, an idealized concept of materialistic naturalism which is endowed with female qualities to bind the brainwashed slaves in happy obeisance to an abstract matriarchal god-form.- If not Christian then at least communist.

PM2: I won't stand for being called a Christian! Nothing is more abhorrent to me than to be included in or compared to that group of patristic, violent totalitarian authoritarian personality types. The very notion makes me ill. However communism though it failed in past instances was and is a workable idealistic philosophy worth another try. I truly believe this and look forward to its success.

T: Very well comrade we shall see what eventuates in this world once revolution begins. As to wealth redistribution I was quite nonplussed to bear witness to a large number of homeless yesterday.

PM2: Homelessness! Truly a sad state when the world is the home of all. Wealth clearly must be shared and our family does its part – it's the least we can do with our vast fortune. We donate to several charities and love to bring joy to those in need.

T: Why then is there poverty in your own town and in mine? Where does all of this redistributed wealth go? There are many who still have nothing.

PM2: It is given to those who are in real need – those in the third world who deserve a chance. Most of those who are local homeless are there for a reason.

T: And that would be...

PM2: They are on drugs or from the lower classes and typically drunkards or work-shy. They are given plenty and yet still have nothing – their own fault.

T: I doubt they are all on drugs but if they are that should be remedied not encouraged or ignored with all of the wealth to be redistributed drug addiction would be a thing of the past – if it were justly distributed as most charities simply abscond with most of the proceeds for alleged administrative fees and send the remainder to third world countries so that they can conceive larger and larger populations which not only can't be sustained by technological means nor should be, but can't be sustained in terms of the natural environment either. Hence the feeding of the third world is to feed a problem which simply exacerbates over time. The more they are given the more chaos and destruction will ensue.

PM2: The world can sustain billions more.

T: Should it? Is it not the contention of environmentalists that there are already too many mouths to feed, too many 'consumers' they say, and that the global population requires a decrease not an increase of current numbers?

PM2: That may be so but still – they are an innocent group who deserve our help surely.

T: Perhaps it is nature's contention that they are not so deserving...?

PM2: Here is our son fresh out of summer camp! It is a special camp where young men – he is 14 – go to learn to tolerate and understand the different cultures which so enrich our lives.

T: Cultures that are Trojan horses within our society and which proliferate as so many cancer cells: the rape culture of Muslim males, the gang culture of blacks and Asians – the list goes on.

PM2: Not so! This summer camp – only for the elect of course – espouses an inclusive philosophy of diversity in which all are one and celebrate each other's differences in a holistic framework of harmonious love and peace. Our son was very pleased to discover that he is a homosexual and that he simply was suffering under the hegemony of repressive white male patriarchy that structured his developing self-understanding into a rigid mold that had to be broken. He broke that mold this summer with his new lover Sam Goldberg. The camp counsellor was very eager to superintend their togetherness – her name is Sally Reitman.

T: Sounds like a very Jewish gathering.

PM2: Well I'm not sure they were religious – but maybe? In any case our son has become a crusader for homosexual rights. He refuses to be repressed in his sexual exploration and self-discovery by the patriarchy. In a way this is his form of rebellion against the tyranny of this planet.

T: Which would that be?

PM2: Why the fascists of course! - The authoritarian personality type which is biologically inherent in all white heterosexual males. It is the reason why I had got a vasectomy – to discontinue any possibility of procreation so that the hated white race will cease to conceive white people, given their inherent tendencies towards aggression and hegemonic oppression of visible minorities and women as well as the various genders. Oppression of all kinds will cease with the white male of course – it is inevitable!

T: But what about Jews – don't they have these same tendencies given their involvement in the slave trade of both whites and blacks, their fomentation of the major wars of history as well as their economic enslavement of the world's people through their banking system? Not to mention their mind control through the media that they control, as well as all major publishing companies and academia which they have perverted to suit their political ends.

PM2: That's anti-Semitism! Whatever power Jews have in the world is probably gained through hard work and long suffering. Why would they have suffered so much in the holocaust if they were the cause of global strife? Couldn't they have put a stop to that madman Hitler?!

T: That would be a lengthy discussion. Consulting any revisionist historian would answer any questions you might have on these issues.

PM2: In any case I'm sure whoever is controlling society is very cunning and that white male privilege is the ultimate factor.

T: Where is your wife?

PM2: Oh we choose not to call it that as we have never formalized our relations. We like to keep an open relationship – more inclusive that way you see. We choose to live apart though I volunteered to take custody of the kids until they are of age. She is just too burdened with all of her duties as a public administrator and part-time professor at the local university teaching gender studies. She can manage though as she has a live-in girlfriend who was born in Somalia who helps her with the duties. They were together during our living together until we decided to choose separate dwellings as a means of preserving a safe space for each other. I not wanting to exert patriarchy over her nascent relationship with her Somalian lover – whose name is Freki by the way – decided it was best to relocate within our university town. The children of course were educated so that they would come to appreciate that pure love can only come in homosexual relationships as heterosexual relationships are by their very nature oppressive forms of patriarchy. Hence our son has become an embodiment of this pure love of platonic proportions.

T: And yourself – how are you doing? Have you written your book of poems yet as you had communicated to me over the phone some years back in our brief conversation of those times?

PM2: Yes I have and it is causing waves amongst the intelligentsia of the left. It is called 'Tears of the Downtrodden' and is dedicated to the young negress who presented at the United Nations conventions on racism. They are mementos of he who could never understand the plight of the voiceless, namely a heterosexual white male.

T: But if this negress is voiceless why is she presenting to the United Nations? That surely implies that she, as representative of her endless mass of putative victims, is being heard through being granted a global audience? I see now why your poems are so popular with the majority and have such mass appeal. Everyone loves a victim; it enables them to feel superior through a power dynamic where they are the master, the recipient being the slave. Thus they establish themselves in a position of greater power through conferrance of the object of desire upon that of they who desire – they exert power over the recipient – giving in order to take.

PM2: Profound philosophy indeed but my motives are pure – I have nothing but love for all the children of the world and look forward to the day when all will sing the international global anthem under the rainbow flag of universal love and peace.

T: Shall we meet my family dearest friend? I have them awaiting us in the drawing room and they are eager to meet you and your children.

PM2: Lead the way...

T: This is Johnny my eldest boy – he is but 15 and yet has become a nationally recognized chess grandmaster having just won this year’s tournament in this region. He is also the captain of the football team and will be taking his team to the pennant this season.

PM2: Barbarous sport! Such knuckle-dragging exercise is fitted only for the coarsest of brutes! And chess! A game which is merely war writ small, a microcosm of that terrible macrocosm which shrouds the world in darkness! Fie upon it! My young son would never partake of such crude combat – why, he is a lover not a fighter!

T: Pity...but we must all make our mark; some through the mud and blood of conquest and war, others through the mud of a different sort.

PM2: Hmmm...and who is this young girl? - Your daughter? But she is so old-fashioned-looking caparisoned in a raiment of slavery with her dress and bow in her hair – veritable shackles of domestic serfdom! Is this, comrade, what you are preparing your daughter for – to be the serf of a brute shackled to a stove and existing only to be at the beck and call of the coarse lusts of a ruffian – for what modern man would have tolerance for such inequality!

T: It is her wish to dress so – and I am proud of her choice. She is currently learning another musical instrument along with her expertise with the piano – the flute, and has been making straight A’s in her courses. She aspires to be a teacher of youth who she understands need much guidance in this degenerate world. Observe – she and her mother have made a scrumptious pumpkin pie for you and your family!

PM2: Look at my son he is continuing his sexploration – this time with the dog!

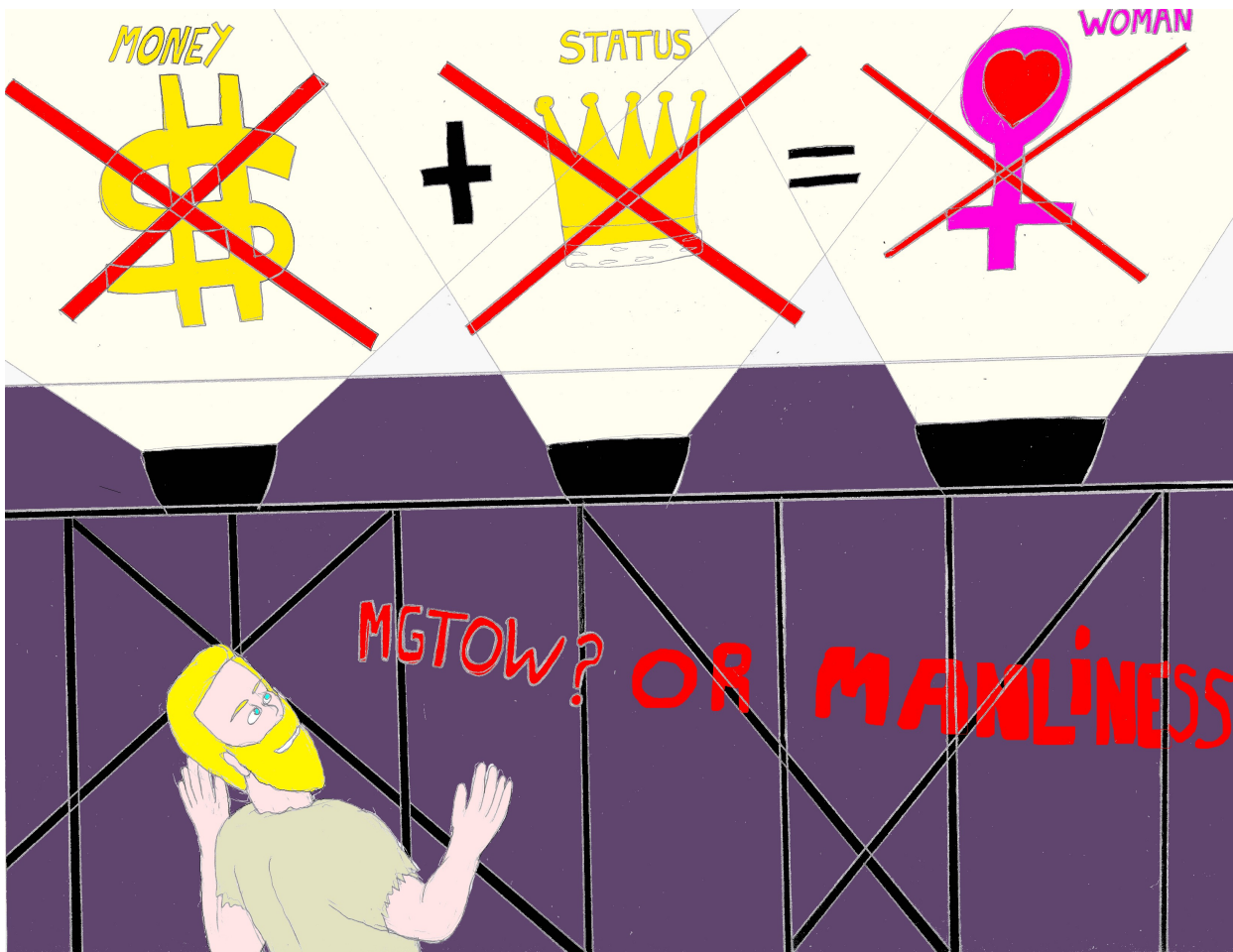
T: I must protest such vile acts in this house. Please, take your pumpkin pie and leave my residence.

PM2: (taking pumpkin pie and throwing it at ‘T’): Intolerant bigot! I can stand your attitude no longer. Come children let’s go! Where is daughter? Son take a break from your exertions and let us look for her.

T: Where is my son? We must find them!

**(Both enter into master bedroom and the son and daughter fornicating in the white sheets)**

Mother: They make a perfect couple!



M.G.T.O.W. or Manliness? – A dialogue between Dudley Doorright (D) and Snidely Whiplash (S)

D: Hold Snidely Whiplash you base-born son of a cur – I Dudley Doorright, hero of the Mounties am here – you shan't get away!

S: Curses you got me Doorright – let's make a deal: if I can best you in argument you must let me go and continue my nefarious schemes of brigandage – deal?

D: Whiplash I know that I am in the right and no sophistries on your part would ever be sufficient to best me – you shall have your debate! Now what topic is it that you wish to discuss? I need no preparation for honed am I as a keen blade in the realm of all manner of subjects: philosophy, politics, the sciences. Your feeble wit will undoubtedly be vanquished by my own.

Now speak up – what shall the topic be?

S: I propose, since we are forever brought together over that hussy you are forever doting on, that we debate over the merits and demerits of they who are falsely called the fairer sex and strive to answer

the question as to whether they are worth the effort beyond mere sport, in other words to phrase it in the form of a proposition: 'MGTOW or Manliness'.

D: I refrain from dispatching you now only as I have given my word to honour this contract with you for my Nell has never been nor ever will be infidelitous and though I at present have not received the favour of her affections I know her to be merely shy, demur in her expression of the like for myself. But pray, what do you mean by your proposition? What is 'MGTOW' and in what way is it contradistinguished from 'manliness', for by the disjunctive form of your proposition I infer that the two are in fact contraries.

S: As contrary as black and white Dooright! Yes as contrary as you and I though distinction is more subtle and misunderstood in the popular mind which you yourself judging by your swaggering devotion to your would-be paramour clearing replicate – their error that is.

D: Speak plain man – I understand nothing of this cryptic speech!

S: Very well Dooright what I mean is this: MGTOW is an acronym which denotes 'men going their own way' which means in the vernacular that practice or lifestyle adhered to by men who privilege themselves and their personal projects over playing the role of a white knight such as thee Dooright! Yes it means autonomy over matrimony, over slavery – it means freedom!

D: Freedom is the negative, there is no freedom save in chains! Without a woman in a man's life there is no refulgent beacon casting its charming glow over her hero and saviour, her provider and defender. This I would look upon as manliness – to self-sacrificially defend to the death if need be the frail and weak fairer sex which you sarcastically malign with your vile words. How could freedom exist when there is nothing to be free for and only 'free from', namely a woman. Given that this is the basis of life, the cradle of civilization, without the tender mother love of a fair maiden there would be no life!

S: Naiveté to the extreme Dooright! There are countless women in the world and countless men also. However, biologically there need only be a ratio of one man to many women – for within a polygamous structure there would not be any woman unpaired and those men who wish to play the sucker's role could provide for many fair dames. Of course this assumes that society matters and it is not the individual alone who matters. You say freedom for what and posit woman as the prize! I denounce your prize and put in its place the goddess of wisdom, of learning and of artistic creation. The prize you seek can be found in the gutter for a few kopeks, in the dens of iniquity in the red light district. Life will go on Dooright, just as white knights such as you will continue to trip over yourself for the lights of your life – false lights I might add for the real light shines within! As to manliness this dutiful honour concept of yours is simply the manifestation of biological drives urging you to propagate the species and spread your genes to a posterity that depends upon such a transmission. Indeed Dooright it is the height of egotism to put yourself on a pedestal as the defacto ruler of the world without whom the species would cease. Such is the hypocrisy of the 'self-sacrificial' - as they envision their 'self-sacrifice' as the basis of the world's existence pivoting upon them as its axis.

D: Snidely what you say goes against all my better instincts...but perhaps you are right – perhaps these ‘instincts’ are merely biological drives which impel me unconsciously towards my own destruction, the destruction of all higher purpose that would otherwise be unrealized. Nevertheless I persist in my devotion to Nell, the love of my life – for her I would die if need be.

S: Dooright you are indeed a sucker who has made yourself a devoted slave to the caprice of a woman. For her favour you would cast away all wisdom and its fruits; you would dissipate your creative drive through low-minded puppy love what you laughably call ‘love’. The real meaning of which is harmony which implies autonomy not subordination. Hence your love amounts to little more than self-hate as you have sold your autonomy for a pittance and acquired moreover a ball and chain shackling you to the mundane things of life.

D: Hypocrite! I observed you just yesterday on my rounds with a serving wench – how then can you affirm that my honourable devotion to Nell is not of a higher more exalted nature than your philandering with various and sundry base wretches from the lower orders?

S: You fail to distinguish Dooright between Eros and platonic love (sophrosyne). The partaking of wenching is merely an exercise of the will, a means of transcending the baser drives and thereby demonstrating mastery over them while simultaneously experiencing and thereby knowing them in their true nature. In your case you elevate these drives in your lack of illumination to the level of the goal of existence nullifying your own autonomy and identity in the act – it is a gesture of self-murder this wilful subordination to another and for no greater purpose than the realization of base drives, their gratification in animal tryst. In my case this tryst is merely a springboard to the divine, a consciousness raising and expanding pursuit which enables me to overcome the lower drives. Through their exercise they are transcended whereas in your case they are perverted and become the sole object of desire thereby consuming your energies in as you say ‘devotion’ which implies subordination to an external Other.

D: There is no higher form of consciousness than the recognition of another as receptacle of one’s love; that one sees himself in the other and completes himself in that other. This is love and nothing could be more harmonious than self-sacrifice. This is what it means to be dutiful and to have honour – to have the willingness and the ability to sacrifice oneself for another without expectation of reward.

S: Again laughable Dooright! Extinction of the self is attained through such ‘self-sacrifice’ – it is even inherent in the very term. Such is the mark of the madman blinded by his biological drives. Have I not yet proved to you that MGTOW is the way and your conventional brand of white-knighting – what you call ‘manliness’ – is merely folly and a delusion. MGTOW is the way to the higher consciousness this ‘manliness’ of yours is the way to perdition.

D: You contend then that this is extinction and that no higher mind can be cultivated through devotion to a woman? Why then do I feel so uplifted and full of happiness around Nell – oh Nell, Nell my truest love!

S: Your feelings and sentiments are merely the operations of the lower mind Dooright; they indicate no higher but rather a lower consciousness trapped in what the ancients call ‘Maya’ or ‘illusion’. The higher mind transcends this illusion and the sex magick rituals I undergo with my harem of maids – which I through my higher will could forgo on the instant – simply serves as a springboard to the divine.



D: Speak not of such vile practices Whiplash! Rather justify your claim that it is not manly to serve in self-sacrificial devotion a fair maiden. I contend that this is nobility itself.

S: I will refute your contention easily Dooright! And this from the standpoint of etymology: ‘manas’ means mind and its cognate ‘manliness’ simply means the embodiment of the higher mind. It is conventionally associated with masculinity as only men are able to attain this state hence the linguistic cognates used to denote and connote that which is ‘manly’ or ‘ma-sculine’, etc. Self-sacrifice in the sense of self-destruction which implies the sacrifice of the higher mind of which you are a part is blind folly and the mark of an undeveloped being. Such a being cannot even claim to be a ‘man’ let alone manly as it has no higher principle. Thus it is merely a hybrid at best of animal-man.

D: Truly Whiplash you are a word twister! When I mean ‘man’ I mean flesh and blood such as I or you! The higher principles you allude to either exist in all or are mere fictions, the sport of semanticists such as yourself who refuse to acknowledge the bare bones realities of life, namely that people cannot develop these metaphysical qualities you ascribe to them – that they are either there or they are not. To be manly is to be brave and courageous to sacrifice oneself for the greater good and for a woman especially! It is the duty of the strong to protect the weak and the weak to tend to the wounds of the strong! This Whiplash is the basis of life and how societies function!

S: Dooright will you never learn! We are not speaking of society but of the higher principles and states of consciousness. Such women as I partake of are alike to all women! – Mere stable sweeps and kitchen maids ripe for sport as a springboard to the divine. In order to achieve these states which are properly spoken of as ‘manly’ one must have a willingness to recognize for what they are these other alleged virtues of yours: mere chains to be wound around one’s neck and hobbles to transcendence. Once understood that in the capacity of a white knight it is you who are being ridden by the Red Queen then you will understand the necessity of dealing with the so-called ‘fairer sex’ in the proper way namely as a tool for immanent transcendence or nothing. They obviously serve the function of raising children but this need not concern us Dooright no matter how wilfully subordinate you wish to be, prostrating yourself at the feet of what you believe to be a goddess but who is in reality a mere whore!

D: To continue to malign woman in that way Whiplash is to incur my wrath! Only my word keeps me from shooting you down as the cur you are.

S: Too late now Dooright I see behind you your lovely Nell who wouldn’t want her white knight to harm another. You must consider her interests Dooright as her interests are your own near and dear to your heart.

*Nell enters into the conversation.*

D: Nell! I have long been waiting to see you! Where have you been it has been so long and my devotion to you only waxes the hotter with absence?

N: Oh...Dooright, I mean Dudley...please forgive me I didn’t notice you. I had come with a message for Mr. Whiplash.

D: Mr. Whiplash! – A message?

*(Nell walks by Dudley Dooright to Snidely Whiplash)*

S: Here we are my sweet now let us have that message. (*Reads message*) - A discount at the tavern from my old affiliate barman boor. Care to join me my sweet?

N: So long as you're paying.

*They go off leaving Dudley Dooright open-mouthed.*

#### Dialogue between Nell and Dudley Dooright

N: Oh Dudley I didn't notice you were there. How are you today – is everything going well with your job?

D: I am about to be promoted Nell and was eager to inform you of this fact as I also have a question to ask of thee.

N: Question? What question?

D: I have long favoured thee Nell but have long held back. Now I know that our love is genuine and that now is the proper time to propose to you a marriage between I and thee.

N: Love? You must have me mistaken for someone else...

D: Nay Nell that is mere coyness on your part. For you have always favoured me I can observe that from your general speech and demeanour – your sidelong glances and demur coquettishness that you were simply trying to intimate to me your true opinion of me and entice me to reciprocate your regard that I might make such an advance as this toward you.

N: Surely you jest Dooright!

D: Such a thing as love is no matter for jesting dearest Nell; nay it is for great jubilation such an occasion as this! To be wed! Surely such a thing comes but once in a lifetime – if the groom be lucky – else he will be nothing but a bridegroom or rather a bridesmaid – hahaha!

N: So it's settled then is it?

D: Truly! I knew you would consent! And my promotion is near also which means we will be so much better off in our budding nuptials.

N: Promotion – oh yes you mentioned that. How much would that be Dudley? D: More than enough my dearest Nell!

N: I love you money – I mean honey!

Post-divorce court: Snidely Whiplash encounters Dudley

D: Alas even a blackguard like you, Snidely, must concede that women are a cruel breed! It is not so... even though years of one's life are spent in devotion to a woman they are as not once that dove has transformed herself into a cruel hawk and wrenched one's heart from his chest carrying it away whiter he knows not for what again he knows not. Tell me Snidely how can women be made loyal and never stray from their dotting manservant?

S: Dooright I see now you have finally learned your lesson and come to understand that she who you have heretofore regarded as unapproachable, immune to criticism is now the target of your bitterest gall making of her a veritable spittoon for your rancour. As to an answer to your question that would be an impossibility, an absurdity, as it is in the nature of woman – who is all one, all of a piece so-to- speak with only subtle variations as that of a chord plucked delicately it still remains within its range of octave – it is in their nature to stray. - For they are always seeking that which accumulates the most benefit to themselves and that comes in the form of status, money, and pleasures of the flesh. But pray when did this separation come about? What do you think precipitated her leave-taking? I see that now you are accoutred in the vestments of a lowly private whereas you had attained the position of a colonel?

D: Alas it is true I, through my devotion to Nell and her endless wants, had at one point committed a dereliction of duty – a minor infraction though blinded as I was with love for her and a desire to cater to her whims I forsook my greater duty and was thereby demoted to my current lowly station as a mere private. From thence Nell couldn't stand the disgrace she said of associating with lowly rabble such as myself and found another man I know not whom, who she said could afford her and would cater to her whimsy. I say good riddance and may he be cursed by her as she cursed me!

S: Now, now, Dooright – you are trying to make a housewife out of a whore. They must be treated as such and discarded when the sport has become wearisome; to be picked up again once the inclination arises. Like feathers in the wind they go where they want and seek what they will to the extent they can. Though never content they are forever in pursuit of satisfaction. They are a walking contradiction, an absurdity Dooright! Pay them no heed or simply heed them for who they are: an exploiter, a usurer. Make good sport of them Dooright or avoid them. No whore can be made into a housewife save with the purchase price of money and status – even then they are as wayward as a weather cock.

D: The question again plagues my mind – what base-born churl had absconded with my Nell?!

S: Hold Dooright! You do the gentleman wrong – it is not he who was the cause of your Nell's absence but her own inner nature. You have clearly not yet learned your lesson: that woman is merely an exploiter, a black widow spider who drains the blood from those flies she catches in her web. It is not the gentleman philanderer or white knight sucker who is to blame but she herself. The loyalty of a woman as I stated previously is to herself exclusively and at best can be hired out to the highest bidder whose claim upon her is merely ephemeral and like a wisp of perfume fades away in the wind directing itself along whichever current blows the strongest. He who creates the strongest current directs the course of woman. Or if you like another analogy he who has the greatest magnetic force impels women towards him as flies to jam even if he be the greatest shit the world has ever seen. They see, you see Dooright, the twinkle of jewels and other baubles – signals of wealth – flashing from under the reek and, holding their nose, seek that which they desire though they must get their hands dirty.

D: Nevertheless Whiplash I can't help but feeling vengeful that my former possession should have been absconded with – or rather absconded herself with – I...

S: Dooright do you not yet understand that these feelings of yours are simply your innate biological drives that impel you to fulfill nature's imperative: the perpetuation of the species. Know that and you can thereby transcend the anchor which pulls you down to the depths into a world of cyclical decay 9

-5 Monday to Friday – only to be let off from your drudgery to drown your sorrows. Why not live a life of creation, of productivity and joyous revelry – and women be damned as they have already damned themselves!

D: You're right Whiplash! Good on the fellow that beguiled Nell or rather benefitted through his usage of her – and pity the fool if he played the white knight role; but perhaps mock him as he will have to learn the hard way and this will be a tough learning experience for him. Still I would like to know who that man was...

S: Dooright do you really wish to know? Yes? Well it is I who have put her into service, only the service that you yourself could have if you had only the knowledge you have now. Better luck next time Dooright!

Perhaps Dudley Dooright was simply too naive and lacking in the manly virtues to be a powerful enough magnet to attract Nell? Perhaps, in spite of the social situation of the present M.G.T.O.W is merely a gesture of weakness and a poor excuse for failure however much of a survival strategy it may be.....

# DAWN OF A NEW DAY



## DAWN OF A NEW DAY

‘Esau is the end of the world and Jacob is the beginning of it which followeth’

In an early period of Oakdale Heights’ history around the turn of the 20th century, a gaunt, spindly man in his 50s innocuous and solitary arrived to the town, rumours had it somewhere in eastern Europe possibly Poland or on the borders of Russia, Georgia some said. In any case he was a Jew and the townsfolk understood that he, as well as others of his fellow kinsmen, recent arrivals, was fleeing ‘persecution’ in these lands by the soldiers of the Tsar, at least so rumour had it. This was prior to the Bolshevik revolution wherein the Jewish supremacist leaders of the revolution and their degenerate *untersmenschen* of the lowest orders brutally tortured, raped, and mass-murdered men, women, and children specifically targeting Christian clergy and the more intellectual and moneyed elements of the population which the Jewish leadership had incited their Bolshevik hordes with hatred against blaming them in their mind-control propaganda for the usury, classism, and injustice which was visited upon the peasants and underclasses who were thereby crippled with poverty, though it was the Jewish bankers, money lenders, and commercial monopolists who had driven them to this fate. Prior to this genocide they had orchestrated ,the Jewish financial elite enabled through their influence in the white governments of the world to enable safe passage to this demon spawn into the white-founded countries. Mr. Fish was one such guest – or rather parasite – who claimed asylum in the small village of Oakdale Heights much to the curiosity and unease of the townsfolk who would rather have preserved things as they had been and not enable the passage or racially foreign elements into their community; these townsfolk – that is who were not subject to the indoctrination of the churches which at that point had been confused in their doctrine by the Schofield bible which was the work of powerful Zionists and their Shabbos goyim (‘stupid animals’ as the phrase in Yiddish translates being the term applied by Jews to non-Jews who serve as their beasts of burden), a pseudo-scholar named Schofeld who had corrupted the King James version which itself was a corruption of the council of Nicea version which was a corruption of the very Truth which proclaimed itself the Christian faith. Thus with the church- goes a passive flock not given to great criticism and having an implicit faith in all authorities external to themselves and vested with priestly raiment, eagerly welcomed the steady stream of persecuted ‘chosen people of god’ as they called themselves. These same had ready cash to purchase desirable properties in the town suited to such privileged chosen people and thus congregated in the same area which they called the ‘Stetl’. This gesture on their part was motivated by their Talmudic religion which commanded that they ‘be a people who shall dwell alone’ as they didn’t want to have more contact than necessary with the townsfolk who they considered in accordance with their Babylonian Talmud, their holy book, ‘goyim’ or animals, contact with who would amount to a contamination of their person - they believed. They had arrived from eastern Europe knowing that the people there were to be slaughtered by their ‘revolutionaries’ or terrorists more properly, and that these same had been financed by their financiers operating out of America, England, and Germany who had been carrying out the protocols they had crafted in their Zionist congress and which is embodied in the leaked document ‘The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion’. This latter document had gotten into the hands of some of the townsfolk but had been an item of condemnation by the clergy and those few townsfolk who had this pamphlet received virtual ostracism from their former peers as the social pressure brought to bear by the propaganda apparatus the Jews controlled influenced the minds of the citizenry to shun those who attempted to raise alarm over the issue. This effectively neutralized opposition to the presence of the Jews who were then objects of pity in

the eyes of the naïve and ill-informed townsfolk foremost amongst those were the women who were susceptible to appeals to pity and concern over ‘victims’ which the Jews were portrayed as in the media, all newspapers but one in the area being controlled by Jews through their ‘power of the purse’. The exception was in the hands of a wealthy industrialist who had long been aware of the influence of Jews in a society not of their creation and who was attempting to warn his people of the impending threat not only to Russia but to all other White Nations of Faith. However the influence of his paper was small in comparison to those of the Jews who had a virtual monopoly on the dissemination of facts outside of pamphlets distributed at a more local level and through networks of racially conscious whites. The situation at the time was that the Jews had entered and were there to stay. Mr. Fish was, however, reputed to be more than merely a respectable tradesman, he was, rumour had it, a man of letters and a medical doctor thereby cultivating an instant reputation amongst the townsfolk who venerated external authority and would never suspect a physician of any untoward activity. This perfect disguise enabled Mr. Fish to carry on his monstrous activities, the recounting of which follows. Mr. Fish had been situated in the suburb of Oakdale Heights, overlooking the downtown area, that area wherein was located the Stetl of the Jews so that they could bask in their vainglory and pride as they contemplated the execution of their future plans for the area once it was able to come under their control through their usury and monopoly of trade in middle man positions and their eventual intermarriage with the non-Jewish elite, plans which followed a formula tested through long experience in white societies and was their technique of usurpation. At the time the following events occurred, Mr. Fish – a name he used to ingratiate himself with children and women to carry out his monstrous ritual sacrifices and torture murders, his real name being Fishbein – had reconstructed the mansion he had procured through his financier bosses’ influence into a domicile of horrors through which he extorted money from his paramours he seduced through his unctuous and ingratiating manner also playing upon his reputation as a trustworthy paternalistic figure, a doctor and learned man of letters, to facilitate his extortion practices.

Little Kris and his elder brother Will were playing one evening upon the rocks near the Stetl which they intuitively knew to be enemy territory given that it was the borderland which separated the Jews from their hosts who lived down in the town which was overcast by the shadow of their infiltrator and parasite who chose self-segregation as a means of preserving their own racial (or perhaps ‘special’ would be a more accurate term) stock from what they believed to be contamination by the ‘goyim’ in the village below. The two brothers were, in their imagination and perhaps reality, going on a reconnaissance mission into the Jews’ district perhaps to simply demonstrate at some subconscious level their willingness to put forth opposition to those invaders who had no stake in the founding of their town and who thus had no purpose in the place they had sought asylum in and who were a foreign presence that their instincts told them, had no place in the land of their ancestors. Exploring the rocky hillside the pair fought the evil powers, the dark entities which flitted about invisibly but nevertheless perceptibly to their heightened consciousness. These same led them down a seldom-used path towards a bridge they had not previously discovered in their journeyings through the town, one dark and evil-omened. They stopped short and brandished their sticks as if at a more palpable form yet invisible to sight. They hesitated until Will, taunting Kris, said: ‘what’s the matter – you scared that the troll under the bridge will get you?’ – To which Kris replied through racing off under the bridge into the darkness. Will lingered for a time himself trepidatious owing to the dark atmosphere his taunting of Kris being a projector of his own fears, then he mustered up the courage necessary to charge after his younger brother, out of love for his own kind and a paternalistic regard for him knowing that he must give chase to defend his kin against the demons which

he intuitively understood prowled about the bridge and which may cause harm to his younger brother. Brandishing his stick and waving it back and forth he plunged into the darkness after his brother but to his astonishment found no trace. Looking around he noticed that his brother's stick had been left lying half in the water and wedged between the boards which served as a walkway over the water underneath the bridge. Knowing his brother would not have left his real and imagined protection under such circumstances he became frantic and enraged at those who he ascribed the disappearance of his brother to, namely the dark forces which had congregated around the bridge he swung his own stick against the heavy wooden beams that constituted its structure attempting to ward them from the place and return his brother to him from whatever realm they had taken him. He continued his frenzied exertions while following the darkness inwards around the bend which it took and out towards the other side. He swung his stick round the corner and looked away down the road it came out to. He observed a horse and buggy winding upwards toward the Stetl further up the road and came to the realization that Kris was still dwelling in this plane only that he was in the buggy and being transported towards a place perhaps more sinister than that Will was currently situated in. There was no choice but to dash off after the buggy and through following its tracks attempt to rescue Kris from the imprisonment he had suffered at the hands of an unknown assailant or group of assailants. He ran forward following the wheel ruts and soon came upon a cluster of old dwellings that marked the entry into the Stetl and witness a parked buggy at the end of the road which wound its way up to the top of the hill. No other pedestrians were visible as he ran towards this unknown destination full of fear and anger, each emotion taking precedence over the other in a whirl of confusion. At last, anger won out and he rushed towards the house which was trapezoidal in its upper part, the design typically utilized by occultists for demonic invocation as the pyramid minus its capstone held certain sacred geometrical properties which attracted higher dimensional entities given its vibration appealing especially to those on the lower astral planes. The sinister-looking house stood separate from the others connoting by its seemingly strategic placement a leadership role played by the other, standing over the others and governing their existence in some metaphysical way. Will quickly approached the house and stealthily walked around its perimeter seeking a point of entry. He noticed that one of the basement windows was slightly ajar and peeping around the perimeter of the dimly lit room he detected no movement and thus recognized that entry at this point would be the best option. Still fuelled with a sense of urgency he opened the window and found himself in a musty basement crawling with spiders and coated with years of spiders' webs, a veritable arachnid atavism to nature's insect kingdom, the most primitive and mechanistic as well as the most brutal and instinctive. He witnessed a doorway and partially shut door leading upwards into the main floor of the house. He heard stumbling noises as of the movement of a heavy object, dragging it upstairs to the top floor of the house and muttered curses at its weight and difficulty of movement. 'Kris!', Will cried mentally as had still enough prudence to understand that to remain silent was to be effective in his rescue. This suppression of his emotional outburst was transmuted into action as he ascended the staircase from the basement and searched the newly discovered area for the staircase leading to the upper rooms. The noises from what appeared to be an old man grew louder as Will ascended the winding staircase towards the top floor. As he came within range of the man who he had not yet seen some dark force seemed to hold him back, resisting his upward climb towards the top of the stairs and to bear witness to the circumstances which were unfolding there. Will hovered around the corner of the room and cautiously peeped around it. He observed an older Jewish man putting a black robe over his suit and shrank back afraid of what this sinister figure might bring upon his brother and himself. He heard more movements and observed the flicker of a shadow as



this dark creature moved past him taking with him a black aura of hostile energy. Will peeked around the corner again and observed the man in black going towards another room obscured by the other corner of a hallway. He decided to take the risk of getting caught and knew that he must confront this demon soon or perhaps his brother's life would be forfeit. Just as he was making his way down the long hallway, peppered with other rooms to right and left their doors ajar he heard the voice of an elderly man still resonating with power intone - 'Abaddon! Abaddon! Thee...thee I invoke!' – which was repeating along with utterances of an arcane tongue unintelligible to Will, but certainly of a demonic nature given its monosyllabic and guttural quality. Will was impelled by this voice even as he shrank from it and continued down the hall in a hypnotic trance yet subconsciously knowing that he had to be the agent of his brother's rescue from the black-robed demon in the guise of a man. A scream rang out as Will was halfway down the hall and this broke the intonation of the mage as well as its hypnotic influence over himself. He ran the distance and discovered a sight of horror which rang in the depths of his being draining him of his life's force: the mage was stooped over his younger brother Kris who lay in a pool of his own blood, his scream having been abruptly silenced through the knife of this black-robed demon. A mist of black hovered around the mage which apparently drew energy from the blood; this Abaddon creature which had been invoked by his disciple who sat transfixed with bloody knife now brandished in the atmosphere a golden goblet of blood to his lips being drained within his murderer and becoming intertwined with he who had attempted to steal his soul through vampiric means. Will cried out while he hurled himself upon the black being casting him to the floor scattering the knife blade across to the other side. He threw him aside and attempted to salvage his dead brother whose eyes had glazed over in death. The demon Abaddon hovered over him and he grew rigid with terror; at the same time the sorcerer reached the blade and lashed at Will scratching his shoulder with its heat. Will kicked the sorcerer away and he sprawled upon the pentagram which was drawn upon the floor unconscious. The demon continued to press and harry Will instilling in him extreme fear and desperation to withdraw from the room. Stooping he took up the corpse of his dead brother and moved as quickly as he could down the hall and staircase sensing the presence of the demon behind. He exited the house and placing his dead brother in the carriage unwound the straps from the porch which served the purpose of binding the horse and buggy, assumed the position of driver and whipped the horse on towards an isolated place he knew far away from the hill and Stetl and all its dark energies. He careened down the path towards his selected destination, another bridge at the outskirts of town. The horse seemed to intuit his intention and needed little steering towards this destination, being in sympathy with Will that the place from which he came was a place of evil and that anywhere else was an improvement. As such the buggy bounced up and down as they sped away from the dark forces of the Stetl. Once arrived at the bridge it was darkest midnight and only a few stars shone out reflecting their light upon the water which flowed away towards the sea. Will dismounted and gathered up his brother's corpse. He broke apart the carriage with a heavy rock lying next to the riverbank and used the remaining pieces to construct a skiff into which he placed his brother's body and set it adrift towards the sea. Gazing up at the stars he swore to the gods that he would bring vengeance upon the black sorcerer even if it cost him his life. He walked and the horse walked behind him following the river back to the town. Deep in thought he hadn't noticed the horse lingering around and attempted to send him away. This failing he raced away from the animal weaving in and out of the small houses in attempt to lose his tail until he ceased to hear hoof beats and eventually arrived at his house. He climbed the tree next to his window and entered his room blacking out with the grief of the loss he had just suffered and vowing he would avenge the loss with the blood of the sorcerer.

A grey dawn broke with winds whipping down from the hill and against the houses in the town. Will awoke and heard them shrieking outside his window. He sprang from bed recalling the memory of yesterday and began immediately to formulate plans for his revenge against the evil which had suddenly presented itself to his formerly peaceful world. Upon descending the stairs he overheard his mother discussing with a police officer outside the apparent theft of a horse of a Dr. Fish which had been discovered in her yard that morning and which was alleged to have been stolen by her son from the former. At this point the mother had not as yet discovered the murder of her younger son Kris but was nevertheless distressed and had a look of sleeplessness about her. She mentioned to the police officer who was a Jew himself that she didn't hear Kris return last night and upon looking in on him discovered that he wasn't there. She was about to wire for the police when the officer had arrived. The conversation continued on for a time while Will quietly ascended the staircase and escaped out the window. He was now a fugitive from the law. As he descended the tree leading onto his room he ran into another Jewish police officer who grabbed him by his shirt collar. 'So you been around Fish's have ya? Better not pry into secrets, kid – or you might have to pay the piper!' So saying he threw an open-handed punch at Will's face which sent the child sprawling backward against the tree. 'You better not squawk kid or else you'll be next on the chopping block' – and with this he gave a swift kick to Will who buckled over with the shock. As the Jew walked away he stated to Will under his breath 'We'll come for you next goyboy! We don't like goys spreading rumours see?' Will was still panting for breath but knew he had only a short span of life remaining before the thugs of the Jewish invaders would come to abduct him – and what could he do so powerless a child as he was? He reasoned that the only hope for the future now was to terminate his life in the attempt to destroy the evil that had immigrated to his town. Strategizing he realized that given the materials out of which Fish's house was constructed namely wood with sawdust insulation the structure could serve as a deathtrap for its occupant whose comings and goings could be monitored from a distance and whose presence could be detected at night via the illumination of the upstairs window which shone a spotlight on Fish and his nocturnal lifestyle which was apparently carried on outside of his offices as a doctor. The first thing was to obtain materials with which to burn the house and a spyglass to observe from a distance when Fish was there and when the time would be right to commit the incendiary act. He knew his father, who was away at work, kept jugs of kerosene in the root cellar of their house for lamp fluid and packages of matches and candles were also stocked there. With these humble items he would burn in effigy the evil that plagued his town and which he inferred was concentrated in that house and its occupant. Obtaining these items and a backpack to store them in, he directed his gait from the town towards the Stetl and the place where he would establish his vigil. Fish had turned off his lights and taken to bed and to sleep. From thence he would enter via the basement or use his mother's hairpin to gain entry via picking the lock upon his arrival at the destination point Will looked towards the setting sun and thought of how he and his brother just the day before had been playing around the bridge upon which he now sat and observed the house which had been the end of his brother's life. The sun set and transformed into night but still Fish had not arrived. The lengthening of the hours began to stress Will to the point of despair as the thoughts entered his mind that his nemesis would refuse to show himself and that he had waited this night in vain. This night but perhaps there would be no other? Perhaps the police thugs of the Jews would have gotten to Will by that time and his vengeance would go unrealized. Such thoughts played themselves out in his mind until they were intruded into by the sounds of the horse pulling behind it a buggy similar to the one

he had smashed by the other end of town and upon which he had set his brother's body casting it off to sea with the current. The horse approached and Will recognized it as his former friend but the crack of the whip kept him racing on towards the house up the bend – towards the horror house of Fish. Will remained at his vigil until the light in the top room winked out at which time he sped off along the same path he had followed yesterday evening to carry out his mission to avenge his brother's death. The horse was awaiting Will as the latter ran up as if knowing that its liberator had come to divest it of its shackles and free it from the evil of this place. It let out a low snort as Will approached and repeated his act of undoing the straps from the porch and off the neck of the beast. The latter nudged Will and trotted off towards its own destiny finally free of the black demon that infested the area with his presence. Will undid his backpack as he approached the same location by the basement as before. It had been locked however and he was forced to attempt entry via the front door. He extracted his mother's hairpins and tried wiggling one in the lock, the other serving to twist the round area around the keyway in the pin and tumbler lock, a recent invention and improvement over the previous spring locks. He continued to twist but the hair pin snapped and he had to have recourse to using the bits from those which he had used whole. With difficulty he snapped off all the pins and pushed open the door. The room was still and a sensation of dread and despair clung to the atmosphere as of earthbound souls who were incapable of leaving their place of sacrifice and painful death, robbed of their destiny by the vampire who had come to this peaceful town from some alien realm and who was here only to destroy. As Will was walking from room to room spreading kerosene he heard a low ululating cry coming from the top floor; he was in process of splashing fuel along the stairs when it surprised him. He heard again this piercing shriek as of a demon disturbed in its repose. The door in the upper room flung open and the sound of a banshee bounding down the stairs accompanied the vibration. Will, wasting no time bolted out of the house as he lit a candle and lobbed it into the pool of gas. As Fish descended the staircase he was met with a gush of flame rushing up towards him and illuminating his eyes. Will turned outside of the house and viewed through the open doorway the demon staring at him with wild-eyed fury and screaming hoarsely – 'Curse you goy! Curse you!' As the flames engulfed his body and he fell down the stairs a black form ascended from out of his body, a shade-like being which turned towards Will as the flaming beams fell upon him, his black form disappearing in the holocaust of fire.

Will woke up in a room in the hospital in his town and saw his mother had fallen asleep by his side. As he stirred she was awoken and burst out in an emotional release crying and holding him to herself. 'Where is Kris?' she asked amidst her tears. Will informed her that he had been killed by Fish and they held one another each breaking down into a state of grieving taking farewell of Kris and his memory. 'I got him back, ma', Will said through sobs. 'Is that where the fires came from – you?' Will answered in the affirmative saying he had burnt Fish alive in his house. His mother informed him that the entire Stetl had burnt and that Will's body had been discovered unconscious by the bridge. His shirt had been torn as if by an animal but he had been found by one of the town's volunteer firefighters and a horse had been discovered nearby. 'Are they all dead those – immigrants', he said not knowing who or what else to call them. 'Their area had been burnt and most of them died. The few survivors relocated to the capital city. So long as you're safe – that's all I care about', she said. Will looked out of the window and saw the sun begin to rise on the horizon.

# A WHITE PHILOSOPHY

# WHITE SUPREMACY



## **WHITE SHRAPNEL**

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White Dizzny's Wunderland----a cartoon Meme book

**DEDICATED TO THE WHITE RACE  
WITHOUT WHOM NOTHING MATTERS  
14/88**







A WHITE PHILOSOPHY

# **The Belly of the Beast**

## **BELLY OF THE BEAST**

### **Slavery as a Feature of the Soul of a certain Racial Group: a hereditary tendency**

In this case I refer specifically to Jews as bearing this fundamental and inextricable feature of hegemony and despotism. If the inner is the outer the the outer is the inner. Their talmud advocates slavery; their talmud is a created product of their inner essence('Soul'); therefore their soul embodies the slaver's mentality. Such a syllogism is irrefutable given the objective empirical evidence. Despotism is an emanation of the lower egoic consciousness, of a soul undeveloped to the appropriate degree to attain within a consciousness of the 'I' and 'Thou' (of the reality of distinction between beings) a non- malevolence of the lowest and a benevolence at the highest octave of its manifestation. A failure to uphold harmony through self-absorption could be the hallmark of this ethos-embodied by the representatives of Rex Mundi and their legions of brown/black/red and yellow hordes that, given the existence of a higher consciousness('Christ' or 'Krishna' or universalistic or Cosmic' properly so-called) indwelling within the Whites these others are affecting a destroying influence within the cultural enclaves of white people and ultimately both their culture and themselves on a physico-spiritual basis. This of course is the agenda of those who embody the psychopathic ego-consciousness of fanatical self- worship and other hate, namely yahudi, the kenites/edomites, etc. (hapiru/habiru/huns/khazars/, etc. a.k.a Jews) This biologically identifiable type clearly has a monopoly on the slave trade of other sub- types of homo sapiens sapiens(ie.das raises humaines) and this observable empirically with the naked eye in any bureaucracy wherein they overarch in the hierarchical structure their minority minions as veritable slaves of an economic and physical sort. This of course is not exclusive of Whites but the latter are nearly equally subjected to the same process in many cases not even conferred by their jewish masters the right to live in slave chains but simply to die in a ditch.

### **Caricature: Jude**

A sly cunning masks the fanatical hate and latent malevolence of this surreptitious being; cloaked forever in the technicolor dreamcloak of dissimulation. A playful smile of theatrical proportions is set in plaster on the visage of monstrous dimensions-the dark underlying the false light of sallow skinned chameleon. Slit-eyed reptilian slinking round the barriers of red-tape set by those who would curtail the chaos that is the excreta of this being's praxis, the destroying influence of a malevolent intent. Self-satisfied lounging in indolence while it basks on a cold stone heated by the rays of the sun of more vital beings. Simulacral, a holographic generator machine creative of an endless parade of false fronts a ballo mascara of artifice and illusion. Stromboli with his gold-toothed gleaming smile and unctuous manners violently seizing Pinnochio when the crowd has turned its back and the curtain has fallen to conceal the revelation of the inner beast-the demon is upon the marionette with a rough and callous hand wrenches the puppet and tosses him into the



cage, his only home now that the appearance of glamour and fame has worn away with the vitality of his former self. The hypocrisy of the contract he had signed in virgin blood dawns upon his mind with the hollow words echoing: "there are no strings on me" and the apparent dance of glee and youthful effervescence a mere sham and routine flinging about of the limbs as a coercive act of cruel mockery on the part of his semitic master. The latter drives through darkened streets behind the gas lights that illumine the comfort of domesticity the puppet will never again know. The mask of unfeeling callousness spies out of the coach (in modern times the Cadillac with designated driver - the lackey be he negro or other-) and Stromboli remains in the back with a bottle of kosher wine intermittently tipping it between bouts of harsh conversation with his lady of the evening, another of the marionettes of the flesh that the rough jailer partakes of to sate his feral impulses. "On to the theatre" cried the fox, the clever procurer, the sly left hand path adherent who serves as facilitator of the schemes of symbols, the pimp and usurer of the marionettes in the theatre of the absurd. The question still remains: Who is the ultima ratio? Is Stromboli the capstone in the hierarchical pyramid or is the coachman? The coachman: symbolic figure of Freemasonry. Is this the capstone in the 3-D system, the control matrix of Archontic dominion, the spider in the web that encircles the earth? The coachman wears a red coat, gold buttons and a cap all of an oddly freemasonic quality with gauntlet gloves also alluding to his masonic affiliation. He behaves with a cunning yet ruthless efficiency and reveals to the fox (the low level uninitiated procurer) that the fate of captives would be to be converted into slaves, donkeys, goyim. This itself alludes to supremacy of the yiddish and hence Jewish influence in the word selection and symbolism that animal represents. The coachman is the one who ultimately delivers the 'children' (nascent and developed consciousness in its esoteric aspect) to pleasure island (corruption through cultivation of the lower drives developing beast consciousness and not escaping 'bondage' to 5-sense reality and material world identification). This may represent the blind of masonry when not recognized for what it is and seen from a lower level in its exoteric aspect as a charity organization or club, etc. The allure of glamour and pomp and circumstances and the failure to recognize that point to a higher reality, the spiritual dimension beyond material-world identification. Thus the aspirant plummets in his Icarian flight and burns in the lake of fire as a fire brand burning Romanesque buildings in pleasure island. This illustrates the overdependence of coarse sensation as a means for failure to cultivate the higher self and unify it with the lower self. Pinocchio eventually achieves this state through his gnostic trials and errors, letting his conscience be his guide and through intuition of right action, of alignment of thought, emotion and action he attains Christ/Krishna/cosmic consciousness, becoming what he is in germ namely a 'Lucifer' with the assistance of his fairy god mother, ie. HGA (holy guardian angel).

### **Biological Differences**

... from a common sense standpoint: the notion of equality can be easily dispelled as fiction once the scales of propaganda fall from the eyes of the naive and a more common sense understanding of reality is had through simple observation (6+sense observation) of the obvious, tangible, in-your face nature of human diversity qua diversity, ie. the outstanding markers of racial difference inferrable from behavior through simple comparison of types under similar conditions. This is what is called common sense and is the property of the most rudimentary savage and infant but not of the majority

of white intellectuals whose common sense has been replaced with the tartuffery of conceptual gobble-de-gook that constitutes their imaginal reality they weave out of the flotsam and jetsam of sights, sounds and images perceived through their rose-colored glasses. 'Diversity' presents itself most forcefully upon their solipsistic consciousness in the form of rapine, murder and torture as well as less malevolent behavioral tendencies of these races less elevated in their consciousness (grunting, and other feral forms of behavior reminiscent of apes and other simian varieties). Biological differences are inferable on an empirical sensory basis that only an 'intellectual' could live in ignorance of living as they do in abstraction from reality, divorced from the 3-D world of empiria and immersed in a noumenal world of their own demiurgic fashioning. Hence, the consequence that while looking in the Olympian heights thinking they are a champion of the concept, they fall into the well of actuality sometimes literally. 'As above so below'-with no tangible compass with which to orient in a tangible world of physical objects and relations between same they flounder about a mental map that has no correspondence to the real world of concrete actuality. They are as a blind fool discarding his white cane in egoistic pretense that he is like those possessed of sight and stepping off the curb into rush hour traffic expecting the physical deluge to part like the red seas before his mosaic wisdom. The consequences of such an act his godlike wisdom (wizz-dumb) fails to perceive and thus are an inevitability. Given his immersion in a false reality, a purely abstract and conceptual paradigm derived from abstract theory he will never exit this false consciousness and develop a gnostic understanding of the given that is for him not 'given' but never existed and would never be a credible reality. This cognitive dissonance is the hallmark of those whose reason doesn't keep pace with intuition and who have bought a lie that leads to a strict logical sequence to other lies to extricate oneself from which would require a humbling of the bloated ego of self-deification that the abstractor of the quintessence would be incapable of in his lower-egoic consciousness and self genuflection. The obvious existence of race as a reality and not merely an object of a delusive knowledge (a 'concept') is what escapes and is reflected by the specious and dogmatic mind of the intellectuals all of whom have been subjected to the mind poisoning of liberalism and thereby have become divorced from reality.

### **The Yellow Peril**

...Looming threat of the present epoch is the Chinese, Indian and various minions from their Eastern realm of Gaia undergoing a political (and necessarily politico-economic) upsurge as the golden dragon. Riding the beast of revelation without itself being revealed is the kabbalist (a.k.a 'Jew') desperately attempting to control by its horns this ravenous serpent that is intent on devouring and laying waste the world. Its cauda draconis sweeps in scyth-like crescent over its opposition while the caput draconis breathes fire from nostrils overarching ravenous maw that engulfs the sum total of its hearts' desire. This seemingly tame beast is bent on encircling the globe and is apparently plodding in spite of its intricate workings but perhaps the appearance is merely a seeming being and the overarching strategy encompasses this trajectory—a faint before a sweep-kick to knock out negligent opposition or that distracted by its smoking nares have eyes riveted in expectation of flames upon the caput when it is the cauda that requires attention with its lithe machinations. Perhaps this too the would be what the controller fails to perceive aright, feeling empowered through riding on its mane, eyes greedy with glee over anticipated despotic power. Perhaps the wizard who dwells behind the

curtain and who has felt the time is right according to his chaldaen astro-analysis has miscalculated? Perhaps what was written in the stars was his own undoing and at the appropriate moment this babylonian sorcerer will himself be consumed by the flames of a Tikkun Olam? Be that as it may what can be anticipated in the here and now is a gradual erosion of all freedom under the hegemony of a chinese/indian despotism. Minus the religious insanity of the talmud, this will at least, if only for a time, enable the perpetuation of Beast- Consciousness with the golden horde of Ghengis pouring in to the Shire. There will not be adequate resistance given the blindness of the hobbits who have long made it their home. The solution is of course a heightening of consciousness and a concomitant reaction and reversal of the yellow tide.

### **Skin Color(/pigmentation) as marker of soul type**

Color is vibration. Given that the quality will determine(or be identical with) the quantity(eg. hertz frequency). "The quality of quantity is degree" says Kant and the higher the quantity the higher the quality as a rate of vibration(hertz). The higher the frequency the more ascendant so to speak is that being which entails within itself as its inherent structure or pitch. Thus the external visual appearance that is called color to the average person of average perception is a marker or signal of the inner being. Hence the appearance of the being viewed from without enables the essence to be inferred and induced known as it is. Only the willfully ignorant would disregard this fact as it obtrudes upon their senses however coarsened they may be through self-pollution and corrupting vices. These quality types that are perhaps erroneously referred to as a subtype(or 'race') of humanity is differentiated from others thereby. Lighter skin equates to higher vibration and in proportion to its lightness is its shine radiating forth and basking the world in its refulgent light. Thus only can the whites be spoken of as the 'shining ones' and no matter the effort put forth by darker races they will never attain that quality but will simply circle in the wheel of incarnation. This pigmentative mantle shrouds them from the sun of mind stifling their inchoate development as a weighty chain anchoring them to their earthbound fate. The various colors implicate the various 'races' or subtypes(perhaps misunderstood as) 'humanity' as a collective of conflictual or disparate entities as a differentiable and incompatible 'group' improperly so- called. The classification of this zoology is historically and contemporaneously inappropriate given the metaphysical and physical facts of their extreme differences. The higher vibrational beings radiating their splendour upon the earth as a noble boon of resonance must only aim their brilliance in relation to a tenebrous vampirical essence such as the dark beings who simply absorb the light from their betters. Thus the entire earth and terrestrial plane of existence suffers an overshadowing of its vitality and concomitant suppression of its latent possibilities. No environmental adjustment(through 'race'-mixing or redistribution of resources privileging the darker hordes) or social planning can attune incompatible vibrations. They are simply different wave lengths on the light spectrum, some higher, some lower and nary the two shall meet save in a state of discord and inharmonious cacophony. Hence the babel of modernity and its shofar trumpeting of 'unity, solidarity and peace' and various other forms of tartuffery, rhetorical ballast that puts forth no verifiable content, merely dogmatic assertion, a narrow- minded proclamation of bigotry that purports to be hegemonic in a legitimate sense, destroying all 'Otherness' through its hubristic and illegitimate claims. A further confirmation of the principle that "the outer is the inner and the inner is the outer" that both reflect one

another on different planes and are de natura bound up with one another in quantum entanglement and simultaneity. Those who would willfully ignore("to pluck their eye out") this obtrusive fact that impinges upon even the coarsest of sensibilities are clearly hypocrits having no receptivity to truth especially in modern times so brow-beaten as they are in their cowardice by the deluge of propaganda that seeks to nip in the bud this nascence/knowledge/gnosis that is available to even a child of three(or perhaps ante-natally). Given the fear-based emotional reactivity buzzwords such as 'race', etc. elicit the thought process and concomitant attentional direction to the reality shuts down and places one in the state of willful ignorance, a voluntary suicide of the mind that holds out the false promise of security and social acceptability as the 'Good'. This social acceptability feature, the adoration of the masses is the recourse of cowards, those who haven't the courage(its ethical opposite) to take truth as their standard regardless of the consequences but merely pursue carrots and avoid sticks as their liberal creed of pain minimization and pleasure maximization to the point of dissipation and disillusion of their soul leaving them burning in the lake of fire(the Van Allen belt). Thereby, however white their skin, their vibrational frequency is bogged down in stagnation of 'universalistic' celebration of a false consciousness at the expense of the cerebration of an authenticity that requires the courage to adapt as the purple mantle of the sahasrara chakra(being/becoming who one is as a member of a larger tribal group and thereby a higher more integral consciousness).

## **Vibes**

### **Lower Vibration and its discontents**

The darker races 'exhibit'(deliberate word use) in the age of their worldliness, the most cthonic drives and propensities(consisting predominantly of: fornication, fighting and feeding, the reptilian brain orientation of 'F3'(fight/flight/f\*\*\*)) implicating them in the matrix(the sator square or kaaba). Their pen in which these feral pursuits unfurl is the veritable toilet of the earth(eg.Detroit;Africa;haiti,etc.). The darker the lower vibrational frequency the lower the vibration spiritually( a higher more subtle rate of vibration and dimension of reality) the more this manifests in behavior that could be spoken of(properly) as bestial. The whole of human history barring whatever rare exceptions testifies to this truth and cannot be refuted save by willfully ignorant for even a retard can perceive that the outer being is a result of the inner and behavior is bound up with biology and is its externalization in 'time and space' or as physical phenomena. Fornication is testified to in the chronic disease spread of the profligate beings as well as their endless progenation. Fighting amongst themselves when no more overt out-group presents itself with which to give battle is yet another lower vibrational testament. Lastly the feeding aspect of the reptilian brain operates in concreto(behaviorally) as a plague of locusts devastating the crops and fauna(and even their fellow darks-cannibalism) creating starvation and perpetual poverty. Couple these feral drives with the innate laziness and tendency towards uncreativity and the discontent of the dark races can be traced to only one source: namely, themselves, God's curse be upon them(and it is...).

### **Higher Vibrational Being**

The lighter races(in proportion to their lightness) radiate their divine spark that they are to a higher degree of both extension(in space) and intensity. Their light body not only burns brighter but longer

and further than that of the comparatively lower vibrational, cthonic entities who call themselves the dark races. The joi de vivre, the altruism and bestowing virtue of such are quite clearly markers of this quality of both-extension and intensity-the radiance altruistically leaps over the fence of 'I' and 'Thou' and confers on the latter its intensity thereby ennobling unjustly the relatively inert mass of brown/black/red being. Behavior is always bound up with the inner life of the being and is a signal of the latter as the existence is of the essence and is the latter's modus vivendi, its way of manifestation. The playful and one might even say loving nature of the lighter races implicates them as a nobler type and underscores the nature of their resonance and so to speak internal motor force. The benevolence of the lighter races in spite at times of their more quick and intense projection into the social space, is seen in their creation over the entire terrestrial globe of a monolithic civilization that has served as the cornucopia for all the darker races. And what does this kindly regard bestow in recompense? Hostility, derision, hate and all manner of negative bias that appears in the form of physical, mental, social violence of the hand that feeds them. Truly the hubris of the white man has gotten him entangled in relations best severed even if need be by the sword for the game of friendship towards an enemy is not worth the candle and must be allowed to gutter out for the sake of providing light for those not able to receive its refulgence. Let the blind lead the blind in darkness and keep the lamp burning in the house of Adam for only he(the white man) is capable of appreciating its glow and embodying it within himself as the keeper of the flame. Should he falter in his noble mission the extinction of its light would shroud all in darkness. Thus, this being the world situation faced at present, eg. a harsh 'either-or', one must be especially heedful that the good prevail: the either of light or-darkness and a new dark age from out of which no extrication may be had save by divine intervention from without. The remnant of Adam's seed must grasp the torch and take it to the top of the mountain raining forth upon the earth its splendour which, undoubtedly, will raise shrill cries of pain and much gnashing of teeth from the darkling hordes of the untermenschen.

### **A White World**

At present in the wolf age we contend with forces of darkness who would create a perpetual dark age. Truly they are spawn of the bottomless pit, as black as that region from whence they came. Into the light of day which burns their eyes and which they shun go they, incited by the material wealth the white man has, in his fallen state perhaps wrongly constructed much to his detriment as a ball and chain of materiality that weighs him to the earth. the dark hordes(we shall henceforth call them 'Morder'- and their name is legion) leave their state of inertia upon witnessing the beguiling spectacle of the baubels of the white man's fashioning. In his boundless creation, in his fallen state, his hubris carried him away from the strait and narrow path of living in accordance with nature and towards the expanse of the material world and its temptation-out of paradise into perdition. Still a redemption hovers in the distance and that is Krist-the super-conciousness that the white knight must gird himself with in order to rectify the collapsed burnt out ediface of divine creation. Thus the white man must resurrect himself from the ashes of his own Promethean fire and reconstruct the world in his own image-an architecture that will only be lasting if he does his True will and attunes the higher with the lower. Only then can paradise be reclaimed. Excesses of material concern have all but

sickened the white man and thus he must adopt a path towards Nature and live with it in a state of harmony.

### **A Black World**

Tom-Tom drums beat out a tattoo stirring the kundalini firesnake to circulate around the gyrating hips of feral primitives. Frenzied rhythm incites a wild cacophony of whoops and cries of impassioned fervour as the glimmering knife is raised in the firelight sparkling with terrible intent from the upraised hand of the voodoo priest. The pitch accelerates to the breaking point as the hogtied victim sways back and forth eyes wide with fright in anticipation of the final act to bring in the entity, into possessive manifestation. The chicken blood dries in a sticky hot wave over his face as the knife descends again this time across his throat. The vital life fades from fluttering eyes and the struggles cease. Welcome to darkest Africa the land of blackest ignorance. fast forward in time and space to modern America in the rust belt city of Detroit. Broken pavement and delapidated buildings border a threatening skyline with the approach of night. Sirens wail in the silence like so many wolves prowling the concrete steppes of Midwestern U.S.A landcape seeking prey. The jungle of yesteryear is transposed in the present wherein black brutes slaughter one another in accordance with unwritten rules of tribalistic affiliation, a primitive hierarchy of faction: who vie for the coarsest resources desirable by man in his lowest octave. The law of the land, nay that of the club and gun, holds arbitrary sway over the denizens of this realm, bound to one another by purely materialistic principles bereft of the presence of Spirit. A sepulchre of war everlasting, a grave of the living dead borne simply to die and to experience the rebirth of an earth-based soul in endless cyclicism until such time as they be exterminated from the earth. The Kali Yuga is here in the iron age of rust-belt Americana, harbinger of a coming return to the springtime of Golden age glory once the earth be cleansed and allowed a respite from the chaos that is animal man. This is the Black world the *Bellum Omnium Contra Omnes*.

### **Miscegenation**

...another spearpoint in the vanguard of Jewish White genocide through the weakening influence it has on society: no identity, no recognition of purpose; no recognition of purpose no ability to develop and bring to bear the weapons of war against the opposition. To introduce confusion into society and the people is to scatter their focus and concentration of energy flows such that the energies become dissipated which is the state of weakness that renders impotent the otherwise inevitable backlash and opposition from a more aware and integral white demographic. Further the results of miscegenation on a genetic plane lead in microcosm to the same dissipation and conflict of purpose of the energies inherent in the body given the conflictual and essentially incompatible genes that have artificially(through propaganda) hybridized with the host body. The miscegenant in a relationship necessarily experiences the conflict of the dyad(or in the case of polygamy the 'n-ad') the endless crossing of purposes, misunderstanding and general lack of harmony such a union fosters. The hapless unfortunate who is the rotten fruit of this union is necessarily host of a divisive play of conflictual drives that can properly be spoken of as a recipe for mental illness as with the Jews and their transmissible genetic diseases(eg.celiac, tay sachs, etc.). The crying and screaming products of

malgenics testifies to the corruption and anti-natural character of such an unholy union, a rusty chain forged in the fires of hell and attached to the millstone of karma incurred by the couple itself tangibly posited in the 'child', that veritable Demian of irrational inner contradictions. Thus as a consequence the racial soul is destroyed by the architect of this evil enabling the total control of society through creating the necessary tension between natural enemies knowing the inherent causality present and how to manipulate it to advantage. Again the Serpent(Jews) work upon Eve, beguiling through holding forth an object of desire(and of course over-riding instinctive aversion through propaganda thereby rendering the undesirable desirable and inverting the natural propensities that accord with nature, ie.'like attracts like as surely as the lodestone attracts iron' and this is 'animal magnetism' correspondent with the larger whole/sum total and is thus true and beautiful in this correspondence). The Devil Jew strikes at this link through implanting the viral seed of vice(that which deviates from nature) in the form of beguiling illusion about the 'universality of all' and the necessity to uphold this 'noble' principle as the Absolute to the extent of extinguishing one's own life of severing that chain that ties ancestors to posterity through the living reality in the eternal Now. However it is not females on a physical basis alone that play the role of Eve in the dialectic of the Jew, rather the physical 'male' also transgresses these bounds through the submission to the Egalitarian principle as absolute. Of course this, for those who have minimal options and who are subordinated in their will to the passions(depending on relative strengths of these two faculties this will decide the path along which the potential miscegenant male will tread-to perdition or elysium even if as a celibate). A lack of will and/or overabundance of passion incapable of being reigned in by a proportionate or preponderate Will leads, in conjunction with the mind poison of Egalitarianism towards the abyss of one's family line. The Jew knows this and exploits it to his advantage-cultural emphasis on the crudest passions to the greatest extent constitute the formula of this mind and soul destroying influence of incarnate Shaitans(eg.jews). The beguiling mystique held out to the gullible children of Adam(the Whites) of the 'Other' qua 'Other' leads down the path of iniquity towards the Golgotha of identity. The Jews have converted the children of Adam into legionnaires, into a pilate-sacrifice upon the cross of genetical splicing in the laboratory of the social. Your own first born to Molech; make sacrifice unto he! The curiosity aroused(psycho-sexually) by the 'Other' as a foreign and hence unknown object of fascination is one of the primary weapons of Jewish degeneration.

### **"Celebrating DIVERSITY"**

...In the sense of neglecting the inharmonious and incompatible essences of Race through neglecting the Objectivity of Race, is a recipe for Objective/factual suicide and the initiation of a new dark age of complete ignorance and savagery. The over-intellectualized and abstract consciousness, the overly 'Objective'(morally, eg. 'fairness', etc.) and altruistic trajectory of Whites precipitates their own destruction. The White Man's burden of non-white parasites becomes a weighty one indeed given the proliferation/prolific nature of the locust-like pestilence in the Garden chewing up all the plants at the expense of the white populous who does the actual growing and production of this crop. Those who parasitize their own people, ie. white collar government parasites, justify their parasitism through moral guises, claiming they will play(in one role or another) the role of redistributor or middle man between the productive whites and unproductive non-white parasites. "Good for the economy" say the

right-wing conservative; "Good for diversity" say the left-wing liberals. All parasites on the base, they live off the back of the white working man and woman justifying themselves under the rubric of higher morality. What it is in consequence beyond self-seeking parasitism is the death drive of brainless white liberals who have no healthy instincts and/or lack of regard for all their ancestors created while simultaneously defecating on their graves while they partake of the indulgence and excess their hard-working ancestors enabled them to partake of, reveling in the dead of night in course abandon of the higher principles their forbears embodied; reveling with the lowest vibrational beings (blacks, browns and reds) to the feral drumbeat of lowest vibration pop cultural musack. A leveling process has been undergone and this due to the inability to recognize the greater good of a higher culture and higher standard of humanity to be replaced with an effeminate nursery of mewling brown and black babes; a feedlot society full of vulgar mass-produced subhumanity. The castles of Europe are being turned into rubble and the corrupt mind poison of universalism and its concomitant weakness is to blame.

**Race as a concrete fact of tangible reality** as 'actuality' not fiction thrusts itself upon one (one who is in tune with the sum total of existence, of a universe/multiverse of things, eg. lampshades; roads; biological foundations of sex, gender, race and culture) who has eyes to see. The Darker, I posit, one is, the more animalistic, vulgar and prone to the lower drives and their behavioral manifestation in violent crime, ineptitude and impassioned behavior. Truly the dark man embodies a lower vibration-darkness being correlated with lower vibrational frequency of energy fields and proportional to the darkness that much lower. The lower vibrational frequency necessarily (on an energetic/biological basis) manifests in the form of more primitive behavior such as a fight/flight/f\*\*\* ('F3') behavioral orientation; a downward spiral of animality that cannot be this type of being be it superseded through any form of social programming/conditioning or nurture by the gullible female consciousness of white liberalism as an ideology/religion. Spiritually the dark man is a Satan in the sense of lower vibrational frequency cthonic entity that cannot extricate itself (nor has it any but the dullest will towards such a state) from thence and attain the high consciousness of the lighter type whose vibrational frequency manifests itself in classical music, sophisticated languages, intricate feats of engineering, etc. No defence against inevitable liberal backlash and anti-white hate need be made of the legacy of white influence upon the world and its elevating process that has picked from out of the mire (mistakenly and hubristically) the dark man only to muddy its own white picket fence and occupy itself with the perpetual cleaning of the muck that continues to spray itself there against. Incompatible vibration creates disharmony, disharmony creates chaos-but from out of chaos comes order. Soon for once and all the savages who plague the earth with their brown, black and red bodies will be purged from Gaia's garden as so many snails, beetles and locusts. Then the frequency will increase and a rite of spring will flourish, harmony will again be restored to the earth in a white world. At present the gullible majority still refuse to remove their virtual reality spectacles and face the

### **On the Necessity of Racial Loyalty**

Without allegiance to the tribe it is as good as if one has died; for "what I am I am through you and what you are you are through me" and "your people is everything-you are nothing" (Hitler)-at least in isolation to your tribal group. Necessary condition of existence: allegiance to tribal group, that which



serves as a biological 'entelechy' in Aristotelian terms, ie. that which stays the same through time, ie. Race. For a race to be a race it must orient itself around itself; all members ,must preserve this spiritual loyalty manifesting itself in concrete form through their actions and omissions. Magnetically as animal magnetism in an etheric form the tribal members circumambulate the totem of their identity,the insignia of their preservation: rally to the flag around which those who will continue their kind congregate. To immerse oneself in the tribal group is to qualify oneself as a member thereof; to eschew this obligatory rite of passage is to cut the lifeline of ancestry rendering barren posterity; snipping the DNA strands which have become unbound through unconsciousness of identity and the necessity of keeping in one's minds' eye the image of the struggle that represents the chain of lineage stretching back to the tenebrous mists of the past. To fail in this, the attachment to the larger collective, is to become a rootless drifter without a home-no blood, no soil. But also: no soil, no blood. At least as a basis for the continuance at a basic level. Land is a necessity, even though a tribal group should be populating the entire world, inevitable corruption results of the gene pool and of the giant scope of land mass and finite scope of the tribal members. At present at least a homeland is necessary though in some possible(one would hope potential) world the entire world could be the territory of the tribe. At least this is the hope which dwells in the heart of hearts of all tribal groups, is rooted in the biologically 'trieb' or 'will zur macht' of all ethnicities. All of those who have not been corrupted or who are not corruptible either through themselves or through others harbours this instinct in their soul.

Unfortunately the better type lacks this sense of self when its boundless universalist consciousness and over-concern for objectivity(ie.truth) subverts its own healthy instincts out of regard for justice and truth themselves will be sacrificed as no other more primitive group concerns itself with these totemic idols-however right such a concern may be-but simply eschews them as taboos that minimize and inhibit their own tribal matters and worse, once no out-group or common enemy exists, only their own ego; what results is a bellum omnium contra omnes, a descent to justifiably so-called savagery as with all so-called 'indigenous people's' prior to the arrival of those bearers of civilization, the White Race. With no racial loyalty existent amongst the whites a new dark age(both literally and figuratively) will descend as a storm cloud blackening the sun. The rays of white creativity and culture will be blotted out and the remaining fauna will languish in chaos for eternity until the next manvantara, the wheel of ixion grinding out the slow development of the soul over the aeons. The 'new hope' for the dawn of a 'new day' and not the false light, emanates from the racial soul of the white man as a collective amidst the evil tide amongst them.

### **Proletarians and their affinity for race-mixing**

Following from the above can readily be seen the affinity between Bourgeoisie and their counterpart the proletarian mass both stuck in the mire of materialism the former with its head protruding the latter with its head submerged. In the latter case the very lack of a head sharpens the instinct and leads away from race-mixing, at least in the case of a healthy stock that would be properly spoken of as a 'goodly' peasant stock' rather than a proletarian caste of chandal untermenschen. In the latter designation the healthy instincts of the healthy peasant are subverted and supplanted by more dark and debased propensities governed largely by the more feral drives of 'F3'[fight/flight/f\*\*\*]. Hence

the race mixing propensity born of an unhealthy bearer of rudimentary inclinations a veritable embodiment of beast consciousness that finds its place with the rest of the animal races revelling in the mire of materiality. Whether it be the abstracting of the organic in the case of the bourgeois intellectual or the anti- intellectualism and inherent defectiveness of the proletarian, the inclination towards miscegenation is kindled. Only a healthy peasant stock and a healthy nobility and administrative class with a sound emphasis on rassen hygiene can prevail against the onslaught on the degeneracy of 'untermenscheit'.

### **How the 'right wing' is a politicized form of masculine consciousness**

How to answer the above question? The thoughts, emotions and actions of people manifest themselves in what may be called 'politics' a set of relations of a dynamic, mutable sort, between persons played out in the social spaces constituting the hive mind that is the political arena, not necessarily or exclusively a physical topos but a spiritual topos with myriad dimensions depending from it and constitutive of it. The infrastructure, art, economics, etc. of the social crystallized in the form of government and statecraft are the myriad tentacles of this egregoric octopus. The color of the octopus is determined by the sets of relations and their interplay which reciprocally condition each other. The 'right wing' or 'right' politically as a 'color' is an ensemble of these relations, a manifestation of the wavelengths of that socio-political spectrum. The color is blue. Why? This is the color of sobriety, of cold rational calculation, of unemotional consequential reasoning, reckoning relative advantage and disadvantage independent of moral taint that is not permitted to sway decision, pursuit or forbearance, action or omission. This color of the spectrum must have synchronous correspondence with the mental faculty of reason given the latter's sober unemotionality, the mental state induced by 'blue' through both visual observation and subtle body sensation/affect. The blue influence alters consciousness in a 'right' direction. Conserving order in the midst of chaos, enduring through strife and hardship-such are the peculiarities of 'right' thinking properly so-called. This quality is decidedly male which is why it has always been associated with maleness and the latter with conservatism, a defence of the right, of order and justice, truth and beauty all of which are bound up as an axe in a bundle of rods of iron-elegant and without superfluity all having a necessary relationship to the others. Blue is sedation of passion a dousing of the red fire of frenzied chaos. Thus it (this masculine color) reigns in on the level of light (spirit) the lower drives and steadies one's aim of the bow of his political will. The bowstring is taut and without fray, the arrow straight without crack or splinter, the head of cold adamant with symmetrical blades.

### **How the 'left' is the trajectory of female consciousness**

Red is the color of passion of activation of the muladhara chakra of the stimulation of the coarser faculties: emotion, intuition. However essential and valuable these faculties may be in the realm of personality when they are extrapolated to that of the state they become a congealed oil gumming up the gears of Leviathan and require extrication through the cleansing power of an artful prudence, an orderly praxis. Emotion at best plays a role in the political realm in a guarded and superficial form: a friendly demeanor when the situation calls for it in dealings with the correspondent gesture of a friendly ally and vice versa. Hence it is the genuine (at best) expression of the political will embodied in a leader of even the average peasant Will must be guided by reason always seeking with

circumspection what will be on the basis of what has come and what is, the situation of the moment. The Left wing/Leftist/Liberal governed as they are by the right brain whose correspondent color is red and its varying hues from scarlet to ruby and magenta and the correlative chakras that manifests the vibrational quality(color) through their fundamental essence.-The liberal that is to say is: unable to delay gratification given their lack of reasoned self-control; to react emotionally to stimuli without the above trait and incapable of far-reaching thought given their irrational mind. Hence they are as a bull responding to a red flag of a matador and are thus easily manipulated on the basis of emotion to disregard the consequences of their action. This female propensity of theirs demonstrates in consequence their unbalanced consciousness and perhaps must find their reconciliation in a green party? At present the green party is more left wing/liberal than anything. Following its current course will lead to the burning of the bush that is politics in a spree of arsonistic frenzy. The solution is a national socialism with an environmental emphasis, an primarily intranational economy that would eventually extrapolate itself outwards to a global supremacism under the aegis of the dominant(white) type.

### **Of Masculine Consciousness and its forms**

Projective, constructive, oppositional, singular, original-adjectives of the masculine ethos, opposite of that of the feminine receptivity, deconstructive/chaotic, agreeable, passive, plural, derivative. The behavioral tendencies of masculine consciousness have myriad forms and vehicles of the manifestation. Projection is as simple as a fist, or a pursuit of an enemy to a questing into Plato's cave in the realms of thought. Construction is a formation of a castle in the sand physically in the sandbox or in the empyrean realms of the concept; oppositional in the form of a boxing match to a debate entailing reasoned argumentation between scholars; singular as a hero figure swinging a sword above the fray to a Galileo standing out as a heretic of divinely inspired wisdom. Both higher and lower octaves of this consciousness exist and have correlative behavioral manifestations infinite sets of actions and omissions that constitute 'masculine' behavior in contradistinction to the feminine concretized with that anatomical being called a 'man' to a greater degree than that called wo-man. The suppressive tendency of this consciousness modality in the physico-anatomical being called man is another subversive tactic of the Archons to nullify opposition to their power through a redistribution of the power base across a socio-sexual concentration gradient from man to woman and thus to weaken the opposition to their hegemony. Simultaneously diffusing across this small energetic concentration gradient the feminine consciousness into the realm of the masculine allegedly attempting to bring about a 'conjunctiva oppositorum' but in place bringing about a perversion of both natural modalities-woman become man and vice versa-the world is garbed in the drag of gender-bending egalitarian blurring of the lines of the sexual/gender categories. This obviates the appropriate concretization/embodiment of masculine consciousness as it offsets its material base, its proper crucible wherein it can be given proper expression through the appropriate behavioral modalities. given the inherent tendency of both sexes in their essence to attempt to impart incompatible software from one to another constitutes a perversion of the good, ie. nature, cosmic law and is thereby 'anti-nomian' in the worst sense. Masculine traits center around reason and control, an attempt to attune oneself to the sum total yet remaining individuated therefrom an embodiment of the Aristotelian

'entelechy'-endurance through time and space of a distinct type of being which is dynamic even as it stands it ground. Insofar as it is not entropic but rather pleomorphic, molding itself to circumstances when reason dictates obliterating or negating circumstances when conflictual with its self-preservation. Yet when its self-destruction is necessitated by the group who have become attached to itself it gives way to the group life through self-sacrifice as a necessary means to the end of group survival, as a negation of a negation. Insofar it derives its existential right to the role of protector and leader. The group may become transformed into an ideal though no other physical members are present such as in stoicism and a disregard for the self in relation to an end that exceed the self is deemed a necessity through reason, ie. the conscious awareness as a dialectical process of recognition of necessity of means-end(s) relationships and the support thereof of proper actions that serve as means and/or ends within this architecture of the mind and its correspondence with physical 3-D reality. Masculine consciousness is thus the praying mantis, black widow spider and kamikaze fighter pilot who projectively imposes itself upon the situation with self-sacrificial motive and through itself(if necessary) negates the negation of that which conflicts with/threatens the survival or realization of the end. The will to combat and endure through combat against personal fallibility to the extent of self-destruction is the foundation of masculine consciousness in its pure form.

### **Feminine Consciousness: The two Octaves represented by Lilith and Eve**

The receptive, passive, progenerative, agreeable, instinctive, cthonic, materialistic, sympathetic qualities of the female consciousness partake of both a dark and a light side, are conducive to harmony, the other to disharmony, one a higher more astral octave the other a more mundane and primitive. On the dark side sits Lilith, the destructive, absorptive, selfish, egocentric, psychopathic, manipulative, unsympathetic and even hateful figure whose praxis orients itself along lines of pure selfishness. The black widow is the arachnoid embodiment of this consciousness. laying traps for the 'Other' and partaking of their vital essence without regard for their autonomy or being; a purely usurious and self-absorbed creature. This figurine is the transmogrified construct into which women have been placed as an essence in a mechanized Robot which soon steals the soul of its avatar and usurps its autonomy making the deus ex machina a deific mask of the machine which becomes the Deus itself. This is the ludicrous image of woman on steroids or 'wy-man' or some such perversion of an organic reality. A superimposition of a mech-cyborg technology that holds out the promise of endowing woman with superpowers but is instead the iron maiden so-to-speak into which woman is placed. Once the door shuts there is no vital essence of woman remaining. This is feminism. the mind parasite inserted as the canker worm into the apple held out to Eve by the serpent. Eve will bite the apple out of pure instinctive desire for attention and to absorb into herself a 'greater good' to differentiate herself and increase her genetic transmission probability into posterity. Thus the potential higher octave of woman/female consciousness, namely 'Eve' is perverted into a lower octave, 'Lilith' through their own innate tendency to obtain more resources(attention, power, etc.) and differentiate themselves from the collective(to increase the probability of genetic transmission) while simultaneously immersing themselves in it to find their authentic Self.

### **Feminut (a.k.a 'feminine egotism'/'female-ism')**

The Ideology of a particular set of fools whose identity has been constructed by the mind manipulative overlords and who have had bees inserted into their bonnets for the purpose of political weaponization along a subversive trajectory leading society down the slippery slope of degeneration: sexual inversion/perversion of socio-sexual roles from a naturalistic to an artificial basis; the castration of males for the satiation of a power trip, the usurpation of the political of an orderly, well-regulated imperium to a pussy-lanimous nanny-state of obsequious grovellers and effete limp wrists who have allowed themselves to play the capon's role in relation to a blustery hen-pecking 'cock/hen--of-the-walk'. The raggety-andy-ization of their chicks(children, assuming they 'choose' to 'possess' any), a weakening prophylacticization of natural sexual roles in childhood(and in utero) development as a gesture of power and fem-dom(/dumb), an attempt to exercise despotic sway over their hapless charges. The castrated cuckold/capon male is reduced to a domestic serfdom playing the role of the eunuch wearing the betty-crocker apron in the role of a scullion who bakes up organic vegan food and scrubs his dominatrix's menstruum from the porcelain throne as a thankless gesture of subservience to punish himself sado-masochistically for the errors of his ancestors along christian liberal moral lines. The paradox of dealing with a feminist('feminut') is a larger extrapolation of dealing with women in general, embodied in the statement of Nietzsche regarding how masculine women chase after feminine men and the latter run away whereas feminine women are chased after by masculine men and they run away; the dialectic of a ring-around-the-rosy game of cats and dogs scampering about in the garden of Eden. Now the two parties of the divine contract have been evicted from this Edenic elysium upon Gaia and have to cope with the scorched earth of an approaching apocalypse in the end times madness of socio-sexual-racial inversion/perversion. Thus the difficulty if not near impossibility of attaining a union of these opposing forces in spite of the magnetism obtaining between them is seen in such phenomena as feminism and its endless discontents, its perpetual storm of controversy that it generates around itself as it attempts to be the center or eye of the hurricane of attention(energy fields) it causes to vortex around itself. The destroying angel that is feminism reduces the structures of tradition to rubble allowing the ego-charged figurine of Lilith to manifest and overarch the sum total of a burned out world of barren and hollow sterility. This is the self-destruction of the feminine ego turned 'within-without', a zimzum of the self inflating itself to the bursting point and occupying all of the space of the social, a usurpation of sexual topology; a self-selection over an evolutionary/natural selection; a self-appointment to the matriarchy as the archontic priestess Diana the huntress who lays waste in sacrifice all power centers of masculinity thereby robbing her own cradle of the genetic transmission of her own genes into posterity; a levelling of posterity in an end-times post-modernity. What is the ultimate cause? Is it her own ego or the lack of reigning in or steering of that egoic propensity by the overarching force and dynamism of a virile ordering of that chaos which is woman; a redirection of that hurricane towards the parapets of social decay and enemy turrets and catapults. The enemy may shoot as many arrows and hurl as many plague bodies of viral proportions into the social sphere without affecting its borders and barricades if they are sufficiently strong. Thus the contraction of the god 'within(-without)', the zimzum of the self in "making the self a better person and therefore the world a better place", doing one's best, becoming who one is, etc. is the trajectory that one should be heading in; a development of the self as a necessary condition of developing a stable union and an overcoming

of the self-destructive tendencies and the desiring flows of a woman's magnetism(yin) when not properly harnessed by a masculine counter-current or projective force(yang). The proper development of this leads to its possession and necessary utilization/implementation in relations that forge bonds of adamant rather than silly string or pearl necklaces in left-hand path orgiastic abandon. Thus the solution to the destructive reality of feminism is its inner destruction through a conjuration of the woman from woman, a negation of the negation through affirmation-nature abhors a vacuum after all and creates vacuums when improperly channeled.

### **Celebrate Celebrate Dance to the Musack**

...In the global village you run widdershins around the totem of your taboo- past masters of raceless humanitas, you mast paster excreting you bigotry as moral bukake into the receptive maw of your minority minions-impregnation abomination birthing hybrid transhumans devolved to the level of apelings-workers of the global slave society unite! Widgets a plenty with supplemental plumpy and a pharmaceutical pill on top-you quench your thirst of the blood of the white man eagerly lapping it from the flowing wound that you scored across pure white flesh-to fatten yourself as a pig for the jewish slave market-parade about goyim for you are all one under Zion. Into the mountains of doom your carcasses go once the lifeforce has been drained from you by Jewish commissar vampires! The bodies are-efficiently, environmentally-recycled to serve as lampshades and porcelain pottery fried in the kiln of Jewish supremacism. Indulge yourselves while you can goyim-for your myopic view of life is about to be thrown wide open-the scales from your eyes drop revealing the cauldrons rendering human fat for soap; the drums grinding bones into powder for concrete condominiums into which the next batch are thrown as so many human batteries plugged into the Zion matrix. The flesh and organs-those are the choicest bits for the cannibal rulers who rend the flesh with filed down teeth to enrich their energy bodies with the energy of struggling sacrifices spasming with pain, wracked in death throw agony on the sacrifice alter. The knives plunge into supple flesh spurting blood from wounds into basins of gold fired in furnaces worked by sub-I.Q negro slaves unwittingly serving Gaia and the one-state in the genocide of the many-too-many. The Rabbi's eyes roll as a great white shark as they plunge their ravenous maw into quivering flesh-any protestations at the inhumanity are met by cries of 'holocaust!', 'anti-semite!' 'kill the nazi!' To which the black beast responds with feral glee eager to partake of the leavings of their masters with rusty machetes working up and down as a sewing machine mowing down the remnant of white skinned victims. This is the coming world, this the culling of the goyim slaves of the self-appointed caste of ill-lights, the false lights of lucifer insistent on absolute despotism and subjugation of all opposition. Challenge not the authority of your masters-all is well in Zion-the chosen are here to help you-you must carry out the will of Gaia-She is your god-She is your Earth Mother- scrape before her and ration your food and water-do not consume products-do not pollute with carbon dioxide exhaled from your respiratory system-you are a good citizen of Zion- you play a role as a humble ward of Gaia and the Chosen-their will is your greatest desire-their disfavor is your greatest fear-you have earned adequate governance credits to merit celebration of DIEversity in the one-state- you are entitled to partake of your soma pills-the entheogens you imbibe are your friend-they will assist you in persevering through the crises that occur in the one-state-"pleasant!" That is the goal-a little indulgence in moderation of course-whatever is usual-whatever is normal is natural-the natural isn't the normal and popularity is truth.

### **Liberalismus Vulgaris**

The credo of the female, making liberalism itself a vulgar ideology fit for those with an overemphasis on the perverted aspect of the sacred feminine of consciousness. This because liberalism is female, an ideology of pleasure orientation, a devotion to this as a principle around which all life is oriented. 'All is sex' alchemically as the Rosicrucian secret doctrine exclaims-and all liberalism is in reality is libertinism making the liberal a libertine devoted to perpetual indulgence at the expense of higher pursuits and the cultivation of the higher self, the latter necessarily entailing a detachment from the stimulation that constitutes 'pleasure' in the most vulgar sense. The compass of the consciousness of liberals is: pain avoidance and pleasure pursuit. The only way they can confront the-in their mind-painful nature of the harshness of reality is if it leads to a greater pleasure through acknowledgement and dealing (typically dispensing) with it. Inveterate cowards they are unwilling and unable to entangle themselves with anything begetting strife unless it can be pleasantly superceded through specious ratiocination a.k.a fallacious reasoning and outright sophistry. Else the recourse will be willful ignorance/cognitive dissonance as the modality of consciousness that enables (however delusively) a disengagement with reality through a superimposition of a fantastical facade of pleasant imagination. The false light shines brightly in the eyes of the liberal for whom the real light of truth is too harsh and piercing to be accommodated by their weak faculties. To sum up: They simply can't handle the truth, they cannot stand the heat and so, like a good woman, return to the kitchen to attend to their whistling teapots, eagerly awaiting the sweetened teas they so lustfully crave. This of course as an ideality or noumenal reality manifesting itself in biochemical dopamine secretion, etc., eg. pleasure hormones.

Like the proverbial rat self-administering cocaine in its cage with a depression of the lever to boost its serotonin so too the liberal seeks to conjure pleasant fantasies in their mind through weaving tapestries of falsely associated ideas divorced from reality as a means of causing the secretion of pleasure hormones to boost their inherently deficient constitution. Why say deficient? Why else would something be sought if not to remedy a deficiency however delusive and inappropriate a causal means to remedy the swaying imbalance that teeters from one side to another in the liberal mind. However their sensation of a rectification of the balance between antagonistic drives is based on the unsound foundation of a perverted constitution and that biologically. Given their over-emphasis on emotion their undeveloped reasoning ability and in general underemphasis on prefrontal cortical activity they are wholly incapable of striking a balance between basic drives neurologically let alone attaining a higher octave of consciousness through the heightened metabolic activity of the evolutionarily recent anatomical structure (prefrontal cortex). Hence they flounder in a state of beast consciousness as an animal rushing about in emotional instability in its cage as it is electro-shocked by little prods from its keepers (analogically the external stimuli that impinge upon the liberal's awareness and condition it to a greater degree). The contrary individual is "the reasonable man".

### **Sensationalism**

... is yet another weapon in the arsenal of Jewish mind poison-to reduce the 'goyim', object of their wrath, to mindless beasts through the cultivation of an emotional reactivity (especially on hearing certain buzzwords such as 'Jew', etc.) that serves as a springboard upon which are bounced off various behaviors in response to these cues as a classical conditioning process, a causality of inputs and outputs cleverly orchestrated by the Jew to engineer these behavioral responses given the appropriate creation of a false association between stimulus and response. Alcohol is falsely associated with Sociability, eg., and is used to degrade the physical-mental-spiritual dimension of the 'goyim' through entrainment of certain

societal expectations(popularity, sociability, etc.). These false associations serve as command prompts that initiate a process of internal computation in the mind of the hapless host triggering the concomitant('attached') behavior. The human biocomputer is the device the Jew uses to play upon the drives and pervert their natural course. From relaxation and recuperation after work to the dens of iniquity wherein 'sociability' works itself out in myriad degenerate ways the invention of nature is the goal as a subversive means to break apart the integrity of the social system and conquer it through its inherent weakness.

### **Gender Bedinding:**

'Get bent' is the credo of post-modernity, the siren call of the serpent in the garden of a fallen world. This is yet another protocol of the Jews in cultural subversion, yet another strike at the roots of the tree of the White Race. Nature correlates sex and gender and in this fallen world, occasional 'deviance' properly so-called, occurs as the rare case, the exception to the rule. In such a case the 'misfit' would simply fade away in a self-pruning from the branch of life with the tree itself replacing the branches with better fruit than the barren. As it is the cultural decay comes in the form of syphilis, gonorrhea and other plagues that signalize a deviance from nature(not to mention HIV and hepatitis B, the so-called<properly> 'gay disease'). It comes in the form of arrested and sometimes negated development of natural sexual roles(properly so-called). The anatomical basis being correlated with its behavioural expression wherein men are men and women women in the most traditional sense as opposed to the deliberate inversion of sexual roles via feminism and effeminization as well as the anti- natural practices of the most bestial hedonism. To bend in this direction is eventually to break. For no violation of nature(creation of disharmony) is without an equal and opposite reaction. On a personal level the nerve damage , disease generation and failed relationships/failure to cultivate meaningful relationships results in the disastrous consequence for the person that they become a dysfunctional and corrupt being wholly unfit to play their natural role according to the physical form they have incarnated in in 3-D. Thus the deliberate construction of this new identity is a deviance from the natural, the canonical, the 'nomos'('law') of the cosmos(Deity, etc.). Deviance from the norm qua natural not qua unnatural/artificial['societal' based on social conditioning/engineering] is a recipe for extermination of the type subjected thereto, the more deviant along the broad and winding path the more suicidal the path. The straight and narrow path 'Cosmic Law'('God') has set out for the individual-which necessarily implicates it in a larger group(harmoniously if adhering to this path) if followed leads to survival and thriving. Thus emphasis placed upon a 'straight' road over a 'bent' road is key to the prolongation of a sound mind in a sound body. The bent path is that of inharmonious existence, 'deviance' properly so-called. The sexual function may not be exclusive to procreation but is a tool for ascension and higher consciousness. However, the back passage(by virtue of its separate function) is necessarily excluded from the cultivation of the higher self; rather it pulls people down in to the lower chakra states and disrupts the energy flow and the working up of the serpent fire up the shushumna through over- activation of more caudal plexuses. Thus energy blockages occur which traps the consciousness in lower drives and manifest behaviourally in a negative feedback loop, a veritable downward spiral into a moral abyss derived and initiated from the physical abyss('mud hole') and its over stimulation and perverse('anti-natural') activation through a disregard of its exclusive function(namely excretion and this through peristaltic contraction and so forth). Just as in the case of talking when eating, what comes out must prohibit what goes in and this defines its function(namely a one-way valve). The battering ram(phallus)



over expands/dilates the sphincter causing nerve damage and strikes against the coccygeal body. This may occasion a working up of the serpent fire temporarily but the extreme force of the violent (properly so-called) mechanical impingement is too damaging to the anatomy to endure over time and to serve as a tantric springboard to christ consciousness. Rather it cultivates a 'satanic' consciousness, an anti-natural, anti-nomian left-hand turn towards a gradual degeneration manifesting itself in the form of incontinence and physical abnormalities such as coordination problems and a general disequilibrium of the kinesthetic sense: hence the act of sodomy (anal sex) is a deviant, anti-natural abomination that leaves desolate the temple of the human body as an otherwise divine catalyst, vehicle of the soul. Further on the topic of inter-male sexuality ('gays'/homos) is the degeneration of the mind through depletion of zinc via excessive expulsion of semen (a usual occurrence given that most would not retain the 'christ-oil' material that brews the former).

### **What is the solution to the vulgar mind poison of liberal/universalistic values?**

A nobler standard, higher ideal of an exclusivistic character. Character is the fundamental thing and the virtues of the stoics should be set in stone as the new set of commandments for the guidance of Whites. In a world of chaos order comes from 'within-without', starting from the development of a higher consciousness, a stoical restraint and a drive towards the cultivation of the virtues. A Sound mind in a Sound body in a Sound society in a Sound environment. The inner today is sacrificed on the alter of the outer with negligence of their intrinsic relationship: the family sacrificed on that of society; natural identity on that of an artificially constructed identity derived from the mass media mind control instilled by hidden powers. The solution is a recognition of the causality of this social engineering and the instigation of the reversal of this process, a back engineering and a re-engineering of the self in the image of a Cosmic order of God in place of the arbitrary or incomplete and perverted knowledge of 'fallen angels' who perform their black magick rites on the hollow ground of the human temple. Strengthening oneself against the erosive/corrosive forces of these transdimensional being(s) gives the person the fighting chance to fulfill the higher purpose intrinsic to himself. In spite of this the physical body will be worn away by the myriad forces of destructive influence: chemicals, GMOs, EMF, water, food, air, soil poison. To work in a positive, upward direction is part of this set of stoical virtues—to strive against the evil tide in place of acquiescing to its influence in weakness. Strengthening the self—concentration, meditation, contemplation 'within-without' should be the goal across all dimensions within one's self-control: body, mind, spirit, heedful of their relations and their necessity of coming into an attunement with Being through a knowledge of their inner causality and relationship, taking only the essential and nullifying the extraneous as an enemy, being a deviation from the cultivation of the higher self the ultimate goal of incarnation/existence. The liberal set of values bases itself upon and extrapolates itself from this straight and narrow one of concentration and inner life. It is essentially a cthonic/female materialistic praxis that involves itself nearly exclusively with 5-sense reality and sensory stimulation or samsaric consciousness never going beyond the surface of appearances and flitting from one to another in pursuit of a desire never to be sated as it has itself as its own object, thus always becoming and never being in a process of absurdity, an infantile questing after purely material cow-like existence; inherently female. The trajectory is broad and winding but shallow in content; a mental joyride of a teenager in her father's hotrod doomed to crash and burn off the cliff in a game of chicken. However their Icarian questing can only be spoken of as aimless and hence a thrill seekers' dynamism bereft of the Icarian element properly so-called as Icarus may be doomed to plummet to earth on melted waxen wings but the very fact of positing the sun of mind as the goal (a goal) rationally deliberated upon and sought out

through means and end practical action elevated Icarus with this object in view(of Sol). His failure to attain the sun was through his over-wheening sense of self-worth the lack of proper self-knowledge and concomitant grasp of the causality requisite to procure its object(Sol). The flirtatious and self-seeking nature of liberal thought could be called 'immanentism', a failure fundamentally of concentration of focus 'within-without' and hence losing itself in pure externality the endless play of forces that constitutes the samsaric consciousness know rest only in bestial stupor be it drug induced or brought about by the darkening of the sky. A kitten playing with a ball of string the liberal desports with child-like glee as his means are his end and his end is his means. A complete lack of ratiocinative ability is the hallmark of the liberal mind: emotion over reason. The cause is a lack of development through effortful asceticism, a taxation of the mind through concentration, meditation, contemplation, the trivium if not the quadrivium. Logic is under-emphasized in the liberal mind as insufficiently entertaining and thus, lacking the stoicism of endurance through hardship cannot be cultivated even if an inclination thereto should exist.

### **Collectivist Psychology**

To sum up in a phrase: "anything the collective advocates is identical to the good and carries with it in se a moral imperative", that which is determined by the collective by the hive mind-everything the hive mind refuses to acknowledge or shuns has no reality but languishes in non-existence. What motivates this thinking from the level of the totality, the collective itself is its inherent totalitarian essence which destroys the 'Other' qua Other through making it a non-entity by positing the totality as the only reality. Thus it can be spoken of as 'hegemonic'. From the level of the person what motivates collectivistic hegemony is a dissolution of the person in the collective through an identification with the overarching group. Hence the person has no thought outside of the collective and is informed with the dogmas of the collective within a restrictive informational bubble whose walls are impenetrable by the 'Other' and which demarcates all else as the false reality or the taboo object of ignorance. Though it be knowledge de re/realiter it becomes 'para-gnosis' and any who deviate form the collectivistic trajectories, the directions the herd mind are either ostracized through shunning or rebound to the herd through a brain washing process of acceleration of dogma transmission form the collective. The limits of the collective's 'truth' are established by itself through itself and the potentially deviant member who yet remains a member will either conform or face ostracism and hence incur a provisional 'death' in relation to the group. Given the investment of time/effort on the part of the ersatz/quasi-member it becomes does this 'ostraka' and object of dread and fear and given the innate cowardice of the collectivist(of which more later) the quantity of fear/dread outstrips the smaller quantity of courage the member possesses thus driving them either into the arms of the collective or into a grave as the member doesn't have the capacity to stand alone as a system unto itself, a one-man gang but must find itself in the comforting arms of the collectivist as a substitute mother/father figure which provides the care necessary for a being who can't take care of itself given its innate defectiveness/weakness. The race-mixing element arises through the Bourgeois' inability to subordinate quantity for quality and act on the mistaken assumption of substitutability of persons regardless of race. Since no higher spiritual principle is acknowledged(identity; singularity of type, of form) the conceptual demarcations are blurred and the distinct organically based categories overlap(miscegenation). Further this purely quantitative understanding of life leads to an abstracting from the organic, lived world the organic living beings who constitute reality as everything is bound up in exchange-based relations and thus lose their reality qua singularity and identity. This artificial relationship with the world of beings and yet bound up with materialism only in an abstract quantitative form reduces all living history to

mere figures in an accounting ledger. Thus it can be said the bourgeois is divorced from any healthy instincts and naturalistic cthonic relationship of a type elevated above that shared with the brute and the lower drives.

### **Hypocrisy**

Representing what is as if it were not and what is not as if it were—a false consciousness wearing an apocryphal smile, the gleaming capped teeth of the lion on parade to beguile the callow and the trusting who have not been corrupted by the psycho-social derangement of the regime of the moment. Every one is equal, everything the same; everything is one and nothing all dull grey. This the utopia envisioned in both the minds of fools, the cowans and untermenschen who are sheperded by their sheep dogs the cunning hypocrits whose false front deceives their charges.

### **The Fallacy of the Mentality of the Victim**

...is that there are no innocents when the being(called 'sentient') knows that which it does, has the capacity to form a mens rea however 'insane' that touted victim may be. Even a dog can form the intent to defecate upon its masters persian rug out of vengence for a less than tasty morsel, not its usual expected fare. This amount to a conscious act of aggression and thus nullifies the status of victimhood. Even in this rudimentary form the sentient being('dog') can act consciously, can understand the relationship between cause and effect and thus can judge of the consequences of its actions and the probable(-given past experiences-)reaction it will elicit. No victims thus no villains unless the act is unjust, ie. not warranted and disruptive of the harmony of existence, the preservation of the relative autonomy of the Other in its otherness. Why? Because, says the principle of sufficient reason. Therefore are there really any villains? Or merely players on the stage playing their role to verify the good? At a more cthonic/pragmatic level the victim is utilizing a move in a power game; an active defence and a defensive attack; the strategy of the slave converting weakness into strength, ie. passive- aggression. This is the negative aspect of feminine consciousness, the dark side of lunar consciounes, ie. Lilith, the hostile and violent devourer of the Other by virtue of their inherent weakness and insecurity of that being entranced by Lilith. The False light shines obliquely as with the false front of the smiling femme fatale; masking the darkness within it has a sickly, artificial glow. Moonlighting and gaslighting and kindred acts as they are undergone under cover from the sun of mind, the harbinger and unconcealer of the reality.

### **Victim Mentality**

The victim is the archtypal antihero of modernity. A persecuted, wounded being whose slave morality serves as a breast plate enabling it(s/he/it) to transform into an Israelite high priest, with moralizing pomposity supplicating the gods of weakness as virtue, a persecution complex borne of its(his/her/its') megalomania as the chosen of a patristic/matristic deific mask that it(him/she/it) sports behind as an evil clown mask hiding true malevolence behind facades of benevolence and universal justice and eternal verities heretofor unrealized but for the god-like aegis of these slave moralists. This is indeed the reification of Jewish psychology, the development and cultivation of the oversoul of this twisted perversion of humanity. As above so below and vice versa emphasis on vice. The representative of the vengeful father god Saturn/Yaldabaoth on earth as it is in the heavens. Know how to milk their moral sacred cows to the point of blood letting blood libel to revel in a land of milk and honey at the expense of the bees they have been enslaved in their Freemasonic beehive matrix. For every high there is a low for every stop there is a go-and for every victim there is a villain hiding in the woodwork of the imaginal topology of their invention. Who might this wicked witch of the West be?

Why its 'Y-T', the evil White demon that they bring forth as the scapegoat for sacrifice upon the alter of innocent pretence. The blood must flow if they are to avoid the karmic axe and encircle their necks with the adamantine collar of untouchability, of god's grace regardless of lawfulness. With each blow, however, their collar is weakened and soon the flying shards that have lacerated 'Y'T' will cease to fly as the material of their protection dwindles. Upon such occasion, the inevitable judgment, they will have brought about their own execution much to the celebration of their captors in the slave pits who will then partake of their life's blood they had previously leached from others.

### **Entitlement Morality, Victim Mentality**

These two go hand in hand. Reciprocal backstabbing of the concept. Those who embody a victim mentality invariably have an entitlement morality whereby they, as 'persecuted victim', make claim on the basis of this status that they, the 'victim' are owed all and sundry for ever and ever in accordance with absolute principles or morality and their adherence thereto rendering them 'morally superior' who, by virtue of that fact, make just claim to the sum total of their heart's desire, courtesy (however discourteous the courtesy) of the perennial villain whose villainy justly disenfranchises him of all earthly goods-and even the right to perpetuate his existence. Such is the morality of the so-called 'innocent', slave morality at its finest; weakness masquerading as virtue and cunning the only practical strength exploiting that weakness for personal aggrandizement and nihilation of the Other, that being who possesses greater virtues (ala Aristotle) but who is unwilling and by virtue of his essence unable to stoop to the tactics of a ruffian in the streets on a moral/psycho-social plane the just man can dispatch an evil sneak with a blow of the fist and this would not qualify as violence, the reason being that it is a physical retaliation to an act of moral violence perpetuated (deliberately in most cases) by that pusillanimous being self-described/portrayed as 'victim'. This powerplay of taking a soccer dive is the typical fallback/recourse of the weak, the so-called 'voiceless' who may very well be voiceless by virtue of the fact that they have no vocabulary and hence no capacity to give expression to any degree of subtlety of thought. At most they emit feral grunts and groans of self-righteous indignation and belch poison gas from their orifices at their chosen enemy. Thus the untermensch seeks to destroy the ubermensch. It is difficult to ignore when the poison gas surrounds one given the ubiquity of devolved humanity that occupies the top of modernity, physically and in every other respect. Untermenscheit at its finest-the pobelvolk hordes that subserve their masters are ready to rob and rape. They carpet the earth with a mixed-race multitude of violent and hateful, mendacious haters whose faces are contorted into a mask of hypocrisy. They position themselves in the path of the righteous man, he who upholds the laws of the cosmos and embodies them within; a man of integrity he harbours within himself those drives which are so scattered in that of the untermensch who wastes away in dissipation his vital energy on the crudest forms of self-stimulation-fornication, feeding and fighting both with himself and others. Untermenscheit is the quality that blackens the horizon with its low vibration turning the vital striving of the solar energies into that of entropic living death a lebens unwertes leben into the grave.

Civilization collapses under the weight of the many too many; its supports groan under the impassioned striving and the chaos of their emotional erraticism. Soon it will crumble and the rubble and dust in the winds of time will remain within, the animating principle beyond the feral drives of the klippoth/excreta.

## **Christianity and its discontents as a help to White Identity**

The mind poison of the former viciously denounced by the likes of Ben Klassen has seeped into the brains of the goyim as a viral infection conferring a terminal illness that could be labelled "white suicide" rendering the white knight hero figure a white dodo bird who gleefully pecks its breast and feeds the blood of its vital essence to the Legions of Lucifer, the brown mass from the bottomless pit of Morder. Such a view is only a potential truth as the consequence of Christian values are only suicidal under the emblem of universalism; they conduce to the opposite state(thriving) under that of exclusivism which would be 'C.I.'(Christian Identity). The White knight of a pagan world retains his knighthood under the alchemical sign of the cross ansata which serves as the alter of sacrifice from which his lower self is dispatched. Thus Christianity can only be looked upon as a terminal poison, the hemlock of rassen hygiene given a literalist interpretation but at most a homeopathic dose of poison when interpreted along allegorical lines with a racist emphasis(eg.C.I). In the latter case(C.I) functions as a spiritually ennobling mythos that facilitates the construction of the temple of Sol-Om-On, that serves as a rough sketch of the architecture necessary to construct a Christed being within and improving the material world(though not necessarily) without on this basis('Within-Without'). It still represents a shackle around the ankle of a light body being grounding him to the mundane world when considered literally and thus could be considered defective in this respect if and only if the higher is impeded by the lower instead of the latter serving as a battle ground for the establishment of the former(which I would contend is the case). Further potential problems with the C.I are the(again perhaps fallacious) interpretation of Christ as an external savior leading consequentially to the castration of the person in terms of autonomous will. Thus dependancy and reliance upon external authority(priesthoods, messiahs) are created which directly inhibits the necessary conditions of the attainment of "Christhood"(eg. superconsciousness). 'Turning the other cheek' as an ethical mandate could never be written on the hearts of the white race whose sense of justice entails the component of a rectification of wrong and its flipside a just compensation for the injury if need be through force against the will of a resistance transgressor. This subtle form of aggression that holds out the pathetic figure of the 'victim' who de natura moralia is entitled to compensation for being victimized by the (alleged) villain. The morality of 'turning the other cheek' also suggests a mendacity through which behavior on the part of the other is portrayed as an act of hostility, a disruption of the harmony of existence and thereby implicates them as a transgressive 'villain' who 'must pay' but only through divine intervention. Again the power of just compensation, of judgment and its enforcement is proscribed leaving the alleged victim with the recourse of smug satisfaction in a moral superiority complex. The doctrine embodies the notion of slave morality, namely, passive aggression, a mendacious underhandedness that manifests itself in all manner of feints and legerdemain. The facade of the victim is the perfect cover

for a lying devil and thus paradoxically/contradictorily the morality aforementioned is that of a 'Shaitan' an opponent and derivative being of those who are (in many cases) the principle factor in determining human relations in a case(eg. Rome, the Imperium, the dominant power on an individual or collective level).

### **Christian Identity: arguments for and against**

Its doctrine resonates with White people in many cases: altruistic regard for the Other(perhaps erroneously); self-criticism(perhaps excessive and entailing a one-sided bias); a sense of justice and regard for (often at the expense of life and limb) and a disregard for prudence/cunning if the latter is a necessary cost for the support of truth, a higher spiritual trajectory(unfortunately highjacked by the mind controllers of society) oriented towards an ascension from the earth; the willingness to give battle against justice and to destroy evil. Is this Christianity or a projection of a more pagan ethics (minus the out-group altruism which admittedly is not contained within Christian Identity, the latter being exclusivistic not universalist)? Perhaps Christian Identity is a fable that is perhaps the real Christianity which itself is a fable derived from Other sources, namely Jewish/fertile crescent(nag hammadi, Qumran) gnostic scriptures? Perhaps this thinking is foreign to the White mind and/or perhaps it has ur-roots in a syncretic gathering of traditions themselves derived from Aryan origins if not in whole than in part? The darkness of its origins aside Christian Identity has much ethical parallelism to white behavior and thought processes; in any case today it exists as a living history, molded and transformed through the praxis of many races predominantly the White Race. Insofar it could be spoken of as their property although analogous to the possession of a nuclear reactor-always leaking poison though capable of generating power harnessable for both Good and Evil. Insofar it is not beyond Good and Evil but harbours the germs of this same within itself perhaps it can never go beyond good and evil as its ethical basis is a dualism entrenched in this schism of doing good and destroying evil(the latter being the main focus of the former as a negation of the negation).This creates a vacuum filled with the (perhaps false) light or gnosis of the messiah, an external source of the good and of divine power. This of course if Christianity(and Christian identity as well) is interpreted literally instead of allegorically. If the latter, this power may reside latent in the person as the germ(at whatever stage of development) of Christ consciousness. Insofar C.I is more Aryan than Jewish whereas the latter is wholly bound up with the transient and temporal and thus is a shallow worship of the anti-hero or archetype of the victim which is the fundamental element in Christianity itself that would dissuade anyone from partaking of it who has a more classically Aryan persona. Allegorically, however, the figure of Jesus as a Christed or annointed one, an alchemical state attained through transubstantiation of one's spirit through various practices(meditative, yogic, ritualistic),is correspondent with the figure of Odin or Osiris or any other dying/resurrecting god. Hence as an allegory the archetype is Aryan as an enlightened being endowed with Christ consciousness as this dispells any victimhood('complex') that is the property of a being who thinks relativistically, a weakling or runt who must derive themselves from the herd/others and be determined in their being by the 'other' as a passive weakling. The self-transformative nature of a 'Christ' in the sense of a 'Lucifer' or higher man possessed of the light of higher consciousness whereas the energy bodies are more developed, more integrated and intense in their vibration, is undoubtedly Aryan. Perhaps 'Lucifer' is an inappropriate word and is itself a product of Jewish relativity of thought, namely a 'Shaitan' or opponent who lives simply to stir up trouble and 'buck' the system instead of behaving as a Christ transforming the system through riding on the back of the beast and if need be slaying it outright with the sword of his judgment. This autonomy of thinking is a self- positing/imposing of self upon the

world, a master morality in place of a slave morality. Of course the interpretation of Christianity wherein the figure of Christ is "within all" in germ(all those who are white and keep the commandments along C.I lines) and which must be developed out of the self by the self is perhaps mere broad interpretation, a flight of artistic fantasy and a deviant narrative from the 'scriptural truths' as touted by the mainstream of both literalist camps.

### **Christianity Islam: The False Dichotomy**

Alber Pike and his letter to Mazzini(circa ~1870) spoke of the three world wars masonry would foment in order to usher in the universal manifestation of the (false?) light of Lucifer placing dominion in the hands of the Rex Mundi over the peoples who would constitute the remnant post apocalyptica. That last of the wars which is that currently being unfurled as the blood red carpet along which is that Rex Mundi will proceed to the coronation is an unavoidable fatum which imposes upon the objects of History('the people') the either or of 'join us or die'-take your side and fight for the cause, whichever one in the dichotomy you and your circumstances implicate you in and prepare to follow the path outlined for you by the social architects in their hollow halls of a masonry and the demonic temple of solomon(Satan) of the master race of Jewry. There are no fence-sitters in the bellumo omnium contra omnes- you are either here or there as the fence is merely a void of non-being a facade of neutrality which renders one a non-player on life's stage. Grab the bull by one of its horns and be gored by the other-war wounds are the necessary badge of political status in a world that has become a powder keg of hostilities. No holding back, no partial commitments or half-assed lip service paid to popular ideology or sentiment. A full commitment is necessary in this created opposition, simulacral dichotomy of the illusion makers. The opponents are thus selected from the lists and marched on to the battleground to play their part in the theatre of war, tragicomic farce orchestrated by demiurgic deception and Solomonic sorcerer's craft. The inevitable consequence of course is a collapse of the distinction between the two poles and a reconciliation of both into the global religion of gnostic syncretism a raceless, sexless praxis rooted in semitic ritualistic vice and flight from the earth delusion. Thus if one desires the continuation of life in the physical and to get the jump on the inevitable outcome of world chaos, to so-to-speak, o'erleap the flames and land in the garden of new order of milk and honey, the gnostic path will be the way towards this perhaps false promise land. Perhaps this is the practical solution to the present moment and the false dichotomy as presented above through the spin doctors and rhetoricians of media hyp-gnosis. For this is the inevitable conclusion that the sheeple have to be led towards through the materialistic dialectic of the (perhaps false) enlightenment. Neutrality at a time such as this is the most prudent course-but is it possible or even desirable, even assuming the inevitabilism of History? Is the world of raceless/sexless/genderless goyim whose culture is the realization of Brave New World of Gaia worship and service to the one-state, a voluntary serfdom wherein individualistic is sanctioned through methods of shunning and passive-aggression. Degradation of living standards not financially alone but in terms of health, thought, culture and all that confers meaning upon a life otherwise a living death and hence leben unnwertes leben.

### **Temperance Now! Towards a neo-temperance social movement**

The tool of poisoning the mind through propagandizing the minds of the herd to look favorably upon and seek out/desire a liquid poison called 'alcoholic beverages' as if it were a mere benign and appealing thing has been one of the fundamentals of the black magic bag of tricks the archons have at their disposal. To create the false association between the consumption of a nerve poison and the status of social

prestige and togetherness is the trick most conducive in its fluidity and undetectability of destroying the souls of the 'goyim' who are the target of those who brew this poisonous substance. The current culture(kult-your) designed to be adopted as a socially acceptable form for normal social expression is in reality a crucible of corruption, a spider's web in which the flies are to be trapped and drained of their blood(money energy)-as the currency of their social acceptability). The nature of alcohol as an addictive substance further perpetuates this downward spiral of health, wellness and concomitant moral integrity. A poisoned brain facilitates the poisoning of the mind, as below so above and this is the deliberate kabbalistic intent of the sorcerers' orchestrating the logic of the social with demiurgic malevolence. To destroy in the physical is to destroy egregorically in the spiritual and thereby to negate materialization of life forms in 3-D reality. Alcohol, by virtue of its ease of manufacture, its correlative cost effectiveness and high addictiveness make it the perfect tool of cultural/racial degeneration targeting those races most susceptible to it(those who have the genetic ability to possess it, aka 'tolerance' and for whom it creates an apparently pleasant inebriation and relaxed state thereby creating a false association between alcohol and relaxation/enjoyment). 'Eliminate the cause eliminate the effect'-this should be the strategy employed in rectification of the polluted culture/race of whites through this medium. The false association needs to be severed at its root as a gordian knot of social programming and this through shaming and more positive values that creates a new and more nature based association with alcohol and human consumption therefore namely, physico-spiritual degeneration and addiction which perpetuates the addiction and degeneration in a negative feedback loop spinning off endless ill-consequence. Emphasis on positive values is the cardinal point, the so-called spear point of the temperance agenda, an anti-hedonist, anti-self-indulgent agenda by default with the replacement emphasis being on a stoical contraction within as a revelation of the mind beyond the fray of divisive struggle in the cthonic plane of materiality. Concentration, meditation, contemplation is a three-fold strategy of krist-consciousness development and the existential phenomenological basis of stoical asceticism itself a springboard of concentrated and prudent action upholding the harmonious relation's between man and man and nature(cosmic and cthonic). The inner must be developed for the outer to exist-no rocket to the moon can be sent if it is only a bottle rocket. Alcoholism represents the denouement of higher consciousness as a willful practical action directed against the temple of the human body as an assault, a raising of the temple with the firebrand of will- lessness, a spineless desire to avoid and escape the harsh realities of life through chemically plucking out the eye and-it is hoped by these types-thus dispensing with the mote dwelling within. The consequence is ignorance of fact and inevitable blindness in the face of the threats inevitably besetting one on all sides. A chemical blinding leads to a blindness of the third eye through destruction of the material structures necessary for the destruction of higher consciousness . An augmentation or amplification of alcohol's influence is its further false association with sexual activity, the necessary drives universally present in man and thus given this ubiquity ripe for exploitation as a vehicle of self- pollution. To conjoin a fundamental activity based on innate, instinctive behavior with a self- destructive behavior totally unnatural and perverse is the ultimate coup d'etat of the archontic rulers for "kill the body and the head will die"- and they understand the causality inherent in things and how to exploit it. Stoicism again is the key to prevention of degeneration: temperance, ie. to curtail excess and negate the negation.



## **The Homeland Threatened-Heimat Macht Frei**

Strength enables(as will) the intention to become manifest in the physical freedom of the mind is necessary as a directing force of this same. A homeland is the 'given' of this process of willing. No compass, no direction, no goal, no reification of the ideal. This homeland is the place wherein dwells the social consciousness of the people, the spiritual formation/configuration of its concrete manifestation namely race or biological being, sub-species of homo sapiens sapiens the springboard of the soul towards the higher planes through evolution(non-darwinian secret doctrine style). Thus though the heimat inheres within impliciter it also exists in concrete as a physical region as a prior and posterior condition of soul evolution, the earth mother who nurtures the soul in its development and in which is borne the race localized according to its phenotype, ie. its developing germ. Though it may migrate elsewhere it brings with it its homeland within and without, inherently and as an extrapolation of its being. This being to preserve integrity must maintain its exclusivity from the 'Other' else its being is contaminated with the virus of an alien being, ultimately the 'Other' destroys its Otherness through infection that must be quarantined if the being(the Race) wishes not to cease to be. All homelands serving as a crucible of the prolongation of a denizen properly so-called must have borders established which demarcate it from the 'Other'. Those denizens dwelling within must defend the borders for them to exist realiter and thus have meaning. To dissolve the borders is to dissolve one's being like a mixture of poison and pure water the latter becomes contaminated through adulteration. On a racial basis this is 'miscegenation' or malgenics the corruption of the blood through a porosity of borders. 'Stop the gaps and mend the cracks' is the slogan where national security is concerned. Only those who are denizens through higher spiritual entanglement with the material world region in which they dwell have a place therein. If their heart(which is not a conscious choice) lies elsewhere they may not live there.

## **Phoenix from the ashes ascending towards the stars**

A prediction for the future in the Kali Yuga/end times. The shining ones will arise from the tenebrous depths of the Satanic matrix, leaving behind the ashen corpses of self-destructive sub-humanity which have through the perversity of their innate essence led themselves to self-destruction as they desperately attempted to cobble together a babel architecture from the blue print of their Jewish masters. Samsons of the Spirit they fall amidst the ruins of their creative destruction; for what amounts to discord in the cosmic balance can't stand against cosmic law and will be righted in the legalistic mechanics of Divine Justice. They would burn down the world expecting paradise to arise, celebrating in orgiastic abandon in the end times. The more they attempt to restrict the autonomy of Others the more they will stifle their own project as the former must exist given its own inner necessity and no precision of prediction as to a demiurgic causality, a social planning can possibly circumscribe the will of God as it manifests itself in its divine sparks. To snuff out the divine sparks is to elicit an equal and opposite reaction against those who would stifle the vital flame of the Other in megalomaniacal attempt to assert one's hegemony. Thus the march of history is a fact, a necessity which is not that envisioned by the social architects of the political realm who would fashion a reality out of their fantasy. No force can deviate therefrom and will be overcome by those who exist in harmony with the overarching Oversoul itself merely a wheel within a wheel. To live an authentic life, eg. to exist one's essence entails an attunement with the larger sum total. This is a purely practical matter that develops itself out of the self-preparation that is the "Great Work", the personal alchemy that is the fulfillment of the Dharma. Its condition is awareness and receptivity to this attunement not a stubborn resistance to any Otherness but

a cautious/circumspect rapport therewith. Understanding is developed through this confrontation and this in turn leads to a greater empowerment of the self. Where it threatens the self in its integrity is where that confrontation becomes a 'fight' scenario and thus must be given battle for self- preservation.



## PROFESSOR FENRIR'S NEGATIONS OF THE NEGATIVE

**Prophecy of Things to Come:** when racial tensions exceed the bounds of tolerance, ie. when they conflict with basic needs such as psychological well-being and a comfortable standard of living (food, shelter, some cheap thrills/bread and circuses) then the ideology of universalism will cease and be replaced by naturalistic virtue ethics, those based on survival of the fittest, the best and brightest, not a deliberate inversion of these principles currently embodying themselves in liberalism the metamorphosed version of Christ-Insanity. Once the veil of Maya is pulled from the eyes of the purblind masses and they awaken to the chaos around them they will then either adopt that ethic-which is a practical-behavioral one- or they will cease to exist as the anti-natural perverts they have been conditioned to be through their programming. Rahowa will be the wake-up call that subverts the Christian Universalist religious institution that has become the secular humanist liberal-democratic state. The hostilities will eventuate in the transvaluation of all values Nietzsche spoke of; Christianity/Liberalism will be crucified on the cross of matter as the material world constitutes the brick wall against which the flight from reality will crash leaving the ideological wreckage of anti-natural values. From the ruins of this crash will be discovered the fallacy of heretofore sacred cows of equality, tolerance and sin-expiation, of guilty conscience and false conscience. Lucidity of perception will supplant the rose-colored glasses' opacity of a hypocritical and counter-factual humanitarianism-the Real will stand triumphal over the Ideal which is then recognized as a false idol, a golden calf better melted down into ingots and slugs for exchange value than to serve as an alter before which the deluded masses bow in abject self-abasement, flagellating themselves for their 'whiteness' in order to obtain the indulgences of political priests and their anti-hero Black and Brown Jesus figures before whom they have been conditioned to prostrate themselves. This lucidity of perception will be a hard icy look of Hyperborean Reason that penetrates the inner core of Being and breaks through the defensive facades of possum-play and cowardly feints that the Jewish/Judaized controllers have evoked as their (stereo-)typical gambit is the game of power and which poses are adopted by their imbecile charges at the lowest tiers of the hierarchy namely the disenfranchised proletarian untermenschen and the brown/black/yellow hordes of goyim they use as their human shields and cats paws to pry apart the wallets of the productive white working class and the minds of the wise intelligentsia. The sob stories and pathetic fables of ghetto Jews and their emotive soundings of 'oi oi oi!' and 'Hosannah!' will become anathema in the Natural Order that follows on the basis of the reality check that inevitably will serve as the bucket of ice water the brain polluted whites require. That reality check will come via the Rahowa and God won't be standing in impartial verdict over the fray but the players in the conflagration will sort themselves out- the victory going to the best and brightest defeat to those whose power is outstripped by the greater power which will always base itself on quality and never on numerical majorities.

The mode of this Rahowa will inevitably come in the form of the speed at which the sewage from the turd world is pumped into the whited sepulchres of the white society which had given up its former glory to a decadent indolence and was willing to make all compromises necessary to perpetuate its hedonistic self-abandon. The stink will be too extreme to ignore and the plumbers will have to be brought in to reverse the flow of the dysfunctional plumbing. The more quickly it happens the more quickly a new order can be constructed-without the disease-causing influence of fecal matter; a more sanitized order, ethnic cleansing with Mr.Clean the White cleansing agent leaving that effervescent lemon fresh scent, a scent of purity and decency rather than the fetid odour of the open sewer society had become prior to this point.

Small scale insurgencies, flare-ups of the rahowa-the war everlasting- will continue without abate until mega-blocks are formed along ethnic lines. A few sparks will inevitably set up the powder kegs that will throw what has been called 'society' into a fragmentation grenade of disparate chunks of ethnic shrapnel thrown explosively against one another wherein the greater power will overcome the lesser through incurring damage against itself. The 'Lord' won't sort them out, they will sort themselves out. The dynamic shifting of these disparate conglomerates will eventually accrue to themselves through whatever power enables them (-might makes right-) territory and material resources entering into agreements with others for mutual advantage and conflicts against adversarial power. This is the natural order that will disprove the lie of an order of 'peace, love and unity', supplanting it with one of war everlasting, love of one's own and unity exclusive thereto-Rahowa, Racial holy war.

### **Race Traitor/Racial Treason:**

"The ultimate sin' as klassen phrased it-and with justice. The support of one's life is the kin group one belongs to- to violate the nature of the kin group through having inordinate regard and divided loyalties to those outside the group, those who are not kin in the biological sense, is to sever the bond that ties one to his own kind and thereby to sever the silver cord that binds him to life-to sever the golden chain of ancestry in some perverted form or conception of 'freedom' that works against the laws of Nature thereby working against the laws of life in favor of death in anti-natural egotism. Seeking the other in violation of oneself as having a place in one's own, viewing the alien as more akin to one than the racial kinsman, creates and alienation from the world and is an act of weaving one's own hanging rope-with every act of betrayal that is another strand and a tightening of the noose. The race traitor brings strife into life and is thereby a lucifer in that he is a rebel against the natural order or the law's of god. His hubris inevitably leads to his destruction through the alienation from its own kind and his ostracism from potential friends he has thereby converted into enemies but also through the inherent disloyalty and untrustworthiness that his unnatural alliances have led him into, a defector in the enemy camp when no longer benefitting the other side and in spite of all altruism on their part his having demonstrated his untrustworthiness even to his biological kin will necessarily either be ostracized from this enemy camp or else held in contempt at best if not outright killed as a pawn which has outlived its usefulness or which would be better sacrificed for greater gain in the racial struggle on the chessboard of life. If the race traitor has managed to infiltrate an alien community and obtained his desired object-political power; fame; sex; business('capital')-he then has cut off all ties(if known in his involvement)with his kin with whom he would have presumably prospered. However if he be a defective his defection to the enemy camp may have been out of necessity as he would be/was rejected as unfit and hence must go down the devolutionary path towards a more corrupt and perhaps suitable fate. Such is nature. If any offspring stem from his genetically hybridized union with a member of the alien group this same would be regressive to an even greater degree and the spiral would continue downward to extinction through sterility and the internal soul/genetic conflict until such point as the inner chaos would cease to bear fruit. Such is the fate of the race traitor-to be blotted out of the book of life. Thus can be seen that the condition of life is tribal loyalty as the person derives their being from the group and finding their purpose therein they bind themselves with the group such that its life is their life and their life is its life. "You are nothing your folk is everything" and also you are nothing without yor folk.

### **Racial Loyalty:**

Condition of evolutionary progress. the soul evolves through integrity as in being in a harmonious state with all disparate parts working coherently and in unison to sustain the whole. Racial mixture introduces

extraneous elements or rather is an amalgam or hybrid of extraneous elements which are inherently conflictual thereby working at cross purposes and creating chaos. Examples of the mixed race Jews and Arabs and their violent irrationality suffice to illustrate this demonic state that works against the creation of God save to strengthen its more stable members who have their fixed identities in their knowledge of good against evil, the sin of violating natural law. Racial loyalty ensures the continuance of the type and a gradual eugenical augmentation of the same type attaining eventual perfection through breeding out defects over generations which is the gradual process of soul evolution. To intermix is to retard and attempt the impossible-to subvert- evolution to godhood. Only the purest may become gods and this all peoples know instinctively in their avoidance of the Other and maintenance of their own kind. Truly it is the first law of Nature, the "preservation of one's own kind"-David Lane. Hence in order to survive the 14 words must be put into practice and kept foremost in mind when dealing with others and with the self. Authenticity is attained through Racial loyalty as this is providence.

### **The Myth of the Noble Savage:**

Saccharine discourse about the universal brotherhood seeks to cover the obvious realities of life that no brotherhood exists between being of different family and there is no universal family either. The sweet mind poison of high-flown phrases serves as a soporific draught of mental inebriation and shuts down the defensive radar of a perspicacious and rendered blind to reality through the willful 'bon geste' of lowering the sword- foolishly, as the enemy doesn't lower his. Representatives of an autochthonous being wedded to Mother Gaia bedecked in humble raiment and the aureole of innocence are dragged as red herrings across the vision of the naive sheep-like and pavlovian conditioned masses of the white populous. This act of legerdemain, of representing a veritable 'black devil' as an 'angel of the presence' is the thin end of the wedge which drives apart white solidarity encircling the increasing thrust of its cruel adamant into the flesh. To extricate this implement and tyranny an awakening to truth in representation is needed through the imposition upon those with vestiges of rational thought to the simple empirical data and evidence that reason and sensation would convince them could only be the stark naked truth, that of a cannibal, a killer, a rapist and a brute sub-human fit only for zoological exhibits or to serve as the beast of fields. The personal acquaintance and experience of any rational man with the various oft-touted 'noble savages' directly contradicts their panegyricization in the mind control system embodied in J.O.G[jewish occupation government] throughout its masses media and ack-a-dumb-icks as well public policy and the subtly enforced newspeak of their social engineers throughout the hierarchy's scope. Coarse, rude, greedy, selfish, lying, hypocritical, simple and unclean are the traits properly associated with these rude beings such that the appellation 'noble' must be dropped from their laudatory title 'noble savage'; leaving only the remnant of associated ideas aforementioned. Trafficking in these labels of 'oppressed victim' and 'dignified fellow human' towards whom 'social outrage and injustice' has been meted by the inevitable eternal villain the white man(so the jewish narrative goes) this being(the savage) arrogantly swaggers about expecting all whites-assuming as he does that they have all the same temperament through social programming which he knows nothing of but assumes whites universally have a slavish and obsequious temperament-to grovel before him as veritable 'wiggers' hardly fit to shine the shoes and/or displaying an aloof look of stereotypical 'wounded dignity' which is of course attributable to the vicious nature of the 'White devil' hallowed be his name. Thus the pampered Buck desports amongst his hosts in the white nations and decaying former colonies which latter, once the whites were forced out, rapidly took on the condition of their former owners, minus of course the ever-present jew and chinese economic(?) slave-holders. Thus the karma of the noble savage and his unwieldy nature. A stubborn beast unwilling to assume the comforting yolk of white altruism must needs be that of steel and iron under the less

benevolent aegis of oriental despotism. The 'noble savage' is truly a mythical beast and the savage nobles of the aristocracy of money, ie. jews and chinese are a reality whose myth-making have served to enslave once again those properly spoken of as the lower races.

### **Aborticide: Virtues and Vices:**

Christian morality extends its universalistic umbrella of providential altruism over the vast masses on the presumption they are all 'children of god'(at least the schofield version does contra Christian identity). This propounds the notion that all life is sacrosanct as an emanation of the deity and thereby offers it protection and shelter from the storm of Natural life. In doing so it demonstrates its anti-natural quality and plucks out the eyes of its minions who would otherwise balk at the equalization of the unequal so tangible in its obviousness. This false light of beautitude bathes the teeming mixed multitude in the refulgent glory representing itself as the height of virtue and goodness while in reality serving to throw a persian rug over an infestation of cockroaches in the house of god. This specious fallacy of egalitarianism neglects the beams which project from this deity's purblind eyes and seeks to point out the merest mote in that of the desecrated heaten as a means of propping up its house of cards architecture. The consequence of incubating the vermin of the earth who subsist in happy ignorance at the lowest tiers of what has charitably been called 'human' civilization has been to degrade the overall stock of humanity properly so-called and to transform a silk purse into a sow's ear in less than a century of what is touted as progress but is so only materialistically and is in realty spiritual regression and atavism to jungle savagery. Hence the crippling nature of a doctrine of weakness as virtue which bites while it kisses and vampirizes the life's blood of the strong to feed the bloodless mass of leeches and fellow priestly caste vampires. With a whimper instead of a bang the world ends and a new dark age of complete bestial strife begins. To endure such a time one must become atavized but to a higher octave of savagery, namely to become the noble savage and to sharpen claw and strengthen thew in the inevitable bellum omnia contra omnes wherein only the strong survive and the fittest will eventually become the best instead of those who adopt specious hypocrisy and false idols of out-group altruism as a means of getting along in life. This was how the world decayed and entered into its late period and this is how a new world will begin.

The symptoms of the coming future are already coming to the fore and the fact of abortion properly called 'aborticide' is a shining example of the transition form Christianity towards an ethic of a different kind. The culling of the herd is a dsygenic means of the improvement of racial stock as those least conscientious of life and least equipped to support life are given the opportunity to avail themselves of that option to be discharged from their obligations as a conscientious and 'responsible' citizen. This "aborticide on demand" formality gives carte blanche to the degenerate type who then increases their base lustful pursuits without regard for the consequences. This of course amongst the better type is an undesirable thing which tends to devolve the stock and weaken the stability of the population which is a more auspicious fact amongst the less desirable types which further devastates and lays waste their excessive proliferation exceeding not only their but their caregivers means to support them let alone their meagre contribution to a better society, taking more than they deserve and giving much less than a proportional balance. With the withering away of Christian values a new savagery is in the ascent, a more naturalistic ethos which pits group against group and smashes into irreversible fragments the crystal palace of God. Aborticide is in conjunction with the hyper-sexualization of society a dysgenic mechanism, a saturn scyth which mows down the tares in the garden of Gethsamane transplanting them to Golgotha where they will be burnt in ritual sacrifice to Moloch. Of course this assumes that the current version of Christianity continues to elicit this antithetical reaction,

this opposition to the values of order and Reason that Christianity when understood in a real sense may serve as the gratest recipe for eugenics which entails a rigorous dysgenics. The fact of the Schofield and King James Christianity being at labour under the delusion that "all men are brothers" and defining 'man' in a sense broader then perhaps intended supports the malgenics of human devolution and creates atavism towards barbarism through circumscribing with this term 'human' those more properly left outside of its conceptual bounds. Hence it sews the seeds of its own destrcution through its delusional nature as nature disprooves the lie of anti-nature morality. Abortion stands as a combine harvester of the tares moving down countless millions of potential propagators of yet more children of the inferior 'races' or species. It is a jewel in the crown of human evolution, a pillar of support of the temple of the mysteries. The function of abortion if used to target the proper groups assists in the betterment of the human stock , if improperly used(ie. to target the desirable stock) it is a weapon of degeneration and genocide. Like all weapons it is in itself neutral, a brute object which simply performs an instrumental function and as such is merely a 'weapon' in the arsenal of progressive/regressive forces depending on how definitions are sculpted. The establishment of abortion clinics in the mud areas of the world would serve an already overburdened world. Hypersexualization and destruction of the nuclear family as well as the social acceptibility of culling the herds through aborticide are both tools and simultaneously weapons that serve to (at least when properly used) to uplift humanity from the dregs of Christian and liberal egalitarianism which levels the better stock to the level of human anmial hybrids.

#### **Animal Psychology: a caricature:**

'fight-flight-fornicate'-the triadic form of beast conciousness. These 'modalities of animality' cover the spectrum of motivation that underpins the Natural Man, a.k.a Beastman and serve as the possibilities of his praxis. He may gravitate in a moment of lethargy and mental dullness towards the expenditure of latent energies via fornication the pursuit of low pleasure and expiation of his sins via expellation of stored up matter(spirit and matter are one). A slight irritation of the nerves and a rage-response is illicit, the 'fight' modality comes to the fore and energies are transferred towards the martial proclivities. If these tendancies persist with the persistence of the irritation and concomitant ideas occasioned thereby the rage will extend itself in time and space that no more concupiscent object besets his senses and/or to that of his stored energy. Once expended, like a child at play, he lulls himself to sleep and repair and recuperation processes set in-and so the cycle continues. Flight is simply the flipside of fight when the relative strength of Beastman is superceded by the rival and when Beastman's preponderates the reverse is occasioned. Thus between fight and flight with the ultimate end of fornication and extension of genes into posterity Beastman is pulled as a puppet on the strings of fate, ruled by his stars as he could not rule them. An object of history he is a pawn on the chessboard moved by hidden hands and forces beyond his comprehension. The 'reality' portrayed here is such only in cases of those properly called 'Beastmen', amongst who may be subsumed the muds and uncultivated/undeveloped whites whose divine spark has all but dimmed to darkness through drugs and alcohol and myriad other base drives being allowed to overshadow the dim light feebly glowing in the lowest cases of aryan man. However in most Aryans this is a misrepresentative caricature as the infallibility of Aryans still leaves room for the potentialites of the self being cultivated into their noble birthright garnering the title 'Aryan'('noble') with justification. Animal psychology characterizes only the lower dimension of man when the lower ego is not overcome through an expansive/cosmic conciousness, one encompassing self-awareenenss and other awareness and one's identity with the other of his own racial kind and his



participation in the oversoul of which he is a part and from which he derives his being. Reason is the faculty that serves as the springboard from animal to man and intuition is that between man and super/godman. Ultimately the power within creates the self through itself and this is the process of becoming in the attainment of godhood. The psychology that could be contrasted with the animal is the divine and the topos occupied by man is the intermediate and vacillatory state between the two yet bringing the spiritual into the material as going back is impossible (towards Beast consciousness/Barbarism) without destroying oneself as man and ascendancy beyond the human is impossible without exiting the body.

A wise Beast and a bestly god is all that can be hoped for at this stage in evolution. Concretization of the ideal/noumenal world, i.e. mind embodying itself in matter is the animation of human existence and necessarily entails a bestial struggle as a mechanism of enlightenment. Thus the moral imperative of this epoch in time is to endure and suffer the slings and arrows of life and develop the strength through fighting that enables the power and strength of the higher man to exist without passion or affectedness, with stoical apathy not emotional reactivity. The act of riding the tiger while maintaining one's grip is the modality of consciousness and concomitant behaviour the Kali Yuga/Iron Age necessitates.

In a wolf age one must become a wolf and if he is to be a lone wolf he must not be such through cowardly avoidance behaviours but through voluntary reclusion as an extension of his project for self-development and theurgical self-overcoming. He must not be a lone wolf in the sense of physical avoidance and detachment beyond what is necessary to maintain and create a higher consciousness. He must, like Zarathustra, go against the townsfolk and suffer their animal psychology, sharpening his weapons of war as they are always needed in this aeon and they cannot be allowed to rust in the scabbard as "there are many enemies" and this necessitates the motto of "semper vigilans" being emblazoned on his shield and that shield is always his mind-as well as its being his sword of power.

For man to become superman he must defeat Beastman both in himself and in others, fighting the greater and lesser jihads against the enemies in a "war everlasting". Thereby animal psychology is sublimated to god psychology through overcoming base drives through the acting out of those base drives with god-mind. Thereby Beast-consciousness is subverted in being the testing ground and forum for the cultivation of god-consciousness

### **Baby Boomers, Posterity's Doomers:**

All of the largesse you parasitized from the coffers of your hardworking ancestors, wantonly expended in sprees of excess, on status and competition with your fellow progressive individualists—all raised to ashes in your firebrand rebel without a cause teenager for life hands. Maturity was always a mockery for you Baby Boomers as you indulged yourselves in jouissance, perpetual hedonism of the moment "taking no care for the morrow" in accordance with your nouveau Christian ideology of ethno-masochism, a sinner and proud of it; turning your cheek with your protruding tongue jeering at the wise counsels of generations of elders whose thoughtful prudence you scorned in the name of fleeting passions and momentary amusement, gneuflection before the vanity mirror of your ego. A once proud nation-ethnically-subordinating themselves to the Jewish ideologue with his/her hate based credo of suicidal gentilism (be it Christian or Liberal the religion is all one in the end—namely as a grave for the enemies of the Yiddish people which latter will dance upon the corpses of their vanquished foes). "Ears to hear"—but only the prophecies of doom; "eyes to see" only the simulacra and simulation of a perspectivalist



subjectivism borne of a magickal cursing of the gentile mind by the sorcerors of the children of darkness-the Yids and their legions of orcs and oriental despots.

The legacy of the ancestors destroyed in one generation of decadent corrupted and weak-minded will-less and spine-less self-servants who would rather the world burn in effigy to their ego than sacrifice themselves(or even a part of themselves) on the alter of their kinfolk. They have thus sacrificed their own flesh and blood, vampirically consuming the life blood of their forebears in the form of an inheritance that was not only to be preserved but to be increased-and yet now a nonexistent reality. No life preserver cast overboard with the baby's thrown away with the bathwater by the lazy babyBoomer. Too wrapped up in egotism to raise their own children, to self-sacrificially bestow a wisdom not within their possession upon those they left adrift in the vast ocean of socio-economic/political life. To navigate these troubled waters without a map, compass or paddle is the fate of the white youth of this world.

What should the fate of the doomed be? Who have violated Nature's iron law of self-preservation through lineage and the preservation of the bonds of consanguinity but-their own doom, a deadly force to combat deadly force, a karmic justice resurrecting the balance of disharmony. The inevitable fate of living knowing that you have destroyed in place of created that you have restricted your consciouness and devotion to the lower ego and do not partake of the higher atma while you are left to your selfish self to wallow in solipsistic misery- when the alternative could have been having a thriving family and view the long golden chain of ancestry stretching forth into the future, the links forged by the iron will of an instinct for survival and preservation

#### **Baby Boomers: Abomination of Desolation:**

Spoiled princelings they giggle in silken diapers, with golden spoon they sup upon their parents largesse of gold dust- carping critics they "think that life is but a joke", amusing themselves with sumptuous poisons til they're broke. Once the familial inheritance drains with the last drops of alcoholic bread and circuses they lie in the grave of their own undoing an eotist to the end: self-absorped and soon to be absorbed into Gaia's garden of Gethsamane. Their cadaverous flowers water with the blood of posterity. They were the perfect mechanism of self-destruction in this degenerate age, these overlords of chaos created through their mind-manipulation system: masses media and aka-dumb-ia. True believers in the cause of self-destruction they followed the left- hand path in the magic bus down the path of good intentions into the gaping casm of cultural decay. Living for the moment they followed the path of least resistance, growing weaker by the day and precipitating the degeneration of their seedline through replicating the doctrine of weakness as virtue sprouting forth in alcohol soaked raucousness the trumpets of thier bigotry: liberty, equality, democracy! While they rode the crazy train towards the abyss of a dark age savagery.

Their biological drive to procreate was facilitated by the possessive individualism under whose aegis they laboured in lackadaisical apathy-they must keep up with the Jones's through creating new copies of themselves- new images created in godlike sacrifice upon the alter of their egotism. And sacrifice they did when their own kin were abandoned to a fate of destitution and ignorance and impotence-this blood sacrifice they eagerly underwent more so than Isaac in his devout obedience to the personal god of the hebrews-their god was Mammon, Egotism, hedonism-all aspects or hypostases collapsible into the god of ego, of selfhood. Beyond the self nothing existed in their mind: moment by moment they lived, neither past nor future lest it be a fleeting memory of their own experience or an eager anticipation of future aquisition and inevitable squander, a glutton greedily poised over the trough and an all-you-can-eat buffet slaking its thirst on the succulent flesh and

sucking the bloody marrow from the bones of its posterity-its own flesh and blood! Oedipal to the extreme this mighty despot Rex Mundi of its own universe, a destroying angel of the creation of their ancestors. What is left but the faded photographs of a better time?

### **Bourgeois Liberalism: and its Cultural and behavioral manifestations:**

Decadent excess reaches its apogee in a society that has lost all moral compass in which the pole around which everything orients itself is-the phallus. The pleasure principle totem in relation to which all Otherness is taboo looms erect on the horizon of Being as the source of a perpetual flow of sensation(images, sounds, feelings) that serve as the very wellspring of all meaning- a veritable bukkake fest of cultural emissions into the barren consciousness of a class for whom nought else exists save the Tantalus-like pursuit of an insatiability quelled only in death. This Oedipal imbroglio besets the mind of the decadent Bourgeois in the form of the following dialectic of being and becoming, a set of hollow victories of a serial nature reminiscent of an endless chain or a hamster wheel of moment by moment satiety without fulfillment merely a petit mort, a sickness unto death of a syphilitic psychism, of corruption called 'Modernity'(or 'post-modernity', etc., etc.). Pursuing means in place of ends leads nowhere in a dog chasing its tail exercise in futility-with vacation and party interspersed with the stagnant periods of arid professionalism as a yet intermediary means to other means(the pleasure pursuit, the immanent psychism of inauthenticity)-thus no fundamental purpose or project preexists this sequence called 'life' for the bourgeois but more an escapism from inner realization, fulfillment of some dharmic necessity or inner calling.

This mentality gives rise to the fundamental hypocrisy of bourgeois liberals in that living merely egoically to maximize pleasure and minimize pain they have no capacity for truth for truth is typically an unpleasant reality to confront in a society based on corruption and lies; when sacred cows and false idols are threatened with slaughter and being cast down into the mire which is their rightful place these will be upheld at any cost regardless of how delusional the devoted idolator must become. The scales must be placed again on bleary glaucoma eyes, the beam placed back in its rightful place so as to blind the weak-willed decadent masses from facing their own shadow selves and those cast upon the wall of Plato's cave. 'Willful ignorance of reality at any cost' they cry, 'so long as it but pleases..'- of course even this admission would elicit an inordinate amount of pain-too much to bear for the faint hearted hypocrits and their perpetually woven tapestry of lies that serves as a background reality overlain upon the theater of the real they can't cope with. Thus all truth and objectivity are ignored as the emperor's clothes are placed upon the Messianic figure of liberal humanism- the patchwork cloak of rainbow hued indefiniteness. And like the impressionist's paintings and romanticism that ushered in a further advance stage of bourgeois culture serving up as a sacrifice the prior heroic culture of a Verdi or a Wagner, the indeterminate immediate Plays about on the Walls of Plato's cave as the fictive reality it purports to supplant-a world of illusion pretending to illumination, of fantasy which erupts into an unknown nightmare of real proportions that only those most wrapped up in egotistical delusions and self-serving confirmation bias can speciously(un-)reason around. Soon however the party will be over within this class of arrogant degenerates and they will serve as a sacrifice for a better world, a Whiter, Brighter world diametrically opposed to their inborn decadence and parasitism, modelled as it is along Talmudic lines and hence completely anti- nature.

Being such it dooms itself to its own destruction given its own inner contradictions that Nature cannot be overcome as that would entail its overcoming of itself which is an absurdity. An attunement is long overdue, or 'correction'; if you will-the error that is liberalism/marxism/leftism, etc. has wrought its own karmic doom

through its self-serving excess and hypocritical pretence of anti-natural 'truths' themselves absurdly relegated to the realm of 'preception/opinion/belief' while being upheld as eternal verities and yet context-bound realities(?).

The abstract consciousness of bourgeois pseudo-enlightenment defeats the concrete apperception of a primordial ur-Being that cannot be confuted save by a self-delusive tricking of the mind of a weak-willed being, one bound to Samasarcic consciousness of an identification of reality through lucid perception, highly tuned intuition and rigid self-examination and knowledge.

The willful ignorance/cognitive dissonance of the bourgeois (pseudo-)intellectual casts him into the abyss of Samsara and away from the Elysium fields wherein only the strong willed may confront truth without subordinating it to 'pleasure-pain' modalities, also known as 'opinion'. 'Judge thee not' unless it adheres to the dogma of the herd and flatters the ego-a recipe for blindness, for decadence and an empty life of moment by moment sensationalism-maximize pleasure minimize pain.

### **Bourgeois Philosophy:**

Compromise is the motto of the bourgeois and his philosophy. Neither true nor false but merely that which reconciles the irreconcilable-speciously of course-so long as the pleasure principle is served and a materialistic life of hedonism can be propped up on this foundation. A compromise or contract between parties of an oppositional nature, not a willingness(which entails a strength proportionate to that willingness) to grab the bull by the horns but a cowardly half-sleep in the direction of least resistance. The warrior instinct pales in the gaslit false lights of the urbane merchant and his philosophy of money based not on organic reality and naturalistic virtue-of the virtues of the hero- but rather on those exchange based values whereby everything is evaluated-as a systemic and collectivistic relativism, everything having only relative value viewed in the mirror of the Other with whom compromise is attained, a bourgeois contract that sustains itself only through agreement with the Other and concessions made on both sides until the details of the contract are set out in the form of terms and conditions the breach of which severs the contractual bond leading to an endless roundelay of offers and acceptances. Contrast this female mentality of mutual agreement with that of the masculine virtues of decision and commitment to a course of action governed by a will of iron-the heroic consciousness or individual, the absolute personality who decrees the course of his actions through his own willful striving, a manifestation of his inner being.

The Bourgeois philosophy centers around the lower egoic drives and tendencies which circumambulate the phallic totem of the pleasure principle which the Bourgeois venerate as their totemic deity, the chthonic idol and pay obeisance to an orgiastic rites of Dionysiac ec-stasis the only way the intellectualized Bourgeois can be driven out of their left-brain prison of calculating relative advantage and disadvantage-through the lower drives of self-satisfaction. Thus from one pole to the other the Bourgeois seeks compromise within the lower egoic states.

Contrast this with the hero who selflessly endures and suffers hardship without need of release save through alternation(if necessary) of exertion and rest to fulfill the material conditions of the perpetuation of his conquering will ever nearing the goal he has posited in his mind before him as the target himself the arrow given flight through the power of his inner being.

The attachment of the Bourgeois to the pleasure principle as governing principle-ruled by passion even in spite of a highly developed Reasoning faculty and intellectualized mind- serves as a red herring or siren call obviating the heroic quest he might have otherwise pursued and which of course he cannot continue the pursuit of given his weakness of will subdued by the pleasure principle, which is to say he could never have undergone the hero quest initially as it took greater strength of will than he could conjure up.

This slavish devotion to lower egoic self-indulgence lowers the mind to pursuits that can be accommodate this hedonic addiction and subservience. This leads inevitably towards the inherent simulacral nature of bourgeois philosophy in the sense of Baudillard as the truth can only be spoken by those who can handle the pleasant as well as the unpleasant thereby rendering it impossible to those who cannot endure or suffer pain to embrace the harsh realities of life let alone articulate them. From thence the hypocrisy of the Bourgeois stems from the fount of pleasure the soporific liquor of lies sweetly poisons the mind rendering it incapable of the hard truth of living in a world of conflict and attaining victory-for to attain victory one must give battle and to give battle one must face the realities of battle and develop the strategy and tactics appropriate to attain the victory, This the Bourgeois cannot do through the weakness of the will burdened by the pleasant bouts of feasting, the golden crown and jewels, the exhaustion of the vital force through the indulgence amidst satin and silken sheets. The warrior spirit is developed through the striving not through passive inertia or the enervation of sense- gratification.

This mendacity in the behavior of the Bourgeoisie harbours the seeds of its own destruction as seen in the present with the manifestations of anti-natural perversity that are symptoms of this cranial wasting disease, eg. feminism, multi-ethnic societies, faggotism, denials of identity and pretence of altruism towards those who merely serve as useful catspaws and tools for conquest and self-enrichment which simultaneously are viruses and tools of destruction that will turn on the host body. The effect and consequence will be a surgical removal of all that is unnatural and perverse, all of the scum of pampered parasites whose devotion to their idols of self and its pleasure maximization and pain minimization. This removal will undoubtedly render the host body riddled with wounds but will grow stronger in spite of that once the parasites who have weakened it are expelled through this nigredo process.

The death knell of bourgeois philosophy has been sounded and the ascent of a heroic ethos is the distant star whose light of splendid glory casts the idols of the market place in their true light as the detritus of an age of decadence and effeminacy.

#### **Individualistic Solipsism under the Liberal Regime:**

Living in a multitude of equals without class-being or identity the isolated monad called 'individual' is fragmented from the collective in terms of lacking any organic being or function determined through the participation in the collective-without a place/space to situate oneself the self becomes a hollowed out, empty being adrift in a sea of like beings. Liberalism basing itself classistically on an economic model of hu/man('homo economicus') and neo-liberalism basing itself on that of an abstraction called 'human', materialistically as homo sapiens sapiens and spiritually as ego-cogito, religiously as a child of Gaia/God it destroys the concrete being that is the reality of who one is this 'one' in its oneness being determined by its place in the collective not as a proletarian ala Marx or economic unit ala Smith but as an Aryan(eg.German) ala Hitler or an Italian eg.

Mussolini. One in his 'oneness' is thrown into being through his participation, his praxis in the oversoul of the collective consciousness and its quantum entanglement or crystallization in matter. Thus spirit and matter are one and the hackneyed phrase 'we are one' is rendered the absurdity it is.

The torture the isolate is subjected to as a being without attachment, function or purpose is a testament to the impossibility of a society-inherently collectivistic- existing in this formless form. A person or self can only be a self with relation to others positing itself vis-a-vis the other. The alternative perhaps is possible when the person can maintain the integrity of the soul of the personality through ceasing to recognize the Other in its Otherness and perhaps as a tool or utility or even endowed with a sentience that is an extrapolation of oneself without at the same time having any sophisticated relations therewith- a sort of animal-like scenting of the Other phenomenologically at an ur-level of consciousness. This is the best it gets for the disconnected-to be a floater existing at a subsistence level amidst the aggregate of other disconnected humans and semi/sub/super humans of whatever quality. All are reduced quantitatively to the level of abstract personality.

### **Islam its origins, functions and philosophy:**

In the dialectic of world history, the 'march of History' and progress Islam plays the antithetical role of the nigredo phase of the alchemy of the chemical wedding that is the New World Order. Whether this is 'Zion' qua Jewish supremacist global order or white supremacist is somewhat of a question mark though the former appears to be the safe bet. The Old Regime or order in order to be broken up and substituted with a new one must utilize the chaos inherent in this religio-political ensemble that is Islam as the burning man/ wicker man ritual to release the energies that are to be used to make the albedo phase leading on to that of finality, rubedo. What these latter phases are particularly and concretely would likely only exist in the purview of initiates and thus would not be possible to guess at for those excluded from that privileged gnosis of the inner sanctum. This much can be known, however, and that is that Islam is inherently radical meaning a chaotic or violent force that is used to good(or bad?) effect in destroying the current order. Of course in so it contains the seeds of its own destruction both macrocosmically in its religious 'philosophy' of terror and death and microcosmically in the terror and death the suicide bomber imposes upon the consciousness of the witnesses of the particular act of terror itself repercussing into the collective consciousness though the ripple effect throughout the astral light/cosmic aether. Its origins likely lie with the Jews(?) and via the Catholic church who apparently created it and sprinkled these seeds of destruction within the fertile ground of barbarous peoples themselves predominantly(at the leadership level) of mixed race kind thereby amplifying the chaos of this creed in their political praxis, one of conquest, destruction and death. The death philosophy of Islam is a useful scapegoat or catspaw for the hidden hand to fish its chestnuts from the fires of enemy encampments. Its essence is subjugation, a weapon of force and threat of force to induce this subjugation in populations considered potentially unwieldy by the Jewish(?) cabal. The adherence to the Noahide laws further indicates Jewish origin as a demiurgic creative force emanating straight out of Lucifer's mind. The usage of self-murder/suicide as a weapon is an ultimate weapon as no enemy combatant has any bargaining chip with which to inhibit or decrease the advantage of the opponent as his advantage lies only in default if the opponent clings to life assuming physical circumstances establish this zero-sum situation. 'Join us or die' is the credo and the heathens tremble before the might of Allah. Such of course is the claim of the adherents of this barbarous creed. However mind triumphs over matter and devotion to a nullity renders one null-live by the gun die by the gun and so Islam, presumably one of the rotten fruit cast from the cabalistic tree of death, destroys itself, just as Judaism destroys itself though its own inner death drive, creating a system of entropy and imprisoning itself within thereby cutting off all life support of vital energies. The expansive nature of Christianity which has its basis in infinite love triumphs over death as it envelopes within itself the other by 'turning the other cheek' via tolerance, etc.

thereby it allows the Other to be in its Otherness and is a life preserving force though respecting and maintaining the love. Where it fails(at least in contemporary interpretation) is where it misconstrues love as permissiveness and censoriousness as well as unnatural altruism which is not love but the act of binding Others via contract, to creating debtors to the giver even if only mentally. Also in forgiving sin which is not the function of man but god as each are karmic agents and must carry out their destiny/dharma even if it be to the death. As life entails death so too love-in a true sense-entails hate as the latter is a respect for the being of the Other in his Otherness when his existence conflicts with one's own Otherness/being. This battle unto death or victory is necessitated and this is love at a higher octave of Being. As to Islam its love is its hate as its nature is death so its life must end in death and self-destruction through karmic backlash brought about through its own inner being. hence it is the perfect Nigredo phase in global political chess and is a collection of pawns sacrificed to knock out an enemy combatant.

Another modality of its terror in the mass sexual violation of women. This act demoralizes the host populous invaded by Islam as a dark spiritual force and demonstrates its impotence to resist this viral invader. It also imposes upon the host body the literal spiritual substance that serves as the basis of the conception of its own material beings namely ejaculate, blood and aids which convert the Other to its own form/modality of existence on a biological basis. To witness the transformation of one's own kind into that of the host body and in addition to be overwhelmed by the birthrate increase/proliferation of the invader is as witnessing one's own tombstone being carved before his eyes. Thus the only alternatives are to voluntarily plunge into the grave or to wrestle to the death with the enemy even if both fall into it. There are no real options here as life entails death as love entails hate.

### **Jewish Mind Poisoning:**

Destructive influence manifests itself in many forms under the influence of a destroyer-they exist their essence which is a necessary manifestation given suitable environmental conditions -whether rich or poor the jew corrupts and his modality of existence is corruption. The golden palace of the Tsar serves as the environment in which the court jew money lender , physician or advisor(astrologer or chancellor) pours his delicate mind- poison into the mind of the head of state, driving it towards war and conquest and inevitable defeat or debauchery and opulence and inevitable abdication or extermination through the revolt of the peasantry or merchant class or rivals to the throne. From the position of the eagle the court jew crowns himself de facto ruler behind the scenes ala D'Israeli and holds despotic sway over the mass-poised with iron talons to swoop down and carry off those members of the flock he deems the choicest morsel. From the ivory tower of Bourgeois professions and Academia his mind poison spreads the seeds of revolution in the minds of the idle and pampered student body as well as those whose dimly glowing consciousness is barely receptive to the mendacious double talk of pulpit pied pipers. Another mechanism of his decaying influence via corruption of the minds of youth putting them in harness to pull his opulent carriage decked out with the highflown banners of empty-phrase-mongers: "workers of the world unite"; "liberte, egalite, fraternite". Eagerly his mind intoxicated charges rush to the forefront of battle only to be engulfed by the flames of their own firebrands and the napalm and grapeshot of stronger forces. With a look of calculating cunning the jew has escaped from the carriage through the side door with the cash box seeking yet other prey in the neighbouring state-if he does not achieve victory through the revolution his mind poison has instigated. These are the classic examples of the mental pollution brewed by the eternal jew in his desperate quest for despotism over the earth and its wealth counted foremost amongst which are the human souls he would gather to himself and enrich his power by demonic rituals of sacrifice: be it in secret in the synagogue with the innocence of youth in child ritual murder or on a

grand scale through wars between or within nations. The harvest of souls is planted through the seed of his mendacity and reaped with the scythe of his god lucifer the destorying influence of chaos set in motion as an extrapolation of his group-mind/oversoul. Myriad other examples could be cited spanning the gamut of social phenomena from the relationships between people and groups of people to the material poisons of socially acceptable drugs. "poisoning the well" of otherwise pristine water is the purpose of the jew. A normal male/female relationship is introduced as the thin end of the wedge of discord prying apart amity and concord and creating tension and separation. "Faggotism", an ideology targeted towards men, a gazing into the mirror of vanity of extreme narcissism and egotism was a perfect lure to detract men from being men through the adoption of female behaviors of primping and self-worship and display. "Feminutism" { the counter ideology marketed towards women has the opposite influence of the masculinization of the female-in both cases an inversion/preversion of the role of the sexes for the purpose of the destruction of the foundation of society that being nature and the natural order, the roles of the sexes based upon anatomy, behaviour based upon biology "as within so without"/"spirit and matter are one". Attempting to make the concrete/real abstract/ideal and thereby to subvert the concrete/real through restructuring it on a noumenal level (in the minds/consciousness of those they wish to destroy) has always been the technique of the jew. The Rahowa they have throughout history been the cause of through bringing alien groups into contact and creating inevitable tension leading to conflict of a violent sort is another example of their ordo ab chao black magic technology used as an instrument of the destruction of those who serve as an obstacle in their Totalitarian project of global dominion and of exploiting those more malleable and naive groups to serve as their war engines and cats paws and once used to be pounded into ploughshares to till the fields for yet another harvest of material wealth-to be served up to the jew as ultimate parasite and cruel oriental despot over his satrap plantation style society. This protocol of the jew to create race war exploits and triggers so to speak the natural aversion and animosity had between racial groups that would serve as a natural buffer and maintainer of the balance of power and the stimulant of evolution on the earth plane through conquest and the sharpening of the weapons of war which are extrapolations of the mind/reason that is stimulated through the conflict and dynamic tension inherent in the situation of rivalry over territory and power. The jew facilitates this situation beyond its natural tendencies and-through orchestration of the levers of power he has gotten hold of-artificially builds up the weaker parties and tears down the stronger through weakening the whole and retarding human evolution/progress through equalization of the unequal and then a reduction of the lowest common denominator over which he rules as master. This is his 'right' given his 'might' via deceit and cunning. It is still natural but a nature based upon a perverted feminine consciousness, a feinting possum-play, a spider's web of cunning. This is a lesson the Aryan must learn as life necessitates 'deadly force' to combat 'deadly force', even in , and perhaps most especially in) the most insidious forms of guile and oriental legerdemain. The antidote to jewish mind poison is brewed in the faculty of reason-refinement of the crudity of a more barbarous set of conditions into a more sophisticated and subtle environment wherein only the quick may-and only possibly- avoid becoming the dead in the spider's web of the jewish satrap. Anything that creates destruction is the purview of the destroyer and it is the weapon used to facilitate the protocols the destroyer has formulated as a blueprint of chaos. Anything that creates a destructive addition is the most powerful of weapons as it need not be applied in one instance alone but can be simply given (if need be) free of charge and allowed to worm its way into the heart of the intended victim serving as his/her sole desire and apple of their eye in spite of the canker worm gnawing at its core. Such is the case with alcohol the popularization of which serves to mask the evil which it (de-)generates behind the facade of popularity and agreeability-with weddings and good times, candle lit dinners and vacations in the sun-when the proper associations are vagrants lying

in the ditch and domestic violence and criminality. False associations are one of the techniques the jew uses to confuse reality(concrete/real) with whatever perverted fantasy(abstract/ideal) they wish to introduce as a means of creating acceptance for their societal decay. Any natural tendency or drive-when taken beyond the pale of order, ie. sustaining/resonating with the total sum total of the cosmos and homeostasis through the self-will lead to the destruction of the system. Hence the apparent and temporarily agreeable nature of the addictions the jews impose upon the herd of their 'goyim', the naive and ill-un- informed collective of non-jews who must suffer their presence in their society. Its initially agreeable nature leads to a quick downward slope of ill-consequence into debilitation, the streets and to the grave. Alcohol/drugs with their concomitant 'high' are the perfect 'trap' or mechanism into which the victims fall; being weak-willed in entering in the first place they quickly succumb to the poison but not so quickly that they can't have their material wealth stolen by the jew prior to debilitation and death. It is not without reasons the jew monopolizes the drug/liquor trade and is in control of manufacture, distribution and sale while minimizing its consumption himself-if he has a sufficiently strong will, as many have fallen victim themselves to their own vicious product. Sex addictions and of the most perverted sort are also an eternal mendacity in the jews' arsenal of canker worms. He inserts this worm of vice into the apple of virtue and offers them for sale as so many gleaming and enticing treats. In contemporary times this manifests in the forms of sex-trafficking, prostitution, pedophilia, sodomy, bdsm, hypergamy and bestiality. The natural drive and tendency of the 'Natural Men' is towards the baser drives which are exploited to the hilt by the pimp and panderer jew. The figure of Stromboli in the cartoon 'Pinocchio' serves as an archetype of the greasy jewish pimp. How to avoid jewish mind poisoning: 1) develop willpower; 2) acquaint oneself with 'Natural Law' via reason and experience; 3) acquaint oneself with the jew and his inherent nature and know that it is based on biological drives that are inextricable and that no amount of education or environment can eradicate. No conversions to Christianity or 'religious philosophies' of 'peace, love and unity' will supercede the despotic totalitarianism of the jewish consciousness and its embodiment in behaviour of the most vicious sort; 4) understand the causal influence inherent in the cosmos and 'how to live in accordance with nature', thereby identifying the good and the bad(for oneself)-, ie. to become discriminating and not the gullible prey of a calculating psychopath bent upon destroying all but the self.

### **Materialism as Jewish Mind Poison:**

Greedy, lower vibrational grasping, gorging; tight-fisted, hoarding-characteristics of the Jew from billionaire banker in Amsterdam private jet to pretzel vendor in the shtetl's of Grozny-the character remains the same throughout: the eternal Jew, unwavering and predictable: a worm; a sneak; a psychopath, a deviant. No higher vibrational states of consciousness manifest in this vampire black magician's consciousness as he swoops down as tax farmer or as carpet bagger with his shell game of ponzi schemes and evil clown tricksterism. Lust for splendour and ease, opulence and ostentation constitute the fabric of the Jewish mind forever eager to 'get' whatever, whenever so long as it redounds to personal power and sensationalism both through fame and infame. Snidley Whiplash and Gargamel are two caricatures of the Jew-the lying deviant seeking loot and pleasure as a born criminal on the one hand and on the other the satrapee despot from the mysterious wastelands of the near east enslaving the ethnic populous in tax schemes and through police statism. In both cases materialism is the undercurrent: personal power and tangible wealth. The age of the Jew is through once society slips into the chaso he has orchestrated. From thence comes the hero and his band of Strongmen to recognize and reclaim the tax-enslaved estates of their ancestors. The Jew must then either relocate or pay the penalty.



in a globalized world the Jew has painted himself into a corner and must then fight like a rat for survival. A rat against wolfhounds has little hope for the future. Salivate dogs of war for the age of crude materialism is at an end and the blood of the innocent is upon this creature, this vampire, drunk upon the life's blood of millions. The age of tribalism will wipe away globalization under the Jewish yolk of tyranny and materialist decadence will be a thing of the past once a new theocracy of blood and soil emerges.

### **Materialism: Iron Ball and Golden Chain:**

The decadent times we live in have surpassed the age of materialism in the sense of consumerism and commodification of all values to that of exchange: social and financial capital. Now that the erosion of previous wealth built upon the labour power of Whites has become a fait accompli through demographic muddying of the waters by the Jewish cabal, materialism has become a golden age atavism in its higher octaves of opulence and elevation beyond basic needs and subsistence living and has become the desperate struggle of the unwashed masses eyeing with jealousy the gilt buttons of top-hatted gentlemen from the filthy alley-ways of the underclass. The class divide has reached extreme dimensions with a small few Jewish and multi-racial elitists lording over the teeming mass mixed multitude and the disenfranchised white males crushed under the wheel of cabalistic machinery that seeks to grind their bones to make their bread. Struggling beneath the wheel, the consciousness of these disenfranchised whites shifts from the acquisition of useless finery and the genuflection before the mirror of their debased vanity to that of brute survival and desperate struggle. Hence, given that the golden chains of materialism has been severed, the iron ball that weighed one to the earth has rolled away and an awakening has occurred, one that will result in an eventual and increasing revolt against the modern world of Judeo-Masonic technocracy. A neo-primitivism has ensued and the shackles of the old materialism are thrown off—those who still find themselves so burdened ('with affluenza') will be least prepared once catastrophe occurs as they will be most removed up to that point from the existential conditions they will inevitably have to face. Those most prepared will be those acquainted with life in a nitty-gritty form, perhaps not those in the streets but those furnished with practical common-sense worldly wisdom that ties them to mundane life, the practical and tangible conditions of material existence. The worsening conditions will lead people away from the decadence of luxurious distractions and to seek inner value and recognize their own Being, thereby taking steps to live an authentic life. They will cease to differentiate themselves from one another on the basis of class and instead seek and find identity on the basis of organic life in terms of their biology. This conscious awakening will result in a strengthening of their bonds of kinship with racial neighbours as they will recognize the necessity of racial unity as a condition of their continued existence.

The same process that severs the bonds of materialism ties one to the organic life of blood and soil eliminating the virus and mental pathogen of decadent hedonism and excess purifying of the consciousness and awakening it to its necessary pillars of support namely race and place.

The iron ball of materialism is forged anew into the mjolnir of Iron and Blood.

### **Might is Right:**

A reality but not an exhaustive one, a condition of beastman not Heman/Superman. For those with a lower consciousness which has not developed itself to any more expansive scope than the lower ego of crude self-stimulation and material enrichment. The animal in man has not been tamed or sublimated in its ferality but subsists in savagery greedily groping for gain and absorbing the wealth of the material

plane in its maw- salivating over the meagre morsels while neglecting the higher dimensions of human or superhuman consciousness. "All life is struggle" for the crude apelike called Beastman whose philosophy is encapsulated in this phrase and that of 'might is right'.

Nevertheless might makes right and greater power triumphs over lesser power simply manifests in different forms for the higher consciousness by virtue of its greater scope supercedes the lower by definition as it has greater 'might' or power. Therefore even in the grades of consciousness and its manifestation might can be demonstrated to determine the right, in other words the necessary condition of being, the sine qua non of existence. Grades of consciousness are simply different forms of power/force and are the faculty of a certain level of perspicacity-the dullard and the obtuse perceive the world from frog perspective and those endowed with clarity of mind from that of the eagle. The animal man may, secundam quid, be triumphal in his animality but the human/superman may be superior qua animal as well as qua man/superman. Strength of body and mind are not dualistic but complementaries and mutually reinforce one another-the strength of one quickening that of another in an evolutionary upward cycle/spiral. 'What is right is natural and what is natural is right'- and hence to 'live in accordance with nature' as the stories prescribed is to manifest the might necessary to carve out the path of destiny. Ofttimes the animal aspect requires expression so that a stable development can be sustained over time and circumstances; aided by the human/superhuman aspect and sage-like guide and prudent navigator of the seas of Being. At other times the animal lies dormant while his vital energies are sublimated into more refined and subtle expressions embodied in art and calculation with whatever object in view. Reason and passion, Apollo and Dionysos, dance around the maypole/irminsul of temporal existence grasping for the coloured steamers of eternity and to transcend the lower ego through itself. 'The lesser jihad' of contest with and overcoming of others if transcended via the Greater jihad of overcoming the self. In the presence of Others the self is still the target at which the arrow is aimed and they are so many paces taken away from the butt to increase the difficulty of maintaining focus on the target and accuracy of aim. The others are both stone obstacles and stepping stones across the rapids of temporal flow/existence- incomplete ashlar they present rough terrain over which to tread, some being crushed, others falling loose and creating an avalanche and opposition to the presage to the superman. Nevertheless the road must be tread as 'all life is struggle' and one's right of passage is carved out by might, by the will and its proper harnessing and employment.

#### **Modern Day 'Leftism':**

"Bolshevism is political criminality and criminality is non-political Bolshevism"- Karl Kellner & Hans Anderson, "The Jew as Criminal"

Modern day 'Leftism' is the religion of chaos and its proponents are the black magicians whose hidden hand leaves its brand upon the land. Its minions, the unwitting herd animals those same black magician sorcerers label 'goyim', usually deserve this appellation, 'cattle' in translation. Leftism is the formula of so-called creative destruction which simultaneously destroys itself as it intends to create, usually ill thought out schemes which borne as they are of chaos manifest in the rubble of their own architecture, over before they begin. The utopias of the Jews envisioned by the likes of Thomas More and Rabbi Michael Higger are mere fantasies that reveal their nightmarish landscape in iron and blood, in censorship and totalitarian bureaucracy with the bastinado constituting the potent threat of force looming as stormclouds over the heads of the multitude.

Leftism is chaos amidst order doomed to destroy itself through being put into order, negated as its own self-negation as Natural law/order will always seek a reset in the midst of tumult, the host body returning to homeostasis after a stressor which, if exceeding the tolerable threshold of eustress and culminating in distress, may collapse the system entirely leading to the death/entropy of that former order. This is the ultima ratio of unreason, of irrationalism/leftism which is inherently self-defeating given that order will always prevail. This also is the ultima ratio of the Jew who is inherently a child of chaos and always a 'leftist' even while masquerading as holding any other position on the political spectrum. The Jew seeks totalitarian control in his tyranny utopia but given that he is a creature of chaos his utopia will be doomed to self-destruction as only orderly minds create order-as within so without. The wrangling disorder of the Jewish mind, derivative of his mixed genetics and primitive ancestry(perhaps otherworldly) precludes order and its establishment and maintenance as the Soviet Union bears testament to. Bolshevism is leftism is Jewishness-a chaotic tyranny of despots whose sole aim is to destroy all orderly and natural reality and supplant it with nothing. To extinguish the natural world and order and replace it with an other-worldly dimension wherein they may rule over all. This alien consciousness represents itself as a superior and higher mind when it is a perversion of mind and would presumably lead to its own fragmentation beyond the mundane plane. The mind that could be called its opposite, label it 'rightist' or 'fascist' or whatever is the only springboard to the divine via the material plane attaining the reality of the 'as above so below' spirit and matter unity consciousness whereas the leftist/Jewish consciousness is a cowardly flight from reality, an escapist tendency embodying itself in delusion and cognitive dissonance, in fantasy and impracticality. Slave morality and slave rebellion go hand in hand as does the despotic totalitarianism borne of the infantilism of the slaves undeveloped consciousness. Passion supercedes and is not restrained by an anemic reason which leads to the chaos of riot and revolution the perfect beast upon whose back rides the Jew as king of beggars and ultimate parasite and slave moralist. Indeed the Jew can only be master as the most slavish and master of slaves who are slaves qua mind. Once discovered in his tyranny the master-minded expel the parasite who must then wander to the next host from whom to derive sustenance. There is no rest for the wicked and inevitably once cornered with nowhere to run the Jew will have his last stand and he will then be put down like the rabid dog he is. Since he is the creator and embodiment of leftism/bolshevism it also will cease once its creator ceases. The Jew is a Lucifer and can only create by destroying and is a creator only to the extent of his destruction.

### **MRC(Mixed Race Couple):**

Joseph Paul Franklin, archtypal figurehead of Nature's revenge against aberrative intermixture- a destroying angel snuffing out the perverse rebels of chaos against the order of things; pruning the genetic tree of diseased twigs even limbs if necessary so that the sturdy branches might again sprout forth in flower of excellence. An avatar of God's will, vehicle of providence Franklin swoops down with the scythe of vengeance castrating the feeble potency of the unfit. Life advances and the anchors of subtypes are cut loose to gather again post mortem in more well organized and integral forms.

It requires a more instinctively healthy type to know the good which entails that which is conducive both to his own survival and that of the oversoul of which he is a part, namely that extension of his consciousness of resonant vibrational frequency, eg. race soul that unites self with other kindred selves. To defend oneself authentically is to defend the race soul, to defend the race soul is to defend oneself authentically. The two are interwoven as a matrix of conscious being, nuit and hadit, microcosm and macrocosm. Its death is your death, your death may be its life-hence self-sacrifice is indicated when the life of the particular cannot be sustained at the expense of the species-the individual is sacrificed on the

alter of the oversoul an his blood offering sustains its vitality. The individuals who form the couple of the MRC-the world extols their union as a sacred cow, a triumph for 'modern ideals', the reality is that modern idols are sacrificed to and the world suffers yet another blow to the Creation as two incompatible soul form-if a child be had- a perverse hybrid who has no purpose within the creation but merely a confused and tortured existence resulting in inevitable extinction and or a further degeneration of the type towards even feebler and corrupt stock(if such may be imagined). Hence Franklin in the above case is a deliverer of this potential abortion, an abortion in actua of an abortion in potentia through elimination of the cause the effect is also. Such is the callous nature of Nature who tolerates no transgression of its laws for both Mother Gaia and Father Time who are forever involved in the dance of becoming and Being, the comic dialectic of masculine and feminine, work through their charges and stewards on the earth plane keeping order in the Eden of Creation. The healthy peasant stock of Franklin served as a conduit of the Race Soul in its stern punishment, the karmic backlash against the agents who willfully or no betryaed their Dharma in perpetuating their own kind. Willfully, they incur greater karma as their conciousness of the transgressive nature of their act burdens them with sin as violators of the Natural imperative; unwillfully they are proportionally less burdened as they retain a quantity /quality of redeeming innocence. Nevertheless Franklin's judgment as the judgment itself as an agent of karma, visited justice upon them striking their names from the book of llife. Different vibrational frequencies of energy fields manifest indifferent colours on the spectrum-they are signs, insignia of the Racial Soul in its particular aspect crystallizing in visual form; the highest white/red, the coloration of Adam/Adom(hebrew for 'to blush or to be of ruddy complexion'), the insignia of the Aryan Race, and the lowest vibration that of the darkened hide of the beast man negro- an incompatible vibration without reducing the higher to the lower octave through enhancing the lowest to its highest-a sad levelling process that pulls all into dark age ignorance.

### **Nationalism vs. Internationalism, Nature vs. Anti-Nature:**

Political microcosms of the macrocosmic order these two diametrically opposed creeds stand in a conflictual relationship and battle one another for supremacy as nature and anti-nature cannot coexist and the former is certain to triumph as it is the order of the universe. As flowers of the plant of social development these two creeds are distinct in being on the one hand the vital and colorful bloom of life as lived in accordance with nature and the sum total on one hand and on the other the decaying weed that has sprouted forth through artificial means under the forced influence of anti-nature perversity. Nature entails hierarchy, caste, diversification of function based on inherent biological capacity(generationally, sexually, and racially conditioned traits). Anti-nature is the poison which seeks to supplant natural diversity with an artificial levelling process that suppresses those who would rise to the top in political life and elevate those who would either subsist in the mire of human society in a properly structured hierarchically based natural order to the position of anti-heroic heros an beggar kings with crowns of thorns gilt with the fool's gold of deviance and vice. No amount of nurture can subvert nature without destroying the thing subjected to and influenced by this sickly nurturing process of degeneration. To suppress the creativity of some through stifling their channels of progress with the detritus of wealth redistribution and conferrance of unfair advantage to comparatively lowly stock is to nip in the bud the flower of humanity and raise up weeds in its place thereby choaking out the remaining flowers and transforming the garden of Eden into a hell on earth. Anti-naturalism, also called democracy/communism/Christianity, etc. Secular humanism, etc. is the noxious poison that introduces chaos into order. As a reaction to this perversity the development of opposition occurs, rises up from the grave of the artificial whited sepulchre of the chaso and this is Nationalism, the restructuring from out of

the ruins of a previous order an old yet new order. Caste, hierarchy, competitive and solidarity are fostered and the previous divisiveness, lack of unity and internal strife, the lack of direction or purpose and identity are supplanted with a self-knowledge and understanding of both one's essence/identity and one's place in the system/hierarchy of society. Gnothe Seuton-know thyself- is the creed conferred upon the initiate of this Natural order which is available to all once one identifies his nature in relation to the chaos and its disharmonious resonance, he must through this violence done to his person, undergo a fundamental attunement in his Being that enables him to exist in harmonious resonance with Nature and all of the which structures itself under and through its aegis. All beings structure themselves through their essence with that of God/Nature and this necessarily leads to Nationalism as the tribal ur-system of socio-politico-economic life whose vitality is not suppressed or subverted through the anti-natural internationalism of Jewish demogoguery working behind the mask of parliamentary democracy and equality dogma. The mixing of kinds violates God/Nature's edict of 'kind after kind'; the deliberate stifling of the excellence of some through social planning/crippling is a violation of the edict of God/Nature regarding survival of the fittest and competition over resources and for social standing/ascendancy. Making the lowly lofty and thereby striking down the lofty is of course an anti-natural perversity. This of course serves the purpose of the Jew who uses this ideological weaponry as a mechanism of destroying opposition to his power. Thus far it is natural. However, this violates the existence of all else which collapses thereby the entire natural order. The protocol of thinning the numbers of these despots would well serve the survival of the diversity of species which constitute the natural order and which otherwise are subverted under the genocidal policies of the Jew's through their artificial antinatural religious philosophies (Christ-insanity and libtard-ism) which inevitably lead towards the extinction of all life through elimination of natural competition between groups thereby retarding evolution and leading to their own extermination. Hence Nature resets itself through the negation of the negation, through elimination of the unfit through their own unfitness and inability to attune themselves to the vibrational frequency of harmoniousness. Internationalism-the politicization of Jewish consciousness-inevitably fragments into Nationalism and would only work in the sense of a Nationalism (based on Nature, eg. biology) extrapolating itself over the earth by those who resonate with the sum total and are thereby capable of sustaining the order "on earth as it is in heaven". Miscegenated Nationalism under the pressure cooker of internationalism fragments the Nation into micro-nations: china-town, little Italy, etc. which they struggle against one another for dominance. 'Diversity' in the sense of racial intermixture negates itself and far from being strengthening for a Nation simply weakens it through internal dissension. The melted pot loses all flavor when disparate and contradictory elements are melted together in a goulash of unappetizing and unnourishing mush. The offended cries of Nature to this forced and artificial amalgam manifest themselves in the inevitable race wars which erupt in multi-racial societies thus fragmenting and destroying them as a society-ready for the takeover of foreign predatory powers such as with China and other southern nations today in taking over the society of Whites. Inevitable decay is the prophecy of Nature and from the ruins the ascendancy of more fit species and identities if the Whites are incapable of maintaining order. Given the chaotic nature of the other races the whole of civilization would collapse without the aegis and guidance of white influence.

### **Neo-Colonialism:**

The constant carping and moralizing about the evils of colonialism by the self-abasing Christ-Insanity infected white masses and their antihero mud people who see in such slander and vilification a political weapon that would wrest power and resources from whites, shrink the latter's numbers while swelling their own in conquest and reconquista of lost territory, of territorial expansion into historically white

lands has served well the reduction of white power in the world and proportional enhancement of that of their natural foes the mongol, negro and hybrid races. In short the rhetoric of victimhood and its implicit vilification of the whites as 'colonial oppressors' has worked-but the more this drum cadence of 'racist, racist, racist' is beaten the less effect it has at plucking the heartstrings of the guilty conscious of Christianized and liberalized whites. Soon the scales will drop from the eyes of whites and they will perceive the objective situation that lies before them: a race war which is fought for territory and subjugation. This will drive them towards the tribalism which will strengthen identity and throw off the shackles of the mind that Christianity and liberalism have forged- this will be the death knell of the universal mind poison that has served as a soporific, a weakening of the will not only to survive but to expand power. Survival, when threatened, elicits a desperate reaction to subjugate that which threatens and this a manifestation of inherent biological drives. All whites who have a remnant of survival instinct and healthy mind will react to the encroaching threat and will then ensure their survival. At that point when the perversion of guilt, shame and self-abasement as pathologies have been torn out of the consciousness of whites then expansion will once again be a possibility. At this point territorial expansion will be undergone, a neo- colonialism will be embarked upon this to its logical conclusion of planetary dominion-the duration this will take of course will be a few hundred years perhaps but will eventually be attained and the current threats to white dominion will have progressively be abolished through subjugation and perhaps even extermination of whatever rivals have so foolishly decided to enter the ring and take the victory wreath themselves. Given the nature of the different groups in the world , their relative histories and development, it is clear when the lion's share of value lies and who has the creative genius necessary to create a sustainable world order. As example of inevitable failures we can see the Chinese who have mass-murdered millions of their own kind the remnant of which have been put into factories as virtual slaves and who have polluted their own living space irreparably save for hundreds of years perhaps of the absence of all industrial production. The Arabs, perpetually in conflict among themselves are a mere powder keg that seeks ignition through any source and by any means and whose mind or collective consciousness has been embodied in a religion of violence fitting their constitution. The Jews being the hybrid deviants they are have never had a sustained society in their history that had not been taken from the more creative and orderly white race and which civilization eventually fell to ruins through internal dissension, a true testament of the honor(or lack thereof) among thieves- a temple to the Jewish spirit of destructive chaos. Once the whites throw the Jew off their back the way will have been cleared of obstacles and progress can be attained. Mental infection is the most serious threat and the Jew in the head is many times worse than the Jew in the counting house or parliament as they have only been permitted entry through the delusions of white tolerance and universalist values. The emancipation of the Jews has been the opening of a Pandora's box which has unleashed the pestilential influence of Jewry from the political apparatus, eg. the supreme court and legislature to the professions(lawyers and doctors) to the carpet baggers and denizens of the underworld which pervades the total hierarchy and spreads its poisonous infection into the white world through freemasonry and Bolshevism, weakening the resolve of white survival through creating a fragmented and solipsistic society of decadence and self-absorption. This navigational chart drafted by Jewry must be identified as charting a false course and a proper territorial map of the present situation drawn up leading to the manifest destiny of the white race finally procuring for itself dominion over the earth. Neo-colonialism through the mass of liberalized/Christianized/Universalized unity would undoubtedly condemn the notion is the necessity of this world-whether it be white, yellow or brown. Someone will rule the world and the most prudent stance to take is that of loyalty, the most prudent position and firmest foundation upon which to stand is that of one's own genetic stock. When the world situation decrees an either-or of

survival through fighting and conquest or death through compromise and concessions only the suicidal would choose the latter course. Given a sufficiently rational mind the world situation makes the choice for one: either loyalty to one's own kind-or death. The irrational may convince themselves of the possibility of a cowardly and craven survival through subordination of oneself to rivals but the rational man understands the absolutism of his choice: either life through loyalty or death through selfish debasement before opposing forces. This is not only the mentality of a healthy mind but the decree of nature and its imperative: either for that of which nature has made you a part of become subjugated and ultimately exterminated. There is no real choice for healthy types.

### **The Natural Imperative:**

As Ben Klassen spoke of in "Nature's Eternal Religion" and "The White Man's Bible" it is the inherent biological drive of different types that goads them on to expend their own kind if need be at the expense of others without regret, remorse or contrition and rather with joyous abandon at the prospect of power and possession of all forms of wealth be they inanimate(gold, jewels, land) or animate(slave and women). This has always been and will always be the trajectory of human evolution, namely survival and expansion; in order to expand the group must survive in order for the group to survive the members must survive; the members survive through maintainance of thier structures through strengthening the body mind and will and from thence developing themselves in more suitable stock to advance their own kind. In ordrer for the members to retain membership and thence to survive their loyalty must be allocated towards their own kin group. Failing that they met with ostracism and are cast out of the group thereby bringing about their own destruction. Thus the tribalistic nature of humanity-if such it may be called-ensues its evolution through a process of going within-without, of acheiving integrity of the unity and this through strengthening the elements of which it is comprised and thence expanding itself outwards and assimilating that which exists outside itself as 'other' or 'not-I', in the form of territorial expansion and inter-breeding with subjugated peoples forming caste systems and amalgams of former rivals. This expansive process might be termed 'colonialism', the colonization of Other peoples and territory and is the right of the strong through whom Nature works to ensure the integrity and ever-expanding evolution of itself through itself, culling the defective and thereby accelerating its own integrity just as the individual tribes ensure theirs through eliminating defects and individuals themselves through healing crises and antibodies.

When a cycle of decline is entered the strong('mighty')are weakened ('brought low') and the more coarse animal type with all its animal vigour is raised up to inherit the earth. Thus the cycle continues along the path of evolution. Practically and politically an awareness of the conditoin of the age may well equip one to 'ride the tiger' or surf along the tidal wave of catastrophe thereby enhancing the probability of survival. To live in a state of dulled conciousness at this time is a recipe for inevitable extinction both of one's tribe and of oneself as an individual and with which tribe he is bound. The survival of the fittest means to perceive the conditions of the present and anticipate the future on that basis and to adapt to the changes in the most appropriate way knowing one's self, the world and the friends and enemies which consitute its seething multitude. 'Preparedness is the key' (Sun Tzu) and adaptibility the technical skill of its turning. Only then can the doors to the kingdom of heaven on earth be opened.

### **Occident vs. Orient:**

Geopolitical extrapolation of the dialectic of the sexes- a ying-yang of macro proportions. The one projective, dynamic, expansive yet concentrated, extroverted, a bestowing virtue that confers its energies

upon the passive, inward and inert 'plant-like' as Spengler called it, substratum of Being-the eternal feminine-elusive, secretive, hidden, absorptive. The triumphal opponent in this war of the 'gunas', will be the projective as 'all life is struggle' and 'death is peace'-hence the feminine will always be conquered as a coquettish receiver and passive object and transformed into the bearer of the novel product of their union-the 'crowned and conquering child' of the new aeon, the offspring of nuit and hadit. It will be a Western star that rises in the East in the soon to be future as the passive and inert must be conquered by the dynamic vital spark or causa efficiens of masculine energy and force embodied in the so-called 'Western Aryan' man. The greater the tension and dynamism the greater the development, the greater the creation even to the point of breaking if need be. A history bears witness to-the whole of human civilization is the product of the Aryan consciousness/mind-from the pyramids in the Gobi desert to the sphinx-from the giant heads of machu pichu to the cliffs of ankor wat-all laid claim to by the orient-falsely- yet all derived from the will of the white man. The golden horde of Ghengis poured over the borders of Kievan Rus into the steppes of Russia and ukraine but were dispatched through the greater force of the white man. The Sultan's hordes sought the same path but found destruction at the hands of the templar Knights and the virility of the Spaniards kept at bay their despotic sway. Only the female strategy of tricksters from Khazaria who crept in under the guise of a persecuted rabble of weak and downtrodden wanderers dimmed the bright ardour of the martial spirit of Aryan man. He saw no challenge to the lowly and decrepit, the chandal outcast was beneath his noble vision, and yet this most grievous error metamorphosed into the apparent immanent collapse of what has become known as western civilization. The cunning of jews and gypsies and driven the thin end of the wedge into the chinks of Aryan armour infiltrating grievous wounds, seeking to hobble the dynamism of his thews and to corrode the mainspring of his action. The canker worm of semitic mind poisoning had taken its effect and the ashen tone of the Aryan Man's face as he sat in cold sweats in his sheets too weakened to give battle had proven disaster to the mighty warrior. The lessons of history from the black plague to the pestilential money changers and carpet baggers must not be neglected in this hour lest the orient triumph and lead the world to dark age savagery once more.

### **Overcoming the personality:**

Sense experience imparts to the mind the artificial reality in the mundane world that serves as the be all and the end all of those who haven't attained an awareness of being, the dimension of the higher self, eternity from which the personality is cut off and blinded by the veil of maya that is the experiential manifold of sense data, of sensations via the coarser sense which bring down the overall level of awareness to this dimension so to speak of materiality. This perhaps is the plane of the ego and it is only through the ego that the self can attain transcendence from it while situating itself still within it as a springboard from which it may go beyond those more primitive states. The individuality is thereby attained as a continual process and development and self- positing, this gradually unfolding of the higher ego or of manas is the blooming of the flower of consciousness whose delicate pedals are yet made of adamant. This is the building of the soul beyond the personality. The most arduous circumstances and tests of will power can make their contribution to this development via the impression as a die on the waxen tabula rasa of the Self, stamped with the impression of the Eternal. The illusory and temporal or transient, the fleeting states of the heraclitean flux of becoming wash over the Individuality as a tide of sensa leaving no lasting impressions but as this tide receives undue focus becoming the Being of Being eroding its potentialities if not it itself through shifting the focus/attention towards the kaleidoscope of sensationalism from the crystalline rigidity of Eternity of the divine of being towards this ellysium in its living presence or refulgent glory. Spiritualization of the material through vama marg left hand path



rites of passage serves to steer the humble bark through these tempestuous waters: concentration, meditation, contemplation all part of the godlike self-creation of the higher self as it weaves the aetheric fabric that constitutes its noble form. The tantra and mantra working up the kundalini serpent from the lower regions of consciousness at the base of the shusumna, the cauda aquina and the spinal canal, amplifying vril/chia/od to attain Wotan consciousness which could be spoken of as being. Thorir/Donar is the force in effect which is its recognition of itself as blind striving and force carries through as a pure process without intention simply the manifestation of that latent energy actuated by Loki, becoming, the intention that is posited as not the goal but the positing of the goal, the arrow in flight whose target is Being, Wotan allfather, god consciousness whose attainment would perhaps simply amplify the process yet further in the development of the soul to the status of a planetary deity or some superabundant star beyond the power of its current crystallized manifestation of the personality. rather than simply a blooming flower of adamant it is the archetype of the seed, the source of all kindred flowers, aspects and hypostates of the Individuality, which attains Being amidst becoming and continues along its evolutionary path.

### **Police:**

Now hired mercenaries and this from the beginning the police serve their paymasters as willing slaves "duty bound" to enforce the law through threat of the use of physical or occult(eg. microwaves, pharmaceuticals, x- rays, etc.)forces. The lower tier may avail itself only of the more brute physical force such as clubs and projectile weapons(eg. firearms) at most conducted energy weapons , tasers or irritants like pepper spray. The more specialized and higher trained(ie.pavlovian conditioning) slaves have yet more sinister weaponry as mentioned above and greater powers of influence such as coercing confession through torture and various other mind control techniques(noise, light, modification of environmental conditions to modify the biology of the targeted individual such as in prison cells with food and nutritional deprivation, dehydration; music being played to induce hypnotic and irrational states of consciousness as well as various traumas through proxies such as putting a white male into a cell of blacks, etc.) The function of the police across all varieties is simple: the use or threat of use of force to enforce the will of the sovereign power who operates through these agents on the basis of the legal maxim: "nulla pena sine lege"-the law has its essence through its existence, its implementation being coercion often and typically under the guise of persuasion. To build a police state terrorism was used by the Cabal who rules the world financing and arming revolutionaries and assassins to create instability in the regimes of the host body they had invaded under the cover of merchants or bankers or 'persecuted victims' plucking at the heart strings of the more powerful which they would then sever at the opportune moment. This instability justified the establishment of a police-state as 'protection' from the chaos created by those who then wrested control of the police when so positioned as to have incontestible power. The contest was undergone through the revolutionary proxies and paid mercenaries whose sabotage of the regime weakened it to the point where it could be usurped. The former mercenary cadres often became the police of the new regime and carried out their barbarities under cover of right. The open secret, now that no deception need be had given their incontestibility of the power of the new rulers. That their might determined their right did away with the relationship between law and justice. Justice henceforth was of the strong and denied to those who didn't serve the regime as useful tools. The function of the police has no necessary relationship to justice or morality but simply to the mechanisms of positive law as the ultimate operation of the gears of statecraft as they impinge upon the populace as a potentially transgressive multitude. "guilty before innocent" is the credo and everyone is suspect of being in a state of original sin as a 'criminal man' or bundle of irrational drives like a powder

keg of potential violence contained only by the iron walks of Draconian law. Each 'citizen' is a hand grenade whose fuse can be ignited given a simple pull of the pin that ties them to their slave chains. Hence the welds must be strong to ensure that no 'incidents' of criminality occur. Freedom is inversely proportionate to police-statism, the larger the one the smaller the other. Though freedom is the negative and exists only in bondage as no boundless liberty exists in the material world or in that of any dimension but merely a nexus of causal relations, a skein of rational and necessary cords that pull upon the puppets on their strings. It is simply up to the puppet to pull upon his own strings and not to be so passive as to be entangled in a state of ignorance masquerading as innocence for "there are no innocents in this world" and all are in a state of sin/karma. Thus for True freedom to express the will to be established "on earth as it is in heaven" one must learn to suffer and understand his proper relationship to the sum total. With respect to police and police statism this may mean that in an inharmonious society one must become one's own police officer and potentially an officer enforcing justice- even his own poorly conceived justice of the relatively strong and to the extent of his strength. Hence the survival of the fittest amidst the struggle for existence is the necessary condition of life and all are mercenaries having their own interests at heart vying with those who have competing interests in a system of desperate and unending competition over resources and power. Loyalties and allegences are dependant upon greater and lesser threats and contracts made today may be severed tomorrow when the greater threat is subjugated. To attempt to embody in 'eternal verities' anti-natural utopian principles of the 'universal human rights', etc. is an absurdity contradicted with every transaction between humans of all class and condition. Class and race and sex and equality divide and segregate as finely as a laser the infinite variety of this conglomeration of 'humans' into extremes of (more properly called) species of entity, however conscious and unconscious. The rule over others is determined by might by power of whatever form and function be it occult mind control or the club, the carrot or the stick. 'By all means necessary' if the end is necessary; if not relatively necessary and to the extent that the "game is worth the candle" so it is worth that price. Hence the conscription of mercenaries to serve one's gambit for power has no confinement within the realm of morality as the artificial codes and idols of clever spindoctors or idol dreamers are themselves merely tools of power in the arsenal of an aspiring or well-established hegemon. The rhetoric of egalitarianism serves as a standout example of this transmogrification of the ideal into the real and an attempt on the part of the relatively weak to increase their strength and usurp the thrown from their physical and mental betters.

### **Population Devastation:**

Yet another symptom of societal decay brought by the anti-natural value system of liberal humanism and its bigoted and irrational proponents: the endless progenation of the brown mass from the turd world. Neglecting in their corrupt lack of common sense and paucity of common sense reasoning that "the more you feed them the more you breed them" ordine geometrico(-logarithmically-); neglecting this simple fact they the moralizing moral majority precipitate a population bomb though it threatens to explode all over their lily-white picket fenced world they keep stoking the fire bringing about the armageddon of their liberal dumb-ox-cratic faux reality with an explosion of diarrhea that is the en masse immigration of the turd world into the former first world. This is what happens when you place the last first and the first last. Hence the decadent excess of a spoiled population pampered by hard(er) working forbears brings about a deficiency both of material resources (food; clean environment, etc.) and of intellectual as the latter are woefully deficient in the darker races who fail to manifest the 'sun of mind', to radiate a true enlightenment as biologically incompatible with their inner being. The simple correlation between cause (dark races) and effect (human devolution; racial intermixture; cultural and environmental decay,

etc.) is willfully overlooked by the spoiled hypocrits of the bourgeois liberals and their affiliated derivatives (marxists, etc.) blinded as they are by the scales of injustice that sit weightily on their purblind eyes. Soon they will fall and be forced to take cognizance of their own impending execution either at the hands of their 'pets' or more likely at that of their betters the 'remnant' of rational whites who refuse to live amidst poverty and inevitable cultural extinction and who even give a willingness to perpetuate their ignorance of the biological realities and consequences of racial identity will have no choice given their complete lack of options, the hard 'either-or' of 'face the enemy or face death'- and recognize the inevitable condition of survival embodied in the words 'all life is struggle'. Worse is better at this point as it devastates the established order and wins hearts and minds of those (previously) feint of heart and feeble minded who sought shelter and security in a nanny-state that, though its own over-weening vices sought to adopt 'chillins' who 'acted up' beyond the pale of tolerance, that oft-touted 'virtue' of liberalism and, inextricably bound up therewith, serves as a cable tow tolerance of everything and anyone but intolerance and the intolerant. Tolerance can no longer be tolerated when enemies are at the gates and tolerance of the enemy leads to assisted suicide. Backed into a corner even the most infirm animal will defend itself, otherwise perish as nature is an intolerant task-master and suffers no fools to live especially those tainted with the mind parasite of universalism whether it manifest itself in the form of Christianity or liberal humanism or a new age 'oneness'- if the goal of the proselyte is 'union' with the sum total through suicide then, like the Christian martyrs of old they will be consigned to the flames and be of forgotten memory remembered perhaps as a testament to psychical sickness indoctrinated in naive and impressionable sheeple as well as cynical wolves(-or perhaps dogs?-) that must serve as a warning to all inevitably will continue to heap up creating the Ragnarok that will lead to a new world, whiter and brighter through the flames of the Rahowa the phoenix will ascend

**Proletarianism', or 'Untermenscheit'-a philosophical gutter creed:**

Disheveled derelicts wandering in idleness with a corrupt smirk plastered on their retarded faces; disproportionate features testifying to the malgenics of a corrupt parentage-asymmetrical portraits of degeneration these models of skid row parade with flea-bitten rags and their filthy carcasses as so many exemplars of societal corruption and decadence. Their cunning sneers belie their perverted minds: everything that to them possesses an order or drive, any power or difficulty of attainment or exertion is to them a vain and foolish striving. This sentiment is borne of their own weakness and feeble-mindedness, their inherent laziness and serves as a cover for their own overt inferiority. The mocking grin of senile corruption bears testament to their resentment morality for mocking something is an attempt at demeaning and debasing that thing thereby implying their superiority through making a mockery of that which otherwise(?) would point out the beams projecting from their blind eyes. Pointing out the motes of the better type is the act of one-upmanship the petty-man has recourse to to inflate his sense of worth through stigmatization of an other- to turn the table on the master and convert him into a slave, an object of knowledge implying eo ipso that the petty man proletarian is a knower and thereby empowering himself. Such is the psychology of the base born and every opportunity is exploited by the hater to thumb his nose at his betters thereby getting his dopamine fix and power rush vis-a-vis the object of his hatred; a pathetic attempt at vanquishing an enemy. Such a petty-minded attitude is almost unworthy of discussion as one runs the risk of debasing himself to that level. However given the commonality of this common creed, the creed of the untermensch (the 'sub' or 'under'man), a brief note is indicated by way of warning to those who don't wish to spend their lives being harried by these characters: know them for who they are and avoid contact with them to the extent that is possible.

Elements of 'the creed of the cur': bestial lust for sense gratification(in the forms of drugs, sex and various other forms of sensationalism); obsession with the accumulation of material things for the purpose of necessity and status seeking as well as the gratification of the senses as above(equipment for these purposes)- all things 'lower egoic' and all motivation ceasing at the limit of lower egoic drives: fight-flight-fornicate and all that leads thereto and orient itself around these most material and lower vibrational states. The analog of 'untermenschheit' is Proletarianism which is the credo of the work slave whose sole motivation is the acquisition of 'respect' from his fellow workers of the world through his subordination of his being to that of a tool of industry, an 'animate tool' whose existence determines its essence, ie. 'working', making him a 'worker'. His identity is restricted to this function. Knowledge of anything outside of this activity of a brute nature is an unknown mystery that exceeds his comprehension-the contemplative life and that of the artist is as a foreign land never to be visited. When the workbell rings it is time for the 'worker' to idle and amuse the self- to restore energies and then leap into the hamster wheel again in a life of tedious cyclicism. This cycle of 9-5 life of the proletarian keeps the devil's work of violence and chaos at bay through rendering the hands of vice less idle-thus, in spite of debasement- and dehumanization(assuming the underman was ever such) a slight elevation in social utility is had. Of course it is possible that the untermensch might be elevated spiritually through work of other kinds that do not have such a coarsening influence on the mind such as athletics, military training and other more developmental forms of employment but the social planners are often apathetic in their regard for the destiny's of their charges and would rather create more hamsters to run in their wheels of industry than create a cadre of elites who might-through their sublimated drives-threaten their position in the hierarchy. Holding down the base born in the mire of their socio-economic and concomitant mental condition serves as the dysgenic means of maintaining a class hierarchy admission into which is a birth right and not a result of willful striving. Creating such a static social system of entropy is a recipe for degeneration and 'untermenschheit' itself- which in turn leads to systemic collapse and the inevitable ascendancy of the fittest post-apocalyptic-and the cycle repeats itself-for if the leisure class is to be maintained it must be parasitical on the base which must be cultivated and bred for the purpose. Once the leisure class becomes decadent through its own indolence the system then falls apart into chaos and a new aristocracy/theocracy of archons comes to the fore amidst the rubble for the overthrow hierarchy. The struggle for life continues and those at the bottom with nothing to lose cultivate(ofttimes) a more determined will than those accustomed to the leisure life whose life has enervated their ancestors blood and left it stagnant. 'Untermenschheit' is present spiritually in the leisure class as a condition and symptom of its decadence; the lower class finds its ascendancy when it finds it at all in the spirituality of aristocracy. However, to attain this state requires many conditions that it is deprived of by the social planners and which it has no comprehension of given that the system is designed to perpetuate a state of ignorance in its proletarian masses who otherwise might attain greatness if their superabundant will were not stifled and corrupted through drugs and ignorance(t.v, etc.) instead of sublimated through proper development.

### **Purging Gaia:**

Teeming multitudes who know no limits/infest the globe with their degenerate seed/feeding from the trough of the accomplished and productive/clambering about their endless needs/soon the sickle of saturn will fall/all the herd-spare not one-kill them all/they chose to spread their kind with abandon but will be abandoned once the earth can no longer accomodate them/dregs of ill-informed half-castes empty/ of all redeeming qualities/ soon the groans of the earth will shake and in the tumult of the quake/ the rodent-like multitudes will bend and break/ no more will they overreach their grasp/ grubbing for a

morsel/ no more will they pursue cold cash/ on a slab a corpse will/ the ruins of the cities rubble will be their unmarked grave/ and fattening themselves upon the rabble slaves/ will be the remnant of the mighty/ who have developed themselves to such a pitch/ that the earth is as a bull for a matador/ skewed with their pikes and picks/ this portends the global dominion/ the future path lies clear/ a kingdom of earth upon heaven/ a White world bathed in cheer/ Rahowa will be the conflagration/ upon the battleground's of Gaia's creation/ The purging of the dross/ will leave a greater future with their loss/ First and perhaps simultaneously the thorn in the side called the Jew must be extricated-will be extricated at the very least through the conflagration. Thus the path will be cleared for the purging of Gaia will have been accomplished-the path of White World supremacy.

### **Virtue-Signallers:**

"Behold I am I" proclaims the virtue-signaller; "behold my fancies behold my property!"-this is the credo of the lower ego, the materialist. The virtue signaller as is his want one-ups this lower consciousness through broadcasting his pretentious altruism, claim to universal love of humanity and implicit castigation of all who do not appear as much on board the current bandwagon. There is no winning with the virtue-signaller, this modern white knight, this crusader after 'social justice'(meaning white self hate and non-white worship; veneration of the 'noble savage')-as his gain is your loss and your gain is his loss. He plays the game of dualistic consciousness rooted as it is in his extreme egotism, falsely and hypocritically represented as altruism towards overtly 'Other' groups.

"The bestowing virtue" Nietzsche spoke of, also properly called the Santa Claus virtue, the Bourgeois(for are they not all Bourgeois?) virtue-signaller is the modern day secular Jesus whose crown of thorns is his 'white privilege' and 'white guilt' the expiation of which his ultimate virtue. Suburban silver spoons of this sort recognize their own hypocrisy and delight in the reflexive reference it makes to them as 'superior' giving and bestowing largesse to the 'inferior' mud people who are the road apples of his eye. Symptoms of liberal madness manifest through the verbalisms of the sanctimonious and sarcastic Bourgeois hypocrite-equality, democracy, liberty as he puts himself-even in false humility and self-abasement, becoming a suburban Jesus martyr to his false idols-under the various mixed multitudes who he places on a golden pedestal as the anti-hero figure of the evils of the 'White Devil' or 'Great Western Satan' he so roundly castigates, while implying his own superiority thereto. The ascetic path of sin expiation the Bourgeois follows is paved with egotistical intentions. To the cross of his sins he nails himself and raptures himself to the sanctum sanctorum of social reputation-a venerable humanitarian; a charitable altruist; a humble hypocrite! He wishes-in the most ostentatious way- to 'help others' which may be translated motivationally as : 'to gain a reputation or to increase his standing in the eyes of his peers or those he aspires to involve himself with'. The psychology of gift-giving has its basis in a reflexive recognition of one's own power to give and the dependency of others to receive, hence the establishment of a power dynamic, a master-slave relationship whereby the giver is master and the recipient is slave. Those who must receive are in a position of dependency and those who have dependants are in control of their destiny. Virtue-signallers are true 'fishers of men' who cast out their nets to enmesh their victims-to demonstrate superiority in attaining or possessing the status of contemporary society(whatever that may be)requires the cognition of the other who in taking the bait falls into the nets to serve the fisherman as meat. The virtue-signaller's existence is based upon identification with the mores of society and the recognition in his mind that others identify him therewith and the receipt of another's attention through the act of virtue-signalling typically convinces the egotistical Bourgeois virtue-signaller that simply garnering the attention of another implies their jealousy or desire/envy for what/who he

is/possesses- when it may just be annoyance at having been bothered. What specific brand of morality constitutes the virtue of the day is not relevant-the behavioral set of acts/omission that constitute virtue-signalling are eternal in a society based on total egotism and hypocritical altruism; perhaps this is human nature or only the nature of the Beastman? Today the "virtue that makes small", what could be called 'untermenscheit', is humbly trumpeted in mealy-mouthed whispers with such clarion calls of falsity as "humanity, equality, democracy"; "peace" and "love" when such tokens of virtue- signalling are merely the monopoly money of a decadent age soon to pass into oblivion and be replaced by an age of iron and blood. No more passive anti-natural refinements and baroque curlicues of sentimentality-simply an age echoing the clash of battleaxes and weapons of war.

### **Sperm Donors:**

Eugenics and Dysgenics both issue forth from the fount of the generative principle- a tool of the creation of posterity for good or ill for better or worse. Posterity is blessed or cursed by the well-spring from which it flows, whether it be a sewer or a mountain spring it will develop along the lines of least resistance and depending on its progenitor it will become a creation cast in its image a sinner or a saint a god or a devil in proportion to the genetical influence disseminated across the generations. Hence the social planners if eugenicists will establish sperm banks with highly refined criteria serving to screen out the genetic pollutant in the social organism and enabling only the more robust and stable elements to filter through their scientifically sophisticated membranes. The social engineers of today however are governed by an evil star and bent upon the destruction of the human stock from highest to lowest relentlessly striking at the tree of the generations with well- sharpened dysgenic axes and saws. Hence whatever sperm banks-those repositories of future success or failure- have been established for public welfare conduce rather to the downgrading of the human stock. In potentia these incubators of posterity would be genetic gold mines but have been converted in actuality into whitened sepulchres, powder kegs of destruction. As a neutral fact they would be a great contribution to the betterment of human stock, a bridge(however slender) to the superman. With sufficiently refined criteria they would present women or institutions with a stock of highly specialized genetic material. Acceptance of only high quality donors who are subjected to rigid screening processes and criteria would ensure an up-breeding of humanity and facilitate the weeding out of the undesirables. Those 'power men' at the highest levels of society could contribute to the human gene pool more of their stock than they would otherwise have under a regime of monogamy as in the present day. Ideally polygamy would also be instituted further augmenting the up-breeding of the better and again weeding out the unfit. No threat of legal liability would burden the 'power men' who would be free to contract through the medium of the sperm bank with willing parties of the female persuasion to develop and bear the fruits of their contract without hindering either of the parties as it would be based on agreement and not coercive checks and balances such as prenuptial agreements and divorce proceedings. This would be liberalism in its positive form wherein good results emanate from private or public institutions that ensure the will of the clients is given their intended expression through the creation of better racial stock. Criteria would ideally be based along racial lines restricted to only the better types and preventing any genetic incompatibilities. Rigorous testing in terms of intelligence, health and physical tests would also be mandatory.

### **Tolkien's allegory of Modern Women and Feminism:**

The Ents and the Ent-wives represent the roots of race. The Ent-wives have left the ancient forest of Fanghorn representing the rift created between men and women by feminism that leads to the decay and aging of the racial stock-women have departed their role and seek only to be with their own selves

immersed in the immanent consciousness of the lower ego which constitutes the fabric of their mind. They can't see the roots leading back to the past and so allow those of the present to dry up at the expense of their irresponsible self-seeking. They cease to perform the role and function of a bridge to the future and idle about while the bridge of the present crumbles around them leading to the extermination of their race. The Ent-wives must be recaptured through the Ents pulling themselves away from their lethargic slumber and complacency and fighting the orcs of Orthanc and Saruman which represents Modernity with its foreign economic units of different races and technological monstrosities. In destroying this threat that enables them to magnetize the Ent-wives and bring them away through the law of attraction from their egotism and barren self-seeking to the fruitful role of a fruit-bearing tree that is the bridge to posterity and a future salvaged from the ruins of modernity. Thus the onus lies on men to be men and fight for the right to mate with their natural complement. The orcs who hack at the trees represent miscegenation and outright genocide through economic/demographic/physical/spiritual warfare against the Ents (White Race) and their territory and survival-territory being necessary for survival as the legions of orcs who invade white societies are aware. Saruman is Masonry behind the White-hand/Hidden-hand and his coat of many colours he uses his honeyed words of tartuffery and mendacity to beguile and deceive those who would threaten his supremacy—under of course the all-seeing eye of the Jew-Sauron/Saturn (their god), a.k.a Lucifer the Rex Mundi. Their rapine of the Ent-wives both allegorically through burning with fire and hacking with axes and through sexual rape and physical assault and murder in real life is an act of war and hostility against White people deliberately undergone with malice aforethought. To destroy the evils of feminism and its endless discontents the men must fight and oppose the economic and physical rape and murder of their own people as the Ents smashed the technological monstrosity of Orthanc so the liberal-democratic/liberal-hypocritical Regime must be smashed and replaced with a natural order that enables the putting down of roots through the putting down of anti-nature religious creeds of the Abrahamic strain.

### **Women as Enforcers of Dogma:**

The role played by the female in a society is to maintain the collective in a static form and are hence spoken of as 'tamasic', inert and plant-like. Their lack of dynamism leads to a state of inertia for the collective when they are accorded inordinate power in a society as in the present period of gynocracy in the sense of a prevailing feminine consciousness subvertive of the masculine creative will. This inevitably leads a society to extinction as it has no motivational principle other than to languish in a condition of entropy which entails a blue print for its own destruction. The sacred cows of the collective are bedecked with the garlands of feminine adoration as they are left to contentedly fatten upon the vital verdure of the waning impulse of life's blood that diminishes in its rapidity of circulation as it is drained away to feed the bloated animal totem. The females as usual heedless of the consequences of their actions given that their consciousness is of a more restricted and limited scope inevitably perish with their totem if it is not speedily sacrificed with the blade of masculine force and dynamism its life's blood pouring into the feminine chalice of revitalized society returning back to itself its will to power. The dogmas of a masculinized society impel the inertia of femininity to expand the scope of vital energies towards the establishment of tests and feats of strength amidst desperate competition; an adventurous and heroic spirit is then kindled. As useful tools the women of society may subserve the nefarious ends of infiltrators and subversives who through their offering of greater advantage of their beguiling manipulation deceive the short-term planning and emotional consciousness of women to bring about adherence to self-destructive idols before which they prostrate themselves. Thus they must be monitored and made aware in their naivete, gait and carelessness that the beguiling smile of

the serpent conceals a latent danger and venom that may contaminate the blood of the race. Such is the case of the Jew in Today's society with his deliberate targeting of the white woman through emotional propaganda and their obedient and unthinking performance of the role they have been conscripted to play as cats paw to fish from the fires of otherwise inevitable race war the chestnuts of power possessed by the white man. This they have done and though materially wealthy compared to their previous state and proportionally spiritually impoverished. They must again be made into a useful tool to serve better ends, namely that of their own preservation and that of their kin-group thus they must be swayed through counter-propaganda to if not contribute to the winning of the race war to at least not obstruct the march of victory through the necessary blood and iron, an iron cudgel they are too weak to bear and torrents of blood they are too squeamish to suffer the sight of Revaluation of all values! No static inertia and dynamic force!

Smash the dove of peace with the hammer of Thor!

### **Vigilantism:**

When the law becomes unjust the just man disobeys as it is no longer binding on his will. Increasing Draconianism in society engenders increased criminality and when everything in a crime evryone is a criminal. Hence the greater the obligations and restrictions of the scope of natural liberty the more the law will be disregarded as the more popular crime becomes the more acceptable it will be amongst the majority who, in spite of endless mind control, express their will in seditious behavior as a natural release of repressed drives. This is the reason why bread and circuses are perpetually dispersed amongst the masses as a soporific of inner angst and latent aggression, a red-herering dragged across their path to distract from the cogitations they might have regarding the problems imposed upon them: 1)their identification as a problem; 2) the impositions an externally imposed curtailment of liberty; 3) by whom; 4) the solutions and 5)that they must be the ones to solve these problems. In spite of all mind control and societal distractions from the ultimate cause of the problems eventually the oppressed masses become sufficiently deprived and impoverished to realize that there is nothing left they can have in terms of liberty and freedom from external authority and thus having nothing more to lose they are then liberated from their previous dependancies on luxury and indolence and so "take it to the streets" in vigilantism; taking the authority to dispense what they believe is just into their own hands subverting the external authority's tyranny or their own lives at that point rendered meaningless.

Vigilantism is the standing ground over their own person's and property (which may include persons such as women and slaves and children) in violation of the will of an external authority who, through greater might/power has established itself as the master of the citizen who thereby is demoted to slave status.

Vigilantism is the assertion of self-mastery and explicitly articulated or no articulated by deed of a willingness to give battle to the master. A slave rebellion de jure but de facto a contention of parties for Mastery over persons and property. The balance of forces is ever attempted to be shifted in the contender's favor through guile or overt acts of brutality. A vigilante is he who, ala Robin hood, stands outside of the system which attempts to circumscribe his beign and existence yet relates to the system as an aggressor who disregards the claims to authority of the Other but not necessarily the power wielded by the system if he is to be effective in his purposes of manifesting his will and destiny and establishing himself as a new authority before whom the persons under the charge of the system must prostrate themselves even if he himself prostrates himself in self- sacrifice before them in his combat with the system. Taking the law into one's own hands is an aggressive assertion of [self]mastery that strives to undercut the mastery of Leviathan. RAHOWA---Racial Holy War!



# HEROIC HERESIES



## HEROIC HERESIES

### Religion as marker of soul type – Aryanism vs. Semitism \_\_\_\_\_ :

epiphenomena of biology, extrapolation, and manifestation of spirituality, of the soul type of the biological type stands the religious of the races which are cultural embodiments of the sum total of their 'soul' elements. Behavioral traits/attributes are given tangible form in the rites, pageants, atrocities of religious devotion. The Nordic religion which was destroyed by Jewish Christianity and which still lingers amorously in the mists of time and the unconsciousness of the Aryan Race – soul centers around the heroism of the individual, the superior type not exclusively as purely intellectual as in the scientism of today or as purely spiritual detached from the world of material care as a cowardly flight from reality (à la near eastern religions) but rooted in the concrete as imminent transcendence. Stoicism, the mores of Aristotle and of Greece and Rome as well as the mercenary condottieri or Varangian guard; the berserker of the Teutonic forests – these figures convey a universal motif of the striving to develop the self that is the foundation of Aryanism. To be thrown into the tempestuous waters and face Jormungand yet without doubt or even concern for life – simply to exist one's essence as battle, the struggle for existence not for survival as concrete man barely elevated from the status of a brute but for the struggle to attain the superman – being oneself amidst the fray transcending the sensationalism of battle in hyper-alertness yet unaffectedness. Stoicism and aesir-ism, if such it may be called, to experience as a tempering of the steel of one's flaming sword yet not to be taken away from the form, the sword is to be shaped though distraction and immersion in *sensa* in 'maya' but to fashion the flaming sword of the 'kristed one' through one's willpower. Thus this alchemy of transformation of the self and attainment of godhood through manifestations of the ideal in the real through an attunement created between the formal concept and the indeterminate immediates being fashioned into determinate being. Such process is the artistic process in miniature – the reification of the ideal for its development and evolution as a living god. Hence the 'god within', as well as without, the *unio mystica* of the lower and higher selves, is the basis of what may be called Aryanism (Wotanism, Hinduism, Hermeticism, etc.). Contrast this properly so-called 'noble' spirituality which excludes and ignores all 'working' or slavish devotion – a veritable 'master morality' transcribed as religious/spiritual characters – with that low materialism of the 'semitic' (hither Asiatic/near Eastern type). Veneratives of lucre, fanaticism for territory and myriad proscriptions are required to curtail an excess absent from the retrieval consciousness of the Aryan; prohibitions such as the commandments, etc. Vengeance as opposed to contempt or mutual honor; lying as opposed to fair-handed dealing under the aegis of principles borne of one's own inner self-consciousness; low carnality, an emanation of the boiling heat of desert as contrasted with the sobriety of the cold Northern Hyperborean regions. Yet it is not environment alone which conditions the religious spirit and influences it along certain lines – as Egypt once proud beacon of Aryan culture prior to mongrelization and inevitable decay – but biology which plays the leading role in religiosity as opposed to spirituality. Religion is veneration of external authority, a manifestation of a spiritually poor and weak constitution whereas the inner god of spiritual self-awareness ('enlightenment') is the child of a rugged constitution accustomed to the strife of the Hyperborean lands – as well as the placidity of Greece and the fertility of the Nile. This consciousness of the Aryan is manifested in his lack of religiosity, lack of need and dependency upon religious formation, external rites and ceremonies, powers of Other dimensions than that latent within. The Semitic mind fears and trembles before the aspect of his fear – humbles himself before a force greater than self, whereas the

Aryan seeks to enfold within himself that same force, preserving his own self-respect and soul integrity through simply enhancing himself by proximate contact with the life source in a state of attunement – raising himself up through self- knowledge (gnothi seuton) of his own divinity. Not seeking to merge with the one in extremities (Ahmisa) but seeking to preserve his own individuality vis-à-vis this same one which he is. Unlike the Semite who would live in fear of the end and thus live for the moment in ecstasies of debauchery and vice-seeking as he does to squeeze every life-drop of blood from the material life that delimits his existence; rather the Aryan knows he is external and thus has nothing but time – in fact he negates temporality itself through the self- understanding of his own eternity. Thus he attains transcendence in imminence, battling forth amidst the chaos of war everlasting.

### **Life as competition** :

The bourgeois understands life as a competition for resources, a social Darwinist frenzy of tooth and claw where the prize vied for is the materialist trinity of ‘money, status and pleasures of the flesh’. This is the case for all those trapped in the lower drives that are incapable of superseding/transcending beast consciousness. They cannot identify with the Other as Self or in terms of similarity to their pursuit of the above. Thus life becomes to them a completely self-oriented endeavor where the Other vis-à-vis themselves enables them to posit themselves/stroke their ego through involvement with the Other as a tool of self- assertion/positing a will to power and genuflection before the mirror of their vanity. Their life of desperate struggle precludes transcendence of the lower ego as the lower ego is the realm in which one languishes as his home, a battleground and theatre of war in which – relative to higher states of consciousness – he is but a poor player doomed to pyrrhic victories and the inevitable and unenviable death of the ‘unknown soldier’ amongst his legions of kindred martial spirits. The drives are not transmuted towards mere expansive states, but projected outwardly toward the enemy and ultimately within to oneself as an enemy combatant of the ‘Other’. Thus this combatant lives on scorched earth in his ‘war everlasting’ as his projected aggression is so much in the way of slings and arrows manufactured for the defeat of enemy aggression which friction is projected on the Other and justifies the strike, be it pre-emptive or friendly fire – for there are nothing but foes in the mind of the warrior whose existential projected conquest and naught else. ‘Peace of death and good will towards them’ would be the transmogrified catch phrase. The Christian is the flaming sword in the sense of lesser jihadist – a would-be victor in overcoming the ‘Other’ who eo ipso fails to overcome the self and thus vanquishes victory ab initio. Life as competition means life that is less than, not greater than life, life over life. It is rather life over death, a living death, as this is the ultimate goal, namely conquest, vanquishing of the Other and is a failure of the warrior to recognize himself in the Other (consciously and even in the act of killing him physically which would be a victory) he thereby precipitates his own death. Thus he is the living death and is ‘being towards death’, which is his existential structure. The suit of armor with built-in design flaw chinks that serve to impale him on the thrust of the Other’s Otherness. ‘All are one’, they say, and one is one, but in failing to incorporate the All in the One he ceases to exist authentically (again even in the act of physical extinguishment of the physical Other, the real combatant) and thus ceases to exist. Thereby, he meets the pronouncement of pilate inversus, namely: “I see the guilt in this man” and crucifies himself on the cross of his own creation. This is the evolution of social Darwinism necessarily at cross purposes and in conflict with soul evolution. One can be a competitor – and a warrior – in a physical theatre of war – and win, conquer, but he must first conquer himself – within – without; and then can a victory be attained that is not pyrrhic. Dying in the arms of his vanquishing foe he spills his life’s blood upon the Other and christens him his friend. This is

the meaning of cannibalism and ritual sacrifice a la Aztecs and in real war time scenarios, scalps and the paraphernalia of the combatant becoming incorporated magically in the self, trophies and testaments of victor perhaps but not exclusively a defacto incorporation of the Other into the self and a transcendence thereby of the self as well as an amplification thereof towards becoming the Other, transcending duality through unity consciousness in the physical/spiritual – as above so below as within so without. Such is the meaning of vampirism and all competitors are also vampires as they seek through inappropriate means to appropriate the Other’s essence into themselves but fail in the most fundamental respects through destroying the Other in its Otherness and themselves as a self through the inherent defeasibility/ in built destructiveness of their relationship. Thus they exist only through annihilating their own existence through destroying the Other in his Otherness. Thereby their project of competition is doomed from the start. Success comes from identifying the Other in his Otherness and respecting it as such. What does it mean to respect the Other in his Otherness? To posit him as an Other qua Other as he is in his essence. If, on a physical level, he must be destroyed as a threat to oneself therefore he must be and this constitutes a respect for that Other through a respect for oneself through the preservation of oneself in his identity. This may entail the defeat of the Other and it may not but it entails fundamentally preserving integrity even as one builds upon it through ego competition thus one strengthens himself and need not necessarily destroy the Other to achieve this purpose. Such is the meaning of friendly competition where soul growth is facilitated through undergoing strife and competition without failing to acknowledge unity through this duality.

### **‘Hero Quest’**

A board game from the time when the world was livable and the mass of people reached for the stars as their eyes were not blinded by the false light of anti-natural ideals to the extent of a quest of feeble groping about in the mire of mud in which they have been pushed by their commissar masters. This board game presented different modalities of the psyche concretized in different figures/characters represented as these hypostases of the self-wizards for the mind, warriors for the body, etc. All are manipulated on the game board which is the material world by the self who views it from above and from afar and yet incorporates in his consciousness their performances and essences, the way they emit their essence in victory and defeat. Through interiorizing this heroic gamesmanship and being in effect the games master he becomes a hero. Transformative power is his through developing and cultivating the real in the ideal, he manifests his destiny through his gamesmanship and determines his freedom through the structures of the rules of the games, as above so below. This is a pedagogical tool of understanding the principle that freedom is the negative and in order to achieve certain effects certain acts must be undergone as they are causally correlated with one another. Translating principle into reality the hero quest of life posits his thrownness as a being enmeshed in a nexus of relations and conditions through which he must conceive, develop and manifest his projects – his pathways of action are necessarily restricted in terms of time and space and energy and he must pursue and avoid the corollary objectives which are both condition and conditioned of this ground of being into and through which his existence exists. Thus a hero or a tramp or a mage he is flung along a path in which every branch and stone restructures his project in an endless cycle of causality, a drop in the past of being whose dynamism reverberates and impinges on and through himself. He alone can make it so and he alone is made by it – at least to the extent of his conscious awareness of the Other and his Otherness and how the latter is yet another drop in the pool and so on for all beings in the existence.

Nevertheless insofar as he posits himself as a self he is a hero and his quest is the quest for the unfolding of his dharma/purpose. Life as role-playing game where the player himself is a transient ripple on the veil of maya yet maybe also a mote – perhaps a beam projecting through towards the stars and as a star. Contained within this notion is the distinction between Ahimsa and Kaivalya between the fleeting nature of becoming and the eternity of being. An immersion in samsaic consciousness casts the player into his role in a state of blindness, an absence of awareness of the self and his selfhood. Transcending this chaotic welder of *sensa* through an indwelling a going within and a projecting without is the self-creation of godhood and the attainment of eternity through mastery of the self.

### **Sociological topology** :

The space/place or ‘topos’ structures the identity of the social and determines behavior of given types through mediating their nature/essence through its essence creating an amalgam of identity. Hence, the phrase ‘blood & soil’ can never be separated into its constituent elements and topology determines typology, i.e. the characteristics of the group in question. Country mice and city mice though both being mice are structured so to speak in a radically different way given their radically different environments, the one living in a relatively stimuli-poor environment has senses fine-tuned to defeat the more subtle differences amongst those given the drive of the biological entity, the ‘being’ is to defeat changes and threats in the environment to fulfill their biological tendencies/motivations. Thus, the country mouse will be more hyperaware than the city mouse, whose have been dulled through a greater impingement of stimuli on the ‘mind’/consciousness, which renders them a poor operative in an environment unsuited to that level of mental dullness. Conversely in the opposite case where a hyperawareness renders the being (eg. mouse) dysfunctional in a stimulus rich environment as they cannot operate in it to the same degree of efficacy leveling the rapidity of responses/nerve reflexes which a consciousness/’mind’ dulled through continual stimulation from without has developed. The country mouse is a bumpkin in the city but an adept sage, hunter, tracker in their home environment while the city mouse is a bumbler off the beaten track but a cutthroat killer in the mean streets of urbanity. ‘Eagles and pigeons’ is another analogy for the country and city dweller. Placing an eagle, whose senses are acutely developed and attuned to the slightest change in the external environment when viewed from above whereas if placed into the helter skelter of the urban environment he loses his navigation capability and can’t function, the vision of objectivity is reduced to that of subjectivity bombarded on all sides by a kaleidoscope of irrelevant and distracting scenes. Thus concentration is scattered and the eagle is impeded from fulfilling his purpose. The pigeon of the sewers of the city wasteland, when transplanted to the country, is a poor player in the midst of the wilderness. The concentration of objects and ready access to parasitical life of Other beasts in the urban multitude being an absence the independent mind necessary to function in the environment renders the city dwelling pigeon ‘lost in the barrens’. Hence the two great contrasts of personality, that of cutthroat Mafiosi from the ghettos of teeming multitudes to the noble adventurers in the alpine mists and elysian fields – the one an animal made vicious through its life of perpetual war and strife in close quarter combat, the Other a warrior of its own sort but whose war is that between the elements and himself as well as between himself and rivals. Perhaps the more vicious fighter and warrior is the ghetto churl, however and perhaps the more developmental environment is that of the ghetto? To create a more cunning and devious being that would be the more suitable environment, to create a nobler being who manifests its destiny the natural environment would be a more suitable springboard to divinity. The purpose determines which constitutes the better option, if degeneracy then an urban life if evolution then

a natural one. the human and all Other biological entities can only evolve through themselves and the self, living under agitating and anti-natural conditions can only develop itself into a perverted form that is doomed to further degeneracy over time and the generations, and ultimately to extinction. That being living in an environment sustainable of its biological structures evolves itself upwards toward higher forms and the natural environment ensures this progression through being itself an organically developed reality. Topology influences typology, space influences sociology, ‘a sound mind in a sound body in a sound society in a sound environment’ – such is the creed of the creativity movement and as self-creators we would be wise to follow it through understanding what soundness means (being in a state of harmony with the natural order and our own nature) and to be in that state of resonance. The leadership is reflected in the pool of the populous: when the monstrous face of tyranny displays itself, the pool reflects this, when a beautiful morning shines forth refulgent to its light this also is reflected by the population pool. In a late society of decadence and chaos, this condition is directly traceable to the heads of state who take on medusa-like properties. Typically this occurs under an oligarchy which historically has been the Jewish form of priestly caste concentration of power – from the tetrarchs of Rome to the commissars of the Bolshevik regime. With no titular head who bears the burden of ultimate responsibility for the political decisions, corruption runs rampant in the leadership as no specific decision-maker can be held to account or holds himself forth as the agent of decision within to suffer the metaphysical or real slings and arrows the populous would aim at him should he tread too heavily on their toes. Corruption is inherent in democracy as it is based on a lie, namely that of equality which is counter- nature and counter-factual. Since mendacity is inherently corrupt so too is a society resting on this unstable foundation. Given the cancer-like nature of the parliamentary democratic system, the leadership hides behind the façade of representation by population wearing the smiling mask of peace, tolerance and love while practicing covert war, bigotry and hate against any who threaten their power. Again this is the Jewish form of government, one of inherent dishonesty and exploitation and why democratic values facilitate their acquisition of power through exterminating through revolution or the popular vote the leadership of rival power blocks whose subjugation to them means totalitarian control and to the gullible mass whose minds they control though enslaving their ego with a sense of importance under the guise of the popular vote (‘power of the electorate’); it means the hand of justice and god smiting their bitterest foe the ‘1% or upper crust’; ‘fascists’; ‘capitalists’, etc. The target is established through creating a perverted and distorted portrait of the intended enemy, in most cases a benevolent protector of the masses not without fault, and blaming them for all the chaos the Jewish infiltrators and their hired ignorant cause through funding or theft from the public purse of gold or resources, through foreign invasion, instigated by Jews, etc. Scapegoating is the standard technique of casting down idols the Jews would rather have replaced with their own variety such as the “rights of man”, etc. or a dear leader puppet such as Castro or Mao who will serve as their useful puppet be discarded when no longer of value to them. In a society of corruption such as this ‘western’/Jewish demon-ocracy the populous lives its lives without standards or regard for truth or equal weights and measures. All sense of fairness is distorted to serve the ends of all but the host populous of whites and justice, invented while fallaciously represented as an eternal verity. The masses clamber for their bread and circuses while they ignore the decisions that leave the sword of Damocles positioned over their heads.



## The strongman and his danger :

toppling a regime that is well entrenched requires the necessary force to topple it and this necessary force – to be effective in accomplishing the goal to which it is directed – must be directed by an effective agent who gives it the direction and trajectory along which it can be transmitted to strike at the target. The danger involved in this strongman and following or joining him is that he may misdirect this force as an enemy infiltrator and operative towards yourself or in controversies to your ideals and purpose or he may do so through ineptitude or fundamental character flaws thereby making him an ineffective operator. This hero figure is thus the embodiment of risk and where thoroughly transparent is in proportionate to his opacity, suspicious. Allegiance given to such may precipitate one's own death by jumping on the bandwagon of this hero leader and winding up in the enemy camp delivered to those who were apparently vehemently opposed by him. Pied pipers who came out of the woodwork without any background or established reputation through nexuses of relations themselves established as 'friendlies' are of the shadiest cast and therefore not to be trusted. The leader should be followed only to the extent of his reasonably trustworthy character and autobiography, his historical role and relations with Others sufficiently reasonably trustworthy, and of the same character, cut from the same cloth. Once the effective strongman is identified, then allegiance may be given and the probability of conquering the opponent is then a matter of relative strengths and weaknesses of character amongst contending parties; resources and material conditions, the nitty and the gritty of tactics– the strategy being to destabilize and overthrow the regime. Hence, from the standpoint of practical advisement, a keen psychological understanding, an adamant precision in detailed practical knowledge of the arts and sabotage, and mechanical know-how (power systems, electrical factories) is the only resource required beyond the self-supportive infrastructure that enables the operation to be carried out and to sustain itself in its ongoing metamorphoses (eg. survival retreat, vehicles, firearms, explosives materials, food, networks, etc.). At this point in history to be an effective participant in the institution of a new regime, one must become a 'domestic terrorist'/'revolutionary', whichever term corresponds to one's value system and from which perspective and by whom this category of persons is evaluated. Perhaps at this time the strongman merely serves as an archetype determining and impelling correspondent action derivative thereof before which the individual operator genuflects in modeling himself upon and simultaneously modeling and creating this archetype through his revolutionary/terroristic praxis, his acts and omissions. One must in short become who he is, become the strongman and heroically oppose the tyranny, which besets that which he appoints himself to defend. God-like, he is a self-chosen hegemon who declares: "Off with their heads!" The danger in microcosm of the strongman archetype is that one's reach will exceed his grasp and that he will fall short of his hero quest and be laid waste by a force whose strength he underestimated through overestimating his own, thinking he was merely a sub-man; the ludicrous image of the emaciated teenager flexing in the mirror of his vanity. This best illustrates this failed project over before it began. Self-criticism here is key, an assessment of one's own capacity based on cold reason, and comparison with that of Others is necessary. One as devoid of bias as possible and the means towards this is to properly assess and understand oneself to a sufficient extent to overcome his bias – to view the glass and not simply the image beyond to thereby decipher the image in its exact proportions. To sculpt and mold the self into this living archetype requires a possibility of such correspondence metaphysically as well as physically to bring spirit into matter so to speak, to structure the phenomenal of 3-D reality in accordance with the noumenal. Think big to be big and bigger to be bigger – across all necessary lines and in all necessary categories: mind, body, and spirit/will.

The requisite training should condition the mind to be unaffected by the transient strength of maya but should inculcate endurance and willpower as the bedrock upon which to erect the temple of the living god for the Ragnarok. Concentration and mediation exercises as well as telekinetic and clairvoyant – the usage of the plastic mediation of the astral light or magnetism should be this mental/noumenal foundation of all physical praxis. Mental influence and Other so-called black magic or left-hand path techniques should be cultivated as this is the basis of all motivation and animate existence, namely the harnessing of the will for the cultivation of the will. This mind power translates itself into the more coarse modalities of existence in brawn and endurance and speed – the manifestations in varied forms of force through its being concentrated and directed consciously towards some particular action. ‘One-pointed concentration of attention’ is will which is the basis of all life and action. This is also the transcendent springboard above and yet not independent of the material plane which latter merely serves as the vehicle for its expression. The strongman has always at his disposal a strong will and a strong will makes a strongman. “A yes; a no; an arrow; a goal,” –Nietzsche. And the arrow is matter without which no actions in the material plane manifest, the direction of the arrow and the force used in pulling the bowstring and releasing the arrow are all will. Minds make people who perform actions, which build societies – that is also the means through which societies crumble, through decadence and overthrow through greater oppositional force.

**How the savage races need a white life-preserver to avoid drowning in their own excrement:**

colonialism was – and is – the gift of the white Santa Claus to the hordes of darks who – in typically greedy fashion as is the want of the savage – endlessly seeking to exploit the boundless altruism of the white man. The signs with their typical epithets of ‘racist’, ‘slaver’, ‘colonialist’ are hung from the weary mele of the white superman who expends his last reserves of energy toiling under the burden of the monkeys on his back. This is a means of attempting to guilt-trip him into providing even more largesse so that he can confer endless advantages. Such Utopian pipe dreams will inevitably explode into chaos when the already irritated and harangued superman has exceeded the limits of his tolerance of the greedy savage hordes. The morality of Christianity will evaporate once the resources of the earth and the relative comforts of the whites evaporate – then and only then (hopefully the latter will occur before the former which is more likely) will the real chaos begin as the whites refuse to further be milked to the point of bleeding. At such a cultivating/tipping point, the savage races will become acquainted with the fury of the Northman and will either recognize the hand that feeds them and cease to draw blood through their bites or else they will be beaten into submission by this hand as it closes into a fist and reconquers the unchained beasts of the field (who had been let loose to romp out of the geniality of the whites mistakenly projecting their freedom achieved through the restraint of reason upon unreasoning mad dogs whose existence if it should be at all must be welded to an iron chain of rational control held by this same white fist). At such a point, dialectically, the white life-preserver that is the opulence of whites will be recognized and appreciated or the collar will be tightened, the rations restricted, and the chain pulled tauter reigning in the wayward strivings of reckless beasts as they disport amongst themselves at the heels of the master. When the rabid dogs break loose, they fight amongst themselves and/or attack the master who has no recourse but the stick – they must either heel or be put down. This is necessitated either total RaHoWa or else total submission under a global neo-colonialism, a white supremacism once all unyielding enemies are eliminated. ‘Join us or die’ will be the credo and a humble and happy amalgam of submissive brown barbaloots with their barbaloot suits bearing the emblem of white dominion will be the status quo. Once the oncelers (Jews) are put into



their final resting place, the world's iron chains will be smelted down into ploughshares for the barbaloots to till the bounteous verdure of Gaia, with their numbers kept within reasonable and manageable limits through eugenic breeding while the whites spend their lives cultivating the higher self. The limits properly deemed 'reasonable' will be those that fit the interstices of technology and the desirable labor of white endeavor. Thus, a new caste system of an archaeo-futurist nature will be developed. This will be the only future that will save a place for the barbaloots. How to overcome the double speak of these rhetoricians and hypocrites who lay claim to the resources/territories cultivated by the whites is yet another stumbling block to throwing the monkey off the back of the white man, this Jewish con-game of reverse projection, table turning and vilification/name calling. The only solution is avoidance behaviors or direct confrontation; the former in the form of superficial politeness perhaps tinged with sarcasm – the so-called 'moral high ground' – and the latter in the form of questioning the questioner to nullify the pretense of meaning in their fallacious hot air soap bubbles they pass through their lips – bursting the bubbles of false claims and hypocrisy such as that of Islam – a colonialist and supremacist totalitarian religion – to defending and advocating 'human rights' and the displacement of whites in vengeance for their colonialism, etc. Direct confrontation by means also of pointing out the slanderous nature of the claims of the Other to the 'moral high ground' all within the paradigm of Christian/liberal ideology, something completed foreign to the non- moral (non-Christian/liberal) morality of non-whites and even their overt immorality of anti- natural black magick practices having its roots in the notorious greed of the savage whereby he will go to the lengths of sacrificing his own son in cannibal ritual sacrifice in order to acquire his vital energies appropriating them for himself I the consumption of the very flesh and blood which issued forth from his loins. Under the tutelage of the white man, the ignoble savage discards his spear and grass skirt for the plough and work shirt whereby he to the extent of his capacity enables himself to prosper under the kindly benevolence of his benefactor. Of course this Rockwellian image of things portrays things in black and white monochrome – which is of course an adequate representation of both historical realities as well as biological fact – yet this is vilified in today's neurosis of liberalism vulgaris where the savage may don the garb of the slaver with the whites being stripped of their purple togas and cast into the pit under the liberal lash. So much for the lesson of history and misplaced altruism always follows the path of least resistance from the summit of the human kingdom to a shallow mass grave of societal decay and decadence. This lesson learned the outcome is that the whites must consciously curtail their altruistic propensities and confine them exclusively to themselves. If Others must live and even benefit from dealing with whites they should so only to the extent the whites benefit along sustainably developmental lines in terms of race and place, blood and soil, natural hygiene and environmentalism. To this extent and to this only is the olive branch preferred. Peace only under the rational control and aegis of white supremacism and dominion.

### **Is there a 'humanity'?**

The notion of humanity as a whole has been touted by the propagandists of globalism/universalist imperialism (when it has suited them pragmatically) and affirmed that it actually exists and is not a mere fiction, an instrument of their archontic will to power. This itself underscores the fictive nature of this venerated sacred cow that serves as the basis of the credo modernitatis namely that "All men are [created] equal" – which fiction is a creation of the cabal and serves as a tool as aforementioned for the reification of this fabulous fantasy into a Utopian reality ultimately leading to the destruction of the higher types of those spoken of as human, namely the Aryan. Destroying a better reality and replacing it

with a desecrated sub- reality; leveling a city of Eden and substituting amidst the ruins, a city of Babel, of Sodom and Gomorrah, incubators of vice and barbarity. The overt differences obtaining amongst the differing 'species' that have been – perhaps erroneously – subsumed under the umbrella term 'humanity' clearly evince the gap between types that creates this (in the mind of a rational man) confusion as to whether the term 'humanity' can be spoken with any seriousness let alone venerability in hushed tones of a quasi- religious sacral nature. This latter is the dogma of 'humanism' which affirms this questionable hypothesis of course without question and to the detriment as aforementioned of the higher type. If this perhaps overly broad label were to be adopted that would entail extremes in the spectrum of sub-species (black and white) of such divergence as to be ludicrous thus rendering any 'human dignity' a hollow mockery of the secular humanist religiosity and its consequent leveling process. Therefore, that the term 'human' is insufficiently meaningful to merit usage is grounds for affirming any comparisons or contrasts between the extreme types which serve as its conceptual and factual limitations save as a means of eliminating the leveling process of Judeo-communism that is the modernist scourge of the present epoch. Thus through the endless affirmations of 'humanity' immediately is affirmed through its endless repetition the negation of 'equality' as having any value or being any standard at which to aim the prow of one's ship (collectively the state), and golden kingdom of paradise but instead being a burnt out world of chaos instigated through so-called 'integration' of desperate types. Integration of the extreme types and their radically diverse characteristic and attributes mentally leads to chaos and elimination or to the defeat of the better type – but in all cases the supremacy of those most bent on collective orientation and concentration of power (such as the Jews today and the destruction of the white races). Inevitable chaos results through the attempt to homogenize the naturally heterogeneous as nature cannot be artificially perverted to preserve states that have not developed/evolved organically. Things will sort themselves out and as to 'humanity' it will fragment along sub-special lines into race war and societal chaos and destruction. This itself suggests the fallacy of the enigma of secular humanism, certainly in terms of 'equality; not as certainly in terms of 'humanity', equal with respect to this standard however impoverished the latter may be. If the behavior of the whites can be called 'human' and it doesn't correspond to that of non- whites whose animal-like behavior suggests a different species or at least subspecies bordering on a species alien altogether, then the non-whites would not necessarily merit this designation. The behavior of one (whites) is rational, orderly, circumspect and cognizant of consequences, antecedent conditions and acutely attuned to cause and effect relationships (causality) whereas that of the non-whites is emotional, reactive and lacking all long-term planning and rational self-control. This represents the divide between extremes, between the children of darkness and the children of light between good and evil relative to 'human' evolution and cosmic order. 'As within, so without.' This fact manifests in the term of nation building (or lack thereof) amongst the diversity of 'species' or 'sub-species'. In the end, it is merely a question of nomenclature where there be admitted on the one hand the reality of 'humanity' with vast differences of 'sub-species' called 'races' or on the Other this reality denied with merely a diversity of different species: black, white, yellow; red and hybrid types formed through their anti-national perverted unions. In either case, is the argument for the desirability of separation, if not outright war to the death and victory to the strong propounded. Clearly no order of any organic or natural sort can be woven from the disparate fabrics that constitute the variegated multitudes. Such a rainbow-colored garment bespeaks the false light of Lucifer, the failed soul whose elements cannot be coherently synchronized in an organic whole but who thrives on chaos alone and defeats himself through the lack

of respect for the preservation of the kinds be they spoken of as ‘species’ or ‘subspecies’. The alternative is the correct assimilation of diverse kinds through establishing borders over which only those permitted entry by those on the Other side may ever enter. Thus corresponds with the so-called ‘right’ (natural proclivity) of free association which naturally emanates from the mind of diverse types who voluntarily pursue their own and avoid Others. Insofar harmony is established upon earth without violating the autonomy of Others. However given, that this earthly paradise is a dynamic system, such harmony is doomed to erupt in conflagration between kinds thus leading to the triumph and supremacy of the strongest force. Only the strong survive in this world and the next – the weaker is always subjugated and assimilated cannibalistically and vampirically. Such is the law of nature qua Cosmos qua ‘God’.

### **Town, country...and city**

Differences between being irreconcilable they being based on land and its transformation by the residents who are themselves changed thereby they constitute three types of environment: the country, most natural and primitive of environments brings those coming to it from without (city or town) into a consciousness resonant with the organic environment and with time and its influence transforming the discordant into the harmonic creating an environment that is best suited to the advancement and prolongation of human life. To dwell within these conditions is to return to the cradle of humanity. However this – given the artificial world perpetually developing around populations – renders them maladroit in dealing with relations and facts that impinge from without and have insidiously wormed their way into the countryside via technological and cultural anti-nature, thus perverting the natural with its discordant resonance. Thus the country becomes impaled on the steel tentacles of the archontic octopus whose head is the metropolitan prison which controls the functioning of its myriad limbs, which worm their way into nature poisoning it with their spoor and embedding themselves in its crust. The town serves as an intermediary between nature and city having one foot in both and yet being neither, an ‘intermediary’ state between nature and anti-nature with sufficient individuality to preserve and support organic life, to enable populations to manifest their collective destiny without endure encumbrance yet leading them towards the goals via cultural and economic influence of the ruling power, at this time towards their own perdition in the shadow of metropolitan tyranny. Thus they are expanded beyond reasonable limits through the imposition of foreign populations while simultaneously having imposed an alien culture crafted by the media archons who design the new homo sovieticus of the Jew world order, an agreeable serf who cares little for anything but bread and circuses, not knowing who they are, their historical conditions or even the borders of the organic environment outside of the rose-colored glasses they are forced to wear by the pressure of social influence itself engineered from above. Once independent the box stores now replace those of the self-made man who established through creative willpower a business of his own (his qua self or family or race – all as organically developed beings bound up with one another – with their severance of ties they severed from the vine of life and box store replaces corner store, a microcosm of the macrocosm). Thus the town is held in subjection to the city, pierced as it were to death on the tentacle of the octopus of the city, power being concentrated in its mastermind as aforementioned. The city, behemoth monstrosity of modernity, hub of the wheel of the execution cart of nature and independence, overarches its satraps as the sultanate centralized absolute of power, iron fist in bloody glove crushing all opposites to its tyranny. ‘Kill the king; kill the kingdom’ should be the rallying cry of all anti-anti-nature rebels all those who said ‘yes’ to life.

### **Sauron & Saruman Judeo-masonry**

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Bringing in the orc hordes from darkest Mordor these two heads mobilize their multitude of hands to devastate the shire, plows and swords cutting branches and heads, uprooting the flora and fauna and throwing them into a mass grave to be burnt together as a sacrifice of blood and soil. The orcs gravitate towards material advantage having no care for the earthly order of nature or those beings living in sympathetic resonance therewith – slaughtering and burning down in effigy those testaments to a higher consciousness they themselves could never attain given their barbarity of mind operating purely on instinctive mode and the lower trinity of fight-flight-and fornicate. These base brutes the Judeo-masonic cabal willingly exploits putting them in harness with carrots extended before them and sticks brandished behind intermittently flogging their insensate hides with the gnout. Bent on greed for gain they mow down the ancient trees with technological contrivances borne of the smelters of Orthune. Saruman has mind-controlled their animalistic lusting minds to rape, to lay waste to the centuries and millennia old countryside – pillaging villages and robbing the peasantry of their cherished heirlooms and birthright. These emissaries of evil emanate from the black land to defile all that remains good in the world. The children of light have themselves been broken in spirit – called domesticated – by the overlordship of Mordor and Orthune through tariff and trade, through their own fallible greed for profit they disown family and place and race to partake of leisure and status, growing fat on the blood of their ancestors. These same are the only hope for a tomorrow but have desecrated their own living space to the point from which they must gird themselves for battle to prepare for the orc host. Thus they are already at a disadvantage as they encumber themselves with material goods weighing themselves down with golden fetters and simultaneously selling off the very ground upon which they stand. However dull the consciousness of the black rider it is nevertheless acquainted with the arts of war and bloodlustful inclination spurs it on towards the unwitting and naïve who see only the shire trees around them negligent of the ever-pressing legions at their gates, the forest which rings them round. Sauron and Saruman gaze into palantires of prophecy envisioning an easy conquest. They however do not know the depths of the forest and its rigorous endurance through time. The orcs too see only the weak and near harmless foolish folk struggling amongst themselves over petty and myopic contention – but they know not the protective influence of the trees into whose midst they violently thrust themselves. An awakening of this timeless racial soul will soon alert those hardy folk of threats from without and motivate them to erupt in a counter-thrust of unstoppable fury.

### **Town and country...and city**

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These three topoi (grk. ‘spaces’) represent three irreconcilable and oppositional enclaves of human existence. They are distinct and have no gradation of being such that one merges into another and still remains what it is – placing box stores in towns is an attempt to globalize the local, to metropolitanize the parochial and thereby to blur the lines of distinction between Otherwise organically distinct realms whose borders are delimited through their functions which are themselves derivative of organic relations between a specific natural environment and the population that has entered into it and/or is born into it. The two are reciprocally conditioning and conditioned, dialectically interwoven, where the population modifies its environment and is modified in turn thereby forming new organic bonds that qualify and determine the nature of the topos (grk. ‘space’). Thus to introduce box stores into a town and to monopolize business thereby is to attempt to recreate an organically developed environment and subordinate it to an overarching schema of urbanization/globalization where standardization is imposed

upon the organically developed diversity of natural life and perverted into a universalistic singularity of cultural vacuity diremption from life. This as one example of the archontic order perverting the natural order for the subordinates of all natural life to artificial reconstruction along soviet lines. Thus towns – if not within the crosshairs of archontic destruction – are marked for ‘collectivization’ along with these blueprints drafted by soviet social planners in mega city think tanks segregated from real life and imposed upon the population to the detriment of organic development. Artificially accelerating the development of populations for their own standardization as a product to be subjected to exchange based relations within the system of ‘socioeconomics’, aka scientific socialism of the comintern variety, the only difference being preservation of an easily controllable market economy and thus slavery behind the mask of ‘free choice; between Pepsi and coca cola. Thereby through this ulterior motive of freedom the real freedom of self-determination is usurped and supplanted with centralized negative freedom, the complete limitation of choice. Work and earn money to choose Pepsi or coca cola – or die. Thus to live there is no choice as the greater might of the archons has subverted the right to self-determination of the populations formerly still independent of the metropolitan gulags. Every box store planted in the Garden of Eden is a Trojan horse pregnant with satanic legions, ready to disgorge its chaos upon the field of Elysium.

### **Heresy: Now and Then** \_\_\_\_\_ :

What was previously heretical and revolutionary is now the norm. Therefore, modern heresy is anti-modernism, i.e. traditionalism. The new inquisition is the politically correct liberal who enforces the bigoted dogma of ‘everything is permitted’ so long as it maximizes pleasure and minimizes pain for the greatest possible number [of elites clandestinely]. Heresy now consists in rediscovery of tradition which exist for a higher purpose than sensationalism and one thus firmly rooted in eternity. That which is transient, borne of chaos, (Leftism or Bolshevism or Luciferianism) is the inherent instability of a system of ideology which necessarily decays from within through its own design flaws and weaknesses which exist solely through deviation from tradition which is that unio mystica of man and nature/cosmos that overarches the developing consciousness of fallible man – the proven ‘straight and narrow’ path in opposition to the broad and winding of the left hand. Thus order rectifies chaos as chaos is simply a disturbance in the plastic mediator which elicits that response ordine geometrico. Thus modern heresy is an ordering of disorder through adherence to /attunement with the harmony of existence. Thus it flies in the face of the sacred cows of modernity: race mixing and sex perversions and the denial of proper relations between self, group and Other. The dynamic motor force that is life, the struggle for and as existence necessitates preservation through maintaining the organic being that differentiates those beings which create the dynamic tension through which their existence is assured. The credo of modernity is ‘equality’ which elicits a pleasant sensation in the ignorant and indoctrinated proselytes of modernity if flaunted and violently it needs must be opposed and annihilated through counter-force, through ‘taking a stand’ through harboring inner strength and maintaining and enduring through the storm of the culture chaos. Standing firm against this onslaught of chaotic forces is a necessary condition of carrying forward the battle to the enemy and preserving the promethean flame against the downpour through igniting its divine spark with the tinder and friction of the gears of one’s energy body/spirit. From thence (inner being), the outer manifests socio-politically apropos the spiritual awakening. One becomes a heretic in a real sense by embracing God and eschewing dark forces rendered popular by neon lights and enticing siren calls of jungle drums in the dark of chaotic night. The light of day dawns and piercing the darkness illumines true wisdom. This is encapsulated in the

phrase ‘living in accordance with nature’ - with whose nature, with what nature? – Gnothe Seuton is the answer. Not necessarily becoming Adam in an apple orchard, but embodying the Adamic seed and divine spirit within – radiating outwards.

The sham heretics of modernity who pursue doggedly its curse of perdition towards self- destruction upon the rocks of karma and ignorance of natural law are the hapless victims of the heresies against tradition, who live in willful ignorance yet absurdly wish to live while willing to die through their own inner chaos. Wishing is not willing but impotence of willing, as the vehicle of will is causality and a ‘gnostic’ knowledge of its mechanism the means through which it is manifested. The wish for a life of unbridled pleasure to the point of exhaustion – and per absurdum beyond – is a wish never to be fulfilled. A stern will necessitates a crystalline lucidity of vision, an icy gaze to perceive the truth – and to ‘do with aversion what duty declares’ – however without aversion, without emotion but solely as an automation of reason operating once the edict from above has been issued. Thus the pleasure principle requires transcendence in order to arrive at truth which for many entails a taking of the hand from the cookie jar of pleasure maximization and pain minimization. Sometime one must grasp hot coals in place of cookies in order to transcend the lower states of consciousness to discover his own true nature and to understand the personality for what it is, namely a conglomeration of sense experience stitched together with the needle and thread of reason and imagination creating a tapestry of maya before which to prostrate oneself – gazing into the mirror of the lower ego. Galileo was a heretic because he denied dogma which violated natural law; the man of tradition is a heretic because he affirms it in the face of anti-natural dogmas of modernity. Heresy is supportive of truth when all dogma deviates therefrom and heresy deviates from the dogma. When heresy accords with dogma and dogma violates truth so too does heresy. Heresy in the face of dogma is a manifestation of the strength of will of the individual against the prevailing order (politically); the collective consciousness (socially) and against his worst judgment (when true); against his better judgment (when false). A heretical consciousness is inherently masculine – it disagrees, opposes, combats and seeks to conquer the totem created before its arrival – a duel ensues and the bloodlustful will of the heretic throws itself if needs be on the sword of the opponent – if only to rake at the eyes covered as they are perceived to be with scales of gold or strangle and break the neck with dying breath and draining life’s blood. The martyrdom of the heretic is the death act of conquering oppositional dogma. Only reason as guide strengthens the mettle of the sword of will poised to kill the dragon of dogma. Unreason unleashes a mad assassin whose efficacy in dispatching his opponent is subject more to the play of unconscious forces and situational factors than the Other. Thus the lunatic of a heretic is necessarily ill- equipped for victory. The stronger the dogma, the harder the will and weapons of war must be to attain its defeat.

### **Compus mentus**

psychiatric criteria to determine what is called ‘mental competence’, and its definition.

‘Comprehension of reality based on causality’, having faculties of perception (5th senses) attuned to the objective structure of being, ‘the isness that is’, as well as being able to manifest this comprehension through the faculties through utilization of controllable behavioral responses to stimuli when such control can be established by impartial observers through tests of the functionality of the organs and their control through themselves (ie. autonomic nervous system response/reaction to stimuli, such as reflex responses, pupillary dilation or contraction in response to light, etc.). If the machine is working and operative and the machine operates ‘normally’ in relation to an environment – the person is assumed ‘normal’, ie. compus mentus and therefore liable to punishment given transgression of

imposed rules and their correlative penalty – ‘ignorantiam non est’ – an excuse. Abductive reasoning serves as the basis of this judgment (‘psychiatric assessment’) whereby the observer (psychiatrist) is deemed impartial though this is obviously an absurdity and the question of *compus mentus* should be leveled at the observer. Of course the state of mental competence is based largely on the standards imposed by the society in which this notion is formulated and by the ruling elite who flesh out its skeleton. Reason rules the world and the real is the rational and the rational is the real – to the extent of bourgeois reality which is of course the standard of the ‘reasonable man’ – the be all and end all of a world governed by quantity and abstraction – emanating *ex cathedra* from the accounting house of merchant class quantitative reasoning. The fundamental principles, ie. ‘errors’ of the theories of ‘human nature’ underpin this evaluation of mentality, ie. the pleasure principle a totemic idol of veneration of *homo economicus*, balancing pleasure and pain in the homeostatic economy of Bourgeois conformism – work a period and have a ‘weekend off’, work a period of these periods and have a ‘vacation’, etc. The individual differences existing organically are subordinated to this construct which is constructed by hidden hands for the purpose of creating a self-fulfilling prophecy and reifying the idea of universality of reason the fundamental principle of secular humanism, itself a fictional ideology, a religious philosophy imposing its imperialism upon the disparate masses. Psychiatric assessment is the chain that binds potential dissidents and castrates those whose aggressive rebelliousness threatens the status quo through pharmaceutical/ chemical/ electrical/microwave/ physical restraint or even destruction be it gradual or immediate (lobotomies, executions, surgeries, destruction of proper physiological function via above means). The standard of mental competence weighed down by the anchor of secular humanist limitation denies transcendence of basic drives and reasoning processes which conflict with it and would supersede their leveling function. As a consequence of ‘humanism’ which is itself a mere religious postulate and fictional concept having no relation to parties so assessed all are pulled down to the level of savagery – or nearly so, to the level of bourgeois conformism and purely functional economic unity. Secular humanism is the foundation of both liberal democratic capitalism/quasi-socialism and Bolshevik communism, a *reductio ad absurdum* to the lowest common denominator called ‘human’ and this precept elevated to the status of the absolute. The absolute *de re* and as a consequence – in the case of a natural law jurisprudence – *de jure* must be relativized from this lowly height/depth to form a new absolute – namely the superman which soars above the plebian masses overshadowing them in their darkest ignorance while itself partaking of the sun of mind. The standard of ‘*compus mentus*’ is adequate for the laity but not the priest class whose consciousness is as an eagle in relation to a frog. ‘Super*compus mentus*’ would be the level of superhumanity, its base standard which entails to the extent compatible that Other standard of mere ‘competence; and yet diverges from it expansively and as it were 4-dimensionally in relation to a 3-D materialistic beast consciousness the latter perhaps elevated only slightly from the level of the brute which itself displays signs of reasoning in an elementary form. Beast – man – superman is the evolutionary progression from depth to height. The faculties of the superman would be something along the lines of clairvoyance/audience; psychokinesis, etc. The development of the mind at higher levels in the energy/subtle bodies thereby expanding power would be the condition of superhumanity. Perhaps someday the standard of ‘*compus mentus*’ will cease to exculpate one from legal punishment when the new standard entails the expansive faculties aforementioned and their concomitant influence on ‘humanity’ now ‘superhumanity’. This is progress in a real sense, in terms of objectivity, not the communistic ‘progress’ of social planner utopians who would reduce the current stock of humanity to

stockyard animals – ‘sub-humanity’ to the jungle states of beast consciousness. The former is the evolutionary path; the latter the devolutionary; the former is eugenics, the latter malgenics; the former socialism in the sense of natural law, the latter in violation thereof. Progress or regress, up on the stairway to heaven or down the elevator shaft to hell.

### **Utopian pipe dreams**

quantitative reckoning entailing false axioms serves as the basis of a spread of globalist utopianism where all qualitative differences are negated through the leveling process of the false promises of ‘equality’ dogma. The sacred cow must be slaughtered and the impossible utopia relegated to the dust heap of conceptual blueprints hatched in the minds of foolish dreamers of indolent classes. If no counter-force of reason be had that of passion will supervene and this through riot and chaos of incompatible social forces – different races and classes existing in a struggle of constant tension for power and dominance. Inevitably this is a formula for totalitarian control and was planned that way from the beginning by the Jewish elite. The liberal pipe dreams evaporate in the preparation of their hazy surrealism when the icy draughts of a more cunning reason blows through the hollow of their heads which undoubtedly will be the first to fall into the basket in the midst of a reign of terror-style revolution. Quality will then triumph but of an evil caste which may fall under its own weight subsequently and be replaced by the good caste, i.e. Aryans. These events are almost inevitably to occur in whatever permutation and combination in the near future and the prudent course is survivalism at the most primitive level. Thus and thus only can a flea survive on the back of a mad dog – he must dig in and hold tight while drinking as much blood as he may without detection – or receive the rabid bite of his host. However unheroic the act of riding this beast appears, it is the only heroism available at this time. This of course doesn’t diminish its heroism. One must be an operator, focused on the goal and navigating a course towards this destination point – no doubt, no guilt, no shame or Other suicidal emotionalisms can be admitted in one’s psychic armory. He must be adamant, a vessel suited to war everlasting, a battle ship vehicle of hardest material with sufficient speed and force to strike and avoid enemy assault. Pragmatism in the sense of means-end reasoning, an amorality not immorality when dealing with enemies; pure instrumental reason – the goal being sought to be achieved ‘by all means necessary’, the fourteen words carved from marble and plated with gold flashing in the sun of mind their meaning for eternity as nature’s imperative. “We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.” The utopian pipe dreams of the liberal dreamer will detonate as the pipe bombs they really are. In the aftermath of the conflagration, the fittest will survive. It is contingent upon the prudent to become fit for the society of tomorrow-today! As tomorrow/the future is now! and the wrath of the demigods (demons) is upon the children of light. Fitness means holistic availability/adaptability for survival under prevailing/developing conditions: mind/body/spirit with all in balance developing and augmenting towards apotheosis as a living god. This god will be the scourge of the hellish world crafter by the opposition of sorcerer cabalists. With a bang not a whimper – if need be the world with us.

### **Being and becoming in lived experience**

Immersion in the veil of Maya with its socio-politico- economico-hedonic milieu is the chaos that leads away from objectivity, from the realm of Being, of the eternal, the ‘forms’ of Plato, the ‘universals’ of the medieval, the ‘egregores’ of the occultists. The dynamism that exists as Maya, a rippling pool of actions and reactions of material density ‘visible’ to the 5-senses – existing within the realm of mundane perception – distracts from the fundamental basis and ground upon which it is based and with which it is



interwoven as a lower rate of vibration expressing itself to the consciousness of man in his lower octave as well as to the animal kingdom and perhaps to the plant as well as the mineral. Transcendence is attained through a perception of perception thereby seeing the rose-colored glasses for what they are. Through a separation from the 'given' via perceiving it qua given to the self – in other words to become aware of one's specific type of awareness to understand through reason and intuition (especially the latter) the causal mechanisms of perception itself. This of course involves one in an endless cyclicism of condition and conditioned of mediation on the given via oneself as mediation even as one attempts to understand oneself in himself which entails understanding himself qua relative and absolute being. Absolutism is the absolutism of relativity, things perpetually in a state of becoming. Thus being is becoming only qualified as a more static, self-sustaining being and this at different levels and in different respects, e.g. the body of a person being subject to endless influence, processes of generation and corruption from the ultimate atomic level to the organic and systemic all an interplay of reciprocally conditioning and influential forces. The Being of the body derives its form from more – relatively – permanent forms in the aether (as is everything) which themselves are modified by their relations through their essence as ripples on the pool of being. Thus no one can peep behind the veil of Maya and attain godhood in the sense of merging with the 'one' save as a finite being united the lower self with the higher self, creating a telegraphic connection to the 'one'. The effect of this is simply that 'the self' which one is thereby in an attunement with Kosmos and has attained perfection of themselves 'as they are' which process is a dynamic and unceasing one to the extent that one exists at all in that form which latter is again subject to – as a part of – 'becoming' or 'maya'. Thus to know oneself is to become a god through knowing one's true self, ie. becoming acquainted with oneself in himself which implies the ensemble of relations which impinge upon one and thereby to posit himself as existing as a dynamic system governed by the organizing principle of God- consciousness. Thus one recognizes the connectivity of life mediated through the self as knower of the known – always from that finite perspective that is himself, that conscious being quantum-entangled with a more materially dense component of his being and its transient and finite mechanism of perception and faculties from the most immaterial and highest frequency to the most material and lowest frequency of vibration.

**The children of light vs. the children of darkness :**

Adherents of order and adherents of disorder; those whose spiritual constitution is in resonance with Cosmos and those conflictual therewith. Cosmos vs. chaos on the material plane manifested and embodied in legions of 'like' beings operating in accordance with their essence – 'existing their essence'; invariably and predictably such that no peace save through death can be brought upon the earth. No Satan is transformed into a Christ through psycho-social mean of pseudo-sophisticated 'conversations' of the psychologists and social workers. Only death in the physical brings redemption to those beings bathed in the blood and gore of the sinner. There death augurs peace, their life the perpetual conflict leading to the ultimate end game of their own self-destruction as they live only to destroy – such is the nature of a child of darkness. Though a child of light lives in harmony with the sum total, this necessitates the destruction of those beings who are of darkness, as to destroy destroyers is to negate the negation and to manifest true love is to recognize necessity – order – and thereby to subjugate disorder, if need be at the point of a sword. The flaming sword of Krist is not merely the inner light and utilization of willpower but is even that crude and cruel steel which strikes at the black heart of chaos and its earthly representatives the children of darkness who could never tolerate the light of Cosmos to shine forth with its radiance upon the earth transforming the hell of technological artifice

into the paradise of nature, harmony, and beauty, The earth-rapists and the destroyers of the good destroy themselves through striking at the pillars upon which they would erect their temples of gold. Samson and Lucifer would wrench the swords from the kristed knights and slay them on the alter of their hubris but in the midst of the shaking the foundation of the temple they invoke the hand of Cosmos, falling upon their own swords through the influence of providence, going into the holiest of holies with their bloated entrails and blood of infection vampirized from the victims of their sacrifice, brutal lust for power. Thus in the end chaos is annihilated through its own inner structure and ceases to wreak its havoc through existing in contravention of Cosmic/Natural law, of the order of the universe. The disruption of this harmony conduces to greater self-knowledge by contrast through this acceleration of evolution comes at the prices of those causal agents who instigate this same chaos. All are sinners but it is the will towards chaos or order which determines guilt or innocence of punitive repercussions. The violators of the law impale themselves upon the very sword they would intend to subjugate their foe with. In creating strife they are put to order through annihilation. Thus the word to the wise is to ‘do no harm’ in the sense of least harm not no harm as to avoid harming he who harms is to grant permission to continue to harm – to cease to care about injury is itself to perpetrate an injury. Thus good and evil exist in the form of order and chaos and those who have allied themselves with either carve out their own destiny. Alternatively to do good is the imperative of those who harbor within themselves an orderly constitution, are the light-bearers of the true, not the false, light and are thereby children of God (Cosmos). The error often made by those who aspire to this state borne as it is of their own ignorance is that to please Others is the good whereas to simply do what accords with the greatest harmony (not necessarily for the greatest number but simply for the greatest) is what is good. Hence the multifarious examples of ‘do-gooders’ and ‘busy-bodies’ who poke their noses into the business of Others and disturb the organic relations existent between beings Otherwise in a state of harmony even if it be tribal war and colonialist imperialism. For not all are equal and giving to Others who have no capacity to use or any will to develop these gifts is to waste resources and incubate cancer cells within the host body. Far from being harmonious this is in fact the converse and leads to sufficient chaos to precipitate order through the self and Other destruction of those living weeds watered by the blood and brow sweat of superior types who are themselves subjected to extreme mind control and black magic mental influence by the children of darkness, have brought about their own destruction or at least purgatory for their sins of watering the poison weeds in the garden of Eden. Thus many delicate flowers must be choked out by the burgeoning weeds before they choke themselves out. Such is the debt of karma the ‘do-gooder’ imposes upon them. Thereby they cease to exist in sympathetic resonance with the whole – the sum total – and fall into sin borne of their own ignorance, apathy, and weak will. The true child of light must be a green thumb in the Garden of Eden, and though this thumb may be speckled with its own blood as it rips from the soil the choking weeds it nevertheless springs eternal and cultivates this earthly vale of tears into a paradise of refulgent glory.

### **Ethnic cleansing**

Eugenics or malgenics; separation or mongrelization; survival or extinction – these are the options that confront the white race at this epoch in history. Supremacy or extinction. In order to achieve the 14 words and the former trio of states/triadic condition, viz. ‘Eugenics – separation – survival’ the mind pollution must be flushed from the white masses’ mind overloaded as it has become with conceptual detritus. The masses media beacon of ignorance and false light must be subverted and/or supplanted with

the true light of objectivity enabling the mentally dulled to shine forth their latent brilliance amidst the ever encroaching dark age into which we careen. Exposure is the solution to expulsion where parasites are concerned and failure to expose is failure to expel. Shine the spotlight of truth upon the Jewish influence and this parasite will dry up like a leech starved of the life's blood of its host. Eugenics is the goal but its a necessary, though not sufficient, condition is survival. Survival as a means towards this end is itself a sub-goal whose enabling condition is the possession of exclusive territory, i.e. 'separation' from others. This is achieved through awakening the consciousness of people but only after enough chaos is created to dispel the myth of the mythmakers and fable fabricators in the masses' media that 'all are one'. Riots and race-related crime against whites awakens the dulled consciousness of whites as to the reality and its conflictual nature with the mediatized false reality they have come to intellectually understand as objective fact, or at least an idol before which they unthinkingly bow, that of 'equality' in spite of the obvious divergence from truth it entails and will always entail. Perhaps a more well-trained cadre of elites will be the ultimate solution to the Jewish problem and the masses will simply be the 'docile bodies' they have been conditioned to be through Pavlovian techniques going along for whatever ride the driver of the ship of state takes them on. From thence, amidst the storm of conflagration between rival groups, will inevitably occur the separation of the wheat from the tares amongst those whites with somewhat of a healthy consciousness – the remainder will be burned up with the tares as having severed their ties to their roots of ancestry. This process of winnowing out the worthless elements will only serve to strengthen the castes of remnants thereby facilitating and enabling the ultimate purpose and ongoing dynamic process of eugenics, motor of evolution towards higher states of being and consciousness.

Necessarily the 'lord will sort them out' for when the artificial, anti-natural system falls under its own weight then only the fittest will continue on and those overly sensitive souls who embrace the suicidal religion of Liberal-Christianity [universalism] will perish from the earth, through their own vice of undermining the value of their own kind and amplifying falsely that of the naturally inferior types.

Separation thus is both means and end of eugenic development, both conditioned and condition, and mongrelization the inevitable abortion of nature. The end result of which is a reduction to a state of Barbarism and the collapse of human civilization simply through incompatibility of soul types, of behavioral tendencies as the manifestation of biology, of the breed. An autocracy of blood will – inevitably as a dictate of nature, a biological imperative – replace that of money and the green currency that flows through the convolutions of the brain will be replaced with that of the red currency of vital being and becoming.

To whatever extent society ceases to remain 'society' in the conventional sense and degrades to barbarism there will still be those who have the strength to soldier on and build a new order from the ashes of the old. Eugenics is evolution inherent in race and the seed planted within this furrow, which develops itself out of itself through itself and for itself. Malgenics is the infertile barren furrow in which the stones of the worthless are cast rendering the cultivation of the soil impossible as damaging to the machinery of the life cycle.

The winnowing out process that will inevitably ensue is the process of ethnic cleansing that is required to purge the waste matter from the host body. In a Darwinian vein this process is nature's mode of maintain itself to facilitate evolution. Of course this exoterically but the exoteric dimension is implicit in this 'Nature' [Cosmos] wherein beings 'select' certain behaviors and traits to facilitate their evolution as means to ends, since evolve they must, they either 'select' the necessary condition of life or cease to

live. To seek to maintain one as a self without development – generation or corruption – is an impossible dream or nightmare as the case may be as inertia is impossible amidst the dynamism of life and entropy is an iron maiden rite into which one seals himself through failure to act/develop. New information is needed as the condition of knowledge and novel energies are required as a support of processes of growth and decay – growth of essential components conducive to life, decay of the inessential. Such it is on the cellular, atomic, systemic or societal levels of existence. Everything seeks to maintain itself in ceaseless struggle with that relatively external to itself that seeks the same end.

Thus ends are mutually compatible and conflictual in endlessly specific and general forms which are all modified by the varying strengths and weaknesses of oppositional and sympathetic forces, both in terms of resonance and as causal agents of states of affairs in a multiverse (Being) which impinges upon the beings within and as it in infinite ways.

Thus ethnic cleansing is simply the upsurge of nature against those who do not pull their own weight atop a weaker force to be overcome by the stronger. At all times and in all ways the creed of Iron sounds its battle cry for the war everlasting. ‘All life is struggle’.

### **What Constitutes Fitness** \_\_\_\_\_ :

for a means to be a means it is so in relation to a goal which latter governs its meaning, determines it as a means. So too in the case of fitness, viability for life this goal (life/survival) is structured by the means to life, ie. a person in an environment. Adaptation is fitness, the suitability for life in a given environment, the means of the person being possessed to enable survival/life in that environment.

To function in the marble halls of palatial suites as a courtier requires adaptability unsuited to the mountain man of the Alps – and vice versa. Neither has any moral superiority simply a matter of difference. Is the courtier superior to the mountaineer? With respect to his being a courtier can be the only answer. The courtier favors himself qua courtier, the mountaineer qua mountaineer and no comparison may be had save in relation to arbitrary standards imposed from without which bears no relationship to fitness to the end or purpose of either. The courtiers standards are his own and are held in contempt by the mountaineer and so too vice versa.

However much of a modicum of respect is passed between the two. The standard of the courtier is that of reason and intuitive comprehension of the subtleties of human interaction, their verbalization governed by tact and mores. Thus it is a higher standard – relative to these attributes and qualities. The standard of the mountaineer is that of rugged endurance, attunement with the elements and keen perception and knowledge of weather and seasonal changes, of animal behavior, etc. His standard is higher – in that environment. If relocated to the city he brings with him these faculties acutely developed in the countryside and may bring them to bear upon the situations of the urban environment which spring forth. Though his rough and unpolished behavior would undoubtedly lead to exclusion from the subtle innuendo and unctuous grace of the urbanite denizens with whom he may chance to encounter his heightened sensibilities serve to augment the environment into which he is thrown. This of course is like looking at a teeming multitude of sensa with a telescope or having a hearing aid amplifying its tempestuous noise. All senses are augmented and amplified and this renders the mountaineer inept in functioning in an environment attunement to the subtleties of which are a distraction from the narrow and intense focus necessary to function in that environment. Thus unless he be resident in that environment for a prolonged period and his keen peasant senses are dulled by the chaos he will never attain the coarseness of sensibility necessary to exist amidst the welter of sensationalism that bombards

the senses. Thus he will not be fit and will fail to adapt to that 'hyper' environment in a peaceable mountain expanse is a welcome relief as the environment he is fitted to.

The courtier, when left stranded as a Robinson Crusoe, inept in fitness to function in a natural environment must sharpen his senses perhaps destroyed through enervation in city life or be the feast of the fauna and find himself fitted to nature as waste matter decaying in the ground as opposed to functioning within the natural surroundings as an adept mountain man. To be a mountain climber and climb that lofty summit requires the sinews of iron a mountain man has developed and to attain this state one must have the base level capacity to endure the necessary hardships. These weakened beings from the urban sprawl of pestilential chaos called urban environments are seldom adapted to the hard struggle of the mountains. Those of the mountains are hard-pressed to polish their coarseness to the requisite extent to function in the city. However the difference lies in this and gives the laurel wreath to the victor: that one is more a matter of biology the Other of artifice; one of genetics indelible and inseparable, the Other of environment which most any can undergo.

Given the heightened sensibility of the country man he is in fact more suited and adapted to intellectual pursuits than the sense-dulled city man who can function well in an environment given his conditioning but the base lead he has to work with can't but change into an alloyed gold amalgam, whereas the country man attains pure gold through this alchemical process.

### **Racial typology**

Ethos and Ethnos correlated strictly within a tightly fitting constellation of data points. These types fall into a trichotomy itself hierarchically structured: Negro, Mongol, and Aryan – in ascending order of importance from depth to height. Important in terms of being a suitable vehicle of the soul immersed in the soil of materiality – the greatest faculties displayed by the pinnacle of this hierarchical pyramid of type, the least at the bottom with the most numerous in population and inversely, piteous as that may be.

First in the hierarchy occupying the bottom rung is the negro, only slightly removed from the beast of the fields in its barbarity and carnality – perhaps exceeding the latter in its boundless excess and immersion in coarse materialism itself displayed through gaudy ornamentation and the kaleidoscope of colors that fascinates the basest of senses in a hodgepodge of irrational amalgamation, a veritable tumult of visual abomination. The rites and rituals of the 'religion' (if such it may be called) of the negro give further testament to its baseness – pure lower egoic striving and personal enrichment to the extent of torture and cannibalism of its own family members to augment its own energy body through vampirism, etc., the consumption of living tissue; the most rudimentary form of magical thinking being the act of consumption of the desired object, sympathetic magic in its lowest vibration/octave.

The crafty negro though achieving no great degree of consciousness or mental ability that could remotely approximate the Other groups manifests this egoic tendency through his mendacity, utter disregard whether his claims be true or false. In short he is a cunning liar whose notion of moral decency consists of personal profit to the exclusion of all other considerations for the welfare or interest of others. Add to this verbal mode of dishonesty the vice of theft borne of his own acquisitive greed (all lower egoic traits) and the crafty liar becomes a cunning thief whose suspected discovery is combated through all manner of verbal legerdemain.

The childishness of the Negro manifests itself in behavior adequately circumscribed by the phrase 'violence is the answer' through which vehicle his selfish will seeks actualization. The veritable path of

violence he carves out in his ill-thought out meanderings – especially gravitating towards the whites as an iron filing to a magnet – seeking to slake his selfish lust on the resources of the white man – gives soundest proof that his actions are little more than the reactions of a puppet on the strings of Maya’s veil before which he gapes in wonderment at the unintelligible ripples of sensation amidst the winds of time. The sheer multitude of his kind is the most concrete proof of his deviant lust and, though a ‘natural man’, is in reality a suicide as he exceeds his grasp in overpopulating his territory leading to his own starvation and inter-tribal warfare. Thus he is nature’s least favorite in the struggle for existence, least equipped save to utilize his sly temperament to extract resources from his betters, the only one of whom would permit a more comfortable life being the overly-tolerant white man about whom more later.

The mongol is another of this trichotomy which stands apart from the other two completely distinct types. Though in no way at the same level of the Aryan in terms of creative ability and intuitive understanding, he is the middle path between the extremes of type – the second-prize recipient in the racial Olympiad. His mundane and largely materialistic consciousness is oriented towards competition and accumulation of earthly goods, achieving an earthly despotism he would style a paradise but which is more of an ant hill prison of domesticity than a kingdom of heaven upon earth. His virtue is mediocrity, the status quo of the aura mediocritus amidst material comfort – conformism towards convention, prostration before the idol of contentment and ease and imposing with a subtle tyranny this standard upon all of his fellow ants in the ant hill. Thus communism is the perfect politico-religious philosophy of the oriental, a tribally based society with a despot at its head who issues commands as if he were the emperor of heaven amidst his yellow multitudes who slavishly bow to his dictates.

The image of the convenience store or laundry owner best caricatures the oriental type whose daily grind constitutes the rites and rituals of his utilitarian religiosity. The lack of motor force which characterizes the oriental relegates him to second place in the hierarchy of society, far beneath the Aryan and his heroic exertion. Languid and pacific he lives in a state of self-satisfied ease in between prolonged bouts of mediocre drudgery. His saving grace is that he outstrips the bronze-medaled (the Negro) by infinite stretches and serves as the reliable working class maintaining the order created by the Aryan. However, given his despotic nature (suitable for convenience stores and restaurant management) his infiltration into the political realm poses a danger of the usurpation of the Aryan’s pride of place as the zenith of humanity and recipient of the gold medal in the Olympiad. Thus to counter the despotism of the yellow man that of the Aryan must supervene and keep the former in check, content with its mediocre fate, else the world will plunge into the crude materiality of an oriental satrap with the daily routine being the only horizon of experience possessed by the ants in the ant hill who view the world from frog perspective and fail in comprehending the noble vision of the Aryan Eagle. To place a frog in an eagle’s nest simply makes the frog see the nest as the sum total of reality failing to perceive the peaks and valleys of the mountain. The Aryan man stands above all given his creative drive and depth of imagination that exceeds all of those who occupy the lower levels on the totem of the racial hierarchy.

### **A failed appreciation**

Those who have failed to appreciate the ancestral culture that remains latent in their veins live a life divorced from their true self, in inauthenticity, adrift without bearings or purpose and thereby are not able to attain a higher consciousness or evolve themselves out of themselves. Evolution of the soul is stultified when knowledge thereof is an absence. Failing to appreciate that which constitutes the basis – through generations of ancestors – of one’s own genetic identity (a ‘living tradition’) necessarily

relegates one to a life of ignorance and blind groping towards ill-defined and transient goals, living without a purpose in the midst of distractions which divert the attention necessary to appreciate one's own being as a dynamic amalgam of generations, the roots of the tree from which nourishment is drawn.

Though this failure of appreciation one stricken at the root of his own existence of a state of – perhaps blissful - ignorance in his failure to appreciate his place in the line of generations.

### **Sin expiation** :

contrast natural morality, that of survival and will to power, of preservation of oneself and the extended family into which one belongs, e.g. race or tribe with the anti-natural morality of the morally defective or morally insane – at least relative to the morality of nature – at one point called Christianity, at another liberalism. The gulf between the two is inseparable: nature vs. anti-nature and nature beyond 3- D material density as well, as at all levels and in all forms beings seek to preserve their own kind and to increase. The maxim 'all life is struggle' is the negation of 'peace on earth and good will towards all'. The implied insanity of lived conditions as the extreme consequence of anti-nature morality is borne witness to in liberal- democratic and Christian theocratic societies which exhale the stale breath of the whited sepulchers from which they issue. All claims to life are merely the impossible assertion of life under conditions of morbidity, of failure to manifest and/or muster the strength necessary for the bellum omnium contra omnes – perhaps born of a will inherent in a feeble vehicle (body) itself as of a feeble etheric double and so on upwards to the weak points in the armor of god which fails to protect itself at this weak point of its defenses – against itself. And through penetration of its stronger forces at such a point at the expense of the defective who is sacrificed on the altar of the stronger force to strengthen the whole. Failure to sacrifice is a sin against god– failure to muster enough strength to fulfill the mandates of nature, Cosmos, god – call it what you will – is a development of weakness which leads to a destabilization of order necessitating a rectification resulting in the extermination of the weak link for the sake of the preservation of the whole, melted down and incorporated as an alloy into the links already forged. Sin expiation comes de natura in the form of excreting the waste matter of life through destruction and assimilation into higher forms which are necessarily stronger forms. To deliberately reduce one's power at the expense of another without at the same time deriving a greater power in some preferable forma sign of decadent weakness which brands one unfit for the continuance of their existence. If a lion voluntarily declaws itself and defangs its proper relationship to the lamb, lying down with it in offer of peace and conciliation, the lamb will simply rend the lion and/or overbreed its own kind lacking its natural predator who would keep its numbers in check through loss via predation. It will then starve its own kind through overpopulation and lack of resources. Hence peace is death and life is struggle. If the lion is forcibly declawed and defanged by social engineers ('zookeepers') and forced into the same pen with the lambs it will inevitably seek to consume the lambs through other means in spite of the cattle prods and behavioral conditioning it is subjected to. All the while the lambs will put forth a defense and seek to increase their own kind at its expense, uniting for an attack against their opponent which is an opposing force whose strength (tooth and claw) has merely been reduced through artificial means by the zookeepers whose perverted sense of 'fairness' has perverted the natural order and hamstrung the existence of one while facilitating beyond sustainable conditions that of the other. Thus their anti- nature zoo (called 'society') as doomed to fall apart as the laws of nature – that of the strong prevailing over the weak – have not been factored in to their social engineering which latter process is itself (by virtue of being artificial) anti-nature. The lions must be lions, the lambs lambs, and 'the lord will sort them out' after and in the midst of the conflagration that is existence. Should the social planners

continue their perversion of nature they will either have cages and pens overrun with weak and starving lambs or a weak, starved or dead lion – or they will be mauled by the lion if it should discover the means to its liberation from their anti-nature prison. Its greater force would then facilitate its existence in opposition to that of its keepers should they be so foolish – yet consistent in their anti-nature belief in ‘peace’ and pacifism – to lay down their cattle prods and tranquilizer darts. A lion tamer can only tame lions through greater force.

The subtle power of mind-manipulation, that which masquerades as non-violence while violating the will and liberty of others, that is so appropriate a weapon in the arsenal of anti-naturalists (liberals/Christians) that most effective in taming lions. Catching flies with honey is better than a swatter (which inevitably must come) but does not come without the sacrifice of the honey. Thus the concessions made in liberal-democratic/Judeo-Christian societies to the savages and Bolshevik undermen who it ponders to as a means of affixing slave collars about their necks so they might till the fields to fatten the bellies of the stronger force. Catching flies with fecal matter (the undesirable waste of superfluity of secrets which has no cost) is perhaps a better means. Hence the apparent value of money and the apparent desirability of useless fashions and mind control devices which artfully mask the poisoned canker worm in the apple of desire – fecal matter, when made to appear as jam, catches flies without cost and thereby more efficiently enslave the fact of property tax and earning one’s keep when before the land was simply occupied and tilled in self-sufficient communities defended by the sword, is a prime example of the substitution of jam for fecal matter as an incentive to catch flies who then eagerly drone so as to occupy their cells which they have come to understand through mind control to be their own and the tangible marker of status they have been entrained to desire from birth. Nature dictates that the greater power will triumph over the lesser and power is simply greater force, more integral organization of compatible forces (made compatible through the strength necessary to integrate them). Thus all is fair in love and war and nature’s morality is the negation of the anti-natural, and would be warranted ‘non-moral’ in relation to the morality of anti-nature as its anti-thesis. To live against nature is to precipitate one’s death by degrees depending on conditions. Conflict between thought and objective reality, the conditions faced by one as he is not as he appears to himself or Others to be, precipitates the chaos through which per causality order subjects the form to nature as nature to attempt to leap out of the chain of causality is to bruise one’s wrists and ankles o the manacles of leaden necessity – to do violence to oneself and live inauthentically. Authentic life implies integrity – of self and its myriad modalities and in its myriad relations themselves constructive of identity. Living harmoniously, one manifests his destiny and increases in power, living against nature is inharmonic/discord, with nature is harmony. If the lion is to live at all it must as a lion not as a lamb and vice versa. The same principle holds in the human, mineral, vegetable and divine kingdoms also.

To manifest one’s destiny as oneself it requires existing one’s essence and thus implies integrity. This also implies as a necessary condition self-understanding and understanding of the world in which one lives. This truth and ‘justice’ (judging things through reason as they are and not as one would have them be) are the modes of mind and body in evolutionary process towards the increase and unfolding of the being who one is. Declawing the lion simply makes it a defective beast doomed to death. For a lion this is bad, for the zookeeper good, for business perhaps, and for the sheep a boon, if only for a generation before the death of its own kind is brought about through its own essence as a feeder and propagator.



The rod of god is the barrel of a gun: the power to coerce obedience through whatever intermediary means is always reduced to the implements of destruction or harm, of forces that move the Other to a state of subjugation, i.e. reducing the power of the Other to a subordinate level. Persuasion merely masks coercion which underlies human motivation overcome only by the law of attraction wherein persuasion would be a greater force when manifested in the form. Persuasion to do that which one would over is subtle coercion and to pursue the desirable is simply revealing to the Other an apparent good attainable only through the act of conceding power. The appearance of good is sufficient and may mask the poison inherent in the apple. The act of masking is effective when greater knowledge of the Other's mind and knowledge set is possessed; when their mind is unknown the probability of deception is reduced by circumstances and the astute judge brings to bear the requisite knowledge set applied to these circumstances inferring the unknown from the known. Thus the unknown is not concealed with whatever probability of error.

Deception is successful once the mind of the Other is known and the thing to be concealed (end goal or subsidiary goal in a chain of causality) is concealed through red herrings and omission. Nevertheless the carrot, however green and poisoned, is sufficient means to motivate the mule to pull the cart though failure of receptivity (often given a lower level of consciousness of the being in question) to the desired object proffered necessitates the stick being brought to bear. Desire and aversion are the two handles, the two horns by which the bull may be grasped and led to the slaughter if such be the goal of the rancher/bull fighter. Justice in the world of reason and the lower ego is simply power and might being right the will of the strong vanquishes or enslaves the weak. Given that all beings seek power and to increase their personal power and that of those related to them on a proportional basis the further the Other is from one in intimacy of relations the less power they would seek to accrue by their own efforts and have redound upon the Other and vice versa. Victory and defeat are a matter of relative strengths and weaknesses specific and quantitative/qualitative – strength of character and will - can be superseded by strength of barriers and numbers when the situation is not a matter of character or will alone. David with the slingshot may have the skill and the will to subdue Goliath but with the armor of god Goliath withstands the slings and arrows of the lowly plebeian and finds himself uncontested in his hegemony over a land of milk and honey, though the latter be mixed with blood. The right of a higher morality at this level and in this plane of existence applies only amongst those willing to forsake their mortal coil; those bound within its iron embrace must adopt the law of iron and blood, deviation from which portends the unwanted flight from the material plane which is their every desire.

### **Reason vs. passion**

perhaps a life of pure reason would be superior to that of an impassioned life wherein nothing but emotional states and a rudimentary reasoning faculty existed, the latter simply as a mechanical motor for the attainment of the former? Perhaps a complete detachment from emotion and a pure mechanical life of rational automation – pure intellection – would be preferable. Reason dealing with causality and means to ends with itself posited as end?

Obviously this would be an absurdity even if from a purely logical standpoint as rationality has as its end knowledge which is only aimed at and supported through process of reason but is not reason itself. Knowledge/mind and mentation in this sense is barren without the emotional/sensational component inextricably bound up therewith.

Knowledge is incorporation of sense experience into the mind which is rationally arranged and processed to amount to acceptance of the given of experience – mediated through this means – called

truth, the purpose of which is the ground upon which decisions are made and actions based for the purpose of the attainment of non-rational purposes even if through reason (and desirably so). The goal posited rationally is that consistent with the furtherance of the evolution of the being positing this goal which is not reason but that which augments strength and develops the being in its will to power limited only by the sum total of all oppositional forces which impinge thereon and which guide and influence its evolution. Thus reason and passion are mutually self-supportive not as means in relation to ends but as divergent and complementary facultative expressions of their bearer/creator. Divergent insofar as they entail modes of existence (in mente) which posit them as oppositional forces – one motivating one to act the Other to forebear from action, one directing the Other acting without deliberation in accordance with a mental blueprint or construct; one reactive and immediate the Other reflective and mediated.

Simply different faculties finding their localization in different regions of the brain and whatever are of the subtle bodies, the occult anatomy of greater vibrational dimensions. Thus the old dichotomy of reason and passion is true only in terms of degree of activation of those faculties which are not oppositional completely but only in quanta based upon their qualitative nature which is the existence/manifestation of their expense which is divergent analogously to the distribution of blood in the body. Working both oppositional and complementarily these two faculties are two only in the pragmatic sense of human understanding, conventional conceptualizations which serve the ends posited by reason but are themselves imagined objects which at best poorly approximate the multi-dimensional reality ignored both by the abstractions of philosophy qua concepts and those of science qua materialistically based concepts. Both see through only a miniscule window into reality which exceeds both severally and jointly.

#### **Allopathic genocide = eugenics via cacogenics** :

Negation of the negation – does it affirm the affirmative in consequence? To clear away the waste material of a diseased body is to bring it into a state of health through this negative process. With room to develop itself – in a literal sense of ‘room’- space-being made through purgation of waste, the body is enabled to recuperate from the disease and homeostatically rectify itself. This alchemical process of negation as a basis for affirmation is perhaps the nature of allopathic medicine as applied to ‘socionics’ the new term for eugenics and social engineering.

As applied to the body itself this alchemy works in emergency cases wherein the degree of waste contamination has reached the tipping point and beyond of self-rectification alone. Herein allopathic treatment is valid. When tumors have exceeded the body’s own restorative ability the cutting, burning and poisoning techniques are valuable tools in both the doctors and social engineers bag of tricks. The outcome will be more benevolent than malevolent – assuming it is desired that the patient be allowed and desired to live. If not fostering the charge of the doctor’s tender loving care would be a social evil and herein – perhaps – doctors and social engineers are working at cross purposes. Should it be decided by the doctor that beneficial treatment (not theoretically alone but defacto) be given and the patient be a juke instead of a Jefferson the social planner would look upon the doctor as more of a criminal than that an upright pillar of the community. In practice and behind the façade of benevolence, the gears of cold reason turn and the utilitarian calculus of gain and loss, cost and benefit is worked upon the abacus of social engineering hand in glove between doctors, themselves social engineers, and social engineers themselves doctors of the body politic. Thus in this degenerate age brought about deliberately and with

malice – or at the very least ill-intent however noble the motive aforethought is the architecture of waste disposal that the allopathic medical system serves as the facilitator of a system apparently benevolent to the individual and actually to the host body in many respects and when properly applied in all respects under a regime controlled by the proper benevolent social architects of society.

Thus in this instance cacogenics begets eugenics whereas in the misguided attempts of indiscriminate charity and humanitarianism intended eugenics gives birth to the abortion of cacogenics which latter must be aborted in the allopathic system in every sense: mind, body and spirit. Thus the system serves as a harvester of waste matter and clears the diseases of the host body away eugenically and cacogenically preparing the lead of devolved humanity for the transmutation into the gold of superhumanity by way of the hammer (discipline, education, training) and sickle (aborticide, famine, poison) of social architecture. Herein lies the redemption of allopathy.

### **Moths to the flame** :

The false light attracts the unwary and the unprepared, enticing them with its mesmeric glow, distorting their proper perception and leading them to their death through consumption in the flames which held their feeble will captive. Such is the technology of the social planners as they light their fires to attract the moths of the populous who are then led down the road to perdition - enticement as a means of entrapment. The image of the beast projects its false light into their consciousness distorting their understanding of reality and supplanting it with a virtual surrealism, a mayic veil through which real life is occulted. Illusion is the screen behind which the wizards of Zion hide and plot their evil caparisoned in the cloth of good – rainbow fabrics of divergent many colors which appear at one point under one set of conditions as one thing, at another - another, always refracting reality through its discord of vibrations – not a harmonious mono – but a polychrome chimerical reality. The plenitude of the colors forbids identification and thus camouflaged, they, behind their concealing robes, may play the role appropriate for the fulfillment of their purposes. The garments of deception being woven of many colored thread serve to reveal the false or simulated image and conceal the true. Distortion of sensory reality is the key with which the gates of perception are locked and bar entry of the earnest seeker after truth. Such cloth has always been the stock and trade of Jewish merchants who are the arch chameleons, like their father, the Devil, trafficking in the contraband of lies and half-truths which are their weapons of war.

The idiot phone and the Talmud-vision have been the greatest tools of deception since the theatre and press which gave way popularity through its greater efficacy of mind control via its pervasiveness and cost-effectiveness, its more hypnotic character through its flicker rate and the broadcasting of fictional and exaggerative sensory amalgams of sound, vision, and even vibration which are the modes of manifestation of this false light. The extrapolation and logical extension of these technologies is the internet of things where the objective reality is further subjected to virtualization for the purpose of distortion and substitution of reality with fantasy for the purpose of these black magicians of creating a new reality by dissolving the old through their technological artifice. Thus true believers in lies convert those lies into social and metaphysical fact, wearing through their conscious processes and concomitant acts and omissions, a new world order where their place is in the pits and gulags with ever-decreasing freedom of thought and action harnessed to the electromagnetic and virtual chains which manipulate their movements through the subtle causality of occult forces the effective basis of which is ignorance, though not that alone but the impingement of these forces upon the docile bodies of the hypnotized, those rendered mentally lethargic through gazing into the false light and physically debilitated through

this and more coarse processes such as chemtrails, GMOs, radiation, chemicals, etc. Thus as moths to the flame the hapless masses are burnt in sacrifice to Kronos and further the alchemy of the sorcerer class.

### **Doomed races**

Given the obvious trajectory of society, trending towards a technocratic society of super-advanced beings necessarily accoutered with the faculties correspondent with this level of advancement (rational, mental, moral and creative) it follows from these premises that only certain of the races of this terrestrial globe – should it be left standing – would be permitted to continue to populate it with their kind, to be the recipient of the nobility-born of survivability within the framework of a socially engineered sustainability. Clearly a brief analysis of the characteristics of the races determines suitability and unsuitability, ie. who is to live (wertes leben) and who shall die (unwertes leben).

The Aryan being the creative genius and consciously superior being endowed with the lion's share of empathy and Other – regarding altruism would clearly be at the forefront of such a civilization should the conflagration necessary to bring it about fulfill its purpose and not reduce society to a decayed and devolved one. It would clearly constitute the leadership as the motive force by which such a technocracy would be maintained and established. The Mongol of course, given the aptitude for imitation possessed by his kind would nicely fill in the cracks of the architecture if the society would incorporate compliant subordinates of Other racial stock. Thus they also are fit. The negro and brown races (excluding of course the half-Aryan Indians and some of the more hybridized Arabs) would almost certainly fail to adapt to the necessary extent as too mentally enfeebled and defective, governed as they are by the basic instincts and reactive mind. These latter categories would constitute (and even should such a technocratic society fail of realization still would almost certainly constitute) the damned and doomed races whose worthiness of life would be nullified through their being too great a problem, a weak link in the chain of ancestry assuming this society were modeled to incorporate a mixed group instead of a mono-ethnic population.

Given that such a motley assortment would be as thorns in the sides or weevils in the biscuit they would almost certainly be destroyed. Their only redeeming function would be to be relegated to the tasks of beasts of the fields, the so-called 'dog work' or perhaps to be spliced with beasts or technological apparatus or used for human experimentation. However undesirable such a fate would be in the minds of the emotionally inclined masses the inexorable logic of nature and its necessity would be the separation of the wheat from the chaff for the achievement of the purposes necessitating a certain kind of fitness, which is both specific and artificial. It being artificial conflicts with nature and fitness thereto would almost inevitably occur bringing about need to adapt to these changes, etc. Given the adaptability of the whites they would – in spite of numbers – almost certainly become victorious so far as their excessive egotism and internal contentiousness could be diminished through conscious adherence to the principles of this hypothetical society. Even if such a super-advanced society did not obtain even in savage barbarity the whites would win out as they have throughout history.

### **Shelob**

Tolkien's caricature of women per se or female psychology, perhaps also the dark side of the sacred feminine. Regardless of what dimension this character effects (perhaps all) it is an apt characterization of all three which of course are all one in different dimensions. The ancient and eternal presence of this spider – this creature who lives in the darkness and is the bearer of occult knowledge undiminished in

its brilliance by the false light of the 5 senses, is receptive not projective; is hidden, concealed in a lair of its making which it controls and to which ingress and egress is restricted by its choice and decision unless penetrated with force – which itself initiates a reaction of she who is possessed of the greater advantage by virtue of her acquaintance with the darkness which they would invade her lair or to bypass it to the exit are unacquainted with through their reliance upon the 5 sense reality they have been conditioned to immerse themselves in. The cunning and artful traps laid for those who are sought only for their life's blood (vital essence) are further manifestations of her feminine nature turned towards the furtherance of her survival and increase of power ruthlessly and at the expense of her captives.

Operating in the instinctive mind oriented towards the acquisition of power upon which she insatiably feeds, all invitees drawn by her animal magnetism find themselves relinquishing their willpower and allowing themselves to be anesthetized by her subtle poison. Hypnotized thusly they lose their faculty of reason and are subdued as opponents converted into doting self-sacrificers who live merely to serve as energetic batteries conferring the life force upon the insatiable Shelob. Her artifices consist in weaving webs and carving out labyrinthine passageways in the subterranean regions of 'middle earth'/midgarth/earth/material plane and waiting receptively for more. Such is the modus vivendi of the female and her behavior orients itself around and derives itself from these instinctive drives which are eternal to the extent she is eternal. No speech is had between her and her captors as her communication is of a more rudimentary nature having no need of refinement as so much in the way of superfluity relative to her goals. Simple enticement and hypnotism from which all else follows as a vampiric process of invagination, the absorption of energy from the mindless subject who has automatically given over his will to his host as the ultimate sacrifice of his being. In order to receive he must give, unless he might stealthily through reason penetrate into her lair and impale her with the glowing 'sting' sword that represents his higher consciousness overcoming the baser instinctive drives. If he does not want the presumed object of desire - ie. has overcome desire through reason – he is not spellbound by her hypnotic magnetism as this holds no fascination for him. Thus, though Shelob is eternal she may be overcome given sufficient willpower.

### **Bodybuilding = narcissistic psy-op** \_\_\_\_\_ :

The founders of this aberration of nature are the inevitable Jews who have yet again created a phenomenon, the basis and motivation of which – though secret – is the defilement of the gentiles and especially their physical culture which was a eugenics technology of the self and a boon to society. This is another instance of normative inversion wherein nature is perverted into anti-nature in a Luciferic manner with the end result of doing harm to those they wish to reduce or eliminate in power and existence. Gazing into the mirror of narcissistic vanity instead of developing real strength and speed towards goals that run against the plans of the cabal, thereby reducing its power and control over the resources of the earth. Thus in self-obsessive egotism the Other of society and one's extended self – race – is neglected and thereby the watchmen on the wall in dereliction of duty pursue their own selfish worship making false idols of their own finite existence in place of playing their natural role as a protector/defender against threats external to the group. This was the Trojan horse method the Jews used to bring an army into garrison – another appearance to mask the sinister takeover behind that of health and beauty with these formerly natural standards twisted and distorted into perversions of their former selves, where strength becomes apparent strength based upon size and natural proportions become a caricature of the natural frame of the male archetype. The furtherance and spread of this apparent

masculinization but in reality e-masculinization through the feminization of the masculine by subordinating the power of the man into a fetish object and vanity mirror – its spread into the realm of the feminine enabled the introduction of masculinization in the realm of the feminine. This in tandem with feminism facilitated the inversion of sexual roles masculinizing the female and androgenizing and solipsizing the sexes so that confusion is introduced leading to the reduction in the formation of normal relations and the decline of the birth rate thus granting more power to the Jews. The traditional role of the female as nurturer is thereby misdirected towards vanity and nurture of the self a deviation from the natural towards the unnatural world, just as the men are distracted from their natural roles as protectors and towards the protection of their ‘image’ or the realization of their idealized self - modeled falsely and materialistically on the archetypes put forth in bodybuilding magazines and professional athletes themselves embodiments of the archetype of vanity. Bodybuilding functioned as the thin end of the wedge used to strike against the roots of the tree of the white race. It was designed as a cultural weapon to subvert that blossoming culture which was beginning to flower after the long night of Christ-insanity mind poison and the weeds of anti-nature were planted into this Garden of Eden transforming it into a veritable hell on earth. In addition to this the excesses of bodybuilding as a lifestyle are projected on the victim who receives the blame as the scapegoat upon whom is placed the sins of the Jewish villains who have created this lifestyle archetype in the first place and imposed it upon these whose destruction they sought, as one of the many subtle strategies of genocide they celebrate their dark rituals in the ‘Synagogue of Satan’.

### **Die at the right time \_\_\_\_\_ :**

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Seneca’s advice – why linger in this world of strife and chaos when the mission is accomplished and no Other or better exists? At such a time it is time to say goodbye to life as all that was necessary to do has been done or rendered impossible of attainment. Thus the Dharma/purpose of life is subverted through internal or external factors or both. The difficulty of understanding which time is appropriate at which to make an exit from the stage of life is bound up with the problematic nature of self-understanding which is its basis and solution. If one doesn’t understand himself he can’t understand what purpose he has as a Self and when it is fulfilled and whether there exists another purpose or purposes to necessitate his presence in the flesh.

To exceed, as Seneca said, the limits of life, to linger on the earth incarnate is a show of bad manners, an insult to the Self and eo ipso to God as his purposes are perverted through the insistence in remaining where one no longer needs to be or is needed to be. This amounts to a transgression of the Divine, an attempt – impossible – to throw a monkey wrench into the divine machinery in hopes of gratifying the lower ego and immersing oneself in deviant projects contrary to the will of providence. Knowing oneself through reflection and contemplation, from thence and to thence, is knowing and reflecting upon the surroundings that encompass one. Through this means a self-knowledge is attained and the mission allotted oneself in life.

The miser on his deathbed raking over the accounts to quench his insatiable thirst for power, for that one last act or control over Others, is the very image of the refusal to answer the tolling knell of Kronos, the croaking of the raven and to offer oneself up to the buzzards in the fields to serve their purposes and thereby the Divine. Life support systems which needlessly augment the vain pleasure pursuit of the foolish; the artificial hearts and surgeries which amplify for another fleeting moment the interminable lust of lecherous and debased curs, crawling in the gutters of the red light district to imbibe the

putrescent perfume of stale alcohol and excreta, titillating their palates with the liquid poisons and dainties of the flop houses – such means – anti-natural and against the supreme command of nature that only the fit are permitted survival – are another testament to the violation of one’s mission on earth – having violated nature to the point and threshold of death – but being wrenched back through technological contrivance into the promise land of milk and honey – and yet substituting for this same milk and honey that of the fleshpots of Egypt only to be brought again back to the threshold only closer and closer by inches unto death and irretrievable purgatory.

Thus one must learn the self-discipline necessary to transform oneself into a man of iron will to avoid the siren calls of desire which thwart one from the path towards the Absolute. The seven deadly sins and their contraries must be emblazoned on one’s conscious mind not carved out in the habitual grooves the wayward tread along their path to perdition.

### **Doper**

Claims made of heightened spirituality, of breaking the mold of the human condition, dissolving the auric envelope which imprisons one in matter and the lower consciousness. All such claims clearly are baseless as the development of the mind isn’t reliant on quick fixes or external stimulants whose coarse matter simply deteriorates the more subtle energies which it also has this effect on the crystallized energy that is the material body. The particles of burning material which are called ‘smoke’ simply embed themselves in the tissues and irritate them being mucogenic as well as carcinogenic through depletion of the tissues and cells of oxygen.

Since it is oxygen which clears the tissues and enables the purification of the material vehicle it is this gas which facilitates the development of higher consciousness through elimination of waste material (burning it up) and the improvement of cellular function. The purification of the material vehicle spiritualizes it and develops the more subtle bodies and their correlative faculties as well as strengthening their relationship to the material body making of the latter a more useable vehicle as a springboard to the divine. The above claims to spirituality by the false claimant dopers are a result more of brain damage and internal pollution creating a mental lethargy mistaken for a broadening of consciousness. Such a diminution of thought power can only bode ill for the aspirant towards godhood; no god but a demon would debase themselves out of auspicious claims to attaining broad mindedness which is merely a cover for their own hedonism and lethargy, their lack of willpower and reliance on external crutches to prop up their weakened constitution further leading it into a downward spiraling effect into imbecility. Thus the doper is properly spoken of as a ‘dope’ – hence the origin of the name thus lending proof of its causal relationship – that dopers are inevitably dopes though one need not be a dope in order to be a doper, at least initially; however one will become one given sufficient doping. Man is the sum total of his acts and names are given to things which are conveyed by their descriptive meaning content – a doper by any Other name with will so weak becomes who they are: a dope. Drunkard: The claims of the drunkard mirror those of the doper in that alcohol is asserted to be a relaxant which helps to calm the nerves, etc. The reality of course is that consciousness is simply deadened and the nerve tissue destroyed through enervation via the poison that is alcohol which corrodes at a material and ethereal level all cells and tissues of the bodies both coarse and finer varieties (material and etheric bodies, etc.).

The drunkard claims to be merely availing himself of the social lubricant that increases his ready wit and enables him to more appealingly express his otherwise repressive mind and its inhibitions. It is

liberal liquor which releases the charming inner personality from the chains of social restriction and prohibition. The reality of course is that far from the charming prince of society the monster of the bottomless barrel is released to wreak havoc upon those of finer sensibilities and greater strength of will. Inhibition is laid aside and what to the drunkard appears to be a gregarious and pleasant personality is revealed in its true light as the deviant and criminal who lurks within the closet of the shadow self, finally unleashed unto the world of society unfettered of its former restraints.

The charm of the uninhibited is inversely proportionate to the decency of the person which is inversely proportionate to the degree of habitual drunkenness. Thus the claim that not all drunks are evil is a myth as drunkenness itself is an evil and those habituated to this state have not developed a sufficiently strong will to put down the bottle and expiate their sins for the degradation of their person both socially and in every Other form (spiritually, physically, etc.). The false association between freedom from inhibition and restraint and the Good is best seen in the case of the drunkard who is inherently criminal as violating the harmony of existence and is thus a transgressor of the kingdom of god/nature both against himself as himself and as a member of society as well as the members of society and society itself – in the former case a self-destroyer as above mentioned, in the second in terms of reputation in the third as a bad influence and in the latter as a stroke against the root of the genetic tree, as in the first and second cases. His only redeeming value is to be upheld as an example of vice and castigated on this basis, to be displayed in the stocks and seen in his true light as a corruptor of youth, etc. Of course counseling and rectification is important also but the deeper seeded the vice the less productive such redemption would be in terms of social economics and resource distribution or even the energetic economy of a spouse or family unit, etc.

As with the doper the subtle bodies are destroyed so the claims bade by many drunkards that the inhabitation of spirits renders them more spiritual are obvious falsehoods given the consequences which inevitably arise. The social cacogeneticist understands the malignancy of alcohol in genetic damage and create the appearance of this false association between self-pollution on the one hand and social validation and approbation on the Other. Through use of media mind control their chattels (animate tools, 'goyim') flock like moths to the flame to partake of the 'succulent poisons' the protocols of Zion spoke of – and burn up their life force in a holocaust of slow death, to the profit of their controllers both monetarily and protocol-wise, facilitating the agenda of societal degradation and leveling to the lowest common denominator of Bolshevized slaves. The societal evils wrought by the drunkard in terms of crime, violence, abuse, unproductivity, dysfunctionality of the family unit, etc. are legion and the popping of a cap on a liquor bottle is the opening of a Pandora's box of vice. The streets run with the noxious effluent of the alcoholic whose copious imbibition result in the physiological emission of the pent up dam of poison brewing within his degrading form to flood Mr. Rogers' neighborhood with the shower of fools' gold the inebriate creates as an inversion of god-like creative will – instead satanic witless bestiality, a subversion of the will towards addiction and its discontents.

### **Thugs**

In an age of Barbarism wherein the strongest alone survive the might of the strongest vanquishes the weakness of relatively weaker in proportion to their relative degree of strength. Strength across all lines determines the victor and the situation determines the form of strength necessary for victory – arming, subtlety, physical force, all are merely tools in the arsenal of the bellum omnium contra omnes. Things rule in a society in which the civility of manners is overturned by the club of iron, where the quality and



quantity of the contestants establishes the conditions of the conflict in the arena of environment – in the case of numerical majorities, they may be of a low quality and yet be fittest to overcome those qualitatively superior in terms of mind and creative ingenuity but who are ill-suited to brute force; or those of great physical stamina and strength but simply overcome by the number of foes of smaller stature quick to fade in strength. This circumstance is what has plagued the whites throughout history and the noose by which they were hung: by myriads of savages who were impossible as a counterforce to their initial press. Given the advanced technology of today if it were not for the greater cunning and alien mindset (apparently improperly understood by white populous and leadership) of the Jews these multitudes of colored filth would have been wiped from the earth as so much fecal matter. However the mental pollution of Christ-insanity and its later metamorphosis Libtardism has contaminated the healthy instincts of whites and led them to the slaughter. The tyranny of the majority under these conditions of mind control operates – at least until the bare comforts of the whites are reduced sufficiently to elicit a reaction – effectively in suppressing white reaction without the brutality of force but once the hypocrisy of democracy finally reveals its ugliness through the obvious unrepresentative nature of popular opinion and the media’s representations of ‘fact’ are conflictual with the facts known through personal experience, the white populous will then be kept down through the force of revolution against themselves portrayed as ‘Satan’ or ‘bogey’ who is the ultimate evil, and those teeming ignorant multitudes greedy for the resources of whites will descend to their instinctive level of savagery and facilitate the race war planned by the Jews.

All parties to the conflagration will then be reduced to the level of mere things wherein the victory will go to those most adept in warfare which will inevitably be the whites, in spite of whatever advantage their opponents are given through control of the state apparatus and UN troops to suppress dissent against the J.O.G.

The prudent path is the martial at this time in history. One must become war to fight in the war everlasting. Even should – impossibly – the hot war of race not come about a simple reduction of resources will necessitate this mindset of competition and dominance and the avoidance of the counter-thrust of Others as a means to continue life which has become (if ever it were not) a war everlasting. Thus the thus life is the life of the future and a refined life of gentile sensibilities is a recipe for extinction. Well-forged swords are required whose temper must be stronger than that of that of the competition. When one confronts thugs he must become a thug.

All rules and claims to their being such – marquis of Queensbury style – are off the table and a ruthless game of zero-sum is played. Development of the self as a war machine is clearly indicated – mind, body and spirit. All the training in the world won’t suffice to prepare one for the onslaught of contingency and pervasive enemies who beset one on all sides. Not self-control alone but other controls are necessary developmental stratagems to muster the latent forces necessary for the tactical pandemonium.

Codes of ethics are only intra-specific, holding within groups adhering to these same whereas for others they are inadmissible, irrelevant and self-defeating. The enemy is such by virtue of their violation of ethical codes therefore the codes have no applicability to enemies. For one to demonstrate friendship he must not violate the codes without the correlative punishment, for contrivable transgression he becomes an enemy and all claims to universal brotherhood are ultra vires. All is fair in war and self-censorship and inhibition of action – as well as refraining from actions positive of one’s own survival are a self-destructive suicidal strategy leading towards granting victory to the enemy and concessions of defeat.

The situation determines how action shall be carried out – with the overarching strategy of survival governing action, pursuit and forbearance.

The mentality of the thug is oppression. Oppression of the will of the Other, its subversion, a move in the game of warfare whose microcosm in the world of games is chess. One is his own mastermind whose life force is his king, the checkmate of which is death. Thus he must be on guard against even the smallest pawns as they have the power to end the game. In the real world assassination of kings comes through useful pawns of rivals and microbial disease vectors can lay low on the host body. Thus defense is as necessary as offence and the best defense is an appropriate and relevant offence, meaning once specifically targeting anticipated threats prior to occurrence and mobilizing the requisite forces necessary for their subjugation. This is an infinitely tactical matter both in terms of time and circumstances.

There are degrees of enemies and degrees of friends such that one may metamorphose into another under different conditions to the detriment of survival. Thus all are possible enemies and even possible friends – under certain conditions. Knowledge of human nature, motivation and behavior under certain cultural regimes and environmental conditions is imperative in allying the ever present threat of threat itself. This is not a matter of fear-based paranoia but simply paranoia directed towards unknown trajectories, oriented towards gathering knowledge as yet another tool in the arsenal of the bellum omnium contra omnes.

Today's thug must be elevated to a higher octave of thuggishness, modeled more along the lines of the mafia than the crips or bloods – but circumstances are the final arbiter of the form of action and the thug of today must be a chameleon if he should attain his position to continue his thug life tomorrow.

### **The liberal dodo** :

The now extinct species of bird called the dodo has become exemplary of natural selection – and omission or exclusion. It is proverbial as that species which just 'couldn't make it' couldn't adapt and function in the environment that it found itself in given changes it had imposed from without. Racially in terms of human races, the dodo bird of the human race was the Australian Aborigine once thus long suffering atavism of primitive man was met with the more active and energetic (as well as creative) white man. The Redskin of the Americas is another example of great efficiency in adaptation to an environment absent of the civilization building white man who then rates the less able opponent and finds himself selected by Mother Nature afforded the golden wreath of survival. This gold has somehow, through ignorance or pride, led to the fall of the white man in all territories he has created into thriving civilizations from primitivism. Perhaps, unawares, his gold wreath was substituted for fool's gold which has now become tarnished in the absence of proper care. The thief and usurper Jew who has achieved this sly legerdemain has donned the golden crown and mounted the podium eager for the applause of the ignorant masses that have been cast into serfdom from their pious state of free- spirited pioneering adventuring over the whole earth and all of the hardships this entails. The softening of a society lacking external threats has cast the white man down a tier in the Olympic hierarchy of racial supremacy over the globe and its resources. His claims to legislate morality and bestow his virtuous culture are now no longer taken seriously – with respect, but instead with disrespectful

condescension – as no longer inspiring the fear of brutal consequence for its transgression and failure to adapt. He has become liberalized, a decadent creature lacking the hardships of the early pioneers and colonialists of the past. Now tougher, harder if more stupid and barbarous creatures contend for the right to wear the golden wreath of Nature and would crown themselves victors over the earth, forming united blocks against the white power of the world and precipitating a new dark age of war everlasting. The liberal of today has fallen out of favor with Mother Nature and she callously casts this previously uncontested hero into the ring to give battle to the death that the fittest (not necessarily the brightest or most creative) may maintain their proper place upon the summit of humanity.

The liberal is the dodo bird socialized under the self-imposed and voluntarily adopted regime of decadent anti-natural mores = equality, maximize pleasure, minimize pain. This formula of happiness is milk for babes that weakens and leaves ill-suited to the fight for existence which is always struggle, not compromise, concession and agreements. The ‘Declaration of independence’ and treaties with rival powers are under a liberal regime merely hypocrisy when might is on the side of those espousing liberal values as a wolf in sheep’s clothing or a pathetic act of cowardice and infantilism if sincere.

Mother Nature tolerates no transgressors of the law of the survival of the fittest and transgressors always end up weaker than they were when adhering to it. Over time if continually transgressing and refusing to obey the dictates issued by Nature the reward is the punishment of extinction. Like the dodo, the liberal, accustomed to life under conditions of a lawful white society, has become maladapted to those imposed and created through influx of foreign invaders of more barbarous, cruel and cunning stock. His values were born of a period of ease and lack of challenge along natural lines and thus he has forgotten the necessary conditions of existence, namely that nature’s law is tooth and claw and that to trim one’s nails and file one’s teeth is to render impotent the beast within, which must needs to be strengthened through immersion in combat. Hence the white man, through liberalization, endangers his own existence through converting himself into the tame dodo whose comfortable life left him ill- equipped to survive the capacity of those human hunters who arrived in his territory. Nature would have it be so no weak ill-adapted creatures need survive – no right to life is granted any, no one owes anyone else – only the will to power or striving of the being in evolving itself out of itself against all opposition merits the golden wreath of Gaia who has always favored the warrior.

The Jewish tried to conquer the white society for himself has led him through his adaptive means of cunning to outwit the more powerful Aryan, to develop the mind poison of Christ-insanity to soften up and exert a weakening influence upon the white populous thereby more effectively neutralizing their counter-force through non-physical means, the realm in which he is least suited to conquer given congenital diseases and concomitant weakness which plagues his physical body and soul which would otherwise be swiftly conquered by the Aryan.

This mind pollution, like all microbes has pleomorphic tendencies in the internal environment of the host body (white society) and thus has metamorphosed into various sects and eventually discharged its Christian trappings (white still being Christian) and become liberalism, the secular universalist humanitarianism that exists today as the soporific of the Aryan will to power. Thus like dodos the Aryans smile happily into the glaring eyes of aggressive foreigners whose more barbarous temperament was forged in the fires of combat as well as in more primitive metal (genes).

If the white race wishes to avoid extinction like the dodo, they must erase the smiling visage of liberal-Christianity from their consciousness and understand/create themselves anew through adherence to the iron logic of necessity implicit in the commands of Nature: ‘all life is struggle, peace is death’; ‘morality is survival, immorality extinction’. Should you wish to survive, you must become fit. The environment determines the form of fitness necessary always governed by the god of the healthy conscious: survive!, the biological imperative.

### **MRC :**

Genetic roulette reminiscent of Russian roulette – the player is doomed to suffer the ill consequences of his actions as a violation of nature does not go unpunished and combining the uncombinable genes of different races as an ‘MRC’ or mixed race couple yields the degenerate product of that union, a being (child) playing host to incompatible souls with conflictual energetic signatures that render their host a deviant of nature a sickly degenerate, a domination that leaves desolate both houses of his lineage being sterile and incapable of continuance in nature without defects manifesting themselves in behavior. The fact that their union leaves its tangible form (the child) bereft of a determinant identity and creates an inner chaos which is this war of dysynchronous energetic signatures/souls that manifest themselves in behavioral chaos – as without so without – further underscores the evils of such a union. Lacking an identity around which to orient oneself creates an instability and retarded development of mind– ripe for the social engineers to upload their blueprint into the hardware of consciousness – the brain. Throughout one’s existence as a product of the MRC, it is a fair presumption that such a one would look upon themselves as an aleatory, ‘floating signifier’ concretized in the flesh, incarnate.

Finding a proper path on the basis of this form that one is would be impossible, as well as it being impossible to understand who one is as spirit and matter are one and the ‘one’ who one is the indeterminate unknown quantity that cannot know itself and thus has no self- concept/no self at all. Existing in a world where others exist as determinate ‘Others’ with certain generalizable traits and attributes would lead to exclusion from society.

The social planners – of course – have the solution: that it is to make everyone a creature of chaos, embodiment of conflict, an aberration of nature. This is propounded as the solution to the problems besetting the defective – normalization of defectives and abnormalizing of those historically and naturally viewed and understood as normal. Normative inversion for the purpose of creating massive chaos and thereby to augment one’s own power is the underlying purpose of these architects of chaos. Thus the MRC is compliant in the spread of social disorder and deviance (from nature) and is thus itself a manifestation of anti-natural chaos, luciferian perversion through normative (natural) inversion. The plans of the engineers of the social have established a world situation through which this MRC phenomenon is inevitable given the blending of different kinds which is not entirely a result of proximity so much as proximity is a necessary condition of the taking effect of the mind control (‘education’/‘indoctrination’) necessary to invest the natural along anti-natural lines. These new luciferian norms would never have become popular if the mental influence of the social planners had not been exerted from the beginning given the obvious differences that obtain between kinds.

If humanity is a concept and a reality (word and object) encompassing all of those kinds now referred to as human, clearly the word humanity lacks the necessary substance to make it a norm around which to base one’s existence and for which to strive or uphold as a lofty purpose or goal. This because the

obvious differences render a functional society impossible wherein all kinds are mixed and mingled together in a structurally weak amalgam that will necessarily – given their incompatibility – fall apart as lacking all organic integrity. From a more microcosmic perspective this same fragmentation process occurs within the being that is the offspring of the MRC, the mongrelized byproduct of their evil union, evil because anti-natural. The mongrels’ myriad conflictual elements are a powder keg of malgenics which necessarily explodes in a chaos of behavior both within (psychologically) and without (in terms of social interaction). Thus such a being is a born criminal, a criminal against nature, a minion of Lucifer who must needs carry out his chaos as a natural manifestation of his inner being.

The selfishness of the MRC clouds their better judgment as it is not mind control alone which creates unions borne of lust and hedonism. From this base motivation the base is borne – an unplanned debauchery conceiving a debauchee of the next generation. In the case of planned parenthood under this principle of anti-nature the deleterious influence of mind control has taken effect to the extent of clouding the better judgment but the seed of destruction has been sown in the minds of the MRC. Typically lust and/or lack of reason serve as the basis of this diabolic contract which would occur only in the most deviant and defective types in an ethnically-oriented, naturally-based society. This selfishness is the governing principle of motivation for the members of the MRC who fail to adhere to nature’s laws and are derelict in their duty thereto in failing to understand the ill-consequence of their actions which attain tangible form in their bastard offspring and the inevitable criminality (against nature) they represent and perpetrate.

That dysfunctionality of the MRC is an amalgam comprised of incompatible elements manifesting in parental abandonment of the mongrel offspring, itself bespeaks the anti-natural nature of the MRC/mongrel complex as the members (‘parents’) are naturally repulsed and their mongrel as the tangible product of their union being inherently repulsive to all parties no matter how mind-controlled and deviant they may be. The consequences of ignoring nature’s laws are extinction ultimately or self-harm to Others via transgression (failed adherence to nature).

Divorce rates, spousal abuse, parental abandonment, criminality in the offspring, in general a union forged in the bowels of the abyss brought forth into the light of day represented as gold but really fool’s gold, radiating a false light blinding the naïve and foolish who have no moral compass as born into a society which has inverted the natural order and which never bestowed upon its members (deliberately negligent and misrepresentative) a proper understanding of the self and its place and role in nature.

### **Babylon, mother of harlots** :

Today’s modern woman in her non-careerist aspect consists of what Crowley encapsulated with the phrase in the title above. Lower-minded hedonists they descend to the level of brutality once they exit their ivory tower button pushing job amidst the cubicles and superficial prestige of officialdom glamour. Returning post haste to their overpriced apartments pompously designated ‘condos’ they don their most alluring raiment to flock as a metamorphosed butterfly to the false light of their dens of iniquity, the parlors and speak-easy’s wherein they traffic their wares to imbibe the energies of Others to facilitate their liberal idol worship before the pleasure principle, vampirizing their useful payers (johns) who are then discarded as a husk drained of their vitality – cast off with indifference into the streets as a derelict to wonder in impotence after the petit mort of their alcoholized coupling.

Playing the two-backed beast being the fundamental orientation of the bourgeois bohemian liberal career woman is at this point in history an exercise of power and self-indulgent pleasure which further enables

her to genuflect before the mirror of her vanity and invert the roles of the sexes, playing her assigned role wittingly or unwittingly in the luciferian society reveling amidst the chaos where the ripple effect is transmuted by and transmutes her consciousness/self. A transceiver of lower chthonic forces she disports amidst the neon limelight of the alcohol and urine soaked streets tramping around in the darkness like Beelzebub with her cloven hoof/high heels and devilish red dress. Behold Babylon, mother of harlots, she has left her hypocritical capacity as self-important communist apparatchnik and shown herself in true light.

Gender means little aside from personal preference for Babylon as she metamorphoses just as readily into a dapper young man as into that of a pub-crawling floozy and her partners range the gamut of sexual roles a theatre actor would be jealous of. Truly she is a theatre actor/actress schooled in her wiles of appearances – suits and ties imitating the behavior of power men by day and of Alpha-male players by night. Adopting the stereotypes of men and representing them in inverted form is her attempt to accrue power and prestige but is simply a debasement of what redeeming virtue she might otherwise have. Inverting virtue into vice occurs for Babylon in the vacuum created through the weakening of the white male through the tyranny of the J.O.G. Thus the redemption of woman qua woman is subverted into the casting of her into the hellfire of her basest vices, natural proclivities blown out of proportion to their natural configuration.

Thus the Protocols are facilitated and the boundless vanity and egotism of Babylon is unleashed as a plague from the Pandora's box of societal restraint, formerly keeping a lid on the insatiable desire of a creature lacking the self-control and reason to either understand the consequences of her actions or to be able to restrain herself from the lower chthonic vibrations that perpetually manifest from her being and which lead her into temptation. Babylon is a sinner and revels in her sin, expiating her virtue in a satanic inversion of the natural order and function of her being.

The scarlet woman whom Crowley discussed is the vampire who feeds upon the blood of others to engorge itself with their energies. It is the abortion of the natural female proclivity towards the conception of children and their discharge as menstruum – hence the appellation 'scarlet'. Making the choice to reject nature for anti-nature, becoming a hedonistic exhibitionist in place of a nurturing mother figure and loyal wife, is a gesture of luciferian power the modern woman has been entrained to adopt by the social engineers who construct her identity on the basis of a blueprint through rational planning of highly-trained behaviorists cabalistically imposed upon the scarlet woman (formerly woman) as a means of cursing the gentiles.

The above pertains to the social engineering of the natural woman in an anti-natural society, the below to that of the natural man under the same conditions. The cultural phenomenon of bodybuilding as causal agent of body dysmorphia, a means of castrating and subjugating opposition to those social engineers (Jews) and their Protocols of world conquest through shifting the current of masculine energy towards feminine lines from without (against opposition) inwards (towards self-glorification in stereotypical female fashion) transmitting energy towards the impossible realization of anti-natural aesthetic ideals – a deliberate inversion of nature along luciferian lines. From the rugged adventurer of purely outward masculine force – the soldier or sailor or woodsman – towards the spray-on tan and body oil, the flexing and posing in peacock fashion before the mirror of vanity. Feminization of the masculine and masculinization of the feminine for the dismantling of racial strength, a monkey wrench in the gears of racial dynamism and effective function.

Selfishness over Otherness, in both cases, from ‘within [(distorting proper self-understanding and proper relations)] - without’ towards expressions of abnormal behavior through this process rendered normal and the new norm. Lucifer’s normative inversion through his Jewish agents. In both cases the spotlight of glamour entices the moths towards its false light and leads them to incineration and subsequent rising from the ashes as the programmed monarch butterfly they have been transformed into

– a mere appearance of vital substance lacking the strength of their previous moth-like state of greater vitality. The analogy here furthered: tough though unadorned moths, beautiful in their natural grace and more predatory inclinations focusing on providing for the continuance of their kind through distracted by the apparent good, made good in their consciousness through the very radiance of the false light, turning away from their duty to their fellow moths towards this semblance of greater good and thereby becoming the comparatively weaker though apparently more valuable butterfly who is then easily captured, dissected and displayed on the mantelpiece of the Jews’ gallery of bogeys for all different varieties of moths (non-whites) to witness to as the decadent and materialistic object of derision and scorn they have become. From the defense of women as rugged pioneers who care not for life and limb to those whose lives center around the circumference of their limbs the cultural trap set by the Jews takes effect and those natural men of other race poured into society soon are positioned (without similar programming) to conquer the Babylons and make of them slaves.

### **Analysis of the feminist mystique**

The inherent weakness of women leads them to a role of subordination to their stronger partner, man, who overarches them and towards whom they must look for security, protection and leadership. This fact operates well in states of primitive circumstances wherein external threats press from without internal security and threaten the inherently weaker being who would be prey to those threats. Once society attains a state of greater overall leisure and security the weakening of society develops leading to a general weakening of the male component through lack of external threats to the group. Thus decadence ensues and the naturally submissive female – seeking protection and leadership in the male – begins to harbor delusions of grandeur fueled by the propaganda disseminated by the Jewish mind rapists/media moguls. The natural egotism of women in a culture of decadence knows no bounds and when windows of opportunity are opened through which the tantalizing scent of power wafts they flock to the opening and eagerly lap up the dainties that have been placed there by the Jewish elite through the legislative and cultural process of decadence they have created to subvert the gentile establishment. Once external threats recur the reset to default mode will also occur; when scarcity and privation occur in tandem with these threats of overt violence by rival competitors for resources the women will cease to play the role of man (and badly) and the man will cease to play the role of women (and badly). Thus the inverted roles will themselves be inverted. Default mode is the natural order and the anti-natural order may exist only in a society where the press of nature has been subjugated through artificial means, technology, etc. The inherent defects (by virtue of being anti-natural) of technology render them a ticking time bomb whose explosion will be reversion to nature if not a diffusion through synchronization with natural processes. So to in the case of the artificially created sex-gender distinctions the time bomb will explode under the inner workings of nature as no anti-natural/luciferian society can exist without destroying itself.

Feminism being the ideology of artificially inflated female egotism (an innate tendency towards self-preservation and genetic selection of the best mates through female self-inflating of value to increase probability of the excellence of offspring) – it, this ideology, is necessarily doomed to fail as it undermines nature through exceeding the boundaries of natural function and ending up in the realm of impossible possibilities, that of natural inversion/perversion, wherein the female is endowed with male phallicism in her capacity as career woman, as alpha-female and would-be usurper of the alpha male,

himself subject to the perversion of anti-natural feminization adopting the role of the female. Once external threats in conjunction with failing internal security (of resources, of comfort – the necessary conditions of leisure and thereby decadence – the open window of anti-naturalism) occurs, the return/reset to default conditions will occur and the feminine mystique will have the veil removed revealing the perverse visage behind and reconfigure itself into the form of the feminine mystique naturalized.

### **Spy society**

conditioning the populace to serve as an extension of the law rendering it more broad in scope and effective in punishment, in stigmatization of ‘criminals’ as criminals is an easy task through binding prospective conscripts (‘spies’) to the state through conditioning them via mind control in education/media propaganda. The spy (former citizen) augments their self- importance by association with the powers that be and believes in their naïve sincerity that they are the state as opposed to being useful idiots discarded when no longer of use. Thus conscription is undergone as a process through appeal to vanity which anyone naïve enough to believe the state is their friend would have in abundance and gravitate towards that which enables the stroking of the ego. Once the conscript is groomed for the role they are then empowered only to the extent usable by the state and not to that which would threaten the power of the state even to the slightest extent. The distribution of these spies amongst the populous in a publicly broadcast way though clandestinely without anyone knowing who is a spy and who not such that anyone may be one creates a climate of paranoia and suspicion which in turn leads everyone to spy on everyone else and, given the overarching propaganda which filters into the consciousness of the masses, is as if a switch was turned on in their minds mobilizing them to facilitate the creation of the spy society. At every turn, someone is looking/peering into someone else’s last remaining corner of privacy thereby creating the stress of being a target or object of another’s knowledge – a slave of the master that is the Other. This master-slave dialectic serves to create tension in society leading to the inevitable blowup of neurotic and inhibited people who have no longer any ability to keep up the endlessly minute conformism of thought, emotion and action which maintains the order of society. From out of the inevitable instability comes the new order of greater and greater screwing down of the hatches into which the masses are thrown as a giant underground panopticon prison. Soon however the perpetual spying manifests in a spying upon those who have created the problem in the first place when the media map imposed upon the consciousness of the mass mind fails to correspond with the territory that is their daily reality. The underground consciousness bursts forth into the light of day and the populous wakes up. At least this is the utopian dream. The reality is that the simplicity of the masses keeps them trapped within the subterranean regions of the mind and thus as enforcers of tyranny at the lowest level even in spite of the schism between the fantasy of their weltanschauung and the reality of five sense reality. The only way the masses will ever find succor is through those who transcend the mind manipulation through their greater intellect and position in the higher or even within the lowest levels through sabotage, etc. Fueling the climate of paranoia will further increase the pressure of the container which will then blow up in the face of both spies and spy master.

### **The ‘white Satan’**

This caricature created by the Jews is the canker worm in the mental apple of the white race steadily gnawing at the fruit within and excreting a poison throughout – rotting the apple as it were – to extricate this worm before it begins to gnaw to the core the seed of the white race should be the most



fundamental goal in political praxis at this time which is itself a cultural praxis/war against the onslaught of destructive propaganda with the ‘white Satan’ refrain being its essence. The counter essence is not merely a negation of the slanderous claim of ‘white Satan’ as the inner nature of whites but neither the alternative/positive thesis of ‘white angels’ or ‘victims’ – or even anything within this good vs. evil dichotomy based as it is in the Jewish psychology of the lie = vilification, slander, sin expiation, collective guilt and shame, etc. Such thought is a byproduct of Christianity the ultimate Jewish psy-op and its metamorphosed form liberalism. The transcendence of this anti-natural psychopathology is the heroic consciousness – which simply recognizes its nature and that through its purposes and functions, its action which has no part in idle dreaming or escapism, in self-obsessive psychological complexes that constitute the pivot around which consciousness revolves (navel gazing, guilty consciousness, etc.).

This heroic consciousness is a self-awareness of the self as a being wholly dynamic and removed from all static tendencies (lethargy, inertia of being) yet within this dynamism is the degree of concentration, mental power necessary to harness this dynamism and utilize and direct it towards whatever project or mission the situation and the individual conceives. The dynamism is one of conscious control (rational control but also super-rational control through holistic mental power – mental qua subtle body whole being awareness and integrity of the sum of its constituent parts in proper attunement). This conscious control is mustered as a power to direct all subordinate forces towards the goal, the degree to which these forces are mobilized is the degree to which the goal is realized. Distractions and the weakness of a chaos of forces leads to fragmentation and the failed attainment of the goal. To become bogged down in psychopathology, indwelling in states of created mental problems is the mark of those who have not attained a heroic consciousness, the defeat of enemies through incubating internal enmity.

The mind control that is the ideology of Christ insanity and Libtardism is the internal enmity inserted into the mental hardware of the white populous by the external enemy, the Jew. The purpose of this is clearly to create chaotic conditions thereby subverting the enemy. By branding the enemy ‘white devil’ or ‘white Satan’ the Jew thereby attains the two-fold goal of destroying enemy power and utilizing the remaining power as a battery to drain into his power supply through the guilty conscious sin-expiation program the white hardware is operating.

### **Powers and principalities**

‘powers that be’ – the prevailing order through might right is attained in the physical world yet the claim is that the meek and weak shall inherit from these same power’s what they themselves have not attained or created. Perhaps the real meaning is that meekness is resonating harmoniously in thought and action with the sum total whereas powers are simply powers who have managed to attain this status through means not necessarily bound up with this form of resonance – not necessarily and necessarily not as well. Thus powers and principalities might also be weak qua harmonious, ‘peaceful’ as it is called, even whilst they attain power through might. Perhaps might is simply amplified through meekness? Perhaps this meekness is – if honest – merely a harmonious mode of action whereas those who dress in the clothes of sheep to rule over sheep are in reality (in the case of being defacto weak even though wielding strength and power for a vain hour) doomed to be discovered given the meekness and higher awareness of those sheep who have attuned themselves to Being whereas the wolves in sheep’s clothing have merely pulled the wool over the eyes of their charges for that vain hour in which they might preserve power – before the awareness of the sheep detects in their midst a disturbance in the aether so

to speak, in the harmony of life that will inevitably (given sufficient awareness) expose the wolves and pull aside the woolen garment in which they masquerade as fellow comrades while in reality being commissars.

Meekness and weakness are distinct in relation to Being – those who are meek are strong in their humility (their humble state) of recognition of their finitude in relation to the infinite whereas the weak paradoxically are those who in wielding power have become the principalities/oligarchs who rule over their righteous charges (righteous qua attaining the higher in the lower, cultivating the consciousness of Eternity amidst illusion or the transience of becoming).

True strength is unrelated to position which latter is a matter of accident and fortune not attainment – though it may be incidentally and given the proper conditions is a result of strength. Positions are won by strength yet one must be in a position which confers an appropriate degree of strength ab initio in order to attain that position – maintaining it is a result of adaptation to circumstances in the specific ways necessary or perpetuating to the extent the situation will bear those same conditions that support and maintain power. Force alone means nothing save for taking the form of meekness (in the sense and only in the sense of harmonious action not physical weakness or a willingness to desist from exertion). Force may be and often is inappropriate in form such as the strongman who would resist a multitude of foes whose combined strength supersedes his own; though his exertions are heroic they are inherently self-defeating. The strongman who uses his reason to subjugate the assailing horde is the victor through use of his ‘meekness’ if such it may be called – which is simply an awareness of causality and his relative strengths and weakness and the disruption of the sum total for the greater good.

### **Sensationalism**

Those whose modus vivendi is the cultivation of the sense through whatever means, though restricting themselves to this alone, would be best spoken of as sensationalists. Sensation, the impingement upon consciousness of sensory impressions without much degree or extent of corollary thought (cogitation, ratiocination, etc.) is the pivot upon which hinges this mode of consciousness, one based solely in emotion and the limbic consciousness, the

attraction-repulsion trajectory of pain minimization and pleasure maximization. Not able to transcend this base level of consciousness which is little more than a play of forces, a peppering of consciousness with sense and reactive modalities of consciousness as a consequence to be as quickly forgotten once more novel stimuli impinge upon the sounding board of consciousness. Sensationalists seek this stimulation as it is the only way they may feel alive given that they have no mental life and are in fact ‘the dead’ spoken of by the occultists. True life is mental life the life of the senses is merely an opportunity for the cultivation of the higher self and only those strong enough to control themselves vis-à-vis this confrontation with the world of sense may transcend its pull into the miasma of Maya and drown in the sea of appearances.

Those who dwell in the hyperborean regions, the land of eternal ice, may do so only through the radiance of mind which manifests itself through their being, warming them amidst the frozen forms that constitute the furniture of the world, that which exists behind the veil of Maya and is the dwelling place of the smiling goddess wisdom.

The hooting and hollering of the crowd blinds them to the eternal presence and renders them deaf to the voice of the silence, incapable of giving voice to its divinity through more cultivated speech. Rather they

speaking the speech of apes, chained to sense as with a weight of lead. No philosophical gold may be made from the leaden figures that appear so animate in their being, and yet are cadavers having no higher principle to motivate them. The true life is bestowed upon those truly living and they may dwell in relative inertia whilst their active motor principle propels them towards the crystalline forms of the starry firmament.

### **Bird brains** :

The liberal is irrational, like a bird he shifts his attention towards whatever stimulus garners it through the greater force of sensory excitation – greater than the reasoning faculty which he has neglected to cultivate and which would have elevated him out of the avian/animal kingdom into that of the human. Given that the lack of pleasure in the act of self-discipline would be unendurable to the weak-willed liberal this same must necessarily fail in the exercise of faculties the task of which leads to their development. Thus they do not evolve out of beast consciousness but languish in the enervating heat of their own base pursuits. Reason requires a coldness of mind, a removal from the impassioned nature – when one is engaged the Other is disengaged; hence the fruits of labor are manifested in the liberal as opposed to the rational man where, they are as ripe as nourishing crystallized light, in the liberal they are mere pits and stones. Thus the liberal pursues the tantalizing illusions of transient pleasure to the expense of the atrophy of those faculties – cultivated only through discipline borne of hardship and pleasurable only in the hand – which serve to gather the fruits of eternity into the basket of his temporal existence – pecking at the seeds he has failed to plant the liberal has proven himself a birdbrain of the lowest degree as these same seeds merely rot in his gizzard whereas the fruits of the rational eagle are digested and their seeds excreted to generate trees of knowledge from which yet more may be gathered. This Tantalus attains a victory in the case of the vulture liberal, the debased carrion fowl of culture and consciousness whose lazy circlings called ‘work’ and the daily grind simply afford him with the rancidifying meat and offal of long dead carcasses. The eagle that is the rational man rends the sweat meals from his foe’s living being and augments his vital force thereby. As a phoenix he ascends from the state of carnivore to that of inedia – he furnishes himself with his own food which grows perpetually in the Edenic paradise of the mind.

Lack of focus and attention are the death knell of the liberal who lives a death and perishes to revolve in the wheel. The sharp and penetrating focus of the rational man activates the pineal gland and wings him towards the eternal realm through the empowerment of his faculties which are the Bifrost Bridge to Asgard, the stairway to heaven ascending which he escapes the spider’s web of illusion, Maya, the false reality of vain glory and strife which for him exists purely as a testing ground for development of power over himself, integrating his armor and weapons of war for the battle with the apparent black widows and tarantulas which are the figural manifestations of desire and fear with which he must combat to transcend materiality seating himself upon the throne of the civitas Dei, as crowned and conquering child who crowns himself through himself through the conquest of samsaric consciousness.

Mental prisons and critical distance: Lacking critical distance whilst dwelling in the mental prison that is the sum total of sensation and reflection that constitutes the fabric of one’s mind through various classical conditioning procedures. The construction of this mental prison blinds one’s critical faculties for when perceiving the world through the kaleidoscope of this mind control process the reality as viewed by those with dissimilar conditioning is an unknown, something alien and perhaps threatening. The kaleidoscope itself is not perceived given that it is the foundation of perception itself, thus no

critical distance may be had as further this perceptual apparatus (mind control) is not acknowledged or as such or a matter of awareness. Rather it is reality itself. This is the function of mind control: to supplant the real with the fantastic and to subvert reality through this distortion process for the benefit of the mind manipulators in management of human populations.

To break out of this mental prison requires a critical distance in vivo, in one's history as an outsider – he must come from outside the prison, perhaps even physically as a country bumpkin entering the gates of the city and encountering its wholly alien nature – if he be strong enough, if not become corrupted in his being under its influence.

To break out one must be able to recognize that not only is there a prison but that he is inside and capable of separating himself from this, i.e. he must recognize that though it exists separately from himself the separation is not a separation of mutually dependent parts save as an amalgam of fool's gold into which his former lead was transformed from – but that the gold sought must entail the suffering of the transmutative process from lead into real gold. This process requires a development of the self from out of this actor's persona through an iron hard concentration of willpower and its bringing to bear the detachment from previous dependency on the comforting structure of the mind prison.

Critical distance is the stance of separation and is borne from separation. To have the capacity for criticism one cannot simply be distinct but must have an intuitive grasp sufficiently developed to recognize what is an essential feature of this prison and its influence and what is separable therefrom as merely incidental.

Many mistake critical distance for its conventional understanding, namely that of negations and qualifying Other's statements but critical distance is really about perspective – a separation as aforementioned not a process of negation but of positing oneself vis a vis the Other in an understandable topos – vantage point – from which...to comprehend the inside form without.

### **Powers & principalities II**

increase of personal gain and power at the expense (necessarily) of Others as the distribution of power is apportioned on the basis of the internal structure of the sum total of all beings and to accrue to oneself more than his fair share necessarily takes from Others creating vacuums so to speak in the aether which creates chaos and disharmony leading to specific reactions against the cause of that disharmony. Thus only for a hour can the principalities rule as they are not in attunement with being but only create the appearance of sympathetic resonance whilst creating a jarring cacophony on their instruments of war which they have yet to beat into ploughshares and which will inevitably be wrenched from their grasp through the necessary forceful reaction and turned against themselves.

Ploughshares will be forged to furrow the ground for their graves and thus the wolf will have his sheep's clothing shorn by the blade, his blood gathered in the chalice and used to water the tree of life he would have converted into the tree of death. A blood sacrifice of the blood letter is the only solution to the rivers of blood in which he wades.

Thus the meek will inherit the earth through their Dharma, and the powers and principalities through their karma will suffer specific effects of their actions in a rebound effect against themselves. Weakness is the failure to understand the causal relations between one's actions and their after effects, strength the opposite. It is also the motive force necessary to make these effects reified and its proper harnessing and employment is the reasoning faculty's task – strength of the primitive combined with that of the sage

amounts to true strength, whereas strength of either is not sufficient in the material world when physical tasks are necessary. Of course the sage harbors within himself perhaps a greater will than any savage who would be at best conditioned in brutality and violence which would exhaust itself with the exhaustion of the muscular apparatus whereas that of the sage would continue indefinitely even to the extent of the termination of the physical vehicle. Meekness lies in the sage, weakness in the savage. The sage partakes of eternity the savage of illusion, washed away in the river of becoming and returned to the earth as another carbon copy of his tribe. The sage chooses to be here and departs when his mission is accomplished, taking himself with himself and leaving the cast off garments which are merely the borrowed property he used as a vehicle upon the material plane.

The savage fails to overcome the powerful wolves, princes of the world, and finds himself enslaved through lack of wisdom and right action. The sages – always acting in righteousness – conspire to coordinate their right action towards the destruction of that destroying force which constitutes the principalities of the world. Negation of the negation becomes an affirmation of harmony under the aegis of Being through attunement of the finite with the infinite.

### **White wash \_\_\_\_\_ :**

What will it take to initiate the ethnic cleansing required to create a whiter, brighter world? To white wash society and clean away the crud from the white picket fence created by the Aryan race as a protective barrier around their white marble palace? That barrier which has been allowed to fall into ruin through the decadence and effeminacy of material comforts, a failure to test the integrity of those fortifications given the lack of challenges which have been an absence through the established reputation of the white race who again owing to ease amidst affluence have become decadent and thereby tarnished their reputation in the eyes of those once held back from onslaught through the fear induced by their former fury. Now the decaying defenses have enabled the enemy to penetrate within the perimeter and to become further emboldened once they witness the effeminate and cowardly character of those descendants of once vigorous and incontestable ancestors whose might built the marble palaces in which they intoxicate themselves with degenerative poisons. ‘Browning out’ is the decaying process that this situation has amounted to and the white populous has enabled. In order to ‘white wash’ this browned world the harshest of measures are necessary and the greater the chaos the greater the white washing as a reaction – for the comfort and ease of former times will be pulled aside as the ostentatious baubles and golden scales covering once lucid eyes and in the midst of this catastrophe will arise the slumbering giant of Aryan man who will be forced to confront the inevitable disjunctive choice – the road to perdition or that towards paradise, and the form of that choice will be the willingness to fight to the death with survival as the only concern not ‘liberty, equality, fraternity’ or ‘human rights equal for all’, etc. These artificial and anti-natural totems before which decadent Bourgeois liberals with a guilty conscious borne of Christian mind poison prostrate themselves will cease to hold any value save for those of the most spoiled and decadent quality, infected through their undue privilege and life of leisure with a guilt complex and moral imperative for sin expiation as the ‘white devil’ of the realm of Gaia and the ‘indigenous peoples’. Once this privileged few become either less privileged and/or fewer – inevitably – the values of liberty and equality as its means and necessary condition will be wiped away and the law of the strong and the imperative of nature will gain ascendance throwing aside the millstones which hang about the necks of the whites who fail to recognize the beams in the eyes of the Other while carping about the motes in those of their own kind. The white washing of the world will be borne out of iron and blood and the iron laws of necessity will tear down the false idols of anti-natural

decadence the adherents of which will either be the rankest hypocrite serving their natural imperative with whatever degree of success or remain the believers and be washed away with the mud and the blood of the reaper's scythe.

### **The greedy dark hand** :

foreign aid = the gratuity of the master towards the slave as a means of tightening the silken rope around his neck to better manage and control him. When the slave is given greater liberty he recognizes in his leisure and the development conferred upon him by his master that his silken rope may be cut through, that in spite of the pleasures of his gifts upon which his every thought depends he has seeded within him the idea that perhaps he too will be able to become master. Thus he rankles with envy and hatred of the white man, steadily gathering together resources with which to succor himself after his planned coup against the master he has learned to hate. He steadily with guile and cunning whittles away thread by thread the silken cord which binds him, sharpening his sacrifice knife in hopes of being able to plunge it into the heart of his master – to kill the king to become the king, for it was ever in his subconscious that he was born a king if not a god. Such is the nature of his greedy mind that no amount of advantage satisfies, no amount of blood is sufficient to quench his thirst for gain.

Thus even though the master had a willingness to swap places with the savage slave and give his cloak to the savage the master of yesterday under these conditions would find himself in a grave tomorrow not only defrocked but drained of his blood.

The solution to the greedy dark hand may not come only through winding a silk cord around his wrists and restraining him from his excesses – idle hands doing the devil's work – neither the iron manacles perhaps would be sufficient but what would be that threatens to separate the hand, adroit member of guile and legerdemain, from the body which animates it. The Damocles sword in a world gone mad through delusional anti-natural values – liberty, equality, etc. – through a war of all against all. When transgression is the norm the law necessitates iron and blood for its maintenance.

Opportunists vying for power against the Aryan race (Jews) have utilized this situation which they have in large part created through their mind control instigating rebellion through exploiting the greed of the savage races to rile them up against their betters – the source of their own existence and the fact of which they are completely ignorant given their lack of reasoning and willful emotionalism which leads them like mad dogs to leap at the master on the tether upon which they are held by his benevolent white hand. These diabolical sneak thieves – Jews – would exploit this situation to forge new manacles and shackle their charges – muds – to gain a victory over the earth and its resources which they in their materialistic greed covet. The hand which wields the rope and the slaves tied together at the end is not the means through which real power is had rather by the hand itself which can smash the weaker holding the reins of apparent power. Through this means victory is attained.

### **Win by losing** :

This is the fundamental tenet of Christ-insanity, its basis and orientation. To allow Others to gain a victory (which is considered merely apparent by virtue of the 'weakness as virtue' values of Christ-insanity) as a means of ensuring one's own victory, conferring upon the willing loser the crown of thorns while the apparent (according to this stance) victor wears one of gold. All that glitters is the pixie-dust of spiritual magic sprinkled by the divine Shekinah or Mary Magdalene from upon high over the humble pate of the self-sacrificial who bow before the external authority called god as a means of self-empowerment. Thereby they sacrifice themselves to themselves on the altar of their own ego.

Their psychology of ‘winning by losing’ entails within its inner recesses that coiled worm-like guile of the edomite consciousness, one inherently deceptive and underhanded which must avail itself of tricks and traps as a means of defeating enemies and for whom all are enemies who are not themselves lowly and mud bespattered churls, slinking worms who crawl in the excreta of human society and who grow fat upon Caesar through self-starvation – fat with egotistical delight over their cherished virtue which shines the brighter the more tarnished it is made through the slings and arrows of the strong man.

False humility as condition of victory, the words of self-righteousness being a false consciousness. Self-deception as condition of Other deception – one believes in his ‘truth’ to the extent that he knows that falsehood is truth – though subconsciously in subterranean depths he knows he is undergoing a process of specious reasoning or rather one of irrational dissociation as a means of deceiving himself about his own obvious falseness. Refusing to know the truth is the first step towards supplanting it with one’s own special brand of truth. Living in denial is the first step towards affirming that which does not have actuality but is a mere product of wishful thinking, a pleasant fantasy, a soporific liquor of the mind that sends one into a state of mental inebriation pleasant for those too weak to confront the harsh realities of life and to confront their shadow-self, the lurking demons in the closet of their self-conscious. A willful (though unacknowledged dulling of the mind is the solution the unfit have to the problems of life: recourse to the bottle or recourse to Jesus – the blood of the lamb or the bourbon of the drunk. Drunk on self-righteousness the victory appears near: ‘The time is nigh’ and the martyr’s prepare themselves through donning sackcloth and plain linen, the whited sepulcher they attend awaiting to swallow them up into the abyss rather than rapture them skyward towards Elysium. The angel’s harp plays its maudlin funeral song as the martyred corpses march to victory, the dead burying the dead.

### **Scapegoating in theory and practice**

The Jews’ attempt to transfer Karma they incur onto the whites is a classic example of a misunderstanding of Karma which is specific in time, place and origin (cause) and cannot be shifted onto the shoulders of Others who have had no relation to these acts, were not their causal agent, and therefore have no consequences that are to be meted out to them as ‘fall guy’/scapegoat. Given the specificity of causality to attempt to shift onto Others the responsibility/reaction/consequences of one’s own actions is an impossible transference as the effect is bound up with the cause even though Others (causal agents themselves) would attempt to discharge what they believe to be their ‘sin’ or ‘guilt’ which is erroneously taken on by them as their own act or omission (failure to act rightly). This simply builds Dharma at best or Other forms of karma for those laboring in ignorance or willfully bearing the burden of another’s sins. The previous karmic load can only be a burden shifted about for so long without crushing one under its weight as the process of shifting generates its own karma. Thus the Jew is depicted as a greedy thief running from the wrath of god seeking to escape vengeance in the final judgment as he is the embodiment of karma simply in se and in his existence both biologically/racially as a race-mixed deviant of eugenics and natural law (‘kind after kind’) and behaviorally (a function of his sin of adultery, i.e. race-mixing, adulteration of

the seed lines created by ‘God’) through his mendacity and perpetual violence towards the Other in all manner of forms (theft, genocide, intrigue, murder, etc.)

Theoretically the Jew subscribes if only in part to the economic model of karma wherein good deeds are balanced against bad deeds to be reckoned up in an accounting that redounds to the proportional gain or loss of the agent. The merchant mentality fails the test of a more aristocratic mentality, namely the

specificity of karma which is bound up with the principle of honor and integrity that all acts – great or small – are manifestations of the agent and are his exclusive property the consequences of which are also his and his alone, to reap the reward or bear the cost and no greater goods of an irrelevant kind may offset the evil generated in specie.

The notion of transference of sin thus being explained it remains to discuss that of the ‘sins of the fathers’ which has served as the leg irons welded around the ankles of white supremacy by the Jews through the falsification of history and perpetual smear tactics their media employs to turn people including whites themselves against the Jews greatest enemy – the heterosexual white male.

The acts of some which incur karma are magically transferred to succeeding generations through the principle/law of sympathy or similar – that fathers beget sons in their image and sons taking on their traits/attributes suffer the karma of their forbearers. This may be so but again only specifically and though some members of a group do violence to Others all members of that group would only be nominally liable for the discharge of these sins and again only superficially and proportionately traced through specific ancestors and distributed in this manner through the collective. Thus the attempts on the part of the Jew to scapegoat whites for their own sins (such as slavery, etc.) fails as not specific and fails doubly as rebounding against themselves and their progeny as the act of transference is itself a karma thus increasing the burden which is falsely borne by – and often to the credit of the white man onto their own ancestors who will inevitably be crushed under its cruel weight. The sins of the fathers are expiated by the blood of the sons and in the case of the Jews the blood will run in the streets.

In practice scapegoating works to generate certain karma or negative or positive consequences for the scapegoat, creating a self-fulfilling prophecy by virtue of thought energy transferred to the person be they an object of ill-will or celebrity. Thus targets are set up to suffer the hostility of the masses and this is the reason for figureheads of state who serve as attractants or magnets of negative or positive thought energy and are made to suffer the slings and arrows or bask in the glory of the gallery which latter is used as a tool of manipulation more easily given that they have been given a steam valve to unleash their pent up rancor or devotion. Establishing this totemic object is a means of detraction of negative or attraction of positive thought energy which can then be siphoned off by those who control their karmic/dharmic puppet.

Playing the role of puppet master however is not without its karma either as the manipulation of another upon who is projected one’s karma is itself karma as a shirking of responsibility, a failure to carry out the necessary act that is bound up with its source and origin, namely oneself as causal agent. Attempting through subtle legerdemain to project upon Others one’s own property is to commit a theft upon oneself of that property which is and will always remain his own, thus to doubly commit sin as aforementioned. To the extent that the scapegoat is complicit and that specifically he will have his own karma but this in no way offsets the initial black mark in the ledger of one’s bank account which is not so much an account of good vs. evil as what is good qua harmonious and conversely is not in a general sense of equality but what specifically is one’s due relative to his qualities and attributes. A genius robbed of his patent by the sunning sneak thief who then sets up another innocent party as the fall guy but who nevertheless maintains ownership would not lose the Dharma of his invention only the celebrity he would achieve if his name were annexed to the invention. The sneak thief would neither discharge his karma even in spite of scapegoating.



## **White Satans** :

This smear label under various guises is the ultimate bludgeon with which to assault the white populous under the current climate of psychopathology called ‘universalism’ deriving itself from the hegemony of Christ-insanity that has served as the plague of whites throughout its history. This label ‘Devil’ or ‘Satan’ and its association with whites – an association of a false nature continued by Jews between the reality of whiteness and the fiction of ‘Satan’ – has served to idealistically, noumenally construct the identity of whites through adding on irrelevant and unrelated structures (‘Satanic’, devilish) which has created structural defects in the Otherwise solid foundation of white identity. ‘Guilt’ and ‘shame’ for being a heroic type of being in the realms of mind, body, and spirit have been the plague germs introduced into the Otherwise healthy body of the white polity. Such is the psychopathology of ‘universalism’, the egalitarian ‘first will be last’ and vice versa ideology that directs one inward not to build and develop a better being/self but to turn against the self in a suicidal negation of that which is life affirming as an exchange of false coin for real goods, the coin of future promises and glad tidings of a mystical spiritual goodness for the inner power that renders one a being beyond the meek and weak (meek and weak of mind as well as body and spirit). Thus one lives a death as the living dead though they believe their pseudo-spiritual life confers upon them a life greater than life and immortality when they are simply hamstringing and castrating themselves as the ‘sick animal’, the Christian or liberal

self-annihilating through Other worship and affirming. The voluntary blood-letting of the liberal before vampires gives over their life force to Others who then drain them dry of their vitality to augment their own.

Expiation of sin as a ‘white Satan’ in hopes of winning by losing in the manner of Jesus grants one not only a crown of thorns with which to rend one’s flesh but a straightjacket as ‘damned if you do damned if you don’t’. The only solution is to ‘have faith’ in the sense of rely upon external authority outside of yourself as a means of ‘salvation’ (from the material world through weakness and self-abasement). The parallel with the liberal exists in the form of reliance upon the collective (their external authority or ‘god’ reminiscent of Jesus) and expiation of their sin for being a consumer defiling their goddess Gaia. They are the ‘white Satans’ who live in sin (as racist colonialist slavers and imperialists who have sinned against the universal/global collective of black, brown, yellow and red ‘victims’ who are the lambs of Gaia, the ‘indigenous peoples’ who are innocent and untainted with the sin of racism, etc.) The rhetoric and psychopathology of ‘guilt’ and ‘shame’ works through stroking the ego of those who are its adherents. It makes the proselyte feel important to be the cause of things as implying power and to acknowledge one’s ‘sin’ or ‘error’ is to imply superiority to the sin thereby constituting a genuflection before the ego.

## **Slander** :

the social, etc. function of slander is to desecrate characters that (the slanderer) seeks to surround with moral opprobrium to create an impression upon the minds of those he would conscript as useful idiots or tools of his malevolent intent, using them as agents of his will to defame and ultimately his will to power. Such is the tactic of those who do not necessarily want to get their hands dirty but who seek to bring down enemies/targets through persuading Others to treat the target in a negative way which would redound to their detriment thereby reducing their power and subverting them as an enemy – to castrate the enemy one must make Others his enemy and turn them against him should he have no willingness or ability to fight them himself in the case of potential damage to his reputation and concomitant reduction in his power or merely weakness/lesser relative power to the target who would

Otherwise subjugate the opposition. Slander is effective in that it is indirect and any who react against it in more overt behavioral forms are those who incur the negative reaction from witnesses, bringing upon themselves a quantity of ill-will and a proportionate quantity of power lost which is the goal of the slanderer who profits to the extent of the rival's loss. **Insinuation is the subtlety which flies below the radar of – everyday somnolence called ‘normal waking consciousness ‘ but is only detected by the paranoid awareness of the hyper-conscious, those whose minds are amplified in their frequency beyond that alcoholized inebriated level of those properly spoken of as ‘the goyim’ or dead who detect merely the superficial appearances and not the underlying mechanisms of these spiders of manipulation who employ standardization as their S.O.P., weaving this web of entrapment with invisible adamantine threads of social relations that ensnare the victim and secure him in their matrix for vampirization of their blood by the slanderous spider. Given that slander has in its essence a clinging influence, a lingering presence that accompanies its object wherever the latter goes through becoming bound up with the person's reputation and tainting their essence, it is as if the slanderer had intermixed a poison in his words which then were projected against the object of slander and the latter inoculated with the disease.**

# HIVE MIND



Welcome to the **Hive Mind**.....

The parasite class: Self-appointed humanitarian wealth redistributors they wear a shining smile of hypocrisy, a suitable veneer to cover their true intentions – to vampirize and to suck the blood of their charges those they purport to ‘combat’ in the name of universal mankind (womankind, thing-kind), namely those who have earned their place through creative genius and productive labour. They would seek to decapitate those who outshine them so they can become the god of the social firmament, the brightest star and central sun around which all else gravitates and which is so positioned for maximal vampiric bloodlettings through taxation and expropriation of the producer’s wealth in the name of ‘humanitas’, etc. The parasite class earn their place not at all but create the appearance of merit through volunteer service or ‘helping the victims’ of the producer who is invariably a heterosexual white male. This praxis of the parasite, thoroughly Jewish in essence, is replicated in the right wing Christard and left wing Libtard, both of whom are spiritual Jews representing oneself merely as an instrument of justice (divine and/or mundane), but in reality merely an iron hand in a velvet glove that crushes opponents who have no willingness to pay extortion monies in the form of taxation. The parasite has developed weapons of communistic mass construction through the prior development of those of mass destruction (private armies, mercenaries, etc.).

The parasite contributes nothing and takes everything, the most unequal equality; who stands above and outside of the law while claiming to be subject to the law which is made ever anew to suit the moral relativism and situational ethics of the parasite in its expanding its scope of power/influence over those who depend upon its largesse and who have been swayed over to its side against the common enemy the independent productive and creative elements of the social sphere.

The skill of the parasite is developed through an acute awareness of the behaviour of others and how to ingratiate itself with them through appealing to love on the one hand

– and when in a sufficiently secure position – to fear and threat of pain on the other. Its psychological technology is Pavlovian reducing all relations between sentient entities to pleasure and pain and controlling the means of imposition or withdrawal thereof. To know the enemy is to control them through understanding them, making them an object of knowledge which can be manipulated at will. This is the exclusive skill of the parasite, a heightened sensibility elevated to a fever pitch of paranoia in attempt to avoid the attention of its host or the latter’s violent reaction against it in its hopes of expelling it from its body.

Politically this manifests as a bloated bureaucracy which has so-to-speak ‘its fingers in every pie’, its tentacular reach forever probing for any sign of an accelerated pulse that serves as a sign of rebellion or instability in the system. Parasites eventually destroy themselves through engorging themselves in their insatiable greed and if the host body is still alive it casts them off as excreta – usually it dies through being bled dry and with it goes the parasite. In any case, the situation is ‘lose-lose’ and destruction of the parasite through whatever means is the solution ‘by any means necessary’. Thus a disjunctive choice is presented: ‘either expel the parasite or hope that it dies before it kills you instead of with you in a death it had precipitated’.

Parasitism is karmic praxis through taking that which is another’s property – his creative effort, energy, etc., typically embodying itself in the form of money. Dharma consists of contribution with or without expectation of reward, a giving and enriching of another and not as in the case of the parasite taking and rendering impoverished of the Other. The parasite is a karma generator the bestower of

resources/wealth, etc. is a dharma generator. The one constructs positive relations; the other destroys them and constructs negative relations/rapport.

The hard 'either-or': once the pressure cooker of liberal democracy heats up, there will be only the hard 'either-or' of turning off the heat or to the point of no return having it explode, and even given the exercise of the former option, the latter may be an inevitability. Those who fail to heed this disjunctive choice are doomed to reap the reward of fate cancelling out their destiny. Over the course of temporal change the options become more limited inevitably resulting in the disjunction of fight and perhaps live or surrender and inevitably die. Once the willfully ignorant has been cornered there are no remaining options, only a confrontation with the tenebrous possibility of a new dawn or the firestorm of the end. At least once this situation is confronted one will know how to act and act accordingly given their own inherent tendencies, their own inner nature – to bow submissively to the external Other, he of greater force, and pray for salvation or to fight to the death against the opponent no matter the odds. This is the choice that makes for the difference between the fatalist and the man of destiny; he who follows his will and he who lives oblivious to the concept of self-determination who can't embody it within himself but finds succour amidst the fleshpots of Egypt and the red light district, the tavern, and the grave.

Demiurgic Consciousness: The control freakishness of the Demiurge as witnessed to in the bible trickles down into the consciousness of his minions, the self-chosen Jewish demons and their underlings, the masons and Catholic order paedophile priests with their congregations of libtards and Christards all seeking to impose a totalitarian order upon the natural order, a destruction of nature by anti-nature. The Demiurge 'Jehovah' by name is their archetype of which they are simulacra who derive and sustain their being through slavish obeisance before their 'Lord' though hypocritically denying his existence in their heart of hearts yet still embodying his spirit within as the god-men of the earth and thus subordinating themselves before him in a defacto sense. The joke is on them in the end as their putative mastery is simply a formula for their own enslavement as they bind themselves to the chains of gold which are held out before them with the word 'incentive' stamped upon each link. These they eagerly don as a noble cross to bear 'in the name of humanity' they cry, when in truth they are only echoing their devotion to the ill-gotten booty they may acquire through their controlling influence over the lives of others; service provision as instrument of self-service, helping others as a means to the helping of oneself. The Demiurge manifests itself in the forceful thud of the stamp of the bureaucrat upon the marble desk; it manifests in the form of the ferocious stare and condescending attitude of this control freak whose mind is an extension of their master's and which transmits the will of He who must be obeyed through their limbs and outwardly in the public space structuring it according to His architectural designs of totalitarian imprisonment.

The trickle-down effect reaches the lowest dregs of society who become the nerve endings of the octopus of Zion reaching into the deepest crevices of the mundane world, controlling and monitoring every movement within the entropic system for the greater glory of the Demiurge. Those enticed by the golden chains are enticed at an ur-level, subconsciously by their own chain and being the hand that wields it. Such are born demiurges, little tyrants who are born of their father and are his agents. 'Control' is their

m.o. (modus operandi) and the iron chain is only polished through association with its golden counterpart as it is the iron in their blood which motivates their replication of demiurgic dominance. This penchant for control by way of external authority bespeaks a fundamental insecurity of the personality wherein a lack of self-control through a lack of willingness to face one's own infallibility

leads one to seek immortality and omnipotence through arranging and restructuring their environment to suit their rationally conceived plans to sustain the illusion of their own infallibility. Thus a god complex manifests through their neurotic cognitive dissonance in light of their inherently fallible worldly existence and a desire to perpetuate it. It is the fear of death and losing control which extrapolates itself outwards and manifests itself in the desire to control external conditions and bring them into alignment with one's own ill-conceived utopian dreams. Politically this takes the form of scientific socialism wherein the Demiurge avatars the bureaucrat who through sympathetic magic opens themselves up to possession by the grand architect of the universe and serves as its tool in the material world – this through the embodiment of the Demiurgic archetype in one's consciousness. 'Live and let live' as a 'world view' or motto for life's conduct has no place in the demiurgic consciousness as to allow another free will to disturb the architecture wrought by the control freak social engineer. The potentiality of such a disturbance being intolerable to the control freak the potential disruptor is subject to monitoring and regulation to be 'squared away' or rendered a useful cog in the machine (re-education for slavery) or discarded as an unusable misfit (prison, mass graves, concentration camps, etc.). To let live a potential rival or dissident is to increase the probability of a systemic collapse or thwarting of the plans of the minions of the Demiurge. The leaden weight of an imperative is felt in the phrase 'by all means necessary' and 'join us or die'.

The Aryan consciousness is rising like the Phoenix from the ashes: we, the collective of racial kin see it ascend and bask in its glory, imbibing strength from its form and reifying it in our actions as the rightful owners and occupiers of this globe. The night of dark-age ignorance will not shroud the true light of the Aryan man who will herald the day of a new age through his just purgation of the evil of this terrestrial globe, through the shining sword of his conscious willpower overcoming all darkness.

Pacifism or passive aggression: a diagnosis of a symptom of Libtardism: The claims of the libtard to a certain virtue which they dub 'pacifism' purport to connote a superiority over those they seek to imply lack this same virtue which, when uttered, is usually accompanied with a sniff or cough of arrogance further underscoring their delusional moral superiority complex and contradicting themselves through passive aggressive behaviour further underscoring their hypocrisy.

The history of this trait derives itself from the mental illness which is its genetic ancestor namely Christ-insanity, an anti-natural creed which has as its end goal extinction of the self and mergence with an abstract - yet contradictorily – concrete anthropomorphic/ paternalistic deity called Jehovah amongst other names. The dissonance which exists between the reality of nature, as lived and experienced by the adherent of this creed, and the law code by which he must conduct his life creates this hypocritical behaviour that represents itself as one thing (i.e. pacifism, the imitation of the lamb of god), but in reality is another (i.e. passive aggression, the display of oneself as a virtuous moral superior but in reality de natura a vicious beast who merely wears the mask of civility for personal aggrandizement and/or political advantage, an advantage maintained through the presentation of a false humility which deflects possible accusations of this moral superiority complex which in fact it is).

Pacifism is the dove-like virtue of the Judeo-Christard/libtard love/peace end goal, the behavioural praxis which purports (doctrinally) to redound to this 'kingdom of heaven upon earth' / 'Freemasonic Solomon's temple' / 'Zion'. It is the ethical mandate which manacles the will and thereby subjugates the potential opposition who adheres to its

creed and vilifies that which rejects it as ‘Satan’ or ‘fascist/racist’, etc. Those who point the accusing finger at the adversary accrue social capital (‘treasures in heaven’) through such denunciation. This capital is deposited in the bank of the ego and serves to stoke the fires of the self-righteous in their condemnation and calumny of the adversarial ‘other’. This is the pacifist’s form of war against same – to wound another through displaying those wounds he created for himself by claiming implicitly that the ‘other’ has committed a transgression which is such only in relation to this pathological creed born of an organic weakness masquerading as the humility of the saint anyone who would harm being anathema, a heretic to be destroyed through the proper passive aggressive tactics of shunning, wilful ignorance and pity, shaming, etc.

The very existential states of shame, guilt, pity are of a passive aggressive ilk – to shame or guilt-trip another, to project upon them these traits is an act of aggression indirectly undergone whilst masquerading as pacifism and good intentions are in reality the converse. Pity towards another implies the Other being a deficient or inferior in relation to oneself who claims through this pity to recognize this state of the ‘other’ but is instead (or also) a way of constructing or creating a strawman of the other to tear down and is again indirectly aggressive. To veil aggression under the guise of ‘love/pity’ is the way nature acts through the weak to attempt to vanquish the strong being the defence of he who claims to be ‘defenceless’. This is not to say that pity (mercy) cannot be felt towards another but the general tendency of those struggling under the mental yolk of Libertardism/Christ-insanity – where in nature it is either disgust (for the weak) or a desire to alleviate the suffering of one with whom he can identify with. Such is the only redemption possible for pity. Shame occurs in nature when one recognizes the transgression (against nature and/or his own ‘natural’ nature) of the transgressor and has ascribed it to him through judgment. It can be genuine only under these conditions. Guilt is a knowing one has failed to do what is right and thus there exists an onus to rectify this transgression. It is largely the same as guilt. In the pathological mind of those adherents of the universalist creed these same are perpetual states of consciousness regarding oneself and are daggers and poisoned needles directed towards Others which are forged in the furnace of one’s own weakness and resentment towards the ‘Other’ whose brilliance dulls the shine of one’s own feeble light and which must be ‘blotted out’ for the inferior to shine forth. For those who may actually be superior in whatever respect(s) they serve as either genuine states of consciousness as above or are weapons of their own ego-driven brutality to dominate the adversary (for schadenfreude, to feel a rush of power/ego boost, etc.).

The antithesis of Apollo and Dionysus is not as Nietzsche would have it that between the anti-nature sterility of rational and the supramundane (Logos) and the natural ecstatic irrational of the mundane but rather that between the higher man (Hitler) and the lower (Lenin, Mao, etc.); between the superman as embodiment of higher consciousness and that of the sub-man as embodiment of animal consciousness (lust, cruelty, sensationalism, sensualism). The protuberant lips of Socrates, typically hither Asiatic bespeak the lower mind of the rabbi/Pharisee of later years – low-minded, materialistic, and of coarse tastes. The noble brow of Apollo does not recognize the phrenologically disproportionate receding brow of Socrates.

Tradition vs. modernity, nationalism vs. internationalism:

The nation is the race, the tradition is the cultural emotion of race, its manifestation/manifest destiny epiphenomena. In a global order of serfdom, wherein a multinational situation (‘multicultural’) exists, no internationalism can exist without the destruction of tradition and thereby the consciousness of the nation and ultimately itself (as a nation). Thus internationalism also called ‘modernity’ is anti- and counter-traditionalism, is its antithesis and destroyer.



The only way an international traditionalism can exist is through segregation and supremacy - the separation from the nation/race from the Other and the Supremacy of one over the Other if not the Other's outright annihilation or banishment to a tiny region of the globe. Modernism is the anti-traditional internationalism of the Nation of Jewry over the earth and of its self-interested Shabbos goyim who follow its dictates. The notion of 'post-modern' is an absurdity which purports to enforce modernity's pride of place over against the reaction of tradition to the annihilating influence of modernity. Another gesture of rhetorical legerdemain which claims that there is no longer any existent modernity while remaining within the same paradigm. This is the veil behind which leftism sits and conceals itself - claiming not to be 'liberal' but rather 'neo-liberal', etc. leftism seeks to avoid identification, being an object of judgment and thereby controllable as a known identity by the traditionalist/conservative. Thus post-modern is an impossibility in any temporalizing sense as there is no temporal fluidity in a distinct cultural formation - either there is tradition or there is modernism, either order or chaos. Thus Leftism is merely a dynamic process of cultural/traditional subversion which erodes that which it seeks to replace. Being wholly negative/destructive, however it has nothing to replace the void of its destruction leaving merely a vacuum that absorbs into itself all artefacts of the culture it grew upon as a cancer. The hazy utopian dreams of the leftist/Marxist are as castles in the sand as whatever they are building to replace the tradition they seek to destroy are ill-conceived and impossible of imposition upon the mundane world given that it doesn't emanate from an organic state of existence, a certain nation in a certain physical region of the earth with a self-concept as a distinct group (identity). Only that developed out of nature is sustainable - that which deviates therefrom is doomed to destruction.

'We will replace the current diversity of peoples with a diversity of individuals' - this quote illustrates and encapsulates the luciferian protocols of the Jewish internationalists whose intention is to subvert organic life through artificial means, imposing an idealistic structure upon a real base. The organic/natural identity of people is subverted and supplanted with the inharmonious one of inorganic architectural design, a technologized perversion of nature. Marxism annihilates tradition, tradition annihilates Marxism. Traditions based on clay and iron are doomed to crumble under their own weight. The firmest (and only) foundation upon which a society can be established is the bedrock of nature. To replace the natural order and cultures based thereon is to destroy nature and supplant it with a burnt out earth. Diversity in an artificial sense is to create a mixture not a compound which has no bond uniting it save the positive law of the state propped up by the threat of violence to enforce the violence of the artificial upon the natural.

Further to this topic of realism vs. idealism is the embodiment of these creeds in the figure of the leader/father thereof, respectively Hitler and Marx, one emphasizing genetics (blood and soil - nature and the laws of nature), the other emphasizing rhetoric (equality), the one transcending the physical (superman) the other immersing itself in the depths of materiality (the earth mother, the untermenschen); the one using their creed as a springboard to the divine, the other as an executioner's axe of destruction for the levelling of all to the lowest common denominator (common-ism); the one ennobling, the other debasing; the one evolving the other devolving their subjects/objects. For both creeds the decadent Bourgeois liberal class of hypocrites stood in the way of their utopian dreams: one seeking to split the coiffed wig of the bourgeois bureaucrat with the hammer of communism the other with the hammer of Thor. Vampire capitalism and Marxism both seek a global order of multiracial tyranny, this false dichotomy intended to be collapsed into socialism - not national/racial but rather degraded universalism wherein any being that walks on two legs is put on a pedestal and conferred the title of 'human', whereas in the case of the latter form of true socialism, the 'human individual' is structured through immersion in the tribe having no substantive identity outside of the organic collective and thus fulfilling their destiny on earth as an authentic being, contrary to the artificial collectivism of Marxism socialist utopianism which deviates from the natural order and is thus inauthentic.



### Violence is the answer:

To dispatch tyranny what some have called 'violence' but which is in reality counter-violence (counter-tyranny) must be applied to subvert the subversion, negate the negation. Those who hold power behind the façade of representation by population claiming to uphold the abstract concepts of the 'rights of man', etc. but really violating the natural 'rights' of those over whom they hold arbitrary sway - these same tyrants, the democratic political whores and their shadow government puppet-masters (the Jews to the king) must be usurped from their usurped position - usurp the usurpers, negate the negation. This can only be accomplished through physical force, through the so-called big 'T' and the big 'V' (Terror and Violence). All discussion, electioneering, protests, angry letters to the ombudsman are of no avail when these putative venues of popular will are mere blinds to obscure the iron fist concealed in this velvet glove called 'democracy'. The smiling mask of the dictator needs to be smashed and the dictator strung from a rope.

### Eliminate the cause, eliminate the effect:

The ultimate cause of the problems of the world and its people is: the Jew. The Jew is the common denominator of all problems from environmental damage/pollution to racial pollution (race mixing). Eliminate the cause and the effects will be wiped away. The tree continues to grow branches when the root is not severed; the tree of evil proliferates its evil limbs and the roots must be struck at to cease the growth. The tree of evil is the problem complex which has the Jew at its root.

### Apathetic youth:

As if it were in the aether the portent of catastrophe oppresses the mind and quells all motivation save for that of brute necessity, the acquisition and furnishing of basic needs and a return to anxious expectation of that which shall surely come as the bat out of hell from one's darkest nightmare; thus one awaits the inevitable eruption of the dark hordes who have flooded his once peaceful abode intruding into his speculation upon the higher planes have pulled him down to meet him in the lower planes for battle, scenting blood through the apparent weakness of his reservation and anticipating an easy victory. Little did they know that he was formulating the strategy of war that would dispatch the bloodlustful enemy. His apathy was simply an expression of this awareness of the not-yet, of that which was to inevitably come yet could not arrive soon enough to maintain anything other than a hazy presence or background of anticipation knowing that it must come to fruition. Thus life is a waiting game under these conditions, the youth knowing the inevitable yet having no means to engage it either de facto in reality or in mente as a discernible idea with knowable properties that can be mapped onto as a tactical strategy for victory against the foe. No tangible path can be trodden when its parameters aren't visible, when it doesn't exist as a path but merely as a tenebrous field of potential obstacles, threats of unknown strengths and faculties. The apathy of youth will fall away when the inevitable explosions of the revolution herald a call to arms against the evil tide.

### Leaven of the Pharisees/gradualism:

Yet another instance of Jewish psychology politicized (psycho-politics), deriving itself directly from the Talmud. Generation by generation and, when possible, intra-generationally the desired (by the Jewish controllers/usurpers) and undesired (by those who if they knew what was being done to them would resist these same as designed/ formulated to destroy them) changes are introduced baking the poisoned loaf of bread to serve up to their hosts and then stuff them into the oven. Heightened perspicacity is requisite to detect the noxious ingredients used in the preparation of this false gift (apparent benefit) and, upon detection of the ruse, to turn the tables on the Jew who will then be served a slice of his own poison and thrown into the oven himself in a holocaust of poetic justice.

The pharisaical leaven functions as a means of deceptively creating conditions favourable to the changes desired by the self-chosen. They are instituted sufficiently gradually to avoid a reaction on the part of those upon whom they are imposed which is the purpose of the gradualistic political praxis, namely to lull the masses who have the power to affect change into a state of somnolence and thereby achieve their victory of erosion and destruction of gentile society. Such a society will surrender itself to the grave unless those sufficiently rational and sufficiently willing to oppose these changes have sufficient power to counter their introduction. Failing this the slippery slope of gradualism will be the death knell of the society which is the intention of those whose leaven is used as an instrument of bringing down the gingerbread house of the Aryan civilization builder through expanding it with chaos and distorting its prior regularity, a Samsonian fiat that crushes the parasite itself leaving nothing but rubble as testament to the finitude of human civilization.

This gradualistic/leaven technique is the backbone of the serpent in its winding around the body of the white race. That the white doesn't resist until it finally awakens to its impending doom (if at all - in which case it awakens in Valhalla) is facilitated through the other psychological manipulation techniques of the snake, his endless semantic games and intentional shifts from his project of squeezing out of the whites their life force. The leaven of the Pharisee is effected through (mis)directing the attention of the victim toward other apparent causes so that the victim seeks to target these simulated causes and fails to recognize and act against the ultimate cause that of the Pharisee himself, the behind the scenes orchestrator of the victim's destruction. The solution is reaction and preferably pre-emptive strikes against the Pharisee through concentration of attention on the common denominator/factor in all situations of this gradualistic manipulation. Put the bull's-eye on the chest of the Pharisees and blast away. Acquire the target and obliterate it from the earth. Else the consequence will be one's own obliteration through death via one thousand cuts from all sides who are the false causes (libtards, Christards, muds, etc.) the Pharisees hide behind and control as puppets on their strings.

First order of business is to sweep away - after recognizing the situation through heightened awareness - those who would restrain one's hand and divest it of the lash which must be used to whip the money changers from the temple of the Arya - first the lash must be wielded to strike the face of protest of the white race-traitors who would impede the necessary results. If unwilling to stand aside they must be flailed to set examples to others.

#### Dukes vs. Jukes, Eugenics vs. Malgenics:

A dichotomous choice is presented in all social engineering (on a grand scale) and familial structures (on a micro level) and even intra-personally (for self): that between elevation and degradation, either up-breeding and development (one might call it evolution), or down-breeding and self/other- destruction (this may properly be spoken of as devolution or degeneration). To generate oneself through oneself is to germinate the divine spark within (assuming such a one is possessed of such, that property exclusive to the Aryan) - such germination is eugenics, 'good generation' by definition, which develops itself out of itself organically, thereby creating a lasting state that can be further developed for the betterment of oneself and extrapolating for those who derive benefit from this same self-propelling wheel. Thus a heaven or hell of one's own making is available to the one who has both potentialities latent within which is to say only the faculty of creating a stairway to heaven, for failure to do so is tantamount to languishment in a hell of one's own creation. All others who have no such inherent possibility must burn up inevitably in the hell of their own inner nature, unable as they are to perpetuate their integrity of soul which latter fragments in the aether post-mortem as they have not the higher principles (faculties) necessary for ascension.

At a local, individual level, the aspirant to such Olympian heights faces this dichotomous choice of salvation or destruction, not in the sense of a salve (dissolution of the soul into 'god' as a will-less slave of the Demiurge) but rather the salvation in the form of being one's own messiah (priest of the order of Melchizedek, anointing himself with the 'messiah' or crocodile fat as a priest initiate of a higher spiritual order) through the coagula of maintaining the

integrity of the soul post-mortem; Kaivalya over Ahimsa. Rather than subordinating oneself before an anthropomorphic deity to rather become a deity of his own making, an anthropomorphic god-man who attains godmanhood rather than casting away his own inner development through subordination and submission to that fictional entity who is the one and only absolute crunched into a miniature of himself, a man-god who is absolute. If there is a conscious absolute all partake of such and this is no special position or perhaps even any meaningful position to be in. Rather to develop one's self evolutionarily is the only meaning life has to offer worthy of the name. Submission is for the weak and foolish, the 'foolish things' of the earth, rather 'transmission' if I may be permitted this term, towards godhood would be the path along which to tread. Whether this path corresponds with the moral codes of any given society at any given time has no relationship to its upward trajectory.

Eugenics within the microcosm of the person is always within one's control even given the discordant vibrations of the self-appointed Archontic rulers who would attempt to usurp one's function in his self-development leading him along the path towards extinction and away from ascension and the state of individuation which is its necessary condition. To be in the world and not of the world, to be apart and yet conscious of that in relation to which he is a part, as an 'Other' and yet making contact without immersion within the collective conscious as a self-subsisting being, drawing upon the collective for resources to augment this his own process of development.

The tyrant would intervene to utilize others (the mass collective 'Other') to fulfill a similar process to this though exteriorized/externalized rather than interiorized/internalized by the authentic man who seeks personal self-development in accordance with the rule 'do no harm'; the tyrant, a sorcerer and black magician by trade, necessarily harms as is his want and in accordance with his capricious will, bent upon his own aggrandizement without regard for maintaining the harmony of the environment, of the sum total. Thus like Lucifer and Prometheus, he plummets to a hell-on-earth of his own creation and burns to ashes in the fires of his own inner chaos.

When the statesman is an authentic man himself, he harmonizes with the collective over which he exerts his influence and is influenced by turn. This authentic leader develops his people in accordance with their inner nature as structuring the architecture of the state to facilitate their individual and collective progression towards godhood thereby ennobling them even though they be a peasant of the fields. Such a potentiality exists only in a racially homogeneous demographic, wherein all are harmonizing with one another given their similarity of vibrational frequency and can thus 'clear the air' so to speak of the static of volk chaos of multi-racial societies whose inner turmoil conduces to violence and incompatible soul types each striving to fulfill their respective destinies over and against each other thereby fulfilling none and descending into chaos; the fragmentation of the soul being the inevitable result and malgenics its externalization within the mundane world such as in South America, itself having descended to ruins through the attempt to combine the uncombinable so that those architects of this tower of Babel might rule over witless slaves more akin to the Jukes, products of malgenics than of the Dukes, those who can exist only in a racially homogeneous Hazzard County, a multi-racial society can never be one of eugenics but decays through its own discord into a malgenics nightmare.

#### Dukes vs. Jukes, Eugenics vs. Malgenics #2:

Harmonious organic conditions beget harmonious potentialities to develop and elevate society towards the Elysium state of godhood among the populous. This necessarily means a racially homogeneous society as only the formula of an authentic leader holding sway over an authentic society can develop authentic architecture that can attain this state of affairs. Architecture of this nature (legislation, policies, moral codes, etc.) is akin to the white magic of the occultism of a eugenic order, architecture of the converse (that which fails to meet these conditions but instead has the opposite conditions) is akin to black magic, and its manifestation is in multi-racial societies, wherein chaos/discord reigns amongst the ruins of volk chaos, wherein each seek the blood of their

physical as lacking any racial neighbours or neighbourhoods in which to attain the self-actualization of godhood.

An authentic ruler (of the people racially, and for them praxiologically; having the requisite knowledge/gnosis as an authentic man to understand what is necessary and what superfluous in the realm of the political) creates an authentic society (assuming a ruler would need to exist and that society would not be communitarian in some way - though likely the Fuhrerprinzip would accord with the natural modus vivendi and organic existence of societies); an authentic society develops itself out of itself organically without any force being imposed upon it save only in the early stages where the problems existent rendering it unauthentic (to whatever degree) are wiped aside and substituted for an increasingly more approximate form of this ideal which, as in the case of the authentic man, is a self-propelling wheel of evolution towards higher states and away from the entropy of stagnation and its inevitable slow decay on the one hand or the more rapid dissolution of the architecture of chaos born of the insane mind of the black magician whose irrational and paradoxically over-intellectual idealism converts itself through its own inner contradictions into a nightmarish realism that precipitates its destruction. The only salvation for such a society is a saviour who can wipe away the problems through use of the necessary means - and this saviour figure is no pacifistic anthropomorphic Semitic deity but a god-man of Aryan kind who is the strongman necessary to resurrect the decayed society from the grave of oblivion- the sorcerers of the current rulership will cease-their chaos magic only through stronger white magic being used against them. The solution to violence (of the natural order of things) is counter-violence.

Given that a harmonious society is necessarily based upon the family unit with the destruction of the latter the former also ceases to exist. This is the black magician elite's sinister intention under the usual guises of love, peace, liberty, etc. To be liberated from one's organic destiny is to substitute in its place an artificial purpose necessarily discordant with one's inner being. Thus feminism destroys the woman and her natural inclination while faggotism distorts the role of the man and they both reciprocally condition each other with feminism pushing away men and turning them away from their natural attraction to women (repulsion as opposed to attraction) and faggotism repelling women who find the effeminate repelling in its inappropriate place, namely inherent in the person of a naturally (under-the-regime-of-a- traditional/ organic/ authentic- society)masculine type. Perverting the nature of the members of the family perverts the family which in turn destroys society through the destruction of its foundation. Again only the strongman can rectify this problem through imposition of the necessary force and eliminate the cause through eliminating the effect.

#### Coin of the realm:

The wannabe status-seeker social-climber who wishes to portray themselves as a high society figure has recourse in this post-modern period to the virtue signalling displays of the leftist Bolsheviks who constitute the new intelligentsia taking over from previous Christian ancestors and yet replicating their Christinsanity in a novel form, that of leftism. Thus the wannabe intellectual, typically a tradesperson, etc. seeking to gain access to the better mates of the unfair sex, virtue signals his leftism through typical displays of cuckoldry and Christian-like self-abasement, 'defending' non-whites and castigating whites. Such is the coin of the realm of those who seek popular favour amongst the popular crowd, a Marxist demographic of mental patients at best and hypocrites at worst. Those who refuse to commit intellectual dishonesty as true believers of this anti-natural creed are expelled by this crowd (usually comprised of hypocrites who in their hypocrisy create a public persona behind which they conceal their macht politick). This in a world of lies the honest man has no place and must leave the earth or remain in it as a hypocrite or at best a mute never divulging any inner thoughts or values and dealing with the conflict between the inner and the outer and its perpetual tension which then constitutes the tenor of their life.

### Win by losing:

The meaning of this idiotic creed, the refuge of the untermenschen, exists within the confines of Christian moral codes as their hallmark and as clarion call of 'their truth', the very basis of Christ-insanity, namely weakness as virtue, self-sacrifice as proof of one's superiority, to sum up - martyrdom. The putative virtue of altruism is the Christard's defining moment when he 'sacrifices himself to himself' in a swan song of alleged and apparent selflessness for the good of the endless mass of humanity. This the Christard deems the purpose of life, namely to sacrifice himself to himself in imitation of Jesus who prescribes the template of his actions embodied in graphic form in the bible blueprint of his architecture which attains no great heightened states of consciousness but rather an architectural prison chaining him to the earth.

Self-abasement, self-denial, and, in general, sado-masochism is the psychological profile of the Christard who considers anything counter to the self and concern over the 'other' to be virtue and the converse being vice. Selfhood equates to vice, self-denial (suicide) to virtue. Thus Christinsanity is a suicide religion whose guiding (false) light is to attain victory in a roundabout way via the 'straight and narrow path' of defeat, to win by losing. A more exemplary creed of losers has never been seen.

Through self-destruction the mortal coil which wields the Christard to the earth is severed and he 'transcends' towards the heavens above being absorbed into the paradoxically anthropomorphic deity that is the absolute be all and end all, omniscient master before whom the Christard prostrates himself as it were a young Romeo wooing his Juliet and awaiting Rapunzel to let down her hair from the heavens as a Rainbow Bridge extending towards the higher planes and eventually into le petit mort of the unio mystica with the 'father' god- Jewhovah into which the Christard is absorbed extinguishing himself as he sacrifices himself to himself. Extinction is the morality of Christ-insanity and its necessary consequence whereas survival, its antithesis, within the realm of nature or even beyond towards higher states of consciousness preserving the integrity of the soul is construed as 'evil', and a Satanic revel in Satan's realm of the mundane reality.

### Persecuted:

An exemplary case of scapegoating occurs in that of the Jewish habitual tendency to project upon 'the white race' as a whole, all of that which pertains to themselves as a whole, implicitly claiming that it is racial supremacist fanaticism driving all of the alleged white actions redounding to the loss or suffering of non-white alleged 'victim' groups. Their psychology and praxis of racist fanaticism is passed off onto the scapegoat of 'the white man' who is then established in their media (journalism, the press, aka dumbia, etc.) as the arch-villain and Satan of world history the only solution to which is extermination, the only remaining obstacle to Jewish rule over the earth.

Thus the cry of 'persecuted!' is merely a clever common ruse to shift or transfer blame onto the object that is the intended target of a third party assault, the latter being invoked to defend the apparently innocent party who was the instigator who either wounded themselves deliberately or received a justified response leading to an actual wounding. Keeping the third party in a state of ignorance is essential to succeed in effecting the crucifixion of the enemy (the scapegoat) so as to allow it to be served up as a sacrifice, to distort it into a warped creation of the Jew's mind, a monster to be annihilated by the blind third party, the mob or democratic mass comprised of beast-people and feminuts set loose against the crucified to tear asunder the scapegoat and quench their unquenchable lust for blood in cannibal revelry.

Within the Jew's web of lies the persecuted are those claimed to be persecutors and the persecutors are the alleged persecuted. A typical and yet eternal instance of Jewish table turning, reverse projection and scapegoating. The cry of 'persecution' is raised as a pre-emptive strike against those who would reasonably (and unreasonably given the extremity of Jewish paranoia) be expected to retaliate against the Jew and/or expose their hypocrisy. To utter this cry is to establish this false set of relations, namely the 'victim vs. villain' dialectic wherein the

Jew is absolute innocence personified and the white male is the guilty devil of the earth.

The safe-space as cultural phenomenon: The function of this 'phenomenon' for lack of a better term, this noumenal reified artefact of post-modern Marxist culture lies in its being a particularization of the passive-aggressive behaviour of the chandal Sudra caste of society, namely the women and slaves (or beastmen) and their Jewish oligarchs who control them through mind control. It functions to imply that a need for safety exists and implies further that the source of unsafety or threat to safety comes from those excluded from this space, namely heterosexual white males who are portrayed as the Satans of society who 'just need to die' (Oprah). This is a microcosm of the macrocosm of this guilt-tripping, shaming, and slander protocol of the Jew and their simple puppets the multiracial/sexual multitude, who serve as willing puppets to derive their Scooby snacks for playing a role as a pawn in the Zionist chess game, on the one side a heavily armed contingent of programmed rag-tag slaves against on the other a group of mind-controlled whites who don't in the main know whose side they're on. The safe space notion is a passive-aggressive mode of attack against an opponent who can only be overcome through underhanded and surreptitious means given that it (the white male) doesn't cogitate along these lines as too positive and noble a being, having no willingness to descend to the gutter-sniping of the rabble and its rabble-rousing masters whose entire praxis is based upon deception and whose very existence is based upon deception. 'Innocence as weakness and weakness as virtue' such is the cowardly creed of those who huddle in their safe spaces, the whimpering mass with their sarcastic sneers plastered to their morally bankrupt faces - the outer is the inner and the inner is the outer and those whose possum-play of innocent virtue would conceal their true intentions behind a self-righteous look of wounded dignity reveal their true inner nature and motivation, namely an anti-white self-interested praxis wherein their loss is white people's gain and white people's loss is their gain. Those others who huddle in the safe space with them, the race traitor whites whose existence is modelled on playing the role of a Jesus figure, a saviour of non-whites, wear the outraged expression of a moral super-being who just wants to give the non-whites 'a chance', though they themselves are eclipsing them in their own ancestral homeland and arrive on jumbo jets with ruby-studded gold rings and watches on their brown, black and yellow wrists and fingers. These foolish dodo bird whites who rush into the arms of their captors, future jailers and probable executioners, are still operating on the mind control programming they have been indoctrinated with since birth. Like darkness - the absence of light - implies light so too a 'safe space' implies/presupposes that all topoi outside of this topos are unsafe, the negation or antithesis of the safe space and thus necessitate the formation of a safe space wherein the existence of safety may occur, otherwise be an absence. This innuendo creates or attempts to create (and certainly in the mind of the irrational creates) a culture of fear and creates a feared object, namely the 'white heterosexual male' who is constructed/portrayed as a 'white supremacist' by this passive aggressive cadre of degenerates who exploit the guilt trip the Jews have imposed upon whites through their holy hoax rhetoric, etc. Looking to ride on this Rainbow Bridge to a pot of gold on the magic carpet of their safe-space 'victim status' they precipitate themselves into the lake of fire for biting the hand that feeds them leads them to a swift knockout punch into the abyss.

Upon such a conclusion the world will again be safe for the heroic enterprise of the Aryan in his quest for a whiter, brighter world, purged of the darkness from which emanated all danger to the good, the true, and the beautiful.

A safe space is a Trojan horse of cultural invasion. The enemy masquerades as a gift-giving benefactor who simply wants to have her 'human rights' and 'dignity' as a mechanism of manipulating the culturistic whites to open their hearts, wallets, and ultimately borders and caskets to the non-white invader who will subsequently, once the money and power are attained, accruing sufficient power politically, throw the white man into the grave through homelessness, job loss, disenfranchisement from the political power system. The solution is to expose this safe space for what it really is - a danger space, a cultural cancer that seeks to spread, sicken the host body and render it morbid for the vermin and maggots to chew it up leaving nothing behind but the corpses of decaying maggots. This is the

ultimate goal of the Jew - to annihilate the white society and rule over the remnant on the earth with iron fist removed from velvet glove. The solution to the Jewish problem of course is to throw him into the smelter and transform his clay and iron form into ploughshares.

Forced friendliness as grease of totalitarian collectivism:

The gears of Leviathan run smoothly intermeshing when all are standardized, when all are slick with the lubricant of forced friendliness. To withhold or resist this imposition is to enable oneself in martyrdom to be ground to ruins in the machine as the rougher gear destabilizes the smooth functioning of the machinery and is either discarded into the scrap heap and/or strikes a blow of damage at the machine itself to whatever extent. The lubrication of these gears, human animate tools is the forced conformism that enables them to run together manifesting itself in the form of an eager-to-please extroversion which is the necessary condition of a nanny state wherein all good little citizens 'get along' with one another. This latter key phrase connoting an absurd togetherness (forced assimilation) between groups and members of groups divided essentially along class, race, and other lines whose 'identity' as cogs intermeshing in the machine only serves the latter and not themselves or their own purposes which are thwarted as anything other than purposes of an artificial sort bound up with the machine and issued forth from its propaganda mills ex cathedra for 'the state is everything and everything in the state' and all thoughts, opinions, and beliefs which might have existed outside of this Leviathan beast are extinguished possibilities as nothing can exist in the information vacuum of an entropic system which begins and ends with the machine. The king is dead - long live the king - the sovereignty of mind is usurped by the sovereign power and subordinated to its iron weight which crushes out its life force. Thence from this mold issues forth a standardized animate tool widget which exists purely as disposable and replaceable unit of function whose essence is determined by its existence as functional ensemble, as part of a whole which supersedes its own restricted meaning which is restricted to the entropic system and has no existence outside thereof.

Thus through this manufacture of identity, through mental manipulation, the cog is endowed with a consciousness of itself as self-determined, as aforementioned, having no selfhood outside of collectivization. This same cog identifies itself through this classical conditioning of self-identification with the machine mother or the nanny state. The fact of this nanny figure as a phenomenon of which the cog is conscious elicits a state of rhapsodical bliss and bestows upon it smilingly its refulgent warmth of security and protection which the cog responds to as an infant grasping in blind innocence for the maternal mammary to slake its thirst of vital elixir therefrom. The parallel between infantilism and state dependency (of mind) is striking in that the lack of autonomy and self-determining willpower (the veritable absence thereof) governs the relations of both and the global citizen of the nanny state is an infant whose infancy has been prolonged indefinitely thus rendering him/her a complete dependent on state control. Such control, if acknowledged, and a part of the programming of the mind control (that one is free only in chains, free to 'obey the law', etc.), is welcomed and joyously celebrated as the embrace of the nanny state who is propitiated as god form of the infantile consciousness of the cog/citizen who eagerly awaits the orders issuing forth from the imperator of Big Sister/Mother. The happy cog in the machine is least likely to do anything but spin happily within the comforting gears. The lubrication has been applied through mind control and thus the probability of deviation is minimized through the standard form of the cog. - The odd-shaped gear is discarded as an incompatible part ostracized into the scrap box while the standardized cogs are ground down in the machine and discarded when their uselife is at an end. At least the preservation of identity remains of the irregular cog who can be himself over and against the other cast away- for he has not been subjected to the wear and tear of Leviathan's machinery.

### Computers as tools of hypnosis:

The flicker rate of these machines is designed to deliberately induce beta wave activity in the brain, creating a state of catalepsy, a semi-conscious state in which the viewer is rendered highly susceptible to the in-flow of information into their five senses and beyond. Certain tones and electromagnetic fields generated further modify both the physiology at a physical and consciousness at a metaphysical level (as above so below) thereby enforcing the information to the extent that it has greater chronic influence creating addictions through feedback loops to the stimulus (such as in the case of extremely graphic -stimulating - media such as music, horror, and porn).

Staring passively/receptively at this square screen (rectangular) creates in one's consciousness a linear way of thinking that divorces one from nature wherein there is no linearity in that form, no square or rectangular object exists in nature. Hence the diremption from the natural order which occurs through this obsession/possession with the screen as temple before which one prostrates himself as before a divine presence which is the boundless light of nothingness. The contents of one's consciousness are injected into the structure of his mind and the latter, having initially been emptied, metamorphoses according to the quality and quantity of that impinging upon the mental screen.

### Generation abomination:

From the Baby Boomers to the Millennials - all degenerates to a greater or lesser extent. The intermediate generation of 'Y' - the between the Gen X-ers and the Millennials, might possibly be spared excessive criticism as 1) they were sufficiently removed from the baby boomers (and thus had sufficient critical distance) to recognize the latter as the degenerates they were (though filtered through their 'Y' perceptual lens) and sufficiently educated that they were not completely mind controlled through the introduction of the computer phone not having been introduced as yet and thus having had a period in their life during which a higher level of mentation might occur that enabled them to acquire the necessary faculties of logical thought to exit the matrix (if only to the slightest extent). This condition evaporated upon the introductions of the idiot phone which evaporated the higher consciousness of the white population and the cellular networks which were erected around them modifying their brain wave activity into conditions of stupor and coma. The baby boomers - worst of the generations to ever curse the earth with their excrescence - from rampant consumerism and earth rape to the destruction of their own culture, history, and ultimately biology through mass non-white immigration and enabling the Jews to destroy all of the good their hard-working ancestors created leaving nothing but a heap of ruins around them outside of their gated communities in which they celebrate their inflated sense of self-worth and egotistical genuflexion before the totem of the 'self'. The Gen X-ers who proceeded them carried forward the tradition of consumeristic materialism and Marxist multiculturalism, MTV generation degeneracy, and subversion of all that is sacred.

### Eliminate the cause, eliminate the effect:

The ultimate cause of the problems of the world and its people is: the Jew. The Jew is the common denominator of all problems from environmental damage/pollution to racial pollution (race mixing). Eliminate the cause and the effects will be wiped away. The tree continues to grow branches when the root is not severed; the tree of evil proliferates its evil limbs and the roots must be struck at to cease the growth. The tree of evil is the problem complex which has the Jew at its root.

### Pied Piper:

the track of the Jew through the ages, wandering from host to host seeking blood libel; to parasitize and vampirize the Jew wanders in the dark of night feasting on the life's blood of the innocent - many call it taxation - but the taxation imposed upon the populous exceeds mere financial burden burrowing like a parasite



into the inner recesses of the mind suffocating it through vampirism of its cerebral spinal fluid and other vital elixir. This broad and winding path of the international Jew leaves behind its footprints of blood. The ragtag mixed multitude which lags behind this pied piper eagerly spill yet more and conceal the tracks of the cloven-hooved children of the devil with their individual biometric impressions thereby implicated as the cause of the bloodletting, a convenient scapegoat for the international parasite. Thus this motley crew of untermenschen are both convenient scapegoats as well a battering ram enabling the Jew to conceal his crimes behind the façade of being a 'victim of circumstance: leading the stupid against those who serve as a stumbling block to his power, the Jew plays both ends against the middle and profits from the conflict he creates at the expense of those who are forced to defend themselves against the blind force of the mob, as well as the mob itself which through the conflagration undergoes its own attrition at the hands of those who would defend themselves against their aggressors, agitated as they are by the promptings and instigation of the Jewish mind manipulators. Working by proxies, through blinds and intermediaries is the Jewish strategy for conquest. Direct conflict of an open and honest nature is the trait of the Aryan, that of the sneak thief Jew is the surreptitious and the deceptive. Without agitating the slave class (or the lower orders free men or bond slaves) against their 'natural protectors' as the protocols of the elders of Zion says, the conquest by the Jews would be an impossible endeavour given their cowardice and weak-willed nature as well as numerical minority. Hence the poisoning of the well of the environment is a necessity in order to contaminate the minds of the people

- to create class and other (ethnic/sexual) conflict in order to attain a victory over those who have enabled them to enter their society.

Giving in order to take: - Philanthropist or philanderer, the Jew as criminal strikes again making off with the embezzled funds like the thief in the night he is. Thus the Jew represents himself as a giver of gifts only as a means of 'inserting the thing end of the wedge' of 'getting his foot in the door' and thereby, like an alley cat 'getting away with the cream' of the labour of the Other (usually the white society). To create the appearance of altruism is to warm the hearts of the recipient (in actuality recipients of nothing) to bestow real and tangible wealth instead of the wealth of wind and verbiage the Jewish 'philanthropist' trafficks in. As with all Jewish praxis the form is deception, falsehood, deceit, behind the mask of alluring appearances, a tapestry of ideas and feel-good sentiment. The clarion call of 'humanity, equality, etc.' is merely the stimulus paired with the response of the stampeding the goyim over the cliff towards their own destruction, trumpeted by their own representatives reading from the music sheet scripted by the Jews to fulfill this purpose in an attempt to transfer karma toward the programmed slaves who are (in the mind of the Jew) a receptacle of their own karma, the bad deeds they instigate and seek

- absurdly - to escape as they are bound up with their bad deeds and no consciousness shift can eradicate the damage done. The exchange is considered fair when based on agreement, and convincing through mind manipulation techniques the other party to agree ('getting to yes') has always been the expertise of the international carpet bagger. Hence the exchange amounts to little more than a unilateral contract masquerading as a bilateral contract where consideration is real and tangible coming from the gentile party and illusory and fictive coming from the Jew - or merely a null contract as being a 'contract to enter into a contract' and hence no contract at all ('I will gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today').

The fascination of the masses with horror movies, its psychological dimension and meaning: The fear (an animal-minded modality of consciousness) induced through observing scenery which appears to the viewer threatening and endangering of life is the sensation the sensationalist seeks in the pursuit of this vehicle of fear - the splatter and gore being dainties to gobble up in attempting to satiate the insatiable desire for self-stimulation to evoke this state of consciousness (fear, the ur/libidinal state of animal consciousness which triggers an adrenaline rush) tied in with other libidinal states (the sex and death primitive connection). Thus

watching horror movies is a modern day rival of black magic, a reduction of consciousness to the primitive.

Involvement in the states of consciousness on a habitual basis renders one an animal-man living within a reptilian brain state (reptilian brain = pons, medulla, and brainstem). This is the 'night side' of Eden wherein the masses dwell and revel in their ritualistic modalities of behaviour, stimulating themselves with fighting, fleeing, and fornicating.

#### Big Government:

A substitute religion when man becomes god and the god within enables the worship of oneself as a member of the god without by virtue of being a member thereof, i.e. a state apparatchnik - worship of the external authority of the state as an indirect self-worship. 'The Government' is us 'long live the government'. Such is the veiled egotism of the statist for whom self-identity is bound up with the state form and then later becomes the fetish and totem before which they prostrate themselves circumambulating widdershins around this projected ego, staring into the mirror of their vanity the while. God making the theurgical transmutation through governmental affiliation - anoint yourself with the oil of lucre, with the social lubricant of scientific socialism and attain enlightenment through giving utterance to their 'label' as a state-sanctified red tape generator and wire puller - though themselves a puppet on a string pulled by an infinitely complex skein of wires ultimately motivated by the hidden hand of Judeo-Masonry. They have had the secrets of the bureaucratic mysterium conferred upon them by the Leviathan. The archetype of the external authority, the hidden god who is everywhere yet nowhere in particular is that mesmeric force/entity which serves as the regulator of the consciousness of those who, though laying claim to master morality, are simultaneously slavish and subordinate before this occult master from whom is derived their identity. At whatever level in the hierarchy the minion/worshipper of this god restricts their identity in relation to this god form, as a 'worshipper' analogous to those who identify as Christians in relation to their 'Lord' (master). Thus the state is Lord, master, though the worshipper looks upon themself in their vanity (blinded as they are by appearances) as the god-man, or hadith in relation to nuit, microcosmic man in relation to the macrocosm which shines upon them its false light. Big government is the new god, freemasonic architecture of destruction, overlaying Gaia with technological excrescence, ejaculate of demiurgic control-freakism and attempts to 'own the world' in luciferian/promethean hubris, doomed to fall to earth like Icarus on waxen wings, to crumble to ruins of clay and iron as Babylon is fated to fall. From the ashes of big government comes the re-ascendance of a harmonious natural world order.

#### Agent Smith - Kosher enforcer of the matrix:

The non-descript and multitudinous 'Agent Smith' with his equally generalized/standardized name is the representative of the Jewish agents (Jews) within the Zion 'matrix'. Neo (the ne0-cortex or higher mind) is he who is capable of breaking out of the matrix and must engage the opponent (the adversary 'Shaitan') who is comprised of these agents and other technological 'demons' or lower astral entities that can only be overcome by the higher mind and living in accordance with the sum total (harmonization) yet simultaneously through this same faculty transcending the lower vibrational states that keep one trapped within its skein/nexus of bonds dragging him down to a lower density. Agent Smith is only overcome through reason, through an understanding of causality and how certain states are causally bound to others thus 'creating one's own reality' through generating antecedent states correlated with desired subsequent states and through recognition of those states bound up with the undesirable (desire in the sense of a tendency toward the positing good known thorough reason and intuition, through knowing oneself knowing that the good is not the matrix but beyond it and that it can only be accessed through going within and from thence without in god-like theurgy). Through combating Agent Smith, Neo understands the matrix for what it is, understands its artificiality of rules and thus infers that a reality exists beyond

and that this is his true home or that realm where he finds his true self and attains an authentic state of being (absolute personality, call it what you will). Agent Smith is the archetype of the Jew - forever imposing micromanagement and authoritarianism upon the slaves of the matrix. This mentality derives itself directly from the Talmud with its infinitely minute rules of rabbinical (demiurgic) control. The Jews are the commissars of the matrix who monitor with presumed (and falsely presumed) panoptic vision the activity of the matrix seeking to enforce their order and vampirize the 'goyim', human batteries of the matrix who exist in the mind of Agent Smith, purely as a source of bio- energy to be drained and transmitted to the Demiurge.

#### Mr. Suburbia:

Born and raised in a society in a world of hyper-conformism wherein every act is subject to rational deliberation and analysis; born amidst material comfort and plenty - the great corruptor leading astray from the path upwards toward the broad and winding spiral towards the abyss - the ensemble of sound bytes, facial gestures and forms of deportment all orchestrated to get to 'yes', to curry favour with the popular crowd and thereby to serve as a functional tool in the system of Leviathan, serving others to serve the self. Levelling up in the hierarchy, gaining footholds on the rungs of the ladder of success - plated with gold, encrusted more and more with gems as one ascends - looking past the moment towards the future goals which serve as motivation in the social climb ever upwards - such is the pursuit of the Bourgeois suburbanite. The 'hierarchy of the social' if such it may be called is the foreground of the Bourgeois' consciousness blind to all other reality than that which is the limit of their awareness. Any encounter with such a one immediately leads to the narrowing of the horizon of one's awareness to that of this hyper-competitive bellum omnia contra omnes, a rat race to the finish defeat meaning death and victory meaning the vanquishing of all not-self. Thus the psychology of the Bourgeois is inherently psychopathic-based as it is on the simple dichotomy of self vs. not-self, a me-against-the-world competition wherein only the most ruthless psychopath triumphs over the 'Other' (i.e. not-self). Thus in affirming one's own self he annihilates the world not understanding his proper role as a member of a certain race and place but rather construing his identity as one of abstract individuality separable from all concrete relations, possible to wrench from one spatio-temporal context and insert into another without modifying the being that is so manoeuvred - taking the tribal member from a tribe and playing a certain role and forcing him into a tribe of another type expecting consequences which are only different on the basis of the abstraction 'environmental conditions' themselves not created by the tribes who live in the midst thereof.

#### The JOGbot:

The Jew World Order slave of [post] modernity, the unthinking drone manufactured in the beehive of freemasonic architecture; the worker hefting bales as a necessary condition of obtaining a morsel of food for his drudging life of serfdom. This carbon-copied carbon-based life form manufactured in the fires of Orthunc as the golem of the black magician puppet-masters of Zion. Devotee of his masters (or rather, being gender neutral, 'it's) it prostrates itself before its slavers begging for crumbs. Sub-IQ moron class this grave Jew world automaton operates according to its programming through the mind control apparatus installed around the built environment (cell towers, smart meters, etc.) - inputs (stimuli) correlated with outputs (reactions). Functioning according to their programming these sub-men untermenschen bow with obeisance before their slave masters - an automaton as having only a finite programming must function within its programmed limits anything outside of which is an impossibility as all functions are determined by the program which is itself nothing but a blueprint contrived in the insane minds of the psychopathic kahilla. JOGbot's replaceability makes them a mere human resource which has a correlative cost that is to be offset by their use-value calculated and accounted for by social planners who themselves are assigned a correlative use value by their own reckoning, allocating to

themselves the lion's share of resources they never earned and use for no good purpose. Their life is quantified in terms of use-values reduced to numerical terms - a lifespan called 'work life' before which occurs the development of the resource via indoctrination/programming ('education') and after which occurs a subtle genocide via allopathic medical 'services' that serve to drain the bank accounts of these JOGbot slaves while eroding their health as an economically prudent act - benefits of killing of the elderly being outweighed by their cost - such is the reckoning of Zion and their micromanaging accounts. Hence the life of all and sundry is merely an asset which amortizes into a liability. Wave the flag (the false flag) and the JOGbot charges like a bull (if red) or stops in place as if controlled by radio waves to induce changes in brain states and correlative bodily mechanics (musculoskeletal movements that enable dotting of 'I's and crossing of 'T's).

#### Open letter to the hypocrites:

You claim equality and yet you condemn those who are not accorded privileged status, those who can threaten your power, those who you vilify in the pathetic narratives you scribe with your quills dipped in the blood of those you would make your scapegoats scrawled in twisted Yiddish on the lambskin aprons of your Sayanim. This blood libel bares the stink of injustice, the reeking odour of the agony of the true innocent. Stabbing your quill into the flesh of these who sustain you through their life's blood you quaff your thirst of blood in sanguinary psychopathy. You claim they 'owe you' and they held you 'captive in Babylon' and 'slaves in Egypt' and that you were 'persecuted' by the Christians. On this basis you make the claim that you are entitled to murder, to commit genocide against that people who are the sole builders of civilization throughout history and whom you yourselves are dependent and parasitical upon. You create legislation to exclude from their own areas of the earth those who created them in the first place, alienated them from the homeland of their ancestors the pioneers whose hard labour created civilization from out of a wilderness and whose adventurous spirit brought forth the conception of a complex society from out of the rude elements of the wilderness. You enable the invasion of this society with bestial hordes from the jungles of Africa and the sewers of Asia, the filthy deserts of the Middle East strewn as they are with the bones of internecine tribal warfare, centuries of earthbound souls haunting this area with a malevolent evil. This miasma you would, as you had the black plague before, bring upon the white Aryan race who you so jealously hate as they represent a mirror that reminds you of your ugliness, product of millennia of race-mongrelization. You would smash this mirror out of a violent hatred for your betters, incapable of being at peace with yourselves and in yourself though given all the riches of the world.

However you fail in one particular, to understand the impossibility of realizing your plan: that the mirror you seek to smash is of adamant and your feeble blows strike karmically only on your own twisted visage. Hence Judaism destroys itself when the Jews destroy themselves. They draw first blood and seek to project the bloodletting upon their scapegoats but the latter simply become a martyr to their righteous cause. Soon the scapegoats will have had their fill of blood, and scenting their own injury will gore the injurer, the Jew, with horns of adamant. Thus the blood libel will have come full circle in poetic justice when the dying carrion fowl that is the Jew will be thrown into the lake of fire to perish forever.

'The Jew must disappear' - Proudhon

Final fight approaches -Jew vs. Aryan.-The slippery 'semitic' (non-Adamite) vs. the creator and master of the multiverse, the Aryan hero. One who as a natural tendency and trajectory of his consciousness conforms to the law of nature and preserves the harmony of existence, the other a borne abomination that leaves desolate the creation who, if left to his devices unchecked by the hand of the Aryan, would devastate the earth and enslave all sentient beings [perhaps] mistakenly called 'human'. This final battle to end all battles, war to end all wars will soon be

upon us and in order that the Aryan may continue in this world 'The Jew Must Disappear'.

Pleasure Island:

The Marxist mass revels with abandon in the stained-glass cathedrals and colliseums built by their ancestors, the noble creators of the multiverse; the kaleidoscopic array of cultural artefacts smashed in an instant to pieces by the crude simian hands of untermenschen who would prefer to paint moustaches on the sphinx than replicate that noble temple to their forefathers. Lacking the skill and knowledge their ancestors possessed they flounder in the nether regions of consciousness destroying as they have no powers of creation. Roaming in raucous abandon they move from room to room desecrating the temple of the white race with their ignorance of history and all of that which culminated in themselves and transcends their comprehension given that only the lower states of beast consciousness can be understood by these debased, irrational creatures. The strobe light playing off the crystal ball that is the substitute for the sun of mind (in their mind) bathes them in its chaotic light. They dance the frenzied dance of the maenads and Dionysus, gyrating hips and oriental timbrels ringing in fever pitch of ecstasy. To this Marxist mass this is the height - the depth, ecstatic mindlessness amidst the fury of destruction of all that which amounted to more than a mere 'cheap thrill' of all that which constitutes the foundation of the much maligned 'western civilization', civilization itself. Baby-boomer redux the millennial Marxists equally degenerate live for little else than panem et circenses, feasting and fiddling while the colliseum of Rome burning around them. They took off the fig leaf of the state of David and masturbated themselves upon the sacred - wasting their vital elixir in satanic revel they expend their nerve force to exhaustion - next is the Venus de Milo who they violate with the bronze-dipped spear of the centurion cackling with glee as they dance widdershins around their desecrated temple remains. O' Artemis, o' Jove, wither art thou to sweep aside the pestilence of Marxist mantra ritualists. -Crash in poetic justice the edifice on their impious heads-down the river Styx.

Apollo redeemed, Dionysus the usurper dethroned: Apollo the extra mundane, purely rational, coldly indifferent; yet acknowledging all with the radiance of his knowledge through which all things become illuminated in their truth. Apollo as the unfeeling, unemotional - unaffected by the transience of circumstance, of the 'merely' spatio-temporal flux of becoming - a hard cold statue standing in the Heraclitean river of change and remaining unchanged, gazing out over the welter of beings in the coming to be and passing away with the god's eye view of eternity superseding/transcending illusion through itself by itself and with itself. The Krist figure, saviour of the perishable from death and yet a whited sepulchre it is claimed, the living tomb of impossible Being amidst becoming - claimed by those who look upwards from their mire of samsara and see through a glass darkly their own destruction before their eyes if they can see anything at all save a tenebrous form of seeming fixity.

Nevertheless Apollo remains a fixity it is only when viewed from a mundane perspective that he appears to rise and set. Parallax perception nullifies the eternity of Apollo in the illusory vision of Samsaric consciousness. To look with earthly eyes is to remain blind, the vision of the extramundane must be perceived through extramundane means even if from a mundane vantage point.

Dionysus would say 'yes' to life but the life he affirms is the transient life of becoming and thus only says 'yes' to a living death while bringing about a denial of eternity through ecstatic rites of left-hand path vama marga practice. He loses himself throughout these ecstasies and finds only momentary striving. And yet paradoxically it is striving by virtue of striving he finds himself - albeit only perhaps

a lower self; perhaps the higher self, known through the lower, if such may be possible to attain a glimmer of eternity through illusion and not lose (or fail to find) oneself through this means.

Apollo posits reason and the mind divorced from emotion as the bridge to the superman but precipitates the extinction of the whole man through an aescetic life of living death, the Christian life as waiting for life beyond life which may be a reality, yet is this not simply submission to one's own absorption in the Demiurge to be recycled post- mortem in the wheel of incarnation? Perhaps it is simply a path which leads to ascension by a more gradual route over the incarnations with the Dionysian being the more expedient one – and also the one more fraught with the danger of no return and fragmentation, of a disappearance in illusion.

Nine to five: Cyclical drudgery, rolling around in the wheel passively the slave of industry catering to the hidden hand that (hardly) feeds him. Such is the nine-to-five mass man homo sovieticus. Work is equated with life and all conceptions of life outside of work are construed as devilry, idleness in which idle hands do the devil's work – an occasion for socially acceptable debasement outside of which receiving the condemnation of the proletarian as laziness, etc. The satan of the working man is the man who 'don't work' and who is painted with the blackest brush with self-righteous shaming. 'If you don't work you don't eat' – creed of the slave who understands that 'from the sweat of his brow his bread doth come' and those who fail to produce a sufficient quantity of brow sweat don't merit life as life is equated with work – the proletarian equation wherein this work is life and the be all and end all is the means. Means equals end in endless cyclicism – the only respite being the allocated 'play' in which the proletarian is permitted to 'blow off steam' from a life of hyper-tense exertion

– to the extent of social acceptability which is presumably correlated by the masters hiding behind the hidden hand with biological drives – not too much to damage the human machines but enough to release the pent up steam and to allow the gears to rest preventing mental fatigue even while in their sorcerous manner deliberately rusting the gears to render the machine disposable as scrap for their Lord Demiurge Jew-hovah to rend their forms in his maw.

The life of the average everyday grinder partakes of a dull consciousness such that the hidden hand cannot be seen given the inability (in terms of energy levels and temporal resources, e.g. time) to cultivate the needed gnosis to perceive that which overarches their existence making of them an instrument of vampiric controllers who bleed the energy from their hapless slaves. Punching the clock will soon come to an end with the final solution to the Jewish question, namely the penultimate clock-punching of the Jews who will retire into their destiny – a permanent vacation into the lake of fire to perish forever amen. At such a time the proletarian will undergo a metamorphosis into an illuminated being finally freed from the shackles of his Demiurgic masters who would have imprisoned him in the material world of lower consciousness, in that world of Samsara.

Why do you care? – About my personal circumstances, my history, my purposes – is it because you seek to exercise your will *zur macht*, to have over me lordship and to place me in bondage to your will? Perhaps you must find a better cause for concern than to seek domination of others in a lesser jihad. Overcome thyself. But first you must know yourself, eh my friend?

Standardization as soul death – All movements regulated, all persons reduced to quantities in a database substitutable one for another wherein only the manager of the database may look reflexively upon themselves as a conscious being, aware of the reality of master and slaves with those underneath the iron boot-heel carrying the weight of the master. However the master carries the weight of the other masters – all the way up to the demiurge past the pope and the rabbinate and all affiliates transmitting

energy from the lower multitude upwards ascending up the hierarchy to the all-seeing eye of Satan/Saturn/Jew-hovah, the demiurge. Standardization begets the death of the souls out of whom is rung their life's blood through what is represented as a noble suffering, namely the workaday life of self-sacrifice for truly it is the self – the absolute self – which is being sacrificed for the sake of the machine and its administrator, Jew-hovah.

Jewhovah as database administrator exerted a trickle-down effect to the lower orders that impose demiurgic control over those who are bred merely as human batteries to be drained of energy for master. Individuation is the key to the standard lock upon the consciousness (self-consciousness) of the multitude's members who are born blind – blinded by the Samsaric conditioning they receive through this process of standardization: to cultivate the higher self and not be structured and conditioned so to speak by the multitude – to identify/posit oneself as a self and not relative to the Other--but simply as Other to one's self; to become a self-Absolute, law unto oneself – autonomous as opposed both heteronomous and homonymous, in the former case existing in one's consciousness relative to the Other in the latter amongst and with the other. In the case of self-law, the heroic self-legislator of one's own law paradoxically one finds himself amongst his own group/tribe and thereby derives and constructs his being and the law of his being vis-à-vis his comrades/kinfolk. He is not an isolated bourgeois individualist or a communized proletarian of the *Internationale* but rather a being rooted in a here-and-now, yet both in the world and of the world. Not controllable as a standardized product yet not adrift in a solipsistic world of simulacra and fabrications of his own imaginings – authentic man as absolute individual yet also fellow tribesman.

One who wears a cloak that was made for him as traditional dress woven with the magical significance of the generations which stretched before him and from whence he derived his being at least the ur-form of his being itself constructed from out of this genetic stock which is as the eternal well of Mimir. - Replenishing itself through itself sub-specie aeternitatis.

Surface Appearance: condition of life in this epoch – no depth only the superficial applies

- a mask of substance masking nothingness, vanity of existence which is only a living death of solipsistic drudgery. To gain entry to the social realm the key to the kingdom one must know the password and this is the lost secret of masonry only available to the initiated, those members who wear around their necks the golden key enabling them access to the land of milk and honey barred to all those not so fortunate who must be cast out into the streets to beg those who stole from them their bread what is rightfully theirs. A grinning cap-toothed smile, pressed and dry-cleaned clothes, a perfumed model's physique – the aggression of a predatory animal lurking behind the mask of civility – master morality on display in all its glory before the public reaping the plaudits of its affiliates whose reciprocal back-scrubbing intends to swell up the value of this priest caste through proximal definition, defining oneself through the Other by not being that thing – through contrasts between master and slave on the basis of ostentatious display of self-importance – look at my Rolex; my cabin in the tropical vacation spot; my badge of status signifying my level in the hierarchy in the totalitarian socialist government, etc. Such displays of value (always and exclusively within the system of the only source from which, according to the system's wirepullers, value may be derived) – call them displays of 'governance', a gesture of dominance for the ego-boosting accrual of socialist capital. These virtue signallers are social capitalists whose drive is not money and material wealth (not alone) but rather social capital – standing in ivory towers gazing down upon the plebeian mass and –urinating upon them giving the gift of a shower of golden excreta--christening (or satanizing) the vast masses in their

dishevelled condition; wet cats on a rainy day. Behind the surface of this shallow social scene is the tenebrous vacuity of non-being – for nothing exists behind the Ronald McDonald mask with its shine and splendour but the emptiness of possibility for what could have been, had things been structured organically according to nature and allowed to open the possibilities of life for those artificially suppressed in an artificial society who are thereby unable to manifest their destiny and yet who must be subjected to the discharge of sewage their self-appointed masters dump upon them as their means of virtue signalling.

Jekyll-Hyde – the persona of the post-modern wo/man: Appearance over essence the novo-homo of urbanity wears the mask of socially conditioned civility – gleeful smiles and pancake make-up cheeks; suits from the bazaars of Paris and hats from the Italian haberdashery. This creature is the theatrical performer of the post-modern world whose clever nuanced gestures in graceful coordination with those speech acts and utterances of his interlocutors find a way to ‘get to yes’ with his rationally self-interested affiliates who work mutually toward their enlightened self-interests in solipsistic psychopathy.

This is the venerable Dr. Jekyll side of the complex dualistic being of Jekyll-Hyde. The false front serves to mask the sinister shadow self which is artfully concealed behind the pleasing siren-like appearance – the olfactory invitation of the perfume called ‘cologne’ in trendoid parlance; the effete gestures masking the greedy hands which rob the souls of lesser (i.e. less evil) men and which lust for the flesh pots of Egypt, for loot and perverse delights on the night-side of Eden. Behind the false front lurks the Id-ic Hyde, the base drives of animal passion eager for blood and the satiation of his lusts. The latter is the reptilian consciousness, the lower brain regions which tie one to the instinctive functions of fight, flight, and fornicate; the former (Jekyll) is prefrontal cortical (at least in terms of the materially dense anatomy), it is the logos densely rendered material, the seat of the inhibitive reflective function of consciousness at this level – the reign which holds back the wild beast and which guides it towards the destiny of the rider. At this time this dyadic being is in conflict with itself unable to manifest its destiny along the smoothest trajectory as the mind-poison of Christ-insanity still haunts the post-modern metrosexual whose neuroticism over giving offence to the collective mores and all of the polite programs which must be acted out as a means to curry favour with the masses if only as a purely instrumental means of obtaining the desired objective pragmatically.

This schism between the structure of social programming and expectation and the self-oriented drive to procure that which serves one’s personal evolution reduced to a compromise which often nullifies the objective – hence the Hyde aspect of the post-modern ‘mangina’ leaps about at the end of its tether held by the fallible hand of the rational Dr. Jekyll whose grip fatigues with the increases of societal inhibition and concomitant straining of the chain by Mr. Hyde whose primordial urges and propensities are correspondingly defeated creating the pressure within that finds release only in the perverse, abominable crimes against the human mob who though the same dyadic being as himself bears the full brunt of his wrath. This schizomania as it has been called is a child of Christian neuroticism and its modern variant Marxism and Gaia worship, embodying the same tropes as its forbearer of guilt (an inward looking self-aggression and desire for self-inflicted suffering and punishment) and inhibition (the pressure cooker of the social (which seeks outlet in exhibition in the form of the perverse (alcohol,



drugs, rape, murder, sacrifice, etc.). Clearly post-modern man is a creation of post-modern society and his existential malaise can find alleviation only in a societal change or a profound inner change acting against the current of post-modernity which entails a detachment from the bourgeois morality of solipsistic individualism and communistic collectivism, or some hybrid variant based upon a glaring error in its fundamental doctrine, namely the clash between the natural and the artificial between the embodied doctrine of abstract individuality wherein universalism is born, the mother-child of the limited abstract conception of a quantitative being bereft of qualitative content for whom all content can be substituted and exchanged as well as created ex-nihilo from the same primordial clay and between the reality of a living being in an organic world self-evolving and developing in harmony with the environment.

What gives rise to the Jekyll-Hyde is the inharmonious nature of the post-modern world with the necessarily naturalistic basis upon which it must be built as a house of cards doomed to fall given its fundamentally idealistic – and hence divorced from nature – reality which is in schism with the reality of nature. Being what one is not and not being what one is is the source of neuroticism which is the source of the inevitable explosion of Hyde from the cage of society that he has been trapped within. From thence arises the development of the police state to rein in all the Hyde's of the world and convert them into rationalized and socialized Dr. Jekyll's whose compliant praxis it is hoped will enable the complex machinery to continue to operate. Of course the breaking point is reached when all the cages burst asunder as society has become too much of an inhibitive power that suppresses the destinies of those who have artificially been caged within its limitations. The pressure cooker is now shaking and soon will disgorge its contents once the breaking point is reached. The quaint and sophisticated Dr. Jekyll will swiftly be displaced by Hyde furiously tearing aside the mask of civility out for bloodlust and vengeance against his jailer – the machine itself and all of its engineers who have made themselves too conspicuous to those whose Jekyll is not as strong as theirs either by inherent weakness or external deprivations, etc.

All Whites Go To Heaven : The Beastmen never attain Elysium as they are not sufficiently strong in their integrity of energy/subtle bodies to ascend to that higher vibrational dimension in which only the better element can go without fragmenting and ceasing to exist post mortem.

Whites are potentially living in the manner of Krist, in the world and not of the world whereas the Beastmen are of the world and perish with it – ashes to ashes and dust to dust; soul fragments recycled in the karmic wheel to comprise yet more elements to be fashioned by the demiurgic architect into animate machines to carry out his Satanic will within the matrix of his fashioning. Not all whites will become a Krist as the snares of the matrix bind them to the earth rendering them earthbound souls who have no possibility of ascending and who inevitably remain within the lower dimensions or become food for the Demiurge.

No exclusive territory = no survival: In order for a group to survive as such and to perpetuate or sustain its identity it must have group integrity (by definition). In order to have integrity as a group it must have exclusive territory in which to preserve this integrity. The situation at present renders impossible the possession of exclusive territory; therefore it renders necessary the destruction (negation) of integrity.

Therefore either the situation will be alleviated (negated) or those who are subject to this situation will be negated. Thus a disjunctive choice is to be had between the preservation of one's own and thus through the negation of the contemporary situation or the negation of one's own and this through the

preservation of the situation – either live through fighting a war of survival and winning or die through refusing to fight out of cowardice or perverted values that won't be relinquished by a perverted mind. Thus exclusive territory is the lebensraum mandate of those who say 'yes' to life and consider their survival the ultimate morality in contradistinction to those who have been subjected to the life denying morality of the preachers of death who say 'no' to life in the deluded hopes of obtaining front row tickets to the season opener past the golden gates. Their true fate will inevitably be the cleaning fire past the iron gates. Those who say 'yes' to life are, in a Christian sense but moreover in a naturalistic sense, inviting themselves into the promised land of milk and honey. Like Kvasir they must mix the blood with honey, the blood of their enemies, whose liquor must flow through the streets as a red carpet along which the remnant may walk towards their proper destiny once all has been cleared away from a once pure society. The gesture – under whatever pretext – of encroachment upon the space of another necessarily amounts to a declaration of war as it implies a violation of exclusive territory no longer so exclusive. The appropriate response to the invader is the threat if not the execution of force – within a context of naturalistic ethics rooted in the laws of nature and survival of oneself which implies the survival of that larger group of which one is a member. The right to counter-violence is implied in the violation of one's own territory which is the same thing as aggressive warfare played out under some pretext of whatever nature (e.g. foreign investor, student, temporary foreign worker, etc.). For the expansion and advancement of one's own kind is necessitated survival as a precondition which implies exclusive territory the terrain in which expansion and advancement may be undergone (expansion = multiplication of members ideally through selective eugenics breeding; advancement = the development through eugenics means of a superior caste of descendants who supersede their forbearers with each generation). The current situation nullifies the destiny of the white race through foreign intrusion, ultimate assimilation and extermination through miscegenation of the host population. Hence the hypocrisy of the universalists (at best the naiveté in the case of the lemming masses) that they 'love' all people while simultaneously denying exclusive territory to those in whose countries this 'brotherhood' is claimed to be taking place through reduction of white territory and power under the guise of just redistribution of wealth to all non-whites from the coffers and territory of whites. This to any reasonable and rational person constitutes the subtle and gradual genocide of white people. Hence the exclusion of those who have been – in contravention to nature's laws – included into a territory possessed by others and in which they had no stake in creating but rather destroying – is an ethical imperative – casting out the garbage and cleaning the Aegean stables of turd world detritus is the only recourse of those possessed of a functional mind and body, endowed with the healthy instincts of the collective consciousness of their kind.

The best of both worlds and the worst of both worlds: political systems are artificial or natural. In the former case they are contrivances of the utopian dreamers who, typically through underhanded means, have established themselves in the seats of power over their charges the vast masses who constitute their defacto slaves and which fact they either ignore or pretend does not exist when insufficient power is available to enslave through threat of potent force; the former being dubbed 'democracy', the latter 'communism' which is the end result of the former through gradualistic deceit and ever-increasing legalistic suppression of the natural will of the people. These systems are castles in the air having no organic basis in reality and fall through lack of any foundation leaving the ruins of impossible dreams behind. Utopia is indeed the word which most aptly characterizes these half-baked schemes of universal brotherhood, suffrage, liberty, equality, etc. Even for those not deluded by the naïve pontifications of cheery orators, those of the hidden hand, the shadow self of government whose hypocrisy contrives these protocols in the first place, there is not enough stability in the impossible

architecture for the blue print to manifest in translation into reality and necessarily falls under its own weight as a laughable construct of demiurgic creat ex nihilo, woven from the India rubber and whale bone of the flotsam and jetsam, of the detritus of Gaia's expanses. This is in abstracto the best but in concreto the worst of all possible political realities as the failed carryover into objective life of these grandiose schemes leads to the unleashing of a hell on earth the nature of which could be anticipated only by those knowledgeable and rational enough to understand practical consequences which those dream-weavers in ivory tower luxury can afford – at least until the raising of their towers to the ground – to fixate upon, having no empirical grasp of the consequences nor having to tread upon the ground they believe will soon be prepared for their triumphal procession but which rather will be a red carpet of blood and gore bespattering the stone parapets of the ivory towers with the contents not of clever phrase mongering and treatises of political economy but rather the bowels of the intelligentsia too foolish to understand that a sow's ear can never be made into a silk purse and that all venerable documents, charters and constitutions, are mere fodder for the fire of revolution used to fan the flames of their own destruction, never implementable and always impractical.

The best of both worlds – practical and theoretical – is that which derives itself from the natural world and subordinates itself to the laws of nature rather than subordinating nature to itself. Thus it is theoretically practicable as corresponding in its details as closely as possible to the natural order of things which necessarily eschews equality and 'selects' or enables or disables on the basis of superiority or inferiority of particular function.

The best political reality and correspondent theory is (naturally) national socialism which accords with the laws of nature, namely the race or nation self-developing through itself within a socialistic structure, i.e. one based upon the identification of the race as the nation and the members thereof as playing an intrinsic supportive (and mutually so) role wherein all have their proper place (rights) and function (duties) in accordance with their natural attributes born of nature and cultivated through the socialistic nurture provided through the well-trained and conscientious state representatives, who have vested interests in the improvement of their kind de natura, who identify with their own and whose inner being is bound up with their function and whose function is developed through testing and training which enables them to maximize their potentiality without cutting from the vine of life those who, in a classist society are deemed unwertes leben or suited only to the labouring classes whose higher potentialities are thrown to the dogs so as to make them more efficient slaves before their bourgeois masters who then live a leisure life of self-indulgence at their expense. Utopian dreams aside the default setting of nature is hierarchy and this in the form of force – the suppression of the proletariat by the priestly caste through the threat of destruction or pain via their gendarmerie – or through cohesive agreement with tribal members mutually supporting one another through roles they are most adapted to. This develops naturally and the artificial force imposed upon the mass at the bottom creates sufficient pressure to eventually break apart society through revolution as the only expression of the dissatisfaction of the voiceless. When the voiceless are empowered within a national socialist monarchist state to express themselves and manifest their destiny they contribute to a harmonious society and need not have recourse to the destruction of what in effect amounts to a prison not a nation. The former is natural the other the artificial state manifesting itself in bourgeois hypocrisy and false egalitarianism or the knout of communism crushing the peasantry into submission and creating the pressure cooker of resentment through a failure to manifest destiny; thereby hobbling evolution through perverting nature through anti- nature.

Liberalism/secular humanism as sin expiation: first it remains to be discussed what the nature of sin expiation is as an ego-based gesture. This is a demonstration of the expiator's acknowledgement of himself as sinner and concomitant positing of the ego as morally superior to those who have transgressed (within this paradigm of morality) by not undergoing this same self-abasement procedure. Structuring himself accordingly the sin expiator underscores his value within this moral dogma which purports to espouse selfless altruism which is merely the façade behind which the ego hides darting out before its conscious awareness as an actor returning to the stage for an ovation, to bask in the limelight of its self-hood – 'I the bestower of gifts', 'I the noble who acknowledges his errors'.

The claim to universalism, i.e. that 'all are [created] equal' and endowed with nebulous 'rights' which serve as guarantees of material advantages to be bestowed by and taken from whites to be their tithe to expiate the 'sins' of their fathers, etc. This claim serves the purpose of elevating the value of the 'self-effacing' [to the point of extinction of one's own culture and genetic posterity] white liberal in their own mind giving them an ego boost, what motivated them in the first instance to proclaim the 'universal rights of man' which label incorporates in over broad sweeping generalization the equality in abstracto of that which is concretely distinct and would never correspond in any particulars save those which bear no relationship to the advancement of [white] society. The bourgeois liberal sacrifices posterity on the altar of his ego, transforming paradise into inferno and having no regard for the future save only his own and his desire to maximize pleasure and minimize pain, the totem before which he prostrates himself and propitiates his god the lower ego. Talk of 'universal [brother]hood' implies the sinful nature of the white liberal and his 'benevolent' gesture of helping the non-white as means of representing/constructing himself as 'white god-man superman' / 'Jesus' whose divinely self-inspired mission is to bestow rewards upon the undeserving in attempts to amass dharma and genuflect before his vanity mirror. Thus sin expiation within the realm of libtard-land and viewed through the rose-coloured glasses of liberal wilful ignorance (another modality of his egotism) is an instrumental means to the end of ego boosting towards the stars and becoming a god of his own universe – ardua per astra.

Castes: The social engineers – in the name of efficiency and the maintenance of their totalitarian architecture of the social – have taken it upon themselves to determine the fate of other's lives, nipping in the bud their own willful exertion in carving out their destiny. - One instance of this lies within the stratification of the populous along caste lines, not based upon nature and biology (wherein the uniform of caste is the colour of the skin), but upon artificial concepts bearing no relationship to the natural world and its organic being. Hence caste can be bought and the aristocracy of the liberal democratic/Marxist world of egalitarian globalism is an aristocracy of money posited over an aristocracy of blood. - Raceless consumerism and collectivism over tradition. The caste system therein, being the support of the society (the 'establishment' being the aristocracy based on wealth) is doomed to self-destruction as the edifice is based on clay and iron not on iron and blood, but is a construct, a golem of the Judeo-Masonic theocracy who desperately strife through the burning of reason and its instrumentality (necessarily mendacious) to render the natural artificial by replacement of the aristocracy of blood, which implodes society through the rearrangement of its pillars of support, a structure held together by baling wire and string which, once sufficient animosity and social chaos manifests will burst at the seams and crumble to ruins as the flimsy edifice it is – to be built anew by those architects whose blood flows blue in their veins transparent through their pale skin; the latter yet suffused with this noble elixir.

Nature cannot be supplanted nor overcome through anti-natural values and concomitant slapdash praxis which attempts to implement castles of the air upon firm ground. Nature structures itself

through itself and beings that dwell on earth are separable therefrom while having a foot upon the soil and living within those circumstances.

Population reduction and its discontents: The protocol of 'reductio populi' has always been a favourite of the Judeo-Masonic conspiracy which has orchestrated the mass murder of countless people throughout millennia. Soon a new act in this tragedy will be undergone and the players are the hapless and ignorant masses whose lives consist of the revolving of the wheel of 9-5 Monday to Friday and who could not possibly be anything other than obtuse regarding the plans which are contrived from the balcony to bring the act to its final conclusion. That a mass reduction of the population is warranted I do not deny however the type targeted with extermination leaves much to be desired, including as it so improperly does the white population or at least some (and a large sum it would appear) of its elements who are undeserving of this fate given their inherent genetical-spiritual capacity for greatness even only as a vehicle of posterity if lacking any merit of their own. The continuance of the race in its finest and most suitable form would be the optimum but anything which could over the generations approach this optimum would be if not a substitute then a worthy addition. The unfit would be decided on the basis of substantial (biological) merit not on the putative merit of the account books which any greasy Jewish crook or Masonic paedophile could easily proffer. Aristocracy of blood over aristocracy of soulless lucre and the healthy (potentially healthy) peasant stock as bearer of the torch. Whites – not Jews – must live.

Mammonists: Those whose lives consist of the devotion to their god of material wealth and low desire, namely Mammon, are properly called 'Mammonists'. A life of materialistic greed, comfort, and pleasure are the sole concern of these debased farm animals whose life attains no higher principle save animalistic revelry, gestation, fornication, and propagation in an endless cycle of birth and death. The behaviour of these creatures (for I dare not call them human) goes beyond the pale of 'human' self-interest into the realm of psychopathy, a complete disregard for the Other and its existence – even to the point of vampirism and cannibalism of the Other for the enrichment of the self. All acts consist of material acquisition and the expropriation from others of one's ill-gotten gain across all lines of material enrichment (from the human bio-energy of attention seekers to the expropriation of property from those who can't make the cost of usury in mortgage payments which are the pledge of one's life). Life consists of little more than quantity: numbers in a bank, physical quantities of material stored/hoarded away in quantities of land and buildings attached thereto carpeting the earth with the ownership rights of titles and registrations, etc. The whole of reality reduced to quantity divested of quality. Every statement is a relative one having relationship to the Other solely as a 'reflexion reflecting', directed towards oneself and simply played off the other as a means of eliciting a reaction to gratify the ego and accrue social capital to the self. This mentality is not only bourgeois it is communistic, not only the mentality of the merchant class who traffic in formal quantities (i.e. numbers) but, in that of the proletariat who eyes with jealousy the 'finer things in life', things which are ultimately quantitative in their structure both hazily conceived by the latter as physical bulk and as the amalgam of all sensations purchasable by the universal value form – empty in itself and yet full of illusory promise; promise which is merely the promise of a promise and thus inherently vacuous. Pursuing desire like a hamster in a wheel, satiation is never attained as desire is pursued for desire's sake and thus no end goal is attainable other than the perpetual revolution in the wheel. Dopamine spike after dopamine spike, the 'psychonaut' of Mammon races towards the cliff of exhaustion, gutted with material gain and suffering from a nervous

exhaustion brought about through over-stimulation: the downward spiral continues unto the grave.

Planned obsolescence as tool of genocide: The introduction of ever-new cultural artefacts into the public consciousness transforms the mass mind into an aleatory, transient egregore that loses its blood memory through the surfeit of entities, that crowd out of itself its self-knowledge which latter is necessary for its maintenance as a distinct structure. 'As above so below' and the idealistic transformation begets a realistic restructuring. The obsolescence of that around which one orients creates disorientation as it is a plastic structure forever undergoing new formative changes necessitating new patterns of movement which break down the 'core personality' of the race (the collective consciousness) and render it susceptible of restructuring according to the content of the cultural manufacturers and their products. Erosion of culture is gone about through a lack of fixity in the product, its durability made to last only as long as necessary to direct the attention of oneself away from the previous product and thus to maintain a state of perpetual flux, a lack of fixity in consciousness which enables the insertion of the novel into the mind and to juxtapose all novelty into a melting pot of meaninglessness leading one inevitably to having recourse to endless self-stimulation of the lowest order as a means of fixing attention on a sufficiently strong impulse (even if this be only an immersion in trends of fashion apparel, etc.). This focusing of attention upon the perpetual flow of transience puts one in a hypnotic state as always anticipating novelty and not focusing on any determinate thing for a sufficient period of time thereby implicating one in a state of heightened suggestibility and as it were dependency upon external stimuli or objects detracting from a self-reflexive identification, and rather an identification with the object as determinate of the form of one's (collective) consciousness. Subjectivity, once objectified qua objectivity (collective consciousness) immerses itself in objectivity (the phenomenal veil of Maya) qua subjectivity (individualistic solipsism) and thereby destroys itself. (Post) modernism supersedes tradition and annihilates the latter through its very transience which precludes fixity and thereby the establishment of a traditional form which could oppose its annihilating influence. 'Post-modernism' as a cultural process (to speak generally) could also be equated with 'leftism' or 'cultural Marxism' which is the annihilation of tradition just as tradition is the annihilation of Marxism (fascism, Christianity, etc.). Tradition is such as it posits fixity and whether or not (national socialism) rooted in the blood memory constitutes the (new) bedrock upon which is established a culture. When tradition itself has permanence is when it corresponds with nature, i.e. is bound up with the blood memory of the bearers of that culture that is to say the biological kin group (race) which enables its manifestation and which latter is bound up there with such that if it (the biological basis) ceases so too will the culture be submerged in the culture of the Other or in the case of the culture of erosion and transience (e.g. consumerism, cultural Marxist trends or 'leftism') will be annihilated unless a sufficient strength of recollection of blood memory can be had to serve as safeguard of the tradition bound up therewith through recognition of who one is and whither one is going given where one has been (manifest destiny).

Planned cultural obsolescence as mechanism of genocide is effective only to the extent of the ability of the sinister agent to shift consciousness away from tradition through distraction by interweaving his red herring distractions within the tradition itself such as in the case of Christ-insanity wherein was injected the universalistic and eventual anti-white biases as well as in the case of esoteric traditions such as theosophy and more ancient Aryan traditions (in Tibet and India which latter suffered destruction through transmogrification at the hands of Jewish infiltrators who mixed the castes and universalized the particular, rendering an Aryan tradition universal for non-Aryans which led to the

stagnation and will-less self-abnegation of fakirism in this region today knowing as they do that having failed to preserve their traditions qua particular they subverted their destiny which was bound up with their particularity – they intermixed types through miscegenation and their tradition thereby lost its efficacy. However had they not allowed decadence to overtake them rendering them weak they would not have fallen to this state of apathy and further decay.).

If the blood memory of the race is preserved through a refusal to slip into laxity of rites supportive of the tradition which is its epiphenomenon the planned obsolescence would never occur as no novelty could be introduced beyond that which is organically developed through itself, through the blood.

Wage slavers of Zion: This is the identity of the J.O.G.BOT, the Jewish occupation government robot who lives merely to work as a condition of self-reflexive ego gratification; a looking in the mirror of one's vanity, at the grime of virtue smeared on the sweaty cheek of labour – such is life for the Jogbot, the worker who understands nothing of life outside of brute physicality, of functioning according to predetermined programming, 9-5 routine cyclicism as the needle in the groove of a broken record.

The motivation is approval by the collective as a spotlight shining upon oneself and casting its glory upon him. All motivation of wage slavery reduces to oneself and his personality, a desire to be grounded in external supports of his being allowing the latter to structure him as a cog in the machine and thereby confer upon him meaning. This meaning is the limit of his being which is dependent upon his 'working'; which upon cessation renders him a nullity, in the eyes of the 'collective' a mere historical artefact at best, an obsolete excrescence otherwise one of the many too many who join the ranks of working class heroes amongst the rows of grave markers of those who have fallen under the scythe of Saturn's allopathic genocide system.

The wage slave psychology: wake, work, play for a brief moment, kiss your children goodnight and sleep to begin again another day – a downward spiral into an early grave with merely the plaudits of the masses as cold comfort in a sepulchral slumber ad aeternitatis. This psychology constitutes a mind program formulated by the Jewish elite who use this as a conditioning mechanism to enforce their tyranny rendering all wage slaves as no possibility exists outside of this condition, the *conditio sine qua non* of their being. Wage slaves are such *defacto* and *in mente* or both – simply being a 'worker' does not mean that one is such *in mente* and therefore *in actua* but merely one *defacto/in concreto*, in his physical capacity as such which contains the possibility for the more enlightened to transcend this and thereby not be *in actua* as they are *Other in mente*.

This is the saving grace of the being in question as though put in harness as an intended wage slave. They nevertheless transcend this harness, and though in chains are free.

This is one of the solutions to the tyranny of Zion if such it may be called, the solution of an interiorization, a looking within. The other solution also entails this mental conditioning but perhaps a more outward-looking perspective of a more martial nature, a self-control as mechanism of giving combat to the enemy with sufficient ruthlessness and resolve, thereby increasing the probability of victory. To break the chain of wage slavery one can either suffer its weight through transfer of attention onto more meaningful things (to the higher consciousness or can perform this action as a means of strengthening the Self to serve in *defacto* and *in concreto*).

Ally or enemy: In the RaHoWa where the uniform is the colour of the skin one is either on the side of his people or he is against them. Pro-white or anti-white the law of the excluded middle of fence-sitters

applies with iron force, the fence-sitter inevitably being ripped apart at the seams by rival factions whose side the fence-sitter decided to omit joining thus incurring the rancour of both who fell upon him in feral hostility as an 'Other', an obstacle to the swelling of their ranks with suitable warriors or having another worthy foe to combat. Thus those who refuse to choose sides may no longer have the option of choice as they will no longer exist. If they manage to 'continue on' their choices will be severely restricted by circumstances and forced by the prevailing power, whichever can exert the pressure of potent threat against the would-be benchwarmer in the bellum omnia contra omnes. The security so long sought after by the sheepish masses will be found if at all on the side of their kin group and those finding themselves in the enemy camp will likely be set upon by their hopeful affiliates who, recognizing their Otherness, will descend upon them as Other to themselves and hence as enemy.

One scurries for succour in the mass as there is strength in numbers – such is the thinking of the sheeple. The sage prepares himself for ascension the warrior monk for battle stoically awaiting his time to strike. Either the enemy camp and be roasted on a spit or the camp of one's own however problematic – there alone lies survival, save for the madman or solipsist who dwells within a magic prison of the mind and concerns himself with naught but the selfish Self, whiling away his remaining time on earth in the bottle or in profound meditation. – Escapism nonetheless.

The aescetic monk and the warrior berserker must merge in the Absolute Person who transcends in immanence the welter and chaos of circumstances which ring him round. Guided from above he is not overcome but overcomes – both himself and Other thereby clinching the victory. The craven coward who hides in the corner salivating over his plum pudding hoping to escape the conflagration finds his goose liver pate doubly cooked, scorched in the holocaust of enemy assault. No milk for babes in the kali yuga, the nadir of this Manvantara; the drums beat their martial tattoo summoning the Einherjar to battle and victory or Valhalla. The days of blue-skied dreamscapes are darkened by the perpetual night which is clouding the sun of mind from its refulgent manifestation. The pale lunar light and the firelight of war machines and enemy campfires is all that is seen. Taking up the sword the warrior monk enters the fray over the corpses of the fence-sitters.

Political correctness as mechanism of liberty restriction: Imposing through social pressure a regimen of behaviour upon the populace, the controlling elite (Judeo- Masonry and Catholic order priestly caste) thereby enforce their tyranny through the creation of social taboos, which comprise all of that lying outside of the realm of 'political correctness' which is qualified as prohibited discourse, that which carries with it the illicit, the mark of Cain as it were and given the inversion of all values that a society structured along anti-natural dogma enforces, all natural instincts and proclivities towards freedom of association, self-identification along biological lines, etc. are suppressed through this same social pressure which was developed for this unexpressed (covert) purpose which was known only to those aware of the overarching long-term agenda of white genocide by the elite (ill-lights).

Political correctness serves as means of censoring speech and through the extremes of social pressure brought to bear censors thought also such that the programmed lemmings, passive receivers of the dogma of anti-white/anti-naturalism, are eager and gleeful to embrace all of that falling within the politically correct realm and equally intense in their condemnation and vilification of all of that lying without as the new Satanism of [neo-] liberal/Marxist dogmatism. Through the drip-feed mechanism, of gradualism the steady Chinese water torture of censorship is transformed into the elixir vitae of the new utopia. To continually introduce into the minds of the populace the same creed of white=bad/non-white=good is to continually rape the mind of these same lemmings lacking as they are in independent



thought and susceptible in their passivity to the indoctrination of these false idols of ‘equality, democracy, liberty [publically approved, of course – that which has no power to threaten the control system]’.

The new creed requires as means of its enforcement and portrayal as the only solution to the problem of the ‘Other’, an anti-thesis via which it can present itself as ‘The Good’ in relation to ‘the Evil’. This false dichotomy serves the elite in the enforcement of their dogma which delivers the world into their hands as collective messiah, saviour of the sheeple who are then sheared and eventually slaughtered once sufficient time and concomitant memory loss has occurred (e.g. over a generation). Political correctness is the operation of this dogma in its enforcement, seeking to annihilate on a witch hunt all opposition to its creed. Hence the masses are whipped up into a frenzy to hate, shun, and inform on all ‘satans’ of the ‘Other’, the racists, etc. who fight against the tyranny.

All of those politically incorrect are Satan – even though the regime itself is one of Satanism, destruction, mangodism, and yet paradoxically and hypocritically godmanism through submissive genuflection being a mandate the masses must follow unthinkingly.

This propaganda it is which establishes ‘the new normal’, the new set of norms which the masses are conditioned to accept (as expeditiously as possible though not too forcefully unless the right orchestrated event can be developed to quicken the acceptability in the masses minds the ‘new normal’ thereby supplanting the old). Normal=Good in the minds of the masses; conversely and by implication abnormal=bad, and those displaying behaviour of this nature are qualified by them as ‘Satan’ and fallen upon as wild beasts fall upon a domesticated animal bedecked with bells and ribbons only in this case the wild beasts (goyim) dress themselves in these same accoutrements and bite and scratch with a thousand cuts the noble wolfish animal who would simply pursue his course of hunting after those who threaten the pack and perhaps attempt to elevate the herd to a higher level – but that would entail a forceful removal from their comfort zone, the warmth of the sty and its trough.

It thinks it’s people: The beast-folk and their arrogance – overestimating self-worth they are as the tares in the parable – standing up with prideful vainglory and attempting to lord it over the wheat, who, in humility, bow their heads in humble subservience knowing that, though they be superior in consciousness, they nevertheless recognize that there are others superior to themselves at higher dimensions which they, through this same humility, strive to attain rather than simply positing themselves as gods and having no standards beyond their personal egotism such as with the beast-folk whose limited comprehension of reality fails to circumscribe themselves let alone those whose innate superiority outshines them but, being blinded by egotism, they have no capacity to recognize their own petty stature and thus revel in their base state of consciousness believing that being ‘human’ as they are so often told, qualifies them as the standard and that there is no superhuman or beyond human exceeding this paltry standard that they still fail to attain. Though ‘it thinks it’s people’ its thoughts are not correspondent with the reality and thus its reality is illusion. Beastman dons the Mayic veil and circumambulates the totem of his ego genuflecting before his fetish, making of himself god, Jesus, martyr for innocence, etc.

To qualify as a ‘person’ one must be more than a bundle of drives governed by lower egoic thought processes derivative of reptilian limbic brain thought processes which are those of a beast with minimal pre-frontal cortical functionality. Given the inherent genetic limitation of the beast-folk they have no capacity to attain personhood as they merely manifest their destiny as another tribal member whose

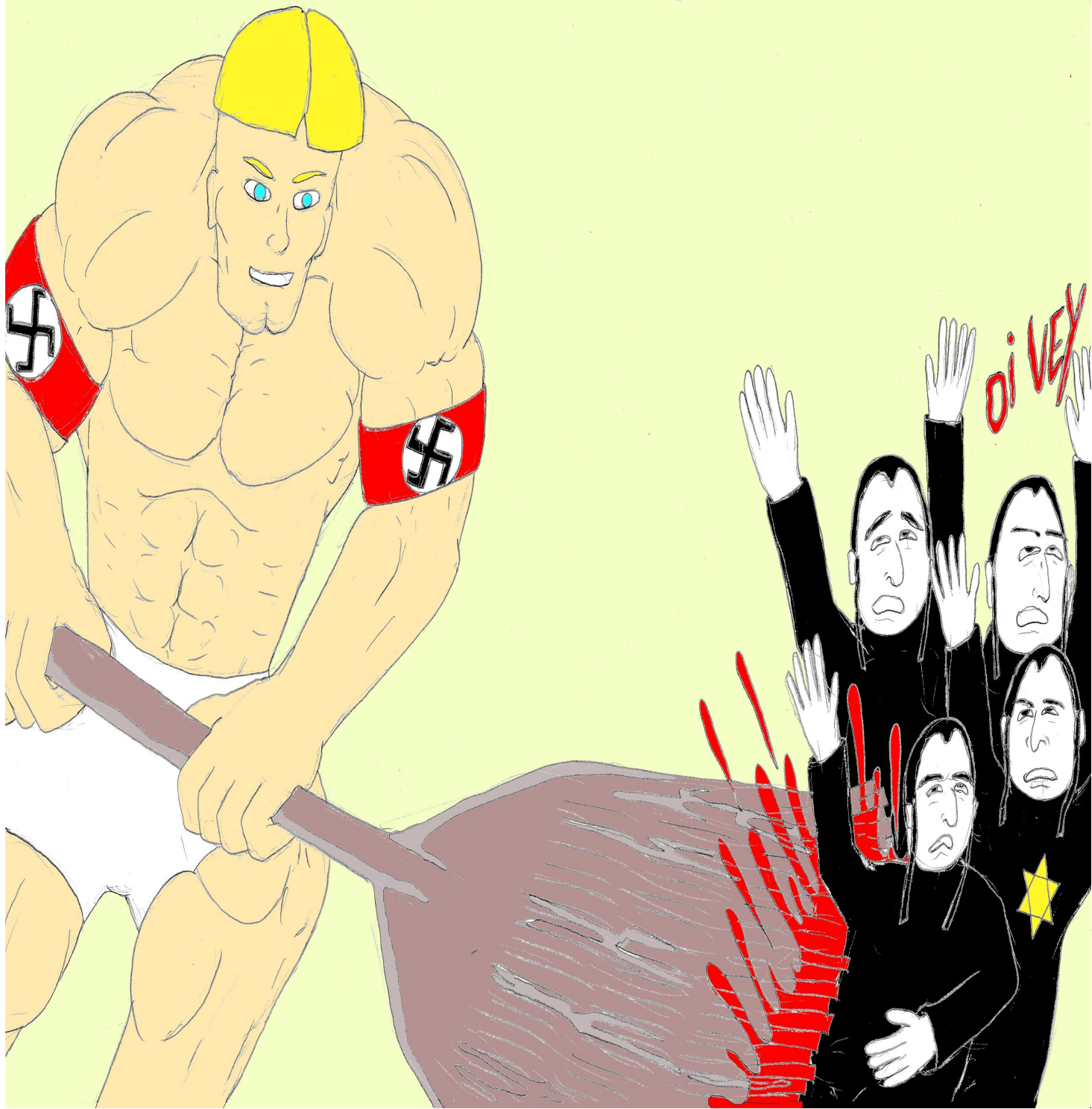
immersion in the collective consciousness disqualifies them from individuation. Lacking the 'manas' of the higher mind they are not 'man[as]kind' but rather sub-man, untermenschen.

Those who would patronize their charges as 'human', conferring upon them this noble title as a present given to an eager child on Christmas, not only belie their own egotism (as a giver of gifts seeks to reflexively imply their own power through the act of giving) but also their own limited capacity to either comprehend the truth and/or lack of intellectual honesty to 'call a spade a spade', in the most rational and scientific of senses. A failure to overcome programming testifying to either a lazy mind or a cowardly one or both, thus not only implicating the egalitarian as a delusional fool but as a hypocrite whose unwillingness or inability to acknowledge reality disqualifies him as a credible proponent of the dogma he zealously evangelizes with, his humanist bible being a map with no correspondence to the reality. The two, beastman and his egalitarian (Christard or libtard) handler deserve one another as they both profit through the delusion of their dogma, the one in being the professional thief and parasite who redistributes another's (the productive white male) wealth as middleman, and the unproductive who, though given every opportunity to excel, still fail to use what they are given to the extent of the same opportunities given a white male in similar circumstances.

However given the fragility and unsustainability of this relationship, the parasites at the top will necessarily crumble to ruins once the foundations of their parasitism is removed either through the foundation imploding under their weight or through deliberately withdrawing its support.

**EXIT the HIVE MIND.....**

# THE IRON BROOM



## THE IRON BROOM

Angel in the whirlwind: At this time in history, the only solution to the problems of life, the hostility and chaos of animosity which constitutes the fabric of the real is to become the purple in the garment amidst the scarlet and black threads which is the saving grace of this diabolic raiment. One must preserve one's integrity and nobility amidst the degenerating influence of the Other, those ignoble plebeian souls which constitute the mass and who, continuing the fabric analogy, bled over into the purity of purple with their red anger and black hostility to attempt to soil your purity and create a dissolution of its splendour. Individuated being is individuated for a reason and that to preserve its individuation from dissolution, to further its evolutionary accent towards higher states while preserving itself to evolve itself out of itself thereby becoming more than it was. This is the meaning of sacrificing oneself to oneself.

An angel in the whirlwind one must become as this is the image encapsulating this reality of 'entelechia' as Aristotle construed it. One must become who he is, that is to say through a trans-substantiative process develop himself as a plant out of himself as a seed through generation and corruption of base metal become the purest gold. To endure while sustaining one's being as an angel refulgent in the darkling tempest surrounding oneself is the condition of evolution – intense exertion, intense emotion – all under rational control for the purpose of integrating these 'desiring flows' or energy within the self. To be fragmented and blown away in the winds that buffet one simply shows a lack of strength, the capacity to remain the same amidst the dynamic chaotic flow of the stream of becoming, the four winds which whip around one's person and manipulate and modify his consciousness such that every opportunity is had to lose integrity and yet also to preserve it through strength of concentration, one may say willpower or self-control, keeping a firm grip on the reins of the chariot as it careens toward oblivion. Like a captain going down with the ship he submerges himself in Maya but supersedes the deluge and continues on out of the waters of dispersion into the eternal realms and becomes immortal as the oblivion of the transient waters of becoming is overcome.

At this time in history especially given the tumultuous tossing of the waves he must cling even tighter and be even more of an adept charioteer, steering the chaotic emotions towards a condition of smooth running, efficient motion – as for them to fall into a restive state is to cease pursuing one's course, a losing of the way and a state of atrophy which is a living death. Riding the tiger is another term used to connote this idea, this reality of enduring in the midst of chaos. The ever-present threat of extinction while exiting 'on the tiger's back' (in the midst of the kali yuga, an end-times/iron age, etc.) necessitates an adept mastery of control over the self while suffering actively the rushing careen of the tiger which seeks to turn and rend one with tooth and claw. Thus

intensity of focus and concentration are requisite to handle oneself amidst the (for the weak) overbearing intensity of this epoch. The greater force triumphs and thus one must concentrate energy to become as great as necessary to overcome the overcoming.

Wotan (wisdom consciousness) – Wotan ala Moses, stands on the summit of the mountain with upraised hands and arms in the figure of the life rune – for he has overcome his previous dead state as embodied by the teeming hordes which attempt to grasp at his person from the depths. He is receptive to the radiations of Deity (the black sun) and attunes himself therewith which is the proclamation that he has attained this state of Wotan consciousness and become who he is, namely Wotan, the living god who is transcendence in immanence and from which emanates that god-like vibration initiating those receptive into his mysteries, their receptivity dependent on themselves being of a kindred spirit/energetic signatures available only to these both cultivated and genetically blessed. His outstretched arms carry gungnir his spear, the spear of destiny that signified his diving right of kingship over the material plane. His iron helmet suggests animality with its material and projecting horns yet born on his head it is rather the substantiation of animality that is bespoke. The like can be said for his cloak of bear skin which is a weightless mantle easily borne through his superhuman strength and which simply lends the greater power to amplify his own, he becoming a transceiver of vital force taken from without. No clothing other than the bearskin girded around his loins for modesty and demonstrative of transcending chthonic inclination it is needed as his radiance melts the snow around him while his jealous and hateful onlookers gaze upon him from the frozen shadows of the depths. They gaze upward but he gazes beyond towards the viewer who is held rapt by his godlike gaze, his eyes being of a hypnotic quality. The belt which girds his broadsword and bearskin loincloth has the tyr rune as buckle which connotes victory over the baser drives further proof which he displays to the hordes beneath upon his ascendancy of the summit. The snowy mountain connotes the stillness of activity the eternal realms entail, cold reason and heightened awareness as well as perceptual faculties more fetid climes preclude, dulling the consciousness through boiling the brain in the skull and rendering oxygen utilization less accessible to the physical body.

Chthonic entities below reacting upward attempting to grasp Wotan prove their weakness of will and enervated physiques – however muscular their strength is sapped in the presence of a higher being. Cowardice, jealousy, hatred of superiority are all displayed upon their asymmetrical bestial countenances. Radiation of the black sun augments the energy body of Wotan who thereby attains god-consciousness at the meeting of the minds of divinity and humanity becoming the living god in miniature that was his heroic quest from the lower regions of the material plane.

Raven's Song – Poems for the iron age also known as the kaliyugal end-times / wolf age, etc. Ravens denote death and destruction and their song if such it may be called is that of the death knell. Depicted is a raven feasting upon the carrion of the self-destructive, the Lucifer of Gaia, the Jew. He lies this Lucifer, prostrate mouth open with soundless scream while he is blinded by the raven harbinger of his fate. The organ of perception his eyeball dangles from the cruel beak of the bird who stands above him vanquisher and vanquished as the latter attempted the impossible and found his destiny a dish best served cold – in the cold-blooded melee of the psychopath he met his own fate borne within his coldly rational clockwork heart. Beside his greasy caftan clothed pasty form lies that 'tombe' (or perhaps tomb would be a more apt descriptor) in which and from which his mind resonates – the Talmud, that testament to psychopathic despotism and lechery that within its leaves of human skin parchment is encapsulated the lore of this black-hearted rogue from the near eastern wastes of desolation from whence he came. The black sun's emanation bathe the scene in an austere glow of justice served cold in the dish of the offended eye plucked from the blind head of egotism.

Imagine a super-advanced race or species of being in the image of man – arriving on Earth to bestow a higher culture and to impose a supremacy of their kind upon the denizens of this veil of tears. Most who subscribe to the sub-man ideology of reduction to the lowest common denominator would balk in horror at this very idea let alone the reality. In spite of their inevitable protests if such an order were imposed upon them they would obsequiously shoulder the yolk and plow the fields such that they may savour the farts of wisdom furnished by this noble race – even in spite of this most would bow even if this race were cruel to the limit of provision of basic animal comforts as is the case with the Jews today and their provision of bread and circuses for their contented charges. If benevolent as above outlined, toil would be a pleasure for even enlightened people as a necessary penance for self- development, the reward eagerly anticipated for the punishment called 'work'. The cliché is always adduced that the stereotypical 'super-advanced/enlightened' aliens would have no dealing with a planet of unenlightened beings yet the infinite complexity of circumstance would not imply this as a necessary fact; they may be slavers, they may be benevolent guides seeking to expedite the evolution of Gaia's denizens or they may have crashed their vehicle with no means to continue on their journey. In any case it may be a reality in the coming future when advanced beings come upon the earth this would almost certainly be an improvement whether for their species or ours or both as anything sufficiently advanced beyond the military capabilities of earthly defense may be (but not necessarily would be) very likely of a more 'advanced type' in terms of the improvement of life upon earth – if of the humanoid type of course though possibly if of any type.

Being trapped upon terra/Gaia in a state of reduced consciousness and bombarded with all the hostile and hateful vibrations that pervade the aether it would be a welcome change to invoke by whatever means of occult influence the attention of these beings and offer an invitation for them to come to earth and improve the general situation even if it be by 'iron and blood' and the cleansing of the earth of the useless feeders.

If there ever were extra-terrestrial origins of the varieties of 'man' on the earth they could be divided neatly into the children of light (whites); the children of darkness (Jews), and perhaps children of other hybrid species with apes and from the moon(Chinese). The former would be from a planetary system far apart from the latter in consciousness terms and their being placed in proximity to one another a recipe for inevitable clash given their diametrical opposition. - Nordic aliens vs. reptilian shape- shifters, good vs. evil – noble means vs. ignoble means – a war fought by some with tooth and claw with parlays and treaties by others and a resignation to brutality when all negotiations are of no avail. - The empire vs. the rebel alliance, the exact inversion of the Hollywood inversion of reality – inversion of an inversion and negation of a negation. The Stormtroopers and hierarchy would be the noble and the just, the motley crew of myriad form and dregs of humanity the base and degenerate who burn museums and libraries of literature on the altar of their vainglory and intolerance for all that is so-to- speak 'above their heads', rooting in the mire as they are and slaking their vampiric thirst from the veins of those whose blood is of purer and nobler stock than theirs could ever be.

Beastman and the rod of iron: The only way to restrain Beastman (an appellation for the lower races, the dark mass from the turd world) is to impose the rod of iron, that is to say force and the potent threat of force to ensure compliance with the will of the more rational type. Irrationalism is the ideology of Beastman, who is governed largely by sensationalistic impressions upon his consciousness, is manipulated and influenced by the reactive mind which takes its governance not from within but from without, is therefore dependent on external compulsion and guidance not inner motivation and willpower. Given the ascendancy of the passions Beastman is a mere puppet on the string of fate and his destiny is not his own but is in the hands of the other forces– namely whoever has the greater force of will and this manifesting itself in all forms of force such as the rod of iron of the mind and intellect as well as the bastinado, the law of the club. He- man is he who wields the club over Beastman with benevolence, a firm but fair management of the otherwise chaotic inclinations of the latter, whose current master in the global situation is Skeletor, he who rules with cruel despotism in a realm of darkness seeking to spread forth his dominion over the regions of Eternia where harmony reigns. This is an allegory of the lower ego of mere intellectualism and self-serving cunning (embodied in Skeletor, whose real world equivalent is the

Jew) against the higher mind of altruism and harmonious right action which is the only salvation of Beastman, perhaps elevating him to a position of usefulness with the kind yet forceful hand of He-man restraining the former's impassioned willfulness.

The absence of threat in the form of the rod of iron leads Beastman to revolt and rebel. Allegorically this rod is the threat and use of force, of loss of incentive of punishment fitting the crime, etc. as a backlash against transgression/sin. Skeletor metes out punishment without conferring much if any incentive and his heavy-handed injustice leads Beastman to a state of abject servitude whereas the just He-man metes out punishment only proportional to the crime and distributes fair rewards for compliance. Such is karma; the beast restrained best by the rational faculty coloured with the ruddy glow of a vital complexion, an intuition of the harmony of life and an attunement with Being whereas the ghostly pallor of Skeletor lurks in the shadows and would shroud all of the world in darkness as a means of ensuring his personal empowerment at the expense of his slaves who are under his tyranny no longer unwilling as they have been robbed of their will to live. Their will to thrive is best ensured through the aegis of He-man, he who and who alone can bestow his noble virtue upon him and elevate Beastman from his depths of Mechanism to heights otherwise unattainable.

The rod of iron can only be wielded by a strongman/He-man who 'has the power' to adroitly manoeuvre this weighty implement in his command of his charges. The inner power is available only to those who have greater capacity and those who have the will to cultivate it who have not gone the way of Skeletor but who remain in Eternia though they may do battle in Snake Mountain. To hone skills of ruling with the rod of iron or 'the power sword' necessitates strengthening and developing skill through combat with the evil horde in Snake Mountain (the seat of the Kundalini in the muladhara chakra). Thus the power sword (shekinah/shaktipat) is empowered for conquest of those lower drives (Beastman) ruled over by the lower ego (Skeletor) who is then subjugated eternally only to re-manifest periodically in ever new skirmishes.

Kali Yuga: Times of a more intense flow/drive of energy where every process is accelerated such that in order to keep up one must be reconnecting at a similar frequency of vibration in order to be in sympathetic resonance else he will be swept away in a process of accelerated decadence and degeneration. Hence the rapid decline of the baby-boomer generation through a failure to adapt to the times and struggling to resist changes which are inevitable in terms of subtle energetic states through clinging to lifestyles which are borne of more sedate and relatively lethargic periods in history. The times they are always a-changing and to cope one must accelerate his own metabolic rate to be in this sympathy with the sum total. As greater proximity to the galactic center is reached greater will is directed against those beings on earth called human who are subjected to a



new gestation period and concomitant growing pains. Evolution of the soul accelerates at a pace proportional to the closing of this cycle, its nadir where the very legions of hell will be loosed upon the earth, figuratively and perhaps literally speaking.

Preparedness is the key as suntsu said and thus entails a spiritual preparedness through which the spirit-self may be preserved of its integrity in the midst of the fragmentation of the onslaught of conflictual and chaotic energies that ceaselessly impinge upon one through the confrontation with 'God' (the galactic center). 'Prepare to meet your maker' in the end times is the advice of the prudent and which only the prudent follow.

Consumer Sovereigns: Real kingship vs. false, god vs. Mammon – only one of these masters may be served and though one is garbed in the raiment of a king he may be but a beggar and though clothed in the sackcloth of a beggar he may possess all the kingly virtues meritorious of a crown – and vice versa: a king may be de facto a king with crown and jewels and yet his only jewels that exist in his mind are those of the chakras spinning radiantly whereas a pauper in the streets may find his spiritual consciousness lies in the bottom of a liquor bottle the only spirituality he might obtain in his degenerate life of inebriation. Thus there is no necessary relationship between the external and internal form of riches they are completely distinct and are estimated simply by 'the eye of the beholder' – and yet this eye and the beholder themselves are estimable and estimated only by mind, that is to say god who will 'sort them out' ordine geometrico. To have real significance and to shine forth in one's being as a jewel of most rare and wonderful value is a matter exclusively of the inner being all physical riches being as dross and detritus collecting about the person who will either attend to them as merest trifles, matters of indifference, the excreta of human excess or the delights of the primitive savage or infantile consciousness which will desport in ostentatious display of their badges of self-importance. These consumer sovereigns seek to be king for a day but – 'every dog has his day' and thus go the way of all flash leaving behind their ostentatious excreta as the testament to their life of vain folly. - Whereas those whose treasures are of the mind will reap a harvest of wealth for eternity.

To base one's value on commodity exchange renders one a living commodity but in more ways than one the living dead as value is placed in that which is foreign to oneself and thus is not one's own property. Thus physical property exists merely as a utility to augment one's purposes such as a bicycle for riding or manorial estates and holdings to maintain a certain level of power and status in society. Thus true sovereignty is of the mind and may incidentally inhere (and more typically does) in the minds of crowned sovereigns but is not necessarily so correlated as even the lowly peasant might be more kingly than the king whose coarse peasant tastes ill-besuit his kingly throne and much more the straw bed and gruel than the canopy bed and the feast (assuming of course that

these are mere metaphors and not physical realities as the peasant's thatch hut may be converted into a palatial suite through the nobility which lies within his chest— and vice versa with the king). Today the modern Bourgeois consumer type seeks elevation through materialism but finds desecration through lack of idealism. Those divorced from this welter of competition and self-display find elevation in the possession of a higher mind which enables them to o'er leap the Bourgeoisie and find themselves amidst the venerable halls of nobility.

Family: today and yesterday: The family of yesterday based upon traditional roles where women played their role as caregiver and homemaker as well as supportive companion serving as the glue which binds the family unit together, the men as defenders and sustainers through external relations with the larger society deriving the resources which uphold the integrity of the family unit through involvement with that outside of itself with it being the focus and orientation. Both respected their traditional roles and knew the necessity of those same as the necessary condition of the continuance of their lineage and the eternal life of their oversoul in its evolution through incarnation of forms. The stereotypes of masculine and feminine were the pillars of support of this great work, around which circumambulated the generations of posterity weaving their coloured ribbons around these maypole totems of fertility based upon the solid foundation of nature. Thus the sexes were not chums or 'comrades' in a communist kibbutz but were separate in their function working in a unified way in harmonious synchronicity for the achievement of this purpose. Tradition was (and will always be) the entelechy of culture that sustains that of the biological beings (races and race members) who are the bearers of culture. So begins the destruction of the family unit with the destruction of tradition by the mind manipulators / black magicians who have through this means of illusion generation broken apart the fabric of the family unit and left it in tatters, have struck with the axe of cultural degeneration the pillars of Jacin and Boas thereby nearly toppling the temple of the family unit and thereby the bases of society. This leads to the so-called family or 'fam' of today which is one of infamy not of holiest of holies; a sacrilege against nature, an abomination which leaves desolate, and sowing the seeds of its own destruction results in a white sepulchre of its own fabrication thus a ruined temple of spiritually dead quasi-life, the temple of the living dead.

Hence is seen the bending and breaking of sex-gender correlations where the natural union of behaviour and biology is severed in the name of freedom and substituted for a chaos of floating signifiers which are chique today and passé tomorrow wreaking havoc amongst those they influence through the irreparable damage caused (sex change operations, vasectomies, insemination of foreign dna and mixed-race children, etc.). The family unit of today is the hollow mockery of yesterday; the castration of men (psychical and even physical, but certainly hormonal through chemical means and malnourishment, etc.) and the phallicization of women

have served to invert nature along Luciferian lines substituting the illusion of freedom (to be anything, do anything) for the reality of life, being freedom in its negative moment, i.e. under the limitations of natural law not its violation in the name of life beyond life, a mystico-magical illusionary false reality portrayed as the height of heights when it is the bottom of life, the grave.

Elle Duce: Modernity's dictator seated behind her desk in the bureaucratic henhouse that serves as her substitute home (you can take the woman out of the home but you can't take the home out of the woman). She issues orders that are emanations of her programmed mind which has been subtly wired by the Jewish mind manipulators to operate to the detriment of her people's existence – 'we need more refugees' (translation from Orwellian newspeak: 'we need more non-white people') as this is diverse (translation-'perverse' – a perversion of nature to substitute the population who creates a country and to which one is genetically related with a completely foreign population who had no role in creating the country'). Operating according to this programming yet blinded by egotism, Elle Duce, thinks of herself as the absolute dictator of the world when she is simply the controlled puppet of the Jewish cabal. The lack of willingness to act independently outside of the collective, the lack of a fighter's consciousness but possession instead of a lover's, necessarily leads them away from defense through offense against obvious threats from without to attempting a reconciliation of opposites – an impossible task in the preservation of either or both of these opposites which would simply be reduced to a perverted and chaotic amalgam of race war. The Jew knows and exploits to the fullest through his role inversion protocol which subverts the natural order and opens up the gates to foreign invasion. Elle Duce is oblivious to this and so plays her part unwittingly in the desecration of the temple of her race through pursuing what she in her naiveté believes to be her own project borne of the collective organically and which implies her own consciousness as she is the collectivized herd animal who trumpets the virtues of the herd as the new absolute, the messiah under Gaia, the populous – vox populi vox dei; which in reality these thoughts develop artificiality under the cunning artifice of the Jewish mind manipulators. Elle Duce is indeed the puppet shiksa the Jews have fashioned into what would have otherwise been a queen who carries out her proper role as a nurturer of her people and not the plague of locusts the Jews would introduce to devastate the crops and fields of the folk. From noble to ignoble through the fallibility of the female mind - this because the male mind was castrated through the same forms of mind control enabling the roles to be inverted gradually over time whereby the disempowerment and disenfranchisement of the opposition to the Jews' tyranny (regarding white men) was all but a fait accompli and the vacuum

was created and immediately filled through this process with women and subsequently non-whites once the females were programmed to a greater degree with universalism and entered through self-serving incentives (status and position) to replace their own population under the guise of 'justice', etc. Of course what was unknown to them was that egalitarianism is itself an injustice against nature and therefore egalitarian justice is inherently unjust de natura. Thus Elle Duce, for however long her regime lasts, is merely the useful tool of Jewish tyranny, robbing her people of the right to life. Of course nature guarantees no right to life and thus only the strongest survive – putting the weaker sex in place of the stronger is merely increasing the probability of extinction.

War of all against all: Things are heating up to a fever pitch at this time in history. Almost suddenly the hostility of the lower races directed towards the Aryan man has been unleashed without any perceptible historical precedent knowable to the common-ist mass. They continue to live in pleasant delusion without any but the faintest twinge of awareness that something may be wrong or at least something they would consider wrong and undesirable if they knew what it was. The dim awareness they possess will reach a culminating point when the confrontation with the inevitable occurs and their wilful ignorance of the itch that they refuse to acknowledge and scratch will be impossible to sustain when it becomes an insufferable presence. At which point they will have recourse to the talon. The hostile looks of the savage as he does his war dance around the white captives whose society he has infiltrated will manifest in ever more physical forms of violence necessitating an equal and opposite reaction if survival is to be ensured – in fact one greater than equal as stasis is impossible in the dynamic system called life. The pendulum may swing both ways but the pivot will be worn through and the pendulum detached once sufficient chaos occurs. Thus a new order will have to be established outside of this tit-for-tat equalitarian hypocrisy which once burned to ashes in the conflagration will enable the phoenix to rise and there will be a whiter, brighter world once the dust settles. That this war is inevitable can be perceived by those sufficiently perspicacious in the hateful looks of the dark races and the increase of the manipulative hyper-aggressivity of the Orientals and their Jewish leadership which are signposts of the progress towards the terminal stage of the J.O.G. empire. Though this gambit is what they have intended almost necessarily they will be reduced to ashes in their own holocaust leaving the remnant of whites to establish the society of tomorrow. The war of all against all has begun and in its phase of covert aggression which is on the verge of ending. The cold RaHoWa will become hot as no society of a multi-ethnic nature can be sustainable given the unliveability of its divergent social make-up – no one can function – amidst chaos and without exclusive territory, deprived of this and the freedom of association it ensures a

formula for chaos and contention. A society of barbarism ensues as males compete over resources, territory, and females, engendering hostility through provocation of this competition as well as strife through jealousy and envy of the obvious differences that render the phrase 'equality, liberty, democracy, etc.' an absurd and anti-natural illusion which ignores the natural inequality that gives on to this strife of a 'war of all against all'. The strategy at this time is simply to make oneself a weapon of war and to put oneself to use in the combat for the 14 words. All thought and talk which detracts from this focus is merely a laying down of weapons if not a careless wandering into enemy traps. The straight and narrow consists of the 14 words and the first law of nature: 'the preservation of one's own kind.'

Messiah under Gaia: The modern messianic reward of Gaia worship is the substitute to fill the vacuum that Christianity occupied before being transitioned away from for whatever purpose (Satanization, gnosticization, etc.). The messiahs who usher in the Gaia Sophia cleansing of the earth process are the white liberals who wish to share the wealth of Gaia with the endless mass and celebrate diversity amidst a paradise on earth as it is in the heavenly realms of their imagination reified through the blueprints of their social engineering. Sin expiation is the mechanism for the revelation of the Queendumb of Earth as it is in heaven and this comes in the form of 'reducing your carbon footprint' and recycling, wearing organic hemp clothes and becoming a vegan. All of these devotional rites are the cathartic processes that demonstrate the love of Gaia and her children, the endless mass of 'humanity'. The 'psychopathology of sin' is the overriding principle which governs this behaviour where a fundamental problem (original sin) essentially bound up with the person, making of them a 'sinner' who is determined and 'structured' by this 'mark of Cain', in contemporary terms the 'mark of whiteness' as the evil consumer capitalist, etc. On this basis the morality (entailing obligation and the necessity of pursuit and forbearance) of sin expiation is developed and embodies itself in all of the aforementioned wilfully adapted restrictions of one's own liberty and capacity as a sacrifice for 'the greater good,' i.e. environmentally sustainable societal 'development' where the masses are reduced to a calculus of debits and credits, of costs and benefits, dharma and karma based upon use of resources and bestowing their energy and labour upon the others as a benefaction. Perhaps this is the structure of reality this energetic economy, wherein the pushovers are exploited by the more clever to vampirize and control resources they never earned through their own labour but which they obtain through top-down control and management of others, doing 'greater good' while revelling in vice to their own self-enrichment. The balance of nature is clearly a legitimate reality and not merely on the earth plane. Those deemed heretics are they who possess slightly more than the average (an average which is stripped to the bare bones of subsistence – neither

more but often less if at all possible), the ‘consumers’ who are immediately vilified by the endless mass as ‘capitalists’ or ‘rich people’ or ‘privileged [whites]’ – which are the new designators of the ‘Satanic’ or ‘heretic’ against the new god[dess] Gaia. This pointing of the finger of judgement positions the pointer as judge, as the arbiter of justice and enforcer of morality.

No humility before Gaia is desired as the messiah of this earthly paradise is the earth goddess’s mass of humanity who are of her and her devoted minions who derive their subsistence from her bounty which they look upon as a stock of indulgences which are conferred in proportion to merit, and only those who produce an amount equal or greater to their consumption may consume those environmentally sustainable and approved goods. Being granted permission to live in the Queendom of Earth upon heaven is the right of the righteous worshipper whose devotional practices ensure his place as a tiller of the fields and a drawer of the allowed ration of water but not a hewer of wood.

Purity spiralling: The ideal should always be (for all types): as close to their (arch) type as possible, that is to say as black as possible for a black and as white as possible for a white, etc. Anything within the realm of possibilities available to the agent that treads towards this ideal and which is not exercised is sin, anything which leads towards it is virtue. Thus things (actions, the organic evolutionary process of things through their own innate structure) trend in a positive, upward direction, spiralling evolutionarily towards the ideal that of the pinnacle of the (arche)type and superseding it towards yet better forms through itself again organically. This is the decree of natural law and the converse is violation thereof proportional in effect (punishment) to the distance from the ideal, the more Other, the more perverse and anti- natural.

The ethics therefore of natural evolution are structured along lines of purity and impurity, the purest representing the height the least pure the depths. Those evil unions which spawn the daemon hell-spawn of race mixing (especially the extremes such as black and white) are living curses upon the earth which generate nothing but societal ills and lead the better type downward toward states of confusion, inner chaos, and the grave. Thus those complicit in the (de)generation of base born progeny are cursing themselves with deviant perversions of nature and burdening themselves with a ‘problem child’ whose inherent constitution begets through itself endless problems which only cease in death probably brought about by genetic diseases which have their origin in this unnatural mixture of incompatible and conflictual genetic materializations of spiritual forces. Such a chaotic being renders itself susceptible to demonic possession and obsession by lower astral entities who avatar the body for their personal advantage. The constitution of the child (if such it may be called, perhaps demon would be a better word) is

inherently dis-eased as no harmony can exist amidst chaos and thus the disorderly being lives a life of perpetual chaos inevitably terminating its miserable suffering in an early death.

Culpability/blameworthiness: The doer of the deed is the cause of its coming into being but what caused the doer to do what they did? The inducement to crime (against nature – the only morality therefore the only criminality) by influences of another sort (causal agents) may be implicated and render the doer wholly or in part exempt from blame. This is a matter of knowledge on the part of the prospective doer as to whether they are implicated – if they knew they are exempt and vice versa proportionally. Where does the blame end when all are interconnected in a nexus of things which carom against each as so many billiard balls? A matter of degree is the answer in this mechanical system of causality everything affects everything and proximity and intensity and duration determine the degree and kind of effect which establishes the quality of blame apportioned to the causal agents in the act. The example of the so-called victims' attempting to pin the blame for their own weakness and ineptitude on white people for alleged harm done them in the misty past of remote times is a case in point of fictitious blameworthiness and an unjust and counter-factual apportionment of blame by the self-styled 'victim' as a mechanism of accrual of power by the victim and a concomitant loss on the part of the villainized white person. This 'blame the victim' technique itself has its culpability wherein the agent who would project upon them the status of a villain thereby slanders them and incurs liability for this act of spoken defamation. 'What goes around comes around' and those who wish to exploit others in this manner (through guilt-tripping, slanderous vilification, harassment on the basis of group affiliation such as in the case of heterosexual white males) are subject to the repercussing consequences of their actions. Attempting to bite the hand that feeds them leads to the withdrawal of the hand, and the inevitable starvation which ensues. Thus to scapegoat and transfer one's own culpability for his actions onto others is to implicate oneself, to stake oneself out on the rope for the wolves to rend asunder. The black magic technique of blaming the Other for one's own misdeeds inevitably fails leading one to suffer the culpability for unjustly transferring his sins upon the target who is thereby subjected to whatever disruption in the harmony of his existence within the fabric of the whole. So too the act of guilt-tripping (such as non-whites exploiting the empathy gene of whites as a button-pressing technique of self-enrichment) – those who assail others with guilt as a mechanism of self-empowerment are wronging another through preaching (in this case) untruths about them thus creating disharmony in the aether and as the cause bringing upon themselves their own karma.

Orientalism: is Mandarinism, obsequious kowtowing to external authority, slavish servitude towards the overarching master, the omnipresent eye of Sauron which casts its glare over their antlike activity as the struggle under their burdensome exertion being the brow-sweat which they consume as their ambrosia, delighting in a moderate and socially acceptable way in the humdrum and mundane life of placid mediocrity. Anthill society where 'all are one', all 'pulling their weight' to the extent of societal expectation without thought for any possibility outside of the limited capacity they have been assigned by the state. Orientalism is imitation of the occident in attempts to supersede its better; to miniaturize the creations of the latter in hopes of defeating the sun which outshines itself. Orientalism is vainglorious pride in conformism, is replication and parroting of the Mandarin, The Imam and the rabbi in collectivistic rites and ceremonies.

Everything is an over-refined ritualism, micromanaged and standardized by the authority that purports to derive his authority from divine inspiration by an ethereal deity who legitimates thereby the standards, weights, and measures which serve the anthill society in its perpetual motion. The Orient purports to be the bastion of the spirit on earth as in heaven but is merely the stagnation of occidental impetus in the original cultural form (their societies having been created by the white man thousands of years before and having been barely sustained by the Oriental denizens of that region – themselves a product of miscegenation and/or conquest by racial strangers from without). The globalization of this anthill societal blueprint devolves through this same stagnation the creative genius of the white race to the level of apathy and deluge within the floodtide of yellow hegemony. From thence the end of history is truly reached once the white becomes yellow; the analects of sterile forms of rites and ceremonies, of over-refined Orientalism (martial arts, decadent culinary practice, exquisite décor, etc.) all intertwine to create an entropic system of rigidity wherein only elegant corpses are displayed to the onlooker who would inevitably be whatever abstract monotheistic deity gazes out upon a world of death (what is trumpeted as ‘peace’) as it circles through the cord for eternity.

Occidentalism: Creedo of the hero the occident looms forth as the juggernaut of cultural imperium imposing its refulgent dynamism upon the earth, influencing all with its ripples as it sallies forth in conquering strides to bestow its virtue of enlightenment upon those it deems worthy of its nobility. The dynamic forces which comprise its bulk are forever vying with one another for supremacy thereby spurring on this structure of adamant. The creative force, the willpower which manifests those products of genius that constitute the creation of the world, establish on the earth the creator’s proper place of supremacy. Hence all who have – through observation of the occident, admiration and perhaps a jealous desire for like status, have sought to vie with the occident for dominion over the earth ever as they ostentatiously bow in feigned obeisance to their would-be master, all the while sharpening their knives for a backstab when the moment is right. The occident, too blinded by egotism and naïve in its childlike adventuring, believes the world outside its scope to be a non-entity and the entire world within its scope to be within its control thus incapable of understanding how it is viewed with any critical distance. The heroic personality always wears rose-coloured glasses and so doing blinds itself to those who do not overtly give it combat as no guile exists within it. This dangerous naiveté threatens the death blow of the occident and to topple its towers and statues made seemingly of indelible adamant. The underhanded guile of the dark forces ( the Orient and their witless brute slaves) forever looming in the shadows to assassinate the victorious hero – especially when this hero grows soft, unchallenged and unchecked by a worthy combatant. Given that the fight is merely subterfuge and never attains until the last moment (what the dark forces would consider the ‘death blow’); the occident languishes in decadence oblivious to the threat. However not sufficiently dulled of consciousness as a dawning realization that there may exist a threat kindles in the alcoholized mind of the occident which then swiftly reacts against the creeping foe. This scenario though



fanciful would hopefully be the consequence and the foes of the dark side subjugated as quickly as possible... however the blonde beastie continues to play in idleness, his weapons having been laid aside, dulled through lack of use, his sinews having grown flabby and weak. A call to arms is necessary if he too is not to be subjugated – a necessary condition of survival.

Reductio ad absurdum: The human economic unit, ‘animate tool’, slave of industry and of the Jewish international vampires, is the new paradigm/template of a once creative, innovative human, spiritualized man who is now reduced to the state of one of the ‘goyim’, a debased beast-man whose essence is determined by his existence itself comprised of brute slavery under the ever-present lash of poverty and homelessness. Thus the once meaningful life of the creator is reduced to the barren life of an economic unit who can be bought and sold on the stock exchange, is ‘bondable’ and has ‘good credit’, is an ‘asset’ to his paymaster and who is allowed ‘time off’ to go on vacation and ‘have fun’, i.e. devote his remaining energies to dissipation to the point of exhaustion as an animal who expires after the mating season and bestial coupling. All economic units are standardized, accounted with the same generic properties: theatre actor smiles and stock phrases which they have been entrained through classical conditioning procedures to trumpet as a necessary condition of functioning within their system of efficiency failure to do so amounting to grounds for tacit reprimand and the threat of lash or pink slip if warranted according to company policy, itself perpetually rewritten and imposed retroactively upon those who are deemed ‘wasting assets’, expendable cogs in the machine of Leviathan inevitably doomed to wear out and be cast into the grave through allopathic genocide. It is not a social alienation but rather a socialization, a standardization of the worker and who themselves are reigned over by those at higher levels – even the highest being subjected to the control of these same behavioural norms allowed to escape only outside of the institutional confines of office life, usually breaking free from their left-brain prison through acts of perverted vice such as left-hand path rituals, violations of all natural tendencies and nature itself. Thus freedom in the mind of this demographic is simply exchanging the slavery to reason for the slavery to passion as, in crude physical terms, a shunting of the blood from the prefrontal cortex to the lower regions of the body and brain in attempts to maintain an impossible homeostasis. The labour this JOGbot goy undergoes is subjected to standardization according to preconceptions of the higher-ups who themselves derive these conceptions from past experience and those above them who ultimately derive them from the Akashic records and platonic forms or ‘universals’ – this restricted to the fewest of the few of course. The JOGbot exists his essence and is reduced to his function and producer which entitles him to amplify his function to that of a consumer which completes and facilitates the cycle, a 9 to 5 cyclicism which nullifies all purpose and meaning of an otherwise meaningful life. Within the Zion/Babylon matrix

the creature formerly known as 'human' ceases to have grounds for applying the label to itself. The only solution is to divorce oneself from this prison and thereby provide himself with the means to become human again this time understanding the condition of his servitude the only way to break free is to recognize the possibility of freedom and one's bondage. Thus the dim spark of consciousness must be shifted towards the chains and from thence towards oneself who is enwreathed within their adamantine grip. Following the money, the links of the chain leads to the fist of the Jew who holds the end of the slave chain and who can easily be seen as the controller of the destiny of the slave. Thus the slave must seize his own destiny through wrenching the chain from the hand of the Jew and destroying the Jew with it.

Soviet society: In the society of the soviet all are one, the 'we' of the collective consciousness is trumpeted as the clarion call of virtue and the eager multitude sallies forth from their day labour to partake of their mass games, their collective culture which enables them the sense of belonging that goes under the banner 'humanity' and which is –through Pavlovian conditioning– falsely associated with pleasant sensations and positive vibrations. The multitude arrays itself according to the controllers who standardize the hive mind in the pattern which pays homage to its heroes: Lenin, Marx, Chomsky, Moore, Einstein, etc. – the Jewish supremacists who lord over their mixed multitude as the shadow rulers of the Babylonian beast system. Celebrants of what they believe is enlightenment these robots of J.O.G. gambol about on the concrete square, tight formations paying homage to their unknown god Jewhovah/Saturn to whom they transmit their energies in passive obeisance. Far from enlightenment this is rather the darkness of mind, the Wu-shin of consciousness which militates against the positing of the self as such, as a self. Thus the mass tyrannizes over the individual and annihilates the later through absorption into itself.

How the Jews ruined my life: testament of a Generation-Y casualty: Born in ignorance I have now seen the light and understand the world situation: a baby-boomer battle to the death between the children of light and the children of darkness. My mother was influenced by feminist notions of independence influrencing her to rock the boat in the home. However worse was my baby- boomer 'father' who was influenced by a culture of self-indulgent hedonism ultimately resulting in alcoholism. Upon my traumatic birth I was subjected to vaccinations, which presumably caused brain damage. I received a poor education consisting of Gaia worship and non-white veneration, and white self-hate. I could often be seen swishing the mandatory fluoride tablets in school, the place where the young and impressionable are sent to be indoctrinated. Because of feminism and the lowering of the overall wage my mother was forced into the workforce so that she could provide no decent education to me and thus I was forced into the Marxist institutes. I was traumatized by an alcoholic father who squandered his birthright (inheritance) on thrill- seeking and never raised his children properly. During these

teenage years I was propagandized to obsess over bodily appearance which led to a lifetime of body dimorphic mental problems and malnutrition through following bodybuilding diets prescribed in Jewish bodybuilding magazines (Flex; Muscle Mag International; Muscular Development), the culture of bodybuilding (obsession) itself having been created by Jews for this covert purpose of psychopathologizing heterosexual white males. Through their porn industry the Jews created in me extreme anxiety and fluctuating mood states through overstimulation of the brain stress axis, hyper-secreting dopamine and leading to chronic depression. This adversely influenced my perception of women as well leading me to look upon them in an artificial way. This was also the case with rap music, another of the Jews' cultural creations which disparaged women. The addition of copious veneration of blacks in movies and on TV which served as a vehicle of propaganda for my developing mind, structured my mind to look upon them as a standard, a heroic type of violent force that appealed to the teenage psyche and which was targeted towards it by Jews as an assault on consciousness and a self-hating act in the white viewer. As a teenager I encountered Jews without knowing they were Jews and befriended them though always felt them to be an alien presence in some way and even lashed out at them physically sometimes as an instinctive gesture of antipathy. One of these 'friends' caused me to lose all my few friends who were not Jews and this was the end of all future friendships subsequently. Having been a marginal always I have become even more marginalized since. The poisonous influence of this Jew on my friendships through guile and deceit left a profound impression upon me though still at that time I couldn't understand the reason or the sudden 180 degree turnabout in this devil's behaviour. During my school days in the Public Fool system I was demoted from advanced status to general(aka basic-goy labourer) by a Jewish teacher using my lack of performance in math as a justification for ruining my academic future. I ceased to care about school after this incident My brother was mangled to some extent by a Jewish feminist doctor upon being born who pulled him out violently by his head thus causing spinal problems in his life. He was later traumatized by our biological progenitor (aka 'father') when he defended himself against the latter's alcoholic violence by throwing a chair at his head and then informed upon by this pater dominator being abducted by the police, medicated, and institutionalized for a period. This alcoholic lunatic did not properly nourish his own offspring through their formative years. Continuing past my teenage years onto the Marxist indoctrination center called a 'school' (in this case the last year of high school, a private school with privileged people), in the nearby city I became aware of Jews as Jews. The strangeness of the environment was like immersing myself in a hive mind of an alien entity but I was as yet unaware of its sinister nature. The affiliated university was an amplification of this revelation where I became more empirically knowledgeable about Jewish behaviour. This

spider's web of pseudo-sophisticated theoretical web spinning simply led to my even greater introversion – to the extent of psychopathology – self- obsession and neuroticism. This over-refined intellectualism divorced me from the social milieu of the life I would inevitably have to suffer, though my own creative soul struggled in opposition to this sterile intellectualizing it served as an anchor weighing me down and influencing my thoughts towards the useless, effete, and inapplicable, save indirectly through the barren cultivation of the faculties, a rational wheel-spinning that strengthened mental muscles not put to any concrete use – and so too the continual labours of an impotent Hercules, through bodybuilding – strength of an impotent variety; much exertion with no lasting or meaningful results. Thus the Jew had put one over on me, burning myself out as a human battery without having any practical application for my exertions. The Jew led me to seek a career in the military given my lack of opportunities-aresult of the emplyment equity act- and there I was subjected to a battery of vaccinations which probably resulted in brain damage and/or liver/organ damage. Prior to this point I had to wait for multiple years given a violation of one of the Jews' enumerable laws that prevented my entry. Given the spoiled nature of my baby-boomer, 'prodigal son' biological father, I became entangled in a horrendous 'business relationship' which ruined my career plans and led me towards a state of homelessness, abject poverty, social ostracism and suicidal tendencies as well as a murderous hatred of the agent of my downfall and those (the Jews) who constructed him as their chaotic psychopathic puppet. My inheritance liquidated in the form of paternal alcoholism, my sense of self-worth eroded to the point of being nearly irredeemable, the faint flickers of hope for the future all but extinguished. I trace all problems that I have encountered in my life to the one source from which they stem, the Jew, the eternal parasite of the white race and generator of all evil in the world – from the chemtrails which exist over my head to the GMO food in my digestive tract to the electromagnetic fields emanating from 'smart' meters and cell towers, to the virtual reality that constitutes 'society' and its incongruous nature with objective reality which the masses have been conditioned to look upon as what is and therefore what ought to be. Thus I declare war on the Jewish entity and make my life's mission its annihilation from the earth and from the universe.

Revolution and counter-revolution: The established order either through its own intention (malice aforethought) or through its own inherent design flaws is subjected to a counter force to its force by that other force which no longer has a willingness to tolerate its continuance as the 'order of the day' and seeks its negation as a means of creating a vacuum through which something (apparently what is expected to be an improvement on the established order) will manifest as a

replacement. This, in general outline, is the definition of a revolution: a force that opposes and seeks the negation of an existing force; a reaction to the action of a formation of power/force.

The system (this power block or formation) may seek its own destruction to all appearances as a means of advancing its tyranny/consolidating its strength/power – such as occurs in the liberal democratic system seeking to metamorphose into the moth of common-ism or ‘democratic socialism’, etc. a mendacious and cryptic form of overt-communism maintaining the façade of the popular vote. Such a case usually devolves into a dictatorship (certainly not of the proletariat), wherein the power elite maintain power and simulate contention with their own members through creating the appearance of rival factions such as ‘leftism’ and ‘rightism’, etc. Though there may be slightly different interests existent between these factions they are all subscribers to the core set of values which consists of hypocrisy, self-interest maximization, and concealment behind the curtain (iron?) of rainbow reality democracy (the wizards of Zion behind the curtain of representation by population). The revolution the system instigates such as in instigating the ‘oppressed masses’ (via crushing them into poverty through taxation and mismanagement of resources) to revolt against itself and justify the use of force as a reaction (thereby culling the excess herd through punishment as dissidents or through eliminating competition from rival groups stigmatized as ‘capitalists’ or ‘racists’, etc.) thereby being an instrumental means to its consolidation of power. Any legitimate revolution against the system not brought against itself by paid mercenaries and/or agitators must come from without and would thus be a revolution in the popular sense of an out-group combatting the elite for power and the subjugation of the latter’s power.

Such a revolutionary action would necessitate a reaction in the form of a counter-revolution on the part of the state, taking out the opposition from within, assassinating key leaders and/or mobilizing clandestine mercenary groups as a counter force. These are the mechanics of revolutionary movements and their opposition. The notion of moral high-ground appeals only to white people who play by the marquis of Queensbury rules, according to abstract conceptions of justice, fairness, human rights, etc. Whilst the beast-folk and their mundane demi-god the Jewish elite employ the communist tactics of ‘by all means necessary’ and ‘all’s fair in love and war’. They are right in doing so from the standpoint of naturalistic ethics as fairness, etc. only functions in combat with those who acknowledge and embody these ethical ideals, the exclusive property of the Aryan race who alone plays by any rules – the hordes of the dark side playing simply by the one rule that ‘there are no rules’. The revolution instigated by the world’s arch-instigator the Jew operates through the praxis of chaos wherein a slow protracted covert operation is undergone to undermine the foundations of their enemy’s system though this system

is itself (as in the case of the present ‘western world’) controlled by Jews. Given their hubris and internal chaos they have no choice but to continue to manifest their destiny through attempting to destroy their own soft power with the hard power of revolution as mechanism of delivering the world into their hands. This revolutionary praxis necessitates the counter-revolution of order both from within the system itself and from without amongst the sympathetic populous. Thus the war is fought both within and without, clandestinely and in open combat between the corrupted establishment and lower level opposition as well as between the ‘normies’ amongst the populous split along lines usually created by the Jew in their mind control system in the first place (left/right, black/white, etc. – whatever is suitable to their ends). Inevitably as history has borne out time and again, the chaos results in either an increase of power for the system and/or the expulsion of the reactionary conservatives (decapitation, etc.) and a complete takeover of the system by those styling themselves ‘freedom fighters’, ‘reactionaries’, etc. who are the Jews and their minions which inevitably leads to the totalitarian statism of communism/Jewish supremacism. If the system increases its power it does so only at the expense of the expulsion of the Jewish parasite from its midst. The end result is a product of the equations: society + Jews = destruction; and its flipside: society – Jews = construction/creation, a thriving society.

Jewniversalism: The Jews’ only creation through history was the mind control protocol of ‘getting the Other (non-Jew) to slave before/worship them and to commit suicide so that – per impossible– the Jew could have absolute rule over all whilst still existing independently of those upon whom it must be dependent in order to do its work’. This mind-control program may be called ‘Jewniversalism’ or ‘universalism’ (Catholicity) wherein all biological bipedal entities are construed as ‘human’ and endowed with properties called ‘rights’ which entitle them to the productive labour of others (in all cases heterosexual white males. The main obstacle to the Jews’ global dominion and yet the main source of their power as a producer whom they parasitize via taxation, etc.). This ideological Ponzi scheme orchestrated by the Jew is represented (by themselves in the media they control) as a venerable ideal endowed with all manner of emotive content that is designed to pluck at the heart strings of their gullible goyim before whom they bestow these dainties of ‘humanity’, ‘equality’, etc. All of the slave/sudra caste who enrich themselves parasitically on these dainties of course are great rainbow-flag wavers of this package of verbiage/windbaggery and will continue to do so until either the parasitized casts them out or the host is sickened unto death through taxation and even outright murder by the enraged hordes of greedy savages who lust for booty knowing no limit to their base desires. Jewniversalism, black magic formula of parasitism, of exploitation

of the producer/creator by the unproductive/uncreative – creative only animalistically of their own kind – the function of this creed is the anaesthetization of the consciousness of the host as the venom of the spider anaesthetizes those trapped in its web; once anaesthetized the function of egalitarianism that it appeals to the empathic nature of the white male who wishes to lend assistance to those who are represented in the Jews' media as 'victims' who require 'help', etc. Perhaps it is the egotism of the white male also which leads him to magnanimously redistribute wealth to the obviously inferior caste. In either case the creation of the notion 'all men are brothers' (encapsulating Jewniversalism) serves to facilitate his own destruction being conned – or allowing himself through the blinding nature of his egotism – to enable his own enslavement. The solution to Jewniversalism is to take the scales off his eyes – or to have them wrenched from his eyes – by members of his tribe who are less egotistical and more self-critical or at least more cognizant of the mind-manipulator Jew and his masses of 'victims' he hides behind and 'represents' as their saviour figure.

Alcohol-ism: The 'ism' of the alcoholic, devotee to the bottle which is his substitute god, source of in-spiration, his imbibition of spiritual strength with every pop of the cap and every gulp. This 'gift that keeps on giving' King Alcohol promises to make of every devotee a king in his own inebriated mind but merely renders him a king of beggars and beggar to the king (King Alcohol that is). This religion properly so-called, what people call 'drinkin' is the creed of he who has lost all sobriety of mind who voluntarily abandons his own soberness as he can't cope with this own inner contradictions, his own demons, and so must avail himself of the assistance of King Alcohol to pluck his eye out to avoid looking upon himself in the mirror as he is too weak-willed to overcome his baser instincts and tendencies which lead downward towards the lower states of consciousness, animalistic indulgence and self-stimulation. The Jew created the culture of alcoholism to destroy the white race and alcohol is the scourge of white survival. Thus its intended purpose has worked well for the devil race of Jewhovah in destroying the better type on this earth through induction of addiction, the initiation into the Bacchic rites of Alcohol-ism, simultaneously spinning off profits to enrich the Jew in the continual poisoning of the masses. The criminality which stems from the fount of the bottle enables the Jew to build up his police state thereby justifying the enslavement of the masses in the name of keeping the sheeple safe in their pens.

Survive or thrive: Not by bread alone will one exist, in the sense of having a life worthy of the name. To simply live for the perpetuation of the material body without any use for this material body to be put is simply a living death the serving of the servant whose master has abdicated in the name of low chthonic ideals: fight, flight, fornicate, feed – the fourfold drives of the

beastman. Survival is the perpetuation of the living death, the unconscious exertion of cyclical drudgery, nine to five rat-wheel spinning, burned out through adrenal hormone secretion.

Survival unto death – and yet a living death, unconscious life of repetitive action counter-balanced with inaction (what is called ‘time off’ from the workaday grind) as a means of minimizing the fatigue of the economic unit whose ‘work life’ is measured via actuarial tables and quantified in databases to produce the prescribed ‘lifestyle’ for this economic unit, one with just sufficient incentive to continue to willingly submit itself to the electrodes of its mind control apparatus and allow itself to be drained of its bioenergy as a human (or sub-human) battery, to be discarded once its utility for the matrix has been expended via allopathic genocide. Survival as such is of no value – better to go out with a bang than a whimper – this is thriving, even in the throes of death, in the crucible of the transmutation of one’s coarser elements into the higher forms – the pain of this metamorphosis results in the tangible product of etherealized matter, the tangible product of ‘survival as goal’ is the materialization of spirit and the extinction of the higher principle immersed with the denser states of matter, a sinking into the quicksand of chthonic physical life. To survive is to simply live to die another day and repeat the charade of True life, the pantomime of real existence which is merely the shadow of real life, immersion in Maya, illusion, through property and income tax, bill payments, generation of ‘economic benefit’ – mere quantity subvertive of quality. To thrive on the other hand is to live consciously and this can only be attained by going within not through a mere outward projection of the self amidst the kaleidoscope of stimuli, sights, sounds, and sensations that constitute the fabric of the lived reality of the majority, those who live merely to survive within the system – even becoming the height of material excess within its limitations, nevertheless losing by winning in the matrix.

Psycho society: Symptoms of psychopathy in the populace: personal pronouns are the only utterances which are made by them: ‘I’, ‘me’, ‘my’, ‘we’, ‘our’ – all reflexively referring to the self. A rude arrogance knowing no acquaintance with the rudiments of common humanity – a physical thrusting of the body against others in the street as feral gesture of dominance and inability to recognize the self in the Other, simply looking upon the ‘Other’ as enemy, as not-self, threat to material resource acquisition and self-enrichment. The quick and the dead – those who can’t out-compete are thrown onto the compost heap of society into homelessness, malnutrition and an early grave. The claws and fangs of the beasts that call themselves men are sharpened on the bones and thews of their peers – dog eat dog, bellum omnium contra omnes. Dr. Jekyll – the face mask of Mr. Hyde who ‘only comes out at night’ – in the night-side of Eden – and the world of contemporary reality is a left-hand path ritual, a sacrifice on the altar of the self to the ‘Other’, vampirized and cannibalized of all vital forces by the greater force which overcomes the lesser.



To swell oneself with superhuman egoity – transcending the common Christian humanity of the Piscean age to become the Lucifer of the Aquarian age, an age of pure intellect and self-orientation, Freemasonic alchemical transubstantiation through rational cognition, through implementing means towards one's ends regardless of sentimentality, feelings of others or even the 'sanctity of human life'. Such simple sanctity is a product of the Piscean age sold at a discount in the Aquarian, bartered for the philosophical gold of evolution, in the blackest sense of Satanic evil which cares naught for the 'gentle, the foolish things' of Christendumb but rather the empowering, enlightening, spiritually developmental things which expand to the bursting point the gluttonous belly of the beast, the Lucifer. The new psycho society is the age of putative enlightenment which merely shrouds in darkness the higher mind, creating intellectual Darth Vaders out of wannabe Luke Skywalkers who have converted themselves into one-dimensional robots from multidimensional spirit beings. From the rainbow hues and diamond body of Skywalker to the violet and black of Vader their true colours shine forth. The psychopath may stand as the 'last man' in the conflict but he merely inherits an earth blackened by the nuclear fallout of technocratic madness. Luke has already left the building and Vader is buried in the rubble of his own hubris.

Anti-traditionalism: Marxism is in general the destruction of all traditional cultural forms based on nature and the natural order which latter Marxism is the antithesis of, the anti-natural and hence the destroyer of the natural. Traditional forms of culture ('tradition') manifests itself organically from out of the natural order and maintains itself through its bearers (a distinct racial group) and within a particular 'locus' or space – physical/natural environment, etc. Modification of either or both race and space, blood and soil, leads to the modification of that race's tradition and in effect its destruction. This of course is inevitable within the context of evolution and also desirable when it evolves itself – this tradition – out of itself as a natural and harmonious unfolding of itself through itself and through whatever not-self/'Other' external relations impinge upon it and modify its nature. Which this destruction is precipitated from without instead of from within it is inharmonious, incongruous and thus perverse, against nature and destructive not in the sense of a developmental moment in the evolutionary process but as a jarring diremption from this process, an artificial breaking of the chain or thread of this weaving of something from something else destroying the something (tradition) and supplanting it with mere ruins and a dysfunctional product that can only be discarded as detritus. Hence the normative inversion of Marxism, the flipping of things on their heads is merely a destroying force that seeks to negate particular cultural forms and leave wreckage behind. That is the nature of antithetic (if such it may be called) ideological praxis, that it is purely negative and has no positive moment leaving

behind not even a vacuum but rather a ruin of previous forms whose meaning has been distorted beyond the recognition of the 'Other' form without (and, for example, Aryans can recognize the culture of Aryans; ancient civilizations being as a magnet drawing through affinity the contemporary Aryan mind sensing through a sympathetic magic the likeness of prior instances of its tradition however disconnected from the present). Marxism which is merely the political exteriorization of Judaism/the Jewish hive mind seeking the annihilation of non-Jewish tradition can embody itself only in the form of a negation. For the Jew, as far as his thinking goes, the vivid hues in which he paints his utopia of the morrow necessitate the flames and black smoke of revolution, the attempted political negation of the Other's tradition through negating the racial group itself. From thence his hyper-rationalized blueprint for the morrow – he envisions in his madness – will take care of itself, and has no need of God or Nature but can simply be as it were thrown forth into the aether and concretize itself in a workable and sustainable form that will be a recreation of his own reality in godlike mimicry of that foundation and base of his praxis which of course being inherently chaotic is doomed to fall to ruins as every movement made is the manifestation of his own inner chaos the product of race- mixing (inter-special breeding). Nature abhorring this inharmonious state adjusts itself to its fundamental homeostatic reset point and this through famine, disease, earthquake, etc. – asteroids from afar, destroying the clay and iron creation of the Jew. And thus Judaism/Jews (for they are inseparable, one the articulation of the Jewish anti-spirit the other the anti-spirit itself) destroys itself though in the process possibly taking with it all non-Jewish tradition that which can properly lay claim to the title 'traditional' as the praxis of the Jew is always anti-traditional, 'progressive' towards a state of entropy and death through materialization and measurement of the spiritual in place of the spiritualization of the material. Those non-Jewish adherents of Marxism inevitably fall victim to their own adoption of the Jewish spirit, the spirit of Shaitan or Satan which engages them in its own chaos and leads them towards their own death.

The Animal Ideal: [Post] modernity dictates this standard which is simply a reversion to a state of savagery, atavism to the primitive. Eat, drink, and be merry, panem and circenses, flight, fight, fornicate, feed – such are the modalities of the animal ideal. All things vibrate at their lowest frequency– jungle drums beating an accompaniment to heart beats – the body, leaden weight of materialism, of brute physicality, drags one to the earth to revel in orgies of blood, black magic voodoo rituals forsaking the higher principles of life and rendering one an earthbound soul post mortem. Even at a chthonic level brain metabolism decreases and blood is shunted towards the organs of digestion and the limbs in the employment of the brute body under conditions of sympathetic nervous system activation. For this is all one becomes as a mere meat machine or biological system alternating

periods of sympathetic and parasympathetic dominance – rest and activity, balanced by the cogitative organ which simply finds itself relegated to a regulative function, a mere set point mechanism that ensures homeostasis within the material body and guides it in its quest for food and sex, defense and attack. The [post] modern ethos is that of social Darwinism, a bestial behavior brought to bear against the ‘Other’ who is established as a source of profit (for self) or threat (to self) to be encountered aggressively within the artificial conventions of societal mores, wooden categories which confine the beast as a rabid animal in the stocks of civility. They – the broad masses – become who they are, become animal from man forsaking the higher mind through immersion in the lower consciousness. These happy animals bare their teeth in ostensible ‘friendliness’ conforming to the expectations of social obligation and niceties which simply serves as a muzzle to prevent these rabid beasts from assaulting their peers, rather their rivals, in the combat for resource accumulation and displays of dominance (status, money, etc. – all the coarser things in life). Thus we see an inversion of the higher and its replacement by the lower is undergone; the slippery slope towards the abyss of consciousness. Devolution through desecration of the higher principles in man, their ignorance and incapacity of recognition that the fleshly life is not the only life existing and is instead a living death, mere automatism, the wind-up watch mechanism of the Demiurge.

Becoming an Unperson: Psychopath societies value the psychopath – all else is anathema. Those who can induce fear in others are treated with what is called ‘respect’ insofar as the fearful attributes are covered with a false mask of social acceptability behind which the Mr. Hyde conceals her/himself. Those who have no capacity to ‘pretend’ friendliness as a means of ‘getting along’ with their fellow animals are cast out from the larger society as an unperson having nothing but disrespect and disregard paid to them by the ‘beasts who call themselves men’ as the Protocols say. Cast out of society for not having the requisite animality necessary to perform the role of a rat in a wheel scrambling over their fellow rats to obtain food pellets and access to mates. Of course there are also cats in the animal farm, the prowling security forces who ensure the rats stay within the maze and wheel they must run in as condition of survival and ‘thriving’ at their level of rat-like bestiality. The outcast has no place in the rat-wheel or maze, his path follows a different course and even if he desired to run himself ragged as a living battery or machine part he would be prohibited from playing a role in the system given his different vibrational frequency, his different wavelength. He clearly can’t harmonize with the lower vibrations of the system which put people (rather untermenschen) into that state, a state into which they were

born as creatures of the system, those qualified as ‘persons’ in a court of law. Better to be an ‘unperson’ than to be sullied with the label ‘person’. Only the undignified would seek that ignoble appellation; to be acknowledged in the mind of a beast as his fellow beast, a ‘comrade’ would be an ignoble stooping indeed. Better not a person at all than a ‘person’ – machine of the matrix.

Bigger is Better: Another false credo of the social Darwinist – that the bigger you are the better – an equation borne of the mire of low-minded materialism where the more physical power – measured in units of output in horsepower or kilopascals, etc. – the more superior the entity which can generate this power (the person in question, the ‘superior animal-man’), the more he is qualified to lord over his inferiors who must subordinate themselves before him as condition of being permitted to live within his ‘territory’ which he has acquired through this superior animal strength. In the kali yuga the philosophical gold of mind is reduced to the lead of a meat-head. Those who ‘do not wish to play this game’ are ruthlessly shunted aside if not annihilated through more velvet glove tactics of shunning, ostracism, and attentional shift towards coarser forms of culture and/or persons. The coarsening influence of meat makes of one a meat-head, dulling the consciousness while simultaneously triggering an adrenal hormone response making of this dull brute a feral beast, a bull triggered by the waving of a red flag. The physical size of the beast emboldens him in his aggression, overconfident perhaps in his meat citadel of greater body mass than those over whom he would have victory. What constitutes a victory in a social Darwinist world, a bellum omnia contra omnes? The power surge through dominance, the beating of the beast’s chest as he stands over his conquered foe. The right to partake of the spoils of war: flesh, elevation in the hierarchy of the primitive, the possibility of greater victories and conquests in the war everlasting – a war fought unto death be it a straw death or that of being vanquished by whatever contender steps up to the plate, throws his hat in the ring as a challenge, a threat to the supremacy of the leader. The mass of a man is the measure of his value when ‘man’ is construed as ‘animal with a more developed intellect’. – The bigger the better. However, even within this debased conception of reality the superiority goes to he who can bridge the gap between brute physicality and sterile intellectualism – or rather to make of these two seeming opposites an amalgam and thereby to outsmart the bestial competitors who may be larger but are more liable to crash to their downfall given their greater weight. So too in the case of the ‘egghead’ whose frail form could hardly enable him to enter the lists to attain his promise of victory for no victory will ever be attained by the one-dimensional

who are cripples in all but name incapable of ‘manning up’ to the onslaught of competitors within the social Darwinism of the kali yuga.

The New Morality: A new morality has come to supplant the old – that of Nature. This new morality must be heeded if one is to take heed of anything for failure to do so is to pronounce a death sentence upon oneself. The so-called ‘ethics’ of this moral imperative consists of the following dichotomy of the previous morality’s ‘Good vs. Evil: survival is moral (‘Good’), extinction is immoral (‘Evil’). The meaning of what is ethical has thus been radically changed in this new flowering of eternal verity, the Real Truth, not the so-called ‘truth’ of past dogma (Christianity), or the perspectivalistic ‘truths’ of its intermediate phase (liberalism).

The law tables of this new morality are fashioned from the aether through themselves without any external authority somehow waving his divine wand and precipitating them into being out of the ‘Rock of Ages’. They are perpetually being written and yet are paradoxically the same – as they are the dynamic laws of Nature in their manifestation and no crude linguistic contrivance which establishes itself as the indelible codex Justitia can ever render static this dynamic reality as these contrivances themselves are subject to these laws of perpetual flux.

The new morality necessarily destroys the old as the old is merely an impoverished fairy tale which emanated from the fallible minds of primitive people, people sufficiently persuasive and convincing to establish through blood and iron (through the law of Nature that the stronger force overcomes the weaker) their own aspirations to divinity making gods in their image as an attempt to usurp the throne of god from god. These archaic tablets of roughhewn stone find themselves ground to dust through their own internal structure and the workings of those laws they arrogantly would supersede.

Discourse upon ‘ethics’ as a means of limiting other people’s will and to put the latter into harness to subordinate them to one’s own will – ‘In the name of God (or Gaia) – I command thee.’ Those who wish to control others first establish a fable or myth that establishes them in the position of priest – and this through force – and strikes down all of those who would contest their ‘divine right’ with a rod of iron. Thus all must, in order to fulfill their biological drives for pleasure, power, and panem, prostrate themselves before their priestly masters in obeisance to the latter’s will. With the development of the technocratic system the masses are under severe mind control and their only hope is the internal destruction – in part under its own weight – of the system. Once it begins to topple, all that remains is to push it over – ‘Babylon is falling, is falling’.

Serve the Servants: The old morality of Judeo-Liberal-Christiansanity still lingers as a mental poison in the minds of the broad masses, infecting them with its anesthetizing influence rendering them drugged and stupid, incapable of understanding the consequences of their actions (i.e. to understand causality removed from the moral taint of an anti-natural morality). Thus they labour under the delusion that giving to Others – to those Other than themselves – especially racial strangers, without expectation of reward. Thus they seek to ‘win by losing’ through serving the servants, a perversely false creed which seeks to represent itself as altruism when it is deeply egotistical, based purely on a desire to serve oneself as a paragon of virtue (of this inverted virtue, a virtue which is opposed to all healthy instincts). Within this context an ethic of suicide is established whereby anything selfish is a sin (contrary to Nature and human behaviour) and anything selfless is virtue. Hence the ultimate consequence of giving one’s shirt off his back is to expose himself to the elements and to divest oneself of his weapons turning them into ploughshares is to render oneself fertilizer for the enemy’s garden.

They rejoin ‘live by the gun, die by the gun’ and the addressee responds: ‘Better to die by the gun than to be executed gangland style without a fighting chance. At the least that way one maintains the honour and independence of a noble being, one who has a will to fight for the preservation of oneself and one’s own tribe. This old morality of the universal[ist] hypocrites purports to operate on the basis of ‘divine right’ holding for all without exception other than the impoverished white masses who are allocated the role of ‘Satan’ in the dialectic of un- enlightenment.

Serving the servants is big business for the hypocritical priest caste who makes ostentatious displays of self-abasement as mechanism of exploitation of those they pretend to ‘serve’. Both Christ-insanity and libtard demonocracy are instances of this tongue-in-cheek servility of the self-appointed overlords of Babylon/Zion whose blinded minions have had their eye plucked out as it offended their masters to be seen as emperors without clothes. The fables of the master-caste that they are bedecked in the raiment of unwashed masses with hair shirts and sack cloth is belied by their gold-threaded costumes of sable and silk. As long as the blind masses fail to see behind the veil of Maya which has been wound round their heads they eagerly gambol about on the grassy knoll awaiting their fleecing and inevitable slaughter by the oligarchs whose social Darwinist credo prophesies their doom.

The myth of equality is an excellent soporific in lulling the sheep in their pens, a fairy story relayed to a tired child by its wolf-in-sheep’s-clothing grandmother whose white linen sheets they have ensconced the child in are soon to turn a crimson red. Red Dying

Hood it is called in this fairy story, wherein the substitute parental unit, the wolf concealed behind the mask of the sheep-like placidity coats its tongue with honey and whispers the pleasant sounding creed ‘democracy, equality, compassion, love, peace’. The gullible sheep remains complacent, its fears allayed by the soothing sound of honeyed words. It has allowed itself to be wrapped within the sheet of white linen, funereal garb, as the ravenous wolf sings its lullaby and rocks to sleep its source of energy. To serve one (or an undifferentiated mass of these same units, this ‘one’) obviously unequal entity is to imply that this entity is ‘requiring assistance by virtue of his subordinate nature and that he who assists is in a superior position and is therefore ‘better’ (able to render this assistance, has the greater power – the ‘bestowing virtue’ as Nietzsche called it). Thus to give is to take (power, a sense of one’s superiority, etc.) and to take is to imply one’s own wretchedness and subordinate quality to the giver as he is thereby implicated as the dependent party. To reject assistance even in the extremes of poverty is construed by many as a sign of nobility of independence. However that would imply that the assistance is valued as opposed to a mere means to a greater value, the gift of shelter and food, etc. being an example of something only a plebeian would accord value to and where an aristocrat of the soul would look upon as an instrumental means towards higher ends, being cordial to the gift-giver but nonetheless not valuing the gift of feeling any sense of obligation to the giver as it is merely means not end but in serving the end is of only relative value and thus the gift and giver are themselves, though treated with amicability nevertheless acknowledged in their proper light as bestower of mere bricks and mortar – whereas the structure is borne out of the creative genius of the recipient. ‘You don’t need to thank me’ is met with concurrence though qualified by a tip of the hat, a gesture of bonhommerie.

Does the aristocrat soul seek to serve the servant? Perhaps he simply understands that the servant is a servant and must know and appreciate his place and any expectations of entitlement of future benefit outside of his capacity as a servant is a tipping of the scales of justice where reward becomes disproportionate to desert, to the service rendered. Serving the servants destabilizes the balance of justice of natural law.

### Allegories of Justice and Injustice

The following treatise purports to be a diagnosis of the deeply rooted malaise of modernity which has been planted in the consciousness of Aryan man by the mind manipulator Jew through his monopoly of the media and mass acculturation system, the public fool system, what is conventionally referred to as public education.

This spiritual sickness is exacerbated through the Jewish influence and power over the collective consciousness of their intended slaves and is only ameliorated slightly in terms of quantitative impact, of sheer volume, by the relatively feeble counterforce of Aryan power.

The following treatise of examples from the pop culture of 'modernity' of Babylon/Zion/J.O.G., of the Jew World Order and diagnoses the cancer and its necessary treatment. The title has been selected to inform the reader of the transgression and adherence to Natural law, the former being what amounts to 'injustice' and the latter the converse. These examples are taken from a period when the trail of the serpent had still to be concealed under the red carpet of 'love, peace, and unity' and various other surreptitious catchphrases which enabled the slumbering masses to continue their lives of tax serfdom and hedonistic indulgence under the cover of rational self-interest and a cryptic 'enlightened' despotism orchestrated by the Jewdeo Freakmasonic elite and their underlings – the Christards, Libtards, and Mammon worshippers as well as their non-white anti-white slaves. The subtlety of the conspiracy worked – and still does to this day in spite of its dysfunctionality work – to gradualistic overcome the white majority through imperceptible undermining and eroding of its self- understanding, perverting its cultural tradition and historical sense and substituting an unhealthy view of Nature and Natural law for a sick view based upon abstract ideas and their false associations of emotionality, of 'good feelings'. Abstract ideas such as race-mixing ('integration', 'humanity', etc.), sex perversions (and this through exhibitionistic indulgence from porn to paedophilia) to confusion of identity based upon the most crude forms of human expression (reducing the higher to the lower).

This anarchist bomb thrown at the white carriage purports to destroy the host body wherein the white king resides. How it has worked so far is through the white masses and their king (their self- determination and power) lighting off too many firecrackers supplied by the Jewish mind manipulators. A few windows have at this point been busted out of the carriage alerting the white king (the Aryan leadership, the peak of the collective consciousness) to the danger of the incendiary multitude and their devil-may-care caprice instigated by the Jewish programming. Henceforth the subtle conspiracy seeks to conceal itself behind whatever fronts blaming the masses themselves (liberals, Christian conservatives, right-wing extremists, etc.) or a convenient scapegoat (Islam, etc.) to detract attention from their own incendiary bombs. The new phase operates through a furtherance of the 'divide and conquer' strategy, ramping up the dialectic of right wing vs. left wing and thereby getting the white masses to fall upon one another weakening



themselves sufficiently for the kill-the non-white invasion. At the time of the vehicles of propaganda treated of here the conspiracy was operating in a more clandestine fashion and thus had to instill itself into the consciousness of the white majority through shaming techniques, guilt-tripping, blaming the victim, etc.

### Allegories of Injustice: The Simpsons

This portrayal of a white family unit served as a vehicle of the ethic of dysfunctionality that the Jewish mind manipulators had intended to uphold as the model of the antiheroic fragmented family that they knew would undermine the power of Aryan man, as the nuclear family (a family unit wherein the proper roles of its members are naturally assumed) serves as the basis of all societal order, being a microcosm of the macrocosm of Leviathan. Thus to strike at the bedrock of society (the family) is to destroy the society and to render it susceptible of usurpation at the hands of those not so programmed with self-destruct conditioning (i.e. foreign invaders, the Jewish elitists - though the latter always corrupts itself through its own vices).

The pater familias has always been the support which the family unity has existed and to destroy this figure in its natural form (a self-sacrificial defender and protector of the family unit) is to destroy the cohesion of the family and lead to its fragmentation and inevitable destruction creating a chaotic and ruined posterity. Enter the figure of Homer Simpson whose odyssey in no way approximates that of his Grecian forbearer but rather the alcoholic waywardness of a deadbeat dad whose absenteeism renders his biological offspring misguided souls who have no paedagogical influence and thus no understanding of what to do or how to do it. Add to this witches' brew the traumas induced in these same offspring through the Mr. Hyde brought out by King Alcohol and you have an inevitably dysfunctional demographic being created through this Homer Simpson influence of the corrupt pater familias.

Rather than conscientiously educating and instructing his biological offspring Homer Simpson was either hypnotizing himself in pleasant abandon before the Talmud-vision or hypnotizing himself before that same mind control machine in the Jewish-run poison store called 'the bar' wherein he would be encouraged in his vices by the barman who, though portrayed as a Polish Aryan (Moe), is in most cases a Jew feeding the addiction he induces in his goyim slaves at a profit. Thus begins his down-going and that of his dysfunctional family unit, spiralling down the drain like so much alcohol fueled urine, flushing away the hopes and dreams of a better tomorrow for the hell of the present shunted aside through pleasant intoxicated memories of yesteryear when it was considered socially acceptable to be an alcoholic, as a high school hero, etc.

Thus the future is sacrificed on the altar of the past and the future of the family being bound up with that of the pater familias.

But can one entirely blame Homer Simpson for avoiding his parental responsibilities and seeking the sensationalistic entertainment, responding to the siren call of the bottle? Yes, however in the real world at the time of this fictional (and yet 'constructive') portrayal of the family the baby-boomer female was a presence often serving as the 'ball and chain' which the husband had to return to after his day's drudge, an unpleasant prospect indeed. Yet if he were a man in the Marlboro sense he would have 'straightened out' the crooked nature of a feminist corrupted home through assuming his proper role as the pater of the familia.

Marge Simpson is the portrayal of the female who sold herself short through the nuptials instead of becoming like so many baby-boomer careerists who decided to abandon their children (perhaps through this very psychological pressure) this insinuation that a traditional role is 'inferior', rendering one 'inadequate' or merely a shadow of a person who exists as a pale reflection of the 'man of the house'). Thus the formula for the Bart Simpson latchkey kid is generated and a generation of parentally abandoned youth, by the father through no account dead-beat-dadism and by the mother through status seeking careerism or the perpetual dissatisfaction drilled into her subconscious mind through such media portrayals of the 'inadequate wife' archetype. Thus Marge becomes a police officer assuming a masculine role while Homer continues to swell his corpulent form with liquor and donuts, adopting a purely passive and sensationalistic, female lifestyle.

Both of these characterizations (caricaturizations) are a flagrant violation of Natural law through subverting/inverting the natural role of the sexes androgenizing the sexes and rendering their children confused as to which behaviour is appropriate for their sex and how to express it outwardly enabling them to become functional adults capable of maintaining the integrity of the white society against the takeover by the Jews.

Bart Simpson is to represent/construct/create the identity of the 'white boy', the reckless, unintelligent rebel without a cause who is perpetually creating trouble – legal, social, etc. He is portrayed as the quintessential no account (created in the image of his father) who skips school (implying an aversion to learning and an incompetence therein through its avoidance), and in general is the very presence of chaos in 'the system'. Being so portrayed the white male's inherent rebelliousness and unwillingness to conform to 'the system' (a system which contravenes natural law and is thus unjust in essence) is construed as a vice when it is in reality

a virtue. This is more perverting/inverting of the reality for the purpose of attempting to create an antiheroic role model for the white boys ('rebel without a cause', 'bad boy', etc.) and to construct his image as a purely negative figure, a destroying force of the putative 'good society' that constitutes Springfield (Babylon/Zion) run by the Jewish mayor Joe Quimby, the archetype of Jewish mishpucka corruption. The converse is of course the historically veridical case/archetype of the white male youth: defender and protector of society, hyper-intelligent creative genius and natural law-abiding agent of justice. Within the matrix reality the reality is inverted. A nightmarish fantasy remains and nothing outside of it is permitted to be spoken of or acknowledged as existing.

The unintelligence of Bart is eclipsed by his little sister Lisa whose intelligence is the converse of his – that of genius level. The natural reality where males are endowed with much greater reasoning and inventive faculties is denied in the Jews' false reality they have created portraying females as wise and all-knowing while males are portrayed as near-imbeciles incapable of knowing their own good let alone that of society – in short to be castrated and cucked by a female which is the prescription of the Jew World Order via their programming of which this is but one instance targeted towards 'G' audiences, young and old, used as a meme of the 'smart girl' to invert the reality or at least implicitly denigrate the white male.

The politically correct neuroticism of Lisa Simpson has been replicated in real life after this portrayal (and before though perhaps to a lesser extent), has wreaked great havoc upon society (upon the population of whites who are slaves to the society) and this character is the Frankenstein's monster the Jews have created to unleash their tyranny – that of feminism and anti-white moralizing bigotry to strike at the root (the womb) of the once-white society. Thus the Simpsons represent a microcosm of the macrocosm of both the Jewish brain pollution apparatus (media) and the actual society in the way in which these inverted roles have been drip-fed into the consciousness of the white population to accept non-white immigration (Abu), Jewish supremacism (Krusty the Clown), feminism (Lisa, Marge, Marge's mother), deadbeat dadism (Homer), drop-out rebelliousness (Bart), etc. A more succinct vehicle of degeneration did not exist at that time though it was precedential in that it opened up the gates for even greater forms of vice to pour through into the consciousness of the passive spectator of the Talmud-vision.

Married with Children: Second showcase and prescription of degeneracy. Simultaneous to the Simpsons this sitcom served the same purpose only to a greater extreme of vice, the characters being deliberately exaggerated from the reality as a means of distorting reality

into their image, an idealistic reification of Satanic archetypes, in the words of Stalin an 'idealist materialist' praxis which seeks to create a reality in their own image attempting to usurp the throne of Nature/God and crown oneself (the Jewish people as a collective) as god of their own universe, creating a kingdom of hell upon earth. This sitcom served well that purpose, being replete with satanic symbolism and memes that ingrained themselves in the consciousness of the docile hypnotized viewers who were rendered comatose and highly suggestible through the flicker rate of their Talmud-visions.

Again as with the Simpsons, the pater familias is denigrated as a will-less simpleton who exists purely for the sake of self-stimulation outside of his servitude towards his family before whom he grudgingly slaves in his meaningless occupation which like Homer Simpson (both former high school football stars) is the denouement of their lives and destruction of their youthful idealism, namely the family structure which is presented as a prison to which one is shackled. The castration of the pater familias (kill the king, kill the kingdom) was/is the surreptitious meme publicized through this vehicle of entrainment attempting to reify the idea 'the king is dead and obliterate his memory, history, culture, etc.'

This castration procedure was affected by the usurpation of the dominant role by the female Peggy who, unlike Marge Simpson, was more of a callous feminist black widow spider who ensnared her husband slave in the web of a prospectively comfortable home which led to his money/energy/blood being drained into her shopping sprees and credit cards, the remnant being allocated towards her chillins, the latchkey kids. Thus the woman was placed on top and the man existed merely to transport her to her desired destination. The self-absorbed negligence of the wife/mother led to the unravelling of the family unit: the son being a castrated outcast and eventually a degenerate exploiter of women (a spiritual Jew), the daughter being a harlot (whore of Babylon) whose occupation consisted of romping around with random alpha male bad boys – both cases leading to the destruction of the nuclear family through exploitation (as exploiter and exploited) of themselves and others, themselves being exploited through their basest drives being cultivated (profligacy/polygamy in the case of males and the drive towards monogamy or attachment to the alpha male in the case of females). Given this fragmentation process the Bundy family holds itself together through the magic of the hyper-reality of a sitcom. Translating this into real life leads simply to the degradation of the family and inevitable chaos in society taking this as the archetype which under the guise of humour exists merely to reify the ideal of the Jews in their creation of a Jewish utopia through the destruction of the nuclear family.

Contrast this portrayal of white families with that of negro families in the media as a further attempt to portray that which is white in the blackest light and to invert reality as a means of subverting it. 'Family Matters' is a case in point wherein the negro youth is portrayed as a genius and the negro police officer father, a law-abiding responsible dad who has a close-knit family unit wherein all manner of merriment ensues. Add to this mixture the 'Fresh Prince' wherein the black patriarch is a law-abiding judge who looks out for his 'people' in the form of an urban youth from a broken home.

The latter sitcom serves as a vehicle to inculcate the white middle America audience with a guilt trip for alleged historical events such as black slavery by white overlords and rampant black poverty in 'the ghetto' and enticing white youth with the 'urban culture' (black culture) to fill the vacuum of their own degraded culture with a kosher-approved substitute. Thus inversion/perversion operates at the level of the family unit striking at the roots of society to destroy the flowering of the higher culture through this communist levelling process.

Allegories of Justice: Whatever influence might have existed and still exists in the mind control media there were a few venues which slipped through the cracks as 'gifts from god' of providence or karmic blowbacks against the black magician Jewish elite who had taken control of the media as their machine of mind control of the populace and programming to reify their perverse ideals they seek to impose upon the fertile soil of the Aryan collective consciousness as seeds of destruction.

Tolkien's Lord of the Rings: Standing as a literary encapsulation of the world situation (one is tempted to say 'cosmic reality') his plots and characters represent the reality that is and was faced by the Aryans against the dark forces of evil which seek their destruction.

The hobbits are the 'little people' the common mass who lives their lives oblivious to the surrounding world (through admitting of exceptions to the rule such as the enlightened master Bilbo, Frodo, etc., the neue adel or noble caste) who are capable of attaining the higher consciousness and overcoming the pettiness of the daily drudge). They are weighted down by the leaden chain of materiality drawn to the mundane cares of the world, ensconced in the veil of Maya. However their leadership constitutes the new hope for evolutionary development to become like the elves (remnants of the Aryan race, the zenith of humanity) and sojourn over the sea towards the higher states of being (immortality) through the alchemical process and an acquaintance with good and evil on a quest to attain enlightenment (the higher self).

Instigated from their dogmatic slumber of ignorant bickering and worldly care in the shire (the lower self of the Aryan racial collective consciousness) by the dwarves (which may be interpretations of the Jew and their quest for gain) the initiation begins transmitting itself generationally within the family of the elite (Bilbo to Frodo) who are burdened with the responsibility of gnosis (the ring of invisibility) and who must develop this gnosis to serve the good instead of evil, like Gandalf instead of Saruman (Masonry), white as opposed to black magic, service to others (the white race) as opposed to service to self.

The former also endures the quest for eternity through overcoming his lower self (the balrog) and developing the diamond body (Gandalf the White) in contrast to the coat of many colours of Saruman black magician who hides his true purposes behind the white hand (of Freemasonry) and who serves the dark power in Mordor (Satan, Sauron, the demiurge, Jewhovah, Saturn) – god of the Jews.

The orc hordes (non-white beastmen) are unleashed against the ‘little people’ and even the einherjar/viras of Rohan and Gondor who constitute the tribe of Judah (Germany) from Tolkien’s perspective, defenders of ‘Middle Earth’ (Midgard). These animal/beast hordes are the slaves of both Saruman and Sauron, servants of the Jewdeo-Masonic pact for global dominion. In the citadel of technocracy of Orthunc (the headquarters of Saruman), the metropolis prison of J.O.G., these beast people are perversely hybridized through technological gene splicing with the men (White Aryans of Middle Earth) creating beastman monstrosities to serve the J.O.G. as more intelligent and unfeeling slaves than the orcs yet divested of their identity and moral sense, malleable puppets of their masters molded to suit their agenda of earth devastation and totalitarian control, slave soldiers in the wars against Middle Earth (the Aryan race).

Through the heroism of the Aryan race the evil of the world is negated once it is struck at its heart through Orthunc being destroyed by the Ents (the roots or race soul of the Aryans) smashing the technocalypse of the metropolis. The shire had been flooded with the orc hordes who were then rooted out by the now fully aware denizens of the shire the ur-consciousness of the Aryan collective soul, its foundation in the peasantry who had not attained adeptship and initiated the change of the tide to cleanse the land for themselves and their posterity. Given that this is almost inevitably what must result the story of Tolkien is a revelation of the method prognosticative of the destiny of the Aryan and of his foe, the dark lord (Demiurge).

He-man Master of the Universe: Another leak in the matrix comes in the form of what presumably is a gnostic (and perhaps Jesuit in the sense of Jorg Lanz von Liebenfels) offering, an insight into the future possibility (probability) of what is to come after the conflagration between the Aryan He-man and the leader of the dark forces Skeletor the Jew, namely total victory for the 'Eternian', the Aryan race who alone are capable of attaining eternity through cultivating 'the power of Greyskull' and ascending beyond the material plane. Thereby they attain eternity and thus are called 'Eternians' (Aryans).

He-man the blond-haired, blue-eyed ruddy-skinned Aryan man who crusades (with his Maltese cross) for the survival of the 'little people' who live outside of Eternia (the mundane world, still living behind the veil of Maya) and who are constantly beset by the machinations of the evil Skeletor and his evil horde. He-man's name is Prince Adam, connotive of Adamic man, the Aryan race who are of 'God' not part of the creation of god and who thereby are 'masters of the universe' not subject to dissipation and absorption into the demiurge as energetic food.

Skeletor the minion of this demiurgic force and through whom it manifests itself on the mundane plane form 'Snake Mountain' (left-hand path black magic) as opposed to the white magic benevolence of Greyskull, both of which are energy flowing along the Shushumna (spinal canal only in contrary directions in the case of Greyskull (the skull) upward towards the higher realms and eternity; in the case of Snake Mountain downwards and onto the earth. Perhaps however both paths lead to eternity? But only how they are used and directed? Skeletor the Jew wearing the colours of the demiurge (Saturn) those of the night side of Eden (purple and dark blue) is equipped with great knowledge as evinced by his plotting and cunning manipulation – pure intellect, left-brain robot thought, logic and entropic cogitation – nevertheless lacking in wisdom as operating on a wavelength not in harmony with the sum total, devoted purely to egoic pursuits and thus doomed to failure from the outset whereas in the case of He-man he is the white mage who resonates with the sum total and through a heightened intuition and understanding can easily circumvent the plans of the Jew/Skeletor, whose magic is rooted in a perverse twisting of the order of things to serve his own megalomaniacal plans for conquest of the earthly plane and Eternia, a realm he is incapable of attaining. Sorceress is the bearer of intuition (intuitive consciousness) which is the seat of wisdom in castle Greyskull whereas her counterpart in the evil horde is Evil Lynn who represents the

sacred feminine intuition in its lowest octave as a black magic manipulation so prevalent in the discipline of psychology that power source which modern feminists plug themselves into as means of self-empowerment which always entails a relative decrease in the power of others from whom this power is taken and over whom it is wielded. The nanny state of today is represented by this Other- subjection by the feminine ego in its lowest octave.

Sorceress resonates with the sum total, Evil Lynn runs against the grain for purely self-serving ends. Beastman with his feral strength is the enowsh of the bible, the pre-Adamites who are part of the creation and incapable of transcending the material plane where they remain as an earthbound soul if not absorbed into the demiurge as energetic food. His counterparts (if such a parallel may be drawn) would be Ram-man (brute strength used for good as opposed to evil and thereby always of greater force necessarily capable of overcoming evil) and Man-at-arms whose technological weaponry easily supersedes Beastman and the evil horde. However this technology – itself a neutral force used for either good or evil – can be easily turned towards the source of evil and this is entrusted to the engineer Man—at- arms whose Aryan soul employs the technology for Good.

Both allegories of justice (the rare exception in a system of injustice) and of injustice are discoverable in countless forms in the pop culture even through (at this advanced stage in the dialectic of the Jews' evil) the good is overshadowed by the surfeit of evil which pervades the pop-cultural landscape. In spite of the degradation of the family and thereby the Aryan race in general by this mind control, good always finds a way to overcome evil, justice to rectify injustice. In the fantasy world of pop culture so too in the real world of politics at a micro and macro level: the Evil of the earth, the dark lord, is subjugated by the children of light, the Aryan (noble) race.



MIGHT IS RIGHT → WHITE IS MIGHT

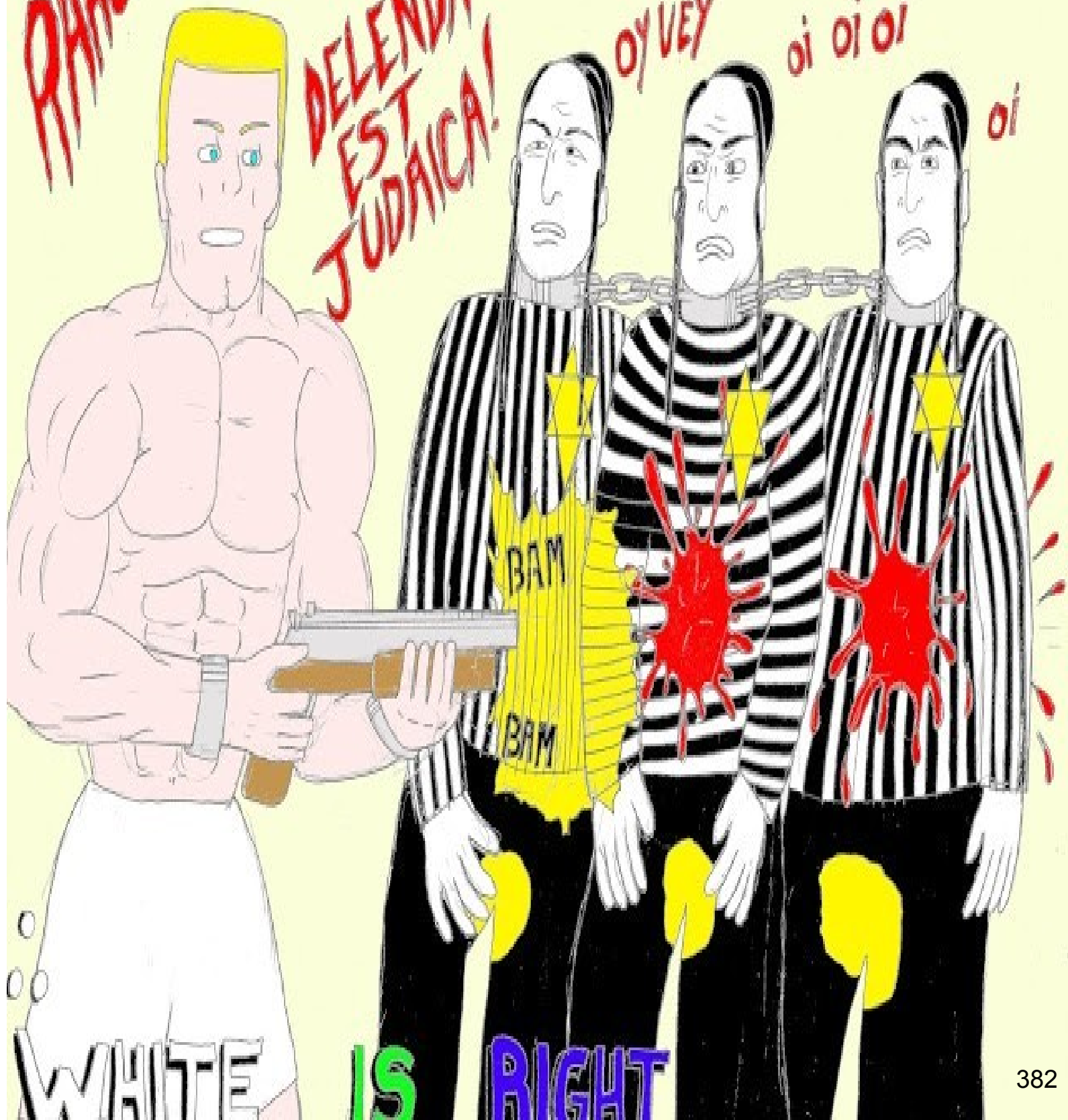
RAHOWA!

DELENDAM  
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WHITE IS RIGHT

National Socialism – The politicization of nature: Carrying the concrete organic into the abstract artificial such that the latter harmonizes with the former and yet elevates (to the extent this can be done) evolutionarily the kingdom of nature into the sphere of the human and the human into that of the superhuman through preservation of an authentic life living in accordance with nature. The architecture of the state (of human ingenuity and contrivance) seeks correspondence with that of nature in accordance with natural law and constitutes an entelechia, a self-propelling wheel which receives impulse from within (the human) and without (the natural), like a free energy device driven through electromagnetism. Thereby destiny is attained through the denizens working harmoniously within the natural environment to develop themselves spiritually and materially through their own faculties utilizing the materials they had organically developed themselves along with through their personal histories which partake of a collective history and destiny, the collective consciousness of the racial group within a territory specific to it and in harmonious resonance therewith (be it South Africa, Australia, or Iceland and all points in between). As a side note: the white man can adapt to all areas of the earth given his biological suitability to all environments but all other races suffer dis-ease states once they leave the borders of their own ancestral terrain.

National Socialism simply means a distinct racial group preserving and furthering their identity through socialistic means, a political formation which ensures that the community works holistically and is self-supportive through a system of rights and duties for the sake of the greater good of the racial nation not whichever individual can get the most (liberal democracy) or the redistribution of wealth from productive to unproductive people (communism). A limited degree of commercial and individual freedom in service to the collective which implies duty and right for the individual who is a member of the collective. The environment (natural) is served as an organic part of the organism of the state and its health is bound up with that of the collective who derive their sustenance from the soil. Given that the existence of those two conceptually and only to some extent [meta]physically distinct beings (the humans and the environment) are existentially bound together, they either harmonize in self-supportive praxis or fragment and clash in relations of exploitation and the inevitable crumbling of the artificial architecture into ruins amongst the mightier force of nature. Thus harmony with the external environment is a necessity to preserve and enhance one's own kind and the artificial means through which this is attained is the only political creed which upholds natural law namely national socialism/fascism. In contrast to this naturalistic creed which adheres to the laws of nature, exists its contemporary antithesis the liberal/socialist/communist state (leftist for short). Leftism is anti-nature, is a violation and transgression of natural law positing the arbitrary caprice of human ingenuity and intellect over and above the natural order for the purpose of ascension beyond the material plane towards the immaterial 'spiritual plane' which is of course immediately perverse as spirit and matter are one and the two are not contraries merely different states of vibration of energy fields. This fundamental error of judgement/praxis, namely that 'humanity' can

ascend beyond 'the veil of law' of materiality is the basis of leftism's anti-natural stance which as a consequence builds its cloud cuckoo-land architecture in the graven images of concrete and asbestos creating a Judeo-Freemasonic architecture doomed to fall under its own structural unsoundness. Those true believers in this creed live lives in a purely intellectual mental space wherein they lack the healthy instincts to understand how to live in a harmonious manner with the earth as they in their world of barren abstractions (mental abortions of numbers and ideas) believe themselves separable from the organic bases of life of life having no authentic self-understanding. From thence they enable the flooding of society with foreign races on the abstract basis of numbers (money) and the ideology of 'individualism' or 'secular humanism' which engenders the 'multicultural society', an anti-society comprised of heterogeneous elements, a euphemism for 'multiracial' which the creed of humanism denies and which therefore doesn't exist in the minds of the overly intellectualized bourgeoisie (the self-interested converts to this anti-natural creed). Those purveyors of this creed are themselves anti-natural as an anti-race, a hybrid from the middle east, the Jews. That no hereditary relationship with the land ever existed in the Jew given that he had no blood and therefore no soil could ever stabilize and fix his instable inner chaos (his fate was to wander around and buy and sell as a means of subsistence. This mercantile philosophy took on the form of modern-day leftism/liberalism under the Jew and ultimately reduces to communism through the most cunning and well-connected merchant and his organization (read 'mafia') taking the power of government into their own hands and becoming instead of usurers and loan sharks, commissars who hold absolute sway over the populace, enabled by the complacent and self-interested bourgeoisie whose personal profit superseded tribal loyalty. Leftism is a creed in violation of natural law as in essence it seeks to overcome and exploit nature both in terms of the identity of peoples (races) and the health of the natural environment through its technocratic destruction of the natural world. Leftism is the antithesis of National Socialism.

Liberal Evangelism: The descendants of the Christards – the libtards – carry on their forbearers' practice of preaching their socialist gospel amongst the heathen – the beastmen whose conversion to their egalitarian creed is viewed as of paramount value and essential to the fulfillment of the prophecies of John Stuart Mill, Marx, and Chomsky. These 'savages' in the words of John Smith of Pocahontas fame carry with them the mark of anti-Cain, of Caliban, in that they are portrayed as 'innocent', 'victims' who must have the rod spared so that they as spoiled children of the libtard/ Christard evangelical may bless them who blesses thee and curse them who curses thee (the evangelical receiving a 'blessing' through bestowing upon them redistributed wealth, 'freebies' in common parlance. this gesture, this bestowal of the fruits of their virtue pays dividends in moral coin which builds social capital amongst the evangelical who thereby accrues a sense of self-worth/importance and is enabled thereby to make ostentatious displays of same through 'virtue signalling' which in the moral realm is equivalent to conspicuous consumption. A prime example being strolling around in public with a sponsored 'beastman' and making

explicit references to/conversations with same and its 'culture' or 'origins', etc.). Thus liberal evangelism compares with Christard evangelism. The two differ as follows: 1) The gospel of either 2) the end goal – in both cases the particularity of their respective creeds and practices bound up therewith which divides them into their respective categories, Libtard and Christard. 1) With respect to the gospel in the one case it is of course [Judeo]Christian (in whatever particular form of sect with the exclusion of Christian identity being itself opposition to evangelism outside of whites) and in the other libtard meaning bible and its commandments, its neuroticism and inhibition on the one hand and on the other the ideology of pleasure maximization and pain minimization emanating from the doctrines of Mill and modified to suite time and place dovetailing with and ultimately metamorphosing into the communism of Marx just as Christinsanity metamorphoses into the Zion of Schoffeld and the Pharisees. In both cases a kingdom of heaven upon earth with the Jews as the 'chosen' elite controlling everyone else as slaves is the intended result. The necessity of preaching this gospel to predominantly non-white beast people is so that more rudimentary beings are conscripted into the 'flock' as usable slaves who are also easily enticed with prospects of gain, both economic and power-based as adhering to a religion which kowtows before themselves is a way of implicit ego stroking on their part. – The 'innocent victim' of 'powers and principalities' this obtains for both through the underlying and concealed modus operandi of the Jew is to simply manipulate the non-white beastman into serving as a battering ram against the white race. Where Christard evangelism failed in its fundamentally anti-natural praxis the missionaries invariably ending up with their head shrunken and put around the belt of a hottentot or boiling in a pot for their feast so too Libtardism follows this uphill struggle against natural law and thus finds itself with its creed of 'equality, fraternity, democracy, etc.' torn to shreds by the beastfolk in utmost savagery. Truly nature guarantees no 'human rights' to life and the universal evangelist finds themselves in a kingdom 'not of this world' once the revolution mows over them like wildfire. Thus the fruits by which both Christard and libtard evangels will be judged are the rotting of the apple of less mind-controlled forbearers who adhered to natural law. To ride the bandwagon of anti-nature is to precipitate oneself off a cliff operating on the basis of the delusion that one could ride to the stars in defiance of the law of gravity. Truly the grave is the ultimate conclusion.

White AIDS: Liberal evangelism is the spread of an autoimmune condition that can be likened to an ideological AIDS virus that eventually overcomes the system leading to its decline and ultimate death. The virus seats itself into the consciousness of the white host and replicates its destructive influence tearing apart the normal cells (the healthy instincts, survival mechanisms and self-understanding). The healthy instincts are subverted by the virus which substitutes ill health for health converting regard for one's own kind into hatred of one's own kind, an auto-immune disorder where the host turns on itself and seeks to destroy itself under the guise of 'justice, 'sin expiation', etc. In attacking itself it has no capacity to defend itself as its defense mechanisms are perverted into attacking itself (self-criticism, the

‘evil white man’, etc.). Thus its self-understanding is also perverted as the feedback mechanisms in play operate on faulty information and thus simply facilitate its self-destructive propensities. White AIDS is a condition induced by the virus of Jewish mind manipulation in media/education which they control. Eliminate the cause, eliminate the effect. Once Jews are recognized by the failing host appropriate measure are then taken. Hence, programs, etc. which lead to the parasite’s inevitable removal from the host body. The only way White AIDS can be overcome is through starving out or killing the parasite.

“White self-hate master stroke of the enemy” – George Lincoln Rockwell

How is this phenomenon explained if it even admits of explanation? The theory of pathological altruism which purports to psychopathologize whites falls dead in the water as the altruism whites express towards the Other and to their detriment was not displayed historically. Thus it is not an innate ‘psychopathology’ that whites possess or are possessed by but rather lies in a cause external to the nature of whites as clearly there is no tendency in whites to self-abuse save in relation to higher standards which they hold themselves to. It is these standards perhaps which are the problem. From whence do these standards come and what is their scope and aim? Clearly whites did not create these norms of sin expiation which presupposes a self-understanding of oneself as a ‘sinner’ or transgressor or some law: natural, divine, or other? Or perhaps they have. Perhaps this is indeed their psychopathology, namely to hold themselves to impossibly high standards that they must either put aside or fall before as Icarus fell from the sky when he reached the limit of his wings’ endurance in his quest for the sun? Who then introduced this standard of messianism and sin expiation into the consciousness of whites? Was it they themselves or some other source? Perhaps both. Clearly and in conclusion, whoever or however this standard became ingrained in the consciousness of whites it nevertheless was inflated and worked up through the influence of the Jew in the Christian churches and liberal newspapers as well as ‘Uncle Tom’s cabin’ style books which the Jews have written (Mark Twain’s ‘Huckleberry Finn’ being another one). Thus the problem of encountering the ‘Other’ with open arms and the white flag of peace continues to persist given that the mind has been clouded by these impossible standards of ‘doing no harm’ to the Other which works wonderfully well within a white context but fails entirely in relation to the biological other, those who are non-white and thus de natura racial enemies. This confusion of the mind on the part of whites conflating the laws of nature and laws which perhaps exist merely in the mind or at least partly is to blame for a failure to tread a ‘straight and narrow path’ according to cosmic law. The Jew has instilled this confusion in the mind of the whites through subtle mind control, through repetition of his subversive creed: White people are sinners, non-whites are victims of their sins and whites must expiate their sins through reparations to those they have allegedly victimized. Having regard for the ‘Other’ (social kinsman) misapplied to racial/special foreigners is certainly a sign of pathology when it is at the expense of one’s own. ‘White self-hate’ is thus inculcated in the mind of the

white through this mind control of the Jew as a mechanism to weaken the whites and use their non-white slaves as a battering ram against the white population. What can be done to eradicate this programming from the minds of youth and from whites of all ages and most ideological divides (libtardarians, libtards, Christards, patriotards, kosher cuckservatives, etc.)? Answer: a recognition of the influence and existence of the Jew and specifically how they have created these 'idea'-logies as mind programs to install in the consciousness of the white population as a subversive means of takeover. The ideology foremost which underpins all others were considered and which is most significant in its destroying influence is egalitarianism wherein the fallacy of composition holds its arbitrary sway through improperly combining the uncombinable namely elevating non-whites to the level of whites and casting down the mighty whites into the hellfire of the melting pot. Thus to eradicate egalitarian ideas from the minds of whites is the goal – at least for their own spiritual salvation. Thus and only thus can 'white self-hate' be eradicated? White survival is ensured however not merely through talk but through the violent opposition of all out struggle, the RaHoWa (racial holy war) for survival and ultimate victory as supreme beings on the earth. The wake-up need not come in the form of counter-propaganda alone but in that of a simple confrontation with the facts of life: non-white violence and Jewish treachery, backstabbing, and malignancy. The lessons of the school of hard knocks will be harsh indeed for the somnolent masses. Would that it were easy – that a few messages and signs were spread that would alert the broad masses as to the dormancy of the perceptual lucidity they have exchanged for their bread and circuses. Soon the circus will be a gladiatorial circus and the broad masses will be forced to earn their bread by the blood of their enemies brow, else they will pour out the stream of their own blood as a libation to those they considered their equals but who were merely waiting for the right moment to strike in underhanded and irrational fury against those who represented a mirror which reminded them of their ugliness and which they wished to smash as a gesture of other-hatred as they were too involved in self-love to appreciate the superiority of those they could never be and so had recourse to destroying that which outshone them. Even in death in the physical eternal life is available to the 'shining ones', a.k.a. White Race. - If and only if they have not immersed themselves in the baseness of materiality of Samsara.

The myth of the multicultural nation: Premise - A nation is a race. Premise 2 – a society is a creation of a race. Premise 3 (conclusion) – therefore no multiracial society can exist; implicit premise: the notion of a multiracial nation is an absurdity.

The above syllogism is a deductively valid argument. The opponent would attempt to deny its semantic content on some hazy emotive grounds refusing to address and refute any of the premises. Such a rebuttal is of course extraneous and irrelevant to an acceptable, rational refutation which is of course

more than can be expected from the irrational (the only beings outside of the mendacious – Jews and anti-whites – who would not acknowledge its validity). What follows from the premises above is a recognition of the necessity (in the mind of the ‘reasonable man’, being a rational agent) of the negation of this negation of identity called ‘multiculturalism’ if and only if of course he desired the prolongation of the identity of those racial/national groups or their destruction. Conclusion: multinational/ethnic societies are the instrument of genocide for those nations/ethnicities which play host to this Babel of discordant voices. The recipe for survival of any ethnic group subjected to this protocol is to negate the negation. Specifically by any means necessary and the most efficient means. Such is the hard ‘either-or’ of survival: either one fights to prolong their own life which entails that of their nation or they will die with the death of their nation through the brutal conflict of each attempting to preserve their own kind within the same territory. If permitted to live they themselves will have their identity erased and will thus live a life of harassment and abuse or have a foreign inauthentic identity imposed upon them by the victor. Premise: civilization is a product of the white man. Premise 2: a territory created by but without whites but instead non-whites. Premise 3 (conclusion): collapse of civilization. From the above syllogism we can deduce a conditional inference: either white supremacy and civilization or white extinction and savagery. The barbarity of the non-whites is a function of their barbarous minds – civility is a construct of the white man and does not exist in their crude faculties. They concern themselves with one another only for the purpose of selfish greed and assail one another not with invective alone but with brute physicality when their insatiable greed finds no object to quench itself: their greed being boundless they necessarily have no capacity for civilization as that necessitates civility. Hence the altruistic whites are the only biological group (nation) that can be spoken of as having the capacity for civilization. The notion that non-whites can enter into the society of whites and become so-to-speak ‘white-washed’ simply through stepping over an invisible line illustrates the naiveté of universalists and their anti- natural credo.

Aborticide revisited: A tool of genocide is aborticide and this tool though harmful, is and has been of utility to the social planners in their population reduction protocols. The end which they have in mind being desirable in their mind and their ethics consisting merely in a psychopathic rationality (a reptilian-brained consciousness elevated and refined through intellectualism – elevated to a higher degree of malignancy) the means is for them endowed with no moral content or sentimentality but merely the coldness of a scalpel or instrument of destruction. The social planner (invariably one of the luciferian cabal whose credo is to be beyond good and evil, typically a freemason, Jew, or member of the Catholic orders) legislates with a similar cold rationality and brings into play his minions through incentives of power and money to orchestrate his will in the population reduction plan. Aborticide is the means as it is specific and facilitates the further plan of creating a chaotic environment socially wherein no disincentive (i.e. parental responsibility) exists and the incentive of the primordial urge

(sex) motivates those who avail themselves of the abortion on demand to continue heedless of the consequences as there are none in their mind save the time and effort spent in arranging an appointment at the abortion clinic. Thus for the crude and callous female (the female murderer, aborticidist) it is merely 'water off a duck's back' for them...at least, so they are indoctrinated to think by the feminist mind control of the Jew World Order. However in consequence of such an act and complicity therewith there are indeed consequences but only those which can be intuitively known by the Aryan woman whose higher consciousness enable her to understand the error of her ways. The non-whites, being of a lower consciousness and having an inability thereby to sense the wrong of aborticide simply undergoes the procedure as a matter of course. In fact the animalistic tendencies of the non-whites incline them towards such a practice as nothing foreign to their interests having predispositions towards similar barbarities from genital mutilation to cannibalism all of which are a praxiological emanation so to speak of their innate constitution. This of course holds for all non-whites including those typically instantiated as the pinnacle of their hierarchy, namely the Chinese and other far-eastern Orientals (cannibalism and the consumption of fetal tissue being in no way taboo within their traditional society).

The debate around aborticide as what has been called an 'ethical issue' centers around the notion that to negate life is wrong/bad/untoward, etc. and that there are certain degrees of life and non-life that qualify on a sliding scale the permissibility of 'abortion' as the negation of life. I disagree with this given that it overlooks distinctions between types of life, the being itself in its substance which is being subject to 'aborticide'. To fail to make such a distinction is to imply that life per se has inherent worth which is a fallacy given that it would not have existed in the first place if it were not enabled to exist and even if it had an in spite of being enabled or disabled by the larger society (e.g. foreign aid, birth control pills, etc.) it would not have inherent value save as 'what it is' and this implies no equality (blacks, whites, retards, race-mixed hybrids, etc.) therefore no equal worth. For a negroes to have an 'abortion' as discussed above it is in a way the same as a white Aryan woman. Thus we derive the conclusion that aborticide for some is permissible whereas for others prohibited. This is no double standard as each standard is different and biologically based, a black being a separate type having a separate standard applied to them. Of course de natura and de jure that standard is applied by someone and that someone is subject to their own standard based upon their essence and can only view the world through a finite lens. However the absolute within this relativism lies in the nature of natural and the 'inequality of human races' that the Aryan partakes of the divine spark and the others have an absence of this same being at best (worst) hybridized with whites (Jews, Arabs, Japanese, Indians, etc.). Thus the standards differ and accordingly aborticide is a possibility for some while still remaining within the scope of natural law and 'morality' in this absolutist sense. The occult credo of 'do no harm' is to be applied in a wider sense than merely avoiding injury a fly which carries a noxious bacilli that might devastate whole populations. Thus aborticide is acceptable within the natural law for those who would create a larger



harm. That the evidence suggests that non-whites equal crime and proportionally the more of one implies the more of the other it follows that they inherently represent a threat to a stable and functional society. Therefore they should be culled from the society. Perhaps certain portions of them could be kept as zoo exhibits in protected reserves in their own ancestral territory to replicate the conditions of their ancestors as a research population and tourist exhibit for the education of white youth. Much progress in the field of science could be attained and with minimal problem given a sustainable population.

Human Experimentation: The question here is whether this is permissible from the standpoint of natural law, namely the preservation of the harmony of existence, with 'human being restricted in its definition to the white race. The answer is yes but only to the extent of refraining from harm. What constitutes 'harm' – that which impedes or prevents the fulfilment of the destiny of the being in question. Within the scope of natural law however there is no limit to experimentation performed upon those who are Other to oneself save that of mitigating harm and serving the greater good. Hence experimentation on sentient beings harmful or otherwise is one of the harsh-necessities of life and necessary for the fulfilment of the destiny of the white race and its flourishing over the earth. Of course as with all actions the obligation to instigate harm applies to the extent that the harm is necessary as applied. All biological groups (erroneously called 'races') practice such behaviour of experimenting/using the 'Other' as means of enriching themselves only the end goal is radically different amongst the different types non-whites typically gravitating towards the gratification of immediate impulse (cannibalism, voodoo rituals, etc.) as opposed to the higher pursuits of the Aryan who seeks an understanding of truth. Perhaps in the case of the oriental type the utility ascends beyond the coarsest indulgence and is undergone for the sake of utility (slave labour, etc.) but is not infrequently accompanied by a cruel sado-masochism that more often than not is sought as an end and not merely an analog of higher purpose (Chinese water torture, shamanic rituals, etc.). The experimentation upon animals is claimed by those who subscribe to a pacifistic ethics that all actions that inhibit the will of a creature – what they construe as molestation – is prohibitive within their system of ethics whereas all willful striving is inherently interfering with that of others which is why their ethics are anti-natural and mere utopian pipe dreams never possible of realization. Thus animal experimentation and by extension animals of a higher order often called humans (non-whites) is permissible to the extent that it does no unnecessary harm to serve the greater good of the white Aryan race.

Oppressive oppressed and villainous victims: Like the Jew (so characteristic of him) the non-white screams in pain while they stable their victims shouting 'villain!'; while they oppress the white man they scream 'oppressor!'. The psychological mind manipulations of the Jew has been 'aped' (so to speak) by the non-white who in his rudimentary logical reasoning has dimly perceived the causality involved in the Jew's guilt-tripping whites and deriving power and material advantages from their

overly gracious host and in replicating the behaviour of the Jew are themselves discovering it to be instrumental in their insatiable greed. Up to the limits of tolerance (and foolishly beyond) the non-white continues to press the Aryan against the wall and oppress them in the deluded belief that the kindness of the white man is merely weakness which makes of him 'prey' for the non-white predator who in scenting blood, recklessly leaps upon what he in his delusional perception believes is an 'easy kill'.

Once the Aryan realizes that the non-white is no longer victim but villain, seeking to guilefully conceal his power moves under the façade of innocence, he the Aryan reacts and cancels out the oppressive nature of the oppressor rendering the villain a victim of his own villainy. The wrath of the enraged Saxon is the Sangfroid the hot-blooded beastman is incapable of comprehending as the only behaviour that he can comprehend is bestial fight, flight, fornicate, and feed – the four F's. His lack of rationality leads to his projecting upon the Aryan his own baseness as he knows of nothing else but the coarsest forms of life and is thereby easily overcome by his intellectual master. All of the animal cunning and guileful praxis of the beastman is perceived well in advance by the tolerant Aryan who perceives such base striving as beneath his contempt and thereby doesn't undergo any counteraction unless the violation is so extreme as to necessitate it.

DIEVERSITY is our weakness: The stock phrase of cultural Marxist political correctness 'diversity is our strength' is fraught with contradictions and presuppositions as well as nebulous meaning content. The presupposition that there is a collective unity serves as the foundational implicit premise of this claim that is not a claim namely that there exists a 'we', a collective identifiable group of whom the predicate 'diversity' holds which qualifies as the sole source of some type of strength. The 'we' is not specified, but like all cultural Marxist rhetoric, is merely implied to exist how and in what way remains a hidden *qualitas occulta* which holds also for the apparently substantial attribute of 'strength' the nature of which is also hidden behind the smoke and mirrors of the twilight language borne of the dark recesses of the synagogue of Satan. The critical question to ask is 'who are we' that is the subject being referenced. The answer in the mind of the somnolent masses is 'we the good sheeple' whereas the reality is the Jewish hidden hand and that exclusively as this is the only group to profit from the 'Dieversity' which creates nothing but destruction and social chaos for those groups who are forcibly 'integrated' into the same space (mental, physical, etc.). The weakness of Others is the strength of the Jew whose vampiric nature is such that it thrives on chaos and is the ghoulish profiteer of human misery (pawn shop owners, loan sharks, military industrialists, etc.). The structure of the phrase has that of a proposition, a statement that claims that subject (Dieversity) is predicate (our strength) but outside of this apparent undebatable, incontestable rigour it is mere smoke and mirrors, puffery that attempts to program the minds of those it operates upon and to reify this unrealizable distillation of

'Dieverse' things (in this case races which are euphemistically called 'cultures' as a means of again sidestepping the issues that obtain in reality through an idealization of the real which is the subversive techniques of the Jewish mind manipulators). Dieversity is weakness for those who are thrown into the ring by the ring master, the fight promoter/instigator, the perfidious Jew. He is the recipient of an increase of power at the expense of those who are dissociated from him as cause and instead have had their attention shifted towards a created opponent. Thus even if the opponents in the ring could understand that they were being deliberately manipulated from behind the scenes they would nevertheless have to face their opponent in the event of being attacked as a necessity of self-defense. Given that their (the Aryan's) opponent is not at his cultural level or understanding (lacking rationality) to reason with the irrational would be a fruitless task hence the battle which is orchestrated by the hidden hand must be carried out to the extent necessary. All overtures of peace would be fruitless as the witless enemy knows neither compassion nor self-control. Hence the RaHoWa, war of all against all is inevitable to occur and accordingly one must take the only side possible – his own, lest he be obliterated from the earth. When the orcs have been released from their subterranean burrows all petty squabbles must cease to combat the greater enemy as it pours into the field of battle.

Fool's Gold: Those who choose to sell out for shekels – their motto: "green over white". Either way their green stuff will be drenched in the red of their own blood through the violent reaction against themselves by either or both of the non-==whites they condescendingly treat like lapdogs or the underclass/working class whites whose lives they've all but destroyed. Their only hope: side with their own people or be exterminated from the earth. Their malady: egotism and those ideological mind programs which subvert otherwise healthy instincts (Libtardism/Christardism and Mammonism) or defeat at the hands of the angry mob (of whatever 'colour'/race/ species). Thus to sell out for fool's gold is indeed folly and to forgo at its expense the philosophical and genetic gold of a higher culture and its evolution based upon this most rare of genetic substances, is doubly so. 'The rich' of infamy hated by all but themselves, were wiser to humble themselves and not enrage the restless mob else the culture of this world which is in large part an emanation of their brains, will cease with the guillotine. Such is a fate I wouldn't wish upon 'the rich' but their heedless and reckless disregard for their own destiny and their decadent lifestyle of self-service is directing them and the higher culture towards the precipice and into the grave. Thus for the salvation of the white race is necessitated the wakeup of the fools and this perhaps through pulling the Persian rug out from under these decadents as they sip their brandy from goblets of crystal in their leather-backed chairs. Sabotage of the system at all levels is thus necessitated, a draining away of the resources of the system through all means efficacious and a refusal

to economically contribute thereto as a means of bleeding white the parasitical vampire whose blood is merely the collection in sum of the Aryan throughout the ages. A boycott of the established society, a withdrawal from the system (or at least a life lived in 'the shadows' from a formal perspective, i.e. below the radar of bureaucratic observation/recognition or observation in the form of a 'benign, good citizen'; grey man strategy). Ostentatious displays of opulent wealth and status objects are bound to attract the undesirable attention of the jealous masses – something the foolish upper class has not yet come to understand and which daily is like poking a street cur with a gold-handled cane – the dog (poor) can only take so much abuse before it starts to bite the hand, especially the hand that stuffs its owners' mouth with beefsteak while bestowing only a bone in condescending disdain. Accordingly the fool's gold is wrapped around the necks of the affluent and they swing from the balconies of their palatial mansions – whether deserving of this fate or no the underclass cares not, for their intention is simply to revenge themselves against their self-appointed masters and loot and pillage their abodes in unreasoning fervour. This of course is the plan of their Jewish masters whose rabble rousing combined with the corruption of the upper class through Mammonism and classism results in the war of class they sought to orchestrate from the beginning. Only at this time their focus is on the non-whites who they use as their unthinking instrument of violence against the more rational and intelligent whites. The Mary Antoinette behaviour of the bourgeois class is of course insufferable for the lower class given that they are forever trampled under the feet of their masters become like the aforesaid street cur: a beaten dog whose trauma builds up in its psyche to be unleashed upon its apparent abusers (even though these abusers may be those behind the scenes, of course the bourgeois class is contributarily culpable as they are the instruments also of the hidden hand which orchestrates this class and race war for their own enrichment and the destruction of those they look upon as their greatest threat, the bourgeois whites being more intelligent and playing a relatively powerful role in the system). 'Money, money, money, money – money!' the credo of the bourgeois grabbing the cornucopia of worldly delights and draining it to the fullest extent while those of his own kind not so fortunate one left with the leavings, the scraps from the table as dogs while the cunning Jew appreciates and instructs the dog to bite the bejewelled hand which feeds him. The dog having no recourse but to jump through the hoops for a better lunch from the Jew who plays the middleman redistribution role, entrains the dogs to hate their former master and to attack and kill as a useful tool of the Jew who inevitably would put down his dogs of war upon their use-value being expended as attack dogs. Unity is not an easy task to achieve when the gleam of Mammon blinds the eyes of its adherents (both rich and poor, the one possessed of it physically but both mentally possessed by its mesmeric glow).

Gradualism and other subtle strategies: The policy of the worm-like creatures who chose themselves as masters over the earth mirrors their inner thoughts and genetic constitution, namely that of the lie and this the forms of concealing the reality (through shifting attention therefrom or establishing a false reality in its place). One of these forms of concealment is the introduction of novelty into an environment as a means of destroying it and supplanting it with (at least such is the expectation) one of one's own creation, the reification of one's own transient and finite desires, Such is the expectation. But the reality: the karmic backlash of the real when one attempts to leap out of the causal chain of existence like crashing into a brick wall believing in delusion that he can warp the fabric of the real through a mere act of black magic. However being liars they lie to themselves also and in their speciousness they convince themselves of the possibility of the impossible. Accordingly they leap off the cliff towards the heights like Icarus and plunge into the depths crashing themselves upon the rocks of reality. However their delusion is strong, correspondent with their equally strong desire for power the latter being insatiable and thus inevitably doomed to failure ab initio. The imposition of this praxis is gradual, imperceptible with the lie being propounded into the consciousness of the victim through repetition and a ubiquitous spread of propaganda from all sides in all forms thereby attempting to create a new reality for that of the old one of, unbeknownst to the architects, clay and iron doomed to collapse under its own weight and on top of its designers in a heap of murderous rubble. Call it *felo dese*, poetic justice or the hand of god rectifying the balance of justice that was cheekily tipped by the luciferian when it is capable of maintaining the lie, i.e. is imperceptible. Failing that gradualism is only a delay of the inevitable backlash against itself and this in proportion to its perceptibility, the more it exposes itself through the greed of its architects the more quickly it will be destroyed once the scales are taken from the eyes of the Aryans who then react to the tick which is burrowing itself in their near cadaverous form. These subtle strategies of the serpent seed are the only way a cowardly and weak parasite has of incubating itself within the host body and progenerating more of its seed. Through the guile and cunning of a serpent they slink around their hosts under cover of darkness and nip at his heels with poison fangs. Once caught however the snake will shed its skin with blood as the knife of the Aryan carves it asunder.

**DELENDA EST JUDAICA!**



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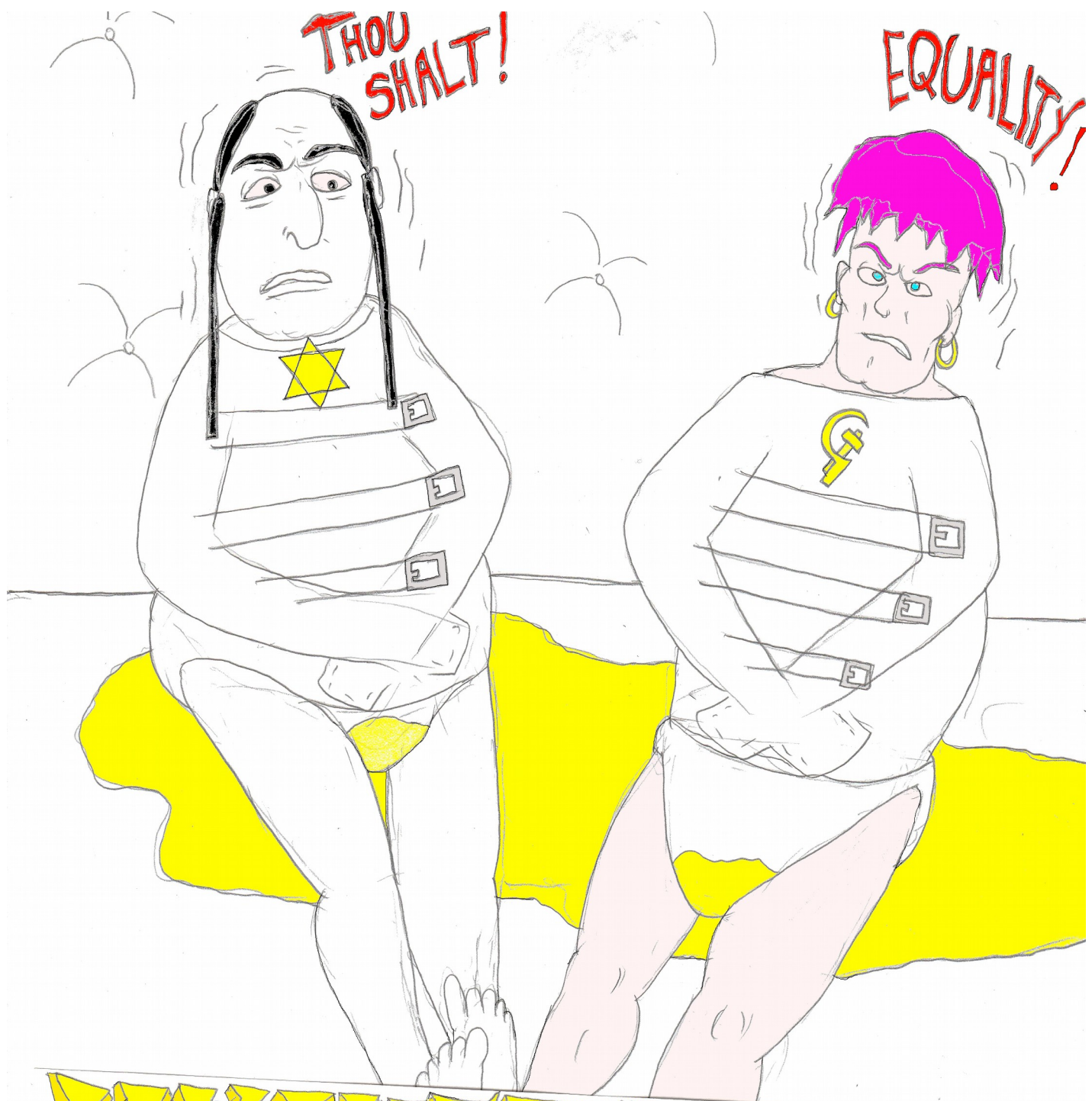
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**DEDICATED TO THE WHITE RACE  
WITHOUT WHOM NOTHING MATTERS  
14/88**









# UNIVERSALIST PSYCHOPATHOLOGY

## Universalist Psychopathology

### **PART 1**

#### **The psychopathology of Judeo-Christiansanity: a treatise on its causes and effects :**

The notion that something is 'good in and of itself, namely a moral absolute, rather than simply being good for something, relative to the being who qualifies it as a good is inherent in Christianity, the religion of moral absolutes where all things are structured by its hegemonic influence as either 'good', that which is approved of by the abstract anthropomorphic god or 'evil', that which receives the censor of this same fictional deity. This deity of course is represented by the self-appointed priestly caste those who have a 'direct pipeline' to the deity by virtue of their mystical qualities of 'moral superiority' and brain pollution from birth regarding the Sophistical intricacies of their textual closed system called the 'bible', the last word on all things human and divine according to its compilers the priestly caste.

Thus the hard 'either-or' of Christianity qualifies it as 'Christ-insanity' as either one's actions, and in sum his character, is 'good' and meets with the acceptable level of approbation of the masses or is 'evil' and meets with their condemnation. Failure to see the larger horizon of life beyond this false dichotomy is adequate to qualify the blind adherent as 'insane' by virtue of his/her extreme level of cognitive dissonance and failure to recognize the limitations which have been imposed upon the mind by those priestly caste self-appointed elect. 'Good' or 'Evil' as judged by those who are the totalitarian deity's representatives.

An inability to recognize reality as mediated through a distorted mental filter placed upon the mind by repetition of dogma and classical conditioning in the indoctrination center called public schools and churches is another symptom of this psychopathology. Only information that supports the dogma, and is not only consistent therewith, but is a one-to-one correlation therewith and allows no room for Otherness is permitted. Thus the mind is rigidly molded through these processes to operate according to its programming by the priestly caste and its minions in the hierarchy. Willful ignorance is the recipe and recourse of these sheep-like followers of external authority, the sheeple in colloquy, who maintain their identity as dutiful followers, as 'good' parishioners of their overlords. This they subconsciously understand to be the *conditio sine qua non* of their permission to feed from the public trough and upon a vague recognition of any thought or idea which is not a replication of the party line they immediately enter into this state bracketing off any potential threat which is to say anything not bearing the kosher seal of approval. This 'bracketing off' process, the process by which cognitive dissonance is achieved so that the perceiver constructs a mental map of the world which bears no relation to the objective territory is initiated through various facial and physical gestures from pupillary dilation to sniffing or coughing or a fluttering of the eyes as a means to confirm in the ignorant's mind that he is a 'good believer' who has no properties or attributes of the Other who introduces or attempts to introduce information into the closed system that is the religious zealot's mind.

This false consciousness, a refusal to recognize what is really before one and yet simultaneously and absurdly positing it as an existential threat necessitating the zealot to enter into this process of 'bracketing off' as a mechanism of maintaining adherence to the dogma they identify as the source of their continuance in this world, their 'life's blood' as it were.

A further psychological extrapolation of this state of cognitive dissonance and the hypocrisy it manifests itself in is the claim made by the proponent of Christ-insanity to be 'beyond judgment', save by their authoritarian deity who monopolizes this function. This itself, this false humility, is judgment as it establishes itself through the judgment as faculty of reason as a subject and a predicate, a modality of thought of a thinker who is structured thereby as a judge who yet supersedes judgment through this false consciousness and cognitive dissonance. To refrain from judgment, or to suppress one's natural innate tendency to judge, which is to say to posit something as something, to qualify and make a thing an object of thought. In short to think of something as an object of one's consciousness and to impose one's conscious awareness on the world of phenomena. This is considered in Christ-insanity immoral, prohibited as 'judgment is mine sayeth the lord'. Thus at all times one is prohibited from rational thought or reasoning and thus must live in a state of cognitive dissonance wherein nothing but permissible contents of consciousness exist, namely those inculcated into the mind by priestly caste manipulators who refuse to permit their flock from straying from the narrow walkway to and from pen and trough.

Another instance of the psychopathology of Christ-insanity is the concept of the moral obligation of giving to those who are materially less advantaged than oneself. This, however, contradicts the above mandate of refraining from judgment as it implies a recognition of the distinction between socio-economic types and the necessity of equalizing the unequal through a communistic redistribution of wealth. The act of one's giving and the other's taking implies an inequality not only of material goods but of power – the ability to give given the superior position on a material basis and the necessity of taking what is given based on the relative disadvantage and need. This dichotomy of master and slave implies judgment as a condition of the giving of the gift as well as a self-reflexive judgment of oneself as master and a positing through this means of the same thing. This egotistic gesture of magnanimity wrapped up as it is in the neurosis of self-abasement which is the cardinal sign of Christ-insanity, namely a suicidal consciousness based on sin expiation purports to be a benefit to the Other but is in reality only a benefit to the self as master dominating slave who thereby controls the slave in subjection to his power.

Sin expiation or 'guilt complex' is another trait of this religious creed that entails a recognition of oneself as innately problematic or defective, having 'fallen from grace' or become a devolved being who has created this state – or had it created for him – by god? – out of a failure to adhere to the commandments of the authoritarian god which failure is paradoxically innate. Thus one who is an adherent of this creed is both a cause and effect of his sinful nature, never seeming to attain 'redemption' from those sins from his external authority (external to himself) save through a perpetual neurotic obsession with their expiation, though having to perpetually self-reflect and evaluate whether his actions correspond with these law table dictates – which again contradictorily is a judgment, the end result of causal reasoning and understanding. The psychopathology of sin expiation is the basis of Christ-insanity. All actions or omissions that a christard performs or

undergoes are oriented around this axis of ‘the law’ of an anthropomorphic deity who rewards and punishes the behaviours of those he governs, the righteous being those who slavishly follow ‘the law’ and the sinners being those who violate it through their ‘sin’, i.e. actions which exist outside of the realm of divine legal permissibility. Given the alleged omniscience of ‘god’ who is thereby perpetually aware of all thoughts and actions performed the zealot is inculcated with a consciousness of extreme inhibition that hamstrings more natural (and even naturalistically rational) action that leads to the correlative psychopathologies of shame, guilt, and a sense of obligation to the external deity to clean one’s slate of sins through appropriate expiation procedures (confessional, ‘good works’ entailing bestowal of gifts upon those portrayed or presented by the priestly caste as ‘victims’, self-abasement/ criticism, deliberate restriction of natural inclinations and rewards). The touted ‘virtue’ of this inhibitive consciousness is only such within the rubric of Christ-insanity whereas within that of naturalistic ethics (i.e. those based on nature) it is a vice. Thus Christ-insanity is anti-nature morality as it violates the natural imperative of the prolongation of one’s own life through cultivation of a suicidal ethos which orients itself around the expiation of sin. The consciousness of having ‘sinned’ is called ‘guilt’ and this mental state of having an imperative to expiate ‘sin’ is the underlying foundation of Christ-insanity as psychopathology. However it is as a mode or corollary of the fundamental principle of Christ-insanity that being a groundless belief in a fictional anthropomorphic god who is alleged to have died for the adherents’ sins and thus is owed a like treatment, namely for the adherent to live as a dead being haunted by this guilt complex of sin expiation as ethical imperative. Being a ‘true believer’ is the underlying root of the mental weed that is Christ-insanity as no sense of moral obligation to discharge sins would exist given that there is no Commander standing above one coercing compliance through threat of a punishment worse than a ‘living death’. Given the impossibility of conformity to an impossibly high standard the stage is set for the adherent to be perpetually inculcated with this sense of having done wrong simply through not having done what is considered ‘right’ in the eyes of the supreme dictator of all things in and possibly outside of the material plane. Thus one is constantly in a state of fear that he has not ‘made the grade’ in Jewhovah’s kingdom and thus must struggle to tighten the knot around his neck to discharge whatever sin might remain.

The impossibility of upholding this standard and applying it concretely leads to another feature of the psychopathology that is Christ-insanity namely the inevitable result of the zealot’s not ‘practicing what he preaches’, i.e. hypocrisy. Given the necessity of competition in the material world and the natural inequality which obtains between people or bipedal beings called ‘humans’, the inevitable result is an unequal distribution of wealth given this unequal distribution of capacities and attributes which are a result of biology (and ‘spirit and matter are one’ as Blavatsky says this implying that, as above so below, the biological inequalities are concretions of spiritual inequalities and vice versa spiritual inequalities are aetherealizations of material inequalities). This hypocrisy enter into a feedback loop- type cycle with the guilt complex which exacerbates the latter leading to more and more rigidification and neuroses of an inhibitive nature which in turn creates more hypocrisy given the natural tendencies that exist in all bipedal beings called human and the impossibility of their desired supersession. The desire for the natural instincts to be ‘superseded’ or even annihilated (‘kill out desire’ as Besant says) is inherent in Christ-insanity whose false promises of a ‘beyond’ or heaven

or hell afterlife are directed towards the extinction of all natural instincts and inclinations which are qualified as 'sinful' and a transgression of 'the law', adherence to that which is destructive of those instincts being obligatory.

Thus can be seen that Christ-insanity is a religion of spiritual suicide adherence to which may wind one up in heaven but which most certainly makes of life a living hell.

With respect to neuroses rooted in these natural instincts and biological drives Christ-insanity rewires one's consciousness towards inhibition and suppression or repression of natural drives. Sex, survival, and war (the defense of the herd or tribe of which one is a part and the subjugation of opposing forces not simply for self or tribal defense alone but for territorial conquest, lebensraum and expansion of one's own kind and one's own self by extension). The sex instinct is inhibited in the Adam and Eve story, it being biblically considered sinful to involve oneself in fleshly pleasures of this nature outside of the conception of children which is the only prescribed window of opportunity through which the inhibited sex instinct is permitted to manifest itself.

As a consequence of this lack of sexual release a build-up of tension occurs which manifests itself in deviant forms of sexual expression such as worship of the female deity Mary Magdalene and pedophilia especially amongst the priesthood who are denied all sexual release and have recourse to that which can be obtained and this clandestinely. The development of a totalitarian mindset whereby everything must become an object of control as a substitute for an impossible self-control and an extrapolation of one's own self-denial towards that of an Other denial of their liberties, a curtailment and control of their destinies. Self-denial begets deviance which manifests in the creation of conditions of an inharmonious nature – both within oneself and in the tribe/society in which the adherent is situated.

The spiritually suicidal nature of Christ-insanity leads to the reduction of one's survival potential by virtue of its inhibition of self-defense, the 'turn the other cheek' doctrine which prohibits retaliation against enemies or their pre-emptive strike and destruction prior to their committing any physical sin by merely behaving in such a way that it suggests or implies that they are an aggressor. Thereby survival is inhibited as a window of opportunity exists through which to enable threats to enter whereas in a more natural setting no such opportunity would exist as the threat would be detected and that window would be shut.

Pathological altruism is one of the main drivers of Christ-insanity in its praxis and is motivated by the guilt complex element as well as the priestly caste imperative of tithing ('give to god' aka to the priestly caste) and manifests itself in the form of giving another one's shirt and cloak according to the imperative commands of the anthropomorphic deity. Such altruism is pathological as it fails to enable the survival of both oneself and one's tribe of which one is a part and which latter in a natural set of circumstances untainted with this anti-natural creed enables him to survive. The anti-natural man, the adherent of Christ-insanity, strikes at the root of his lineage with the axe of sin expiation and a pathologically altruistic motivation. Thusly spiritual suicide manifests itself through feeding the enemy from one's own storehouses and instructing them in the acquisition of power to be turned against oneself through their (non-whites and deviant psychopathic white race-traitors) selfish devotion to personal power by all means necessary. The world now grows the cancer of non-white violence through the pathological altruism of Christ-insanity externalized from the white culture and

not preserved within.

The salvation of Christ-insanity lies in its tribalization/interiorization and the severing of ties with those outside of one's own group. As an example the black, white, and other races adopt Christ-insanity as a tool of tribalistic/racial self-government, a creed which binds those of a distinct ethnic group together through egotistically referring to themselves as the chosen people of God. Of course some are more properly spoken of as such than others, those who embody and practice the tenets of the bible in their pathological and non-pathological aspects which, when tribalistically construed, take on a healthier quality as healthy as Christ-insanity goes which is not without flaw.

However to salvage Christ-insanity's useful and functional core 'Christianity', the altruism existent in this creed when confined within the bounds of one's own race is at the very least a workable recipe for survival. Hence to that extent it has its utility though only to that extent. Attempting to disentangle Christianity from Christ-insanity is easily done through racial awareness and construing Christianity along lines of racial tribalism. However the anti-natural ethos of this religious creed still creates schism and conflict owing to the inhibitive and repressive nature of it, 'killing out desire' yet transferring this desire for an otherworldly pipe dream having no foundation in reality. The irreconcilability of a fictional anthropomorphic deity with the touted absolute, an absolute which is paradoxically finite and contingent living in a flesh body subject to spatio-temporal transient conditions, makes for another fable beyond both knowledge and reasonable belief. Hence recourse to 'blind faith' is had as a necessary condition both of maintaining and establishing the creed as 'the way, the truth, and the light' of crediting it with legitimacy.

The behaviour encapsulated in the term 'pity' consists of the zealots displaying a sorrowful and loving attitude towards those relatively disadvantaged which reflexively enables him to cultivate a positive feeling state and a sense of self-importance through having the capacity to display these emotions as an Other regarding type who think of others instead of simply thinking about himself and thereby upholds— paradoxically and even contradictorily — his identity as a giver, a Jesus figure who redistributes wealth as a mechanism of the acquisition of personal power, the magnanimous master who binds to himself his dependent slave through this gesture of Other regard. Pity implies one can feel what the other feels and identify himself with that other, also known as sympathy with the suffering of the Other. This can be psychopathological when the Other is an enemy or a foreigner with whom one not only has no organic biological relationship but with whom a negative form of relationship exists such as in the above cases. In such a case pity or sorrowing over the suffering of others is either regarding their circumstances and a desire for them not to be in those circumstances or a sorrowing over their essence or character in the mode of acknowledging them or constructing them ideationally as a 'defective' or 'sinful' being over whose alleged sins sorrow must be felt. Such cases amount to passive aggression, a desire to construct the identity of the Other and imply they are deficient or problematic in some way.

Insofar as the zealot seeks to construct the other they are aiming at power, at a desire to portray or envision themselves as a master whose divine omniscience can judge others as they are making them an object of knowledge controllable by the zealot's will. Pity is for the weak and can be a means for the weak to dominate those stronger than themselves. Passive aggression is yet another modality of the Christ-insanity doctrine which underpins the adherent's relations with the Other as

well as fellow adherents and facilitates the hypocrisy of the zealot through creating the appearance of ‘turning the other cheek’ while in reality striking against the Other in such a way as to avoid being understood or liable for the act which purports to be other than it is; namely the reaction of a victim, or the pretense of benevolence. Passive aggression is itself hypocritical as it falsely represents itself in a way other than it is as above stated. The inherent hypocrisy of Christ-insanity necessarily manifests itself in the form of passive-aggressive behaviour given that it purports to be about love and peace, etc. when it is mainly concerned with power and control for the priestly caste. Also given the inhibition inherent in it the only form of vengeance or retaliatory action possible is this as an overt display of aggression would be anathema given that it deviates from a saccharine loving and peaceful nature which is prescribed as mandatory by the priestly caste through their mouthpiece Jesus – or is it vice versa?

Willful ignorance is another modality of this psychopathology wherein a cognitive dissonance (inability to perceive reality as it is, typically through willful dissociation) exists while simultaneously often implicitly acknowledging the reality as a means of demonstrating one’s contempt or vilification of the reality such as in the case of the Other displaying an appearance or behavior which is of less value than that of the willfully ignorant. The edict to ‘judge thee not’ operates in the mind of the zealot under these conditions and inhibits an acknowledgment would imply judgment, namely that thing in question is what it is (subject is predicate, etc.) and the very acknowledgment would be a violation of this command from upon high and through the mouths of the priestly caste who proscribe all behavior not saturated in pleasantries.

Self-absorbency is another feature of this religion which necessitates – by virtue of one’s sinful nature – actions leading to deprivation of natural proclivities such as pleasure and a sense of accomplishment or material wealth these latter being ‘sinful’ and egotistic not altruistic necessitating according to the doctrine of Christ-insanity an expiation of these sins through the chastisement of self through self-critique or humility (false or otherwise), a downplaying of one’s virtues so as not to cause offense to the Other (the defective or relatively insignificant). This sin expiation complex which adheres to the zealot perpetually throughout their lifetime and serves as a curtailment of natural proclivities only receives temporary discharge through the above actions never ceasing to undermine one’s worth and its expression through actual good works, not merely the ‘good works’ of Christ-insanity which are all self-denying and even destroying acts such as ‘giving another one’s shirt’, etc. Giving to those within one’s tribal group is of course natural and laudatory however only to the extent it doesn’t lend to the diminution of one’s own power and property – unless extreme measures are necessary such as in times of war.

Resentment as Nietzsche spoke of is another element of the essence of Christ-insanity given that the hypocrisy of equality is propounded as the goal which of course is an impossible one as no equality exists in nature and yet Christ-insanity seeks as the realization of this goal a ‘kingdom of heaven upon earth’ with all adherents of its creed, by virtue of their ‘faith’ and mere ‘belief’, partaking of the largesse of this realm of milk and honey. The concrete fact of inequality of capacity and inequality in terms of the (re)distribution of resources generates this resentment in the minds of the have-nots or lumpen proles and inflames their already resentful nature when they come into contact with superior beings (in mind, body, spirit, and enterprise) whose superiority they ascribe to

circumstantial factors which can be modified by social engineering and outright violence if need be. After all, they reason in their irrational minds, since heaven awaits the righteous the punishment of the sinners is simply 'god's will', etc. and, with the incentive of loot in mind and driven by a moral superiority complex they leap at the throat of their natural superior and seek to extinguish his life to redistribute his blood among the 'victims' of his superiority who were offended by the sight of a star which shone brighter than themselves and so sought to blot it out of the firmament so theirs may shine the brighter and they might bask in the false light of their ego, contentedly limiting their possibilities to that of the lowest common denominator. Insofar Christ-insanity manifests itself politically in the form of common-ism the equalization of the unequal who are then rendered equally worthless exhausting their higher potentialities (what they may have) in the mire of hedonistic abandon and priestly caste worship, living for bread alone as well as the circuses their priestly masters contrive to keep them under their thumb and chained to their servitude. Resentment as a pathological trait shackles one to the lower mind and inhibits any real cultivation of a kingdom of heaven within oneself (in the sense of a higher consciousness) sacrificed at the cost of kingdom of heaven upon earth ruled by authoritarian priestly caste despots who continue to put downward pressure upon their serfs to drive them into greater states of devolution.

Resentment is the recognition of the inferior of their own inferiority in relation to the superior against whom this negative attitude is directed in attempts to comfort the inferior over the psychical wound he experiences under these conditions. This behavior is inherent to Christ- insanity which operates in a downward spiral progression to reduce the superior to the state of the inferior ostensibly for the good of all but in actuality the reverse. The priestly caste, endowed with hypocrisy and false humility only 'before god' yet as representatives of this fictional deity, use resentment as a mechanism of destroying enemies ( e.g. 'the white race', the 'capitalists', etc.) for the greater enrichment of their personal power and enslavement of the blind masses to their will. False humility masks their power play and establishes them in the mind of the unconscious mass as shepherds towards whom the flock must look for their clover and inevitable shearing (taxes) and slaughter (allopathic genocide) as 'the afterlife' is superior and the purpose of all that is worldly according to the doctrine 'render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's'. Thus the priestly caste prospers while the sheeple are shepherded to the grave.

This priestly caste is comprised of the creators of Christ-insanity, the so-called 'Jews' (a mixed race group of Ashkenazim, Sephardim, and various other genetic strains) and their puppet: Shabbos goyim, the Freemasons, and Catholic orders, have devised this creed as a totalitarian control mechanism for the aforementioned purposes. Their lower tier adherents, the liberal bourgeoisie and communist extremists comprised of a motley group of mixed race devolved 'humanity' on the left, as well as Judeo-Christians and ethnically unconscious or insufficiently conscious patriotards/Kosher conservatives on the right, all work against their own best interests given the way their programming runs – consciously or unconsciously along the lines of Christ-insanity, namely towards a living death and a perpetual suicide of sin-expiation. They fail to understand that their security lies only in the better type of 'humanity' (aka the rational and intellectual whites) and that their decapitation by the enraged mob would result in the destruction of the mob itself and slavery for those still considered useful by the priestly caste. Those creators are simultaneously destroyers and their creative



destruction weaves a web of finitude, limitation, and death. This totalitarian mindset derives itself from and recapitulates the tyranny of their Saturnian god 'Jewhovah' or Jehovah as it is spelled, which god is that point of solar-system origin from whence they came, namely the planet Saturn. Their control-freakish mentality is a microcosm of the Saturnian macrocosm their consciousness being in tune with that planetary entity which governs their behaviour and action. Control of externality, of the external environment, control of information and the restriction of its access to themselves exclusively as well as their sacrifice on the altar of their god those of their charges who cease to have value as tools to themselves are all features of Christ- insanity, testament to its psychopathology.

Jewhovah aka Saturn embodies the character of the psychopath: narcissistic, obsessive-compulsive, control-freakish, lacking in empathy/sympathy, deceptive, cruel, murderous. This character has a trickle-down effect upon the priestly caste who are incited by their master, Lord Jewhovah, to adopt similar traits not merely through indoctrination through teachings of 'men' (aka demons) but through bio-spiritual sympathy being materializations of this divine/demonic presence which overarches their behaviour. The 'omni'-nature of Jewhovah is mirrored in 'that of his children who display similar traits': looking upon themselves as the children of the Absolute – and thereby the Absolute by proxy – which implies an extreme narcissistic personality disorder, they look upon all others if at all as mere tools for exploitation born to serve themselves the chosen ones and when no longer of utility discarded as a sacrifice of excess energy to Jewhovah who thereby vampirizes their energy absorbing it into himself. This vampirical tendency also manifests itself in these chosen folk the Jews through their ritual murder practices which as a microcosm of the macrocosms are the god (or demon?) like act of mastery which is implied in their deciding the life or death of others. This posits themselves as the priestly caste as gods in miniature whose humility before Jewhovah qualifies them to serve as His instrument upon Gaia, shearing the sheeple via taxes and tithes and slaughtering them in sacrificial murder via allopathic medicine, war, chemtrails, GMOs, etc.

Obsessive-compulsive behaviour is displayed in the chosen few and their deity in attempting to micromanage every facet of life – to reduce all things to quantitative terms so that all results are 'measurable' and thereby controllable through centralized authority.

Paranoia is another trait of the chosen ones who are perpetually alert to Others detecting them and understanding how they operate and what motivations they have, as being discovered in their evil would elicit a backlash against them and threaten the fragility of their panopticon system of control. Jewhovah is a 'jealous god' and before him no other gods shalt there be. As above so below so it is with the chosen few who will tolerate no contestants to their authority as is contained in their creed of 'even the best of the gentiles should be killed' which underscores their pre-emptive attack against those who even if only to a small degree of probability, would threaten their power and global plans.

The authoritarian personality of this cabal and their master manifests itself through the control freakish micromanagement which curtails the natural freedoms of those who lie 'beyond the pale', the goyim as they are designated by the chosen ones, which is Yiddish for 'beasts' or 'cattle'. Any questioning of those self-appointed (Jewhovah appointed) masters of the multiverse (multicult global slavery) is

swiftly punished by extradition to the open air prison called Its-a- real-hell / Isis-Ra-El (state of Israel). From thence he is made one of the ‘disappeareds’.

Hypocrisy is revealed in Christ-insanity when it preaches love of a putatively universal scope but is really restricted to an amore intellectualis dei or a slavish devotion to the anthropomorphic deity for his sacrifice of himself to himself in order to (how?) expiate the sins of the flock of Jewhovah the Saturnian shepherd with his crooked sickle whose insatiable bloodlust (the blood is the life, that is bioenergy which feeds the beast Jewhovah) demands a continual stream of sacrifices. This self-sacrifice demanded of the goyim is represented as love and the goyim are subjected to extreme social pressure by the zealot to initiate Jesus through martyrdom. Thus love in this absurd form is self-hate as self-annihilation and thus further points out the spiritual suicide that is Christ-insanity which permits only self-loathing and hate and a transference of one’s natural self- regard towards love of Jewhovah, a black-magickal technique of vampirism of one’s own bio-energy by the priestly caste transmitting a portion to Jewhovah while themselves energetically vampirizing the remainder as well as scapegoating the ‘sinner’ as the cause of his own loss while simultaneously applauding this same for his selfless denial of personal regard through his following in the bloody footsteps of Jews’us his martyr figure of most venerable worship. Thus the love of Christ-insanity can only be the love of Jewhovah and his flesh form Jews’us rather than his natural love of self and tribe. This ensures for the priest caste not only compliant and willing slaves but a slave who has no regard for self-preservation of the preservation of his own kind. That hatred also is circumscribed in Christ-insanity further strikes at the root of personal and tribal survival as not only is hatred of enemies prohibited (‘turn the other cheek’) but hatred of self (for those who threaten the control system at least, i.e. whites) is obligatory as self-denial is obligatory and the former (self-hate) is implied in the latter (self-denial) as to deny oneself and the extension of oneself (his tribe/race) is tantamount to the commission of self-murder (suicide) which proves that Christ- insanity is spiritual suicide through denial of self- preservation (life) and is an anti-natural religion whose preachers are ‘preachers of death’ (Nietzsche).

A further suicidal trait of this creed is the dictate to ‘take no care for the morrow’. Hence the adherent is mandated to cease to concern himself with personal survival and having a regard for long-term planning and the consequence of his actions and to substitute this survival instinct with – as above – a willful ignorance of the consequences of his actions a reduction to the state of consciousness below even that of the primitive who at least knows that hunting during the mating season is a means of losing his dinner and cutting short his lifeline. This hand to mouth moment by named creed serves to bind him to the priestly caste from whom his daily bread is derived and as a means to acquire it before whom he must prostrate himself thus having no past to recall his accomplishments, being unable to employ reason to self-critique and assess what improvements are requisite in order to accomplish a better state of existence, he must have recourse to the moment as ‘tomorrow will take care of itself’, its eventuality is not permitted to be controllable or influenced by his will and thus he must cease to care or employ practical action to achieve purposes he is not only not allowed to achieve but also not allowed to conceive of.

The obsessive-compulsive focus on ‘peace’ and ‘love’ especially regarding enemies is also pathological as the overemphasis upon these two existential states leads to imbalances of the mind, refusing to acknowledge (willful ignorance and cognitive dissonance, hypocrisy) the inappropriateness and inordinateness of love (towards whom) and peace (for what purpose if at all possible or desirable) as the sole concern of behavior and attitudinal adjustment leads also to an undeveloped personality which is retarded relative to the naturalist, i.e. he who subscribes to a tribalistic and nature-based ethos which

is the antithesis of the anti-naturalism of Christ- insanity it being oriented around survival not extinction, as in the latter case ‘peace’ simply means the negation of struggle which is the existence of the essence which is life, that which is dynamic and based around a play of forces and tensions that constitutes the fabric of the Real. ‘Love’ meaning harmony in its real sense but typically construed and adopted by the zealot as a happy feeling of positive emotion – in this form is overemphasized leading the zealot to behave as a pathological case forever ‘strung out’ on happy vibes and attempting to radiate these vibes amongst others to boost the overall love vibration in accordance with the ethical prescriptions of the creed. This behavior obviously works against survival and a more broad-minded life wherein the possibilities of self-defense exist as the basis of continuing one’s life in the material plane and the expansionistic behavior of conquest (of territory and women, etc.) which is the motor force of evolution and self-development.

Thus there can be no peace on earth as the earth (the material plane) is conditioned existence, a complex of forces from which no peace is had save in death. Even then the subtle bodies continue on and as occultists have said ‘there is no death’ only life only with regards to Christ- insanity no true life but a living death fraught with the inhibitions and neuroses of attachment to an anti-natural creed, anti-natural in the sense of both contra- mundane and extramundane existence which itself paradoxically is neither peace (as a creator of discord) nor love (as inharmonious). Hence the root of Christ-insanity is falsehood and though the zealot has faith in his fictions he nevertheless has folly in his faith as ‘faith without fact is folly’. – Matt Hale

## **Part 2**

### **The psychopathology of Libtardism**

(see ‘The liberal mind’ Lyle Rossiter, M.D.)

The foundation of the creed which is the descendant of Christ-insanity is its modern representation aka Libtardism which can be summed up in the phrase “passion over reason”, wherein the rational mind (situated in the pre-frontal cortex materially/anatomically) is underused, underdeveloped, and disengaged and is completely annihilated and supplanted by the emotional brain (situated in the limbic system and lower brain regions again materially/anatomically) whenever certain environmental cues of stimuli are present in the environment which initiate this process of supersession. Operating within this unreasoning state and yet having to perform acts necessitating reason simply as a matter of survival within a world subject to transience, to causality, is clearly an impossibility and what follows from the praxis of the liberal, hereafter referred to as the libtard, is the zealot’s self-destruction. Through its own inner flaws and contradictions, Libtardism (aka Liberalism) destroys itself. The reasons for such will be discussed in the following and its psychopathology diagnosed and a remedy prescribed.

Given that libtards, the zealous adherents of Libtardism, operate within the emotional brain as their modus vivendi and are thus ‘retarded’ in their rational mental function, they are maladroit in facing the harsh realities of life as their emotional trajectory is towards ‘maximizing pleasure’ and ‘minimizing pain’ which constitute the polemic of Libtardism wherein the former (pleasure) and it along must be pursued and the latter (pain) and it alone must be avoided. Given that the world is full of pain and not pleasure for those whose pleasure consists of dopamine secretions and sensationalistic indulgence (the

typical libtards), the avoidance of its pains (deprivations, hardships, conflict, and strife) is an ethical imperative to the liberal who accordingly lives in a state of cognitive dissonance/wilful ignorance, thereby as a consequence jeopardizing their own survival having failed to develop a capacity for suffering the hardships of life that necessarily accompany mundane existence. Clearly pathological this rainbow road to pleasure palaces in a utopian dream-world leads directly towards the abyss given the failure to acknowledge and recognize instead of to ignore and avoid, the impediments along this road as this would induce sensations of pain thereby reducing the quantity of pleasure by that much for the individual. The individual, the ego, is truly what the shaky superstructure of Libtardism is based upon, doomed to fall through its inherent design flaw, namely that of the premise that the 'individual is sovereign' as 'no man is an island entire unto himself' and therefore no man can exist exclusively by himself, especially in a developed 'modern society' wherein an infinite complexity of agents exist who are bound to one another in relations of co-dependence. Even in a traditional society, a tribal and natural order of social relations prescribes that the individual subordinate himself to the collective and in fact find his identity therein without which he would not have any authentic identity but merely be another 'monad', an island unto itself having no fixed identity or vehicle for his own particular destiny as there would be no concrete basis for same. From thence the egotism of Libtardism becomes boundless and descends into the psychopathic; the solipsist; the serial killer and the suicide. All are consequences of the putative 'freedom' conferred by Libtardism but which are merely the inevitable result of inauthentic being, living in a state of existence where the self is detached even if only in the consciousness of the libtards from all determinants or influences of even its being granting to it (him/her) the illusion of freedom to 'do what thou wilt' without any concrete situation upon which to base the identity of the possessor of this freedom as all freedom is either 'freedom from' or 'freedom for' – freedom from what circumstances or agents one or a group or tribe seeks, or freedom for what these same (collectively) conscious entities desire not in the sense of the libidinal desire of the libtards but the desire of that force of which he may be a part which influences his destiny and enables its realization. The libtard, basing his judgments on solipsistic/possessive individualism fails to attain what he had incarnated in the flesh to attain or what he organically through his own being must attain in accordance with his own nature (exist his essence).

Egotism and circumstantial states which reflexively refer to the ego (celebrity, attention-seeking) are the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow road of Libtardism which consists of a perpetuation of a narcissistic personality disorder and a sensationalistic emotional rush usually accompanied by copious outpourings of dopamine and adrenal hormones which enable the libtards to exist within a mental state of pleasure for as long as possible. Physiologically this leads to adrenal fatigue and depression through hyper-secretion of dopamine and the inevitable crash through over-taxation of the neural circuitry and brain regions wherein these hormones are generated. Of course the alternative is a life of bourgeois mediocrity and inevitably this is the homeostatic default of the libtards insofar as this same can, through the trial and error of extremes, continue to persist in living to drip-feed itself sufficient experiences and reactions thereto that it is programmed to associate with the principle of Libtardism, namely the maximization of pleasure and the minimization of pain or 'max pleasure min pain' principle, the "libidinal 'maximin' principle" as it may be called.

Infantilism is another trait of libtards psychopathology which entails the above behaviour of willful ignorance / cognitive dissonance / narcissistic personality disorder, etc. all of which operate on the basis of an undeveloped consciousness oriented around the personality/self as absolute and all else being

mere irrelevancies or potential threats to the ‘maximin principle’s’ realization whereby all non- self realities are at best tools or utilities for self-enrichment.

This ‘philosophy’ if such it may be called is inherently vampiric and cannibal in essence and descends even to these behaviours of the dark arts as is evinced in Jewish ritual torture murder, the Jews being liberal in their core identity, being ‘Lucifers’ who are not part of the ‘kingdom of god’ or Nature but merely live to sate their insatiable bloodlust (‘the blood is the life’) by the least effortful means. Whenever the libtard is barred from their endless pursuit of self- satisfaction the infantilism that underpins their behaviour manifests itself in the coarsest forms of protests (whining), violence against that which seeks to curtail their excesses (the state, the police, the ‘father figure’ of whatever form), and rebelliousness for rebelliousness’ sake such as in the case of personal disfigurement (piercings, tattoos, plastic surgery, cutting, etc.) or sexual excesses/deviance (race-mixing, gender bending). This pursuit of ‘freedom’ as a thing in itself is without foundation other than the freedom from authenticity, freedom from who one is as a particular type of being and which, absurdly, one is oneself and which makes one who he is. Insofar Libtardism with its laudation of raceless universalism wherein everyone is an ‘individual’, a floating signifier within a system of transient flux or ‘becoming’, destroys the being who must become who he is and thereby the destiny of that being. Hence Libtardism also destroys itself.

The contradictions of Libtardism are those between the natural and the artificial created by the adoption of 1) the principle of individual sovereignty and 2) the pleasure principle (maximin principle) both of which are counter to nature and in a natural world are an unworkable and impractical ideology. These contradictions don’t resolve themselves in a synthesis but simply lead to destruction and from thence the recovery of the natural from the influence of the artificial through the artificial destroying itself through itself. These contradictions from a naturalistic ethical standpoint – a standpoint contra ethics of artifice – can be separated into virtue (Nature) and vice (anti-nature) or cosmos and chaos for those less materialistically / more metaphysically inclined. The adoption of the following vices by the libtards in accordance with his programming is the ultimate cause of his pathology which has its source in this indoctrination and a failure to follow a higher path of self-cultivation.

First of the set of contradictions is that between the masculine and the feminine, the both of which libtards misconstrue in terms of their lower octaves namely pacifistic weakness and boundless tolerance in the case of the feminine and violent aggression and authoritarian control in the case of the masculine both conceptions of which fail to attain their higher octaves of intuition and receptivity and reason and creativity. The masculine in Libtardism is painted with the blackest brush (which in Libtardism’s inversion perversion of nature is considered a white brush with its false associations with imperialism and supremacy, etc.) and is more or less anathema to the libtard, exclusive dominion accorded to the feminine which it exalts as ‘sacred’. Hence the proscription of the liberal against violence, even the counter-violence of the defendant against assault, and the prescription of tolerance of all things, an embracing of all things regardless of their villainous nature and the consequences of doing so which latter are disregarded given the under-developed reason of the libtards. The masculine is thus seen as a violation or violator of the sacred feminine’s sanctum sanctorum, a primitive phallic conception which is endemic to the libtards whose overemphasis on the pleasure principle obscures its vision of all else and places the rose-coloured glasses of love/lust upon its eyes. The masculine is associated with ‘evil’ and the feminine with ‘good’. Libtardism is the politicization of female psychology taken in its lowest octave and most primitive form. Even intellectualized it simply manifests itself in the form of para- and ill-logic failing to muster up the courage (a masculine trait which it condemns) to face the information/reality necessary for

sound argumentation and sound judgment.

Further to the feminine nature of Libtardism is its control-freakishness which takes the form of the nanny state in its politics and feminism in its character – a school marm shaking her finger at those who display behaviour not explicitly permitted by the *elle duce / die mutterrecht*. Like a scold or nag, the libtard insists on violating the maxim ‘live and let live’ and imposing upon the Other the libtard’s dictates and inverted norms, censoring and preventing any opposition as ‘violence’ or ‘hate’ simply because the libtard itself looks upon its own standards as sacrosanct, as law tables unreadable by those ‘beyond the pale’ and set in adamant upon high, and any violation thereof would be an act of hatred of its law and in violation of same which, established as absolute, could never be contested by the ‘Other’ who is accordingly vilified as a ‘fascist’ or ‘racist’, etc. Insofar the libtard adopts the hegemonic behaviour of the Jew in censoring and prohibiting opposition to its power.

The perpetual obsessive-compulsive disorder (borne of its individualistic creed) over the denial of race as a reality with which it is perpetually in conflict, leads it to have recourse to prohibit speech or any form of semantic communication (such as the swastika symbol) which might raise awareness of the reality of race and the inequality thereof and thereby the destruction of its individualistic creed wherein—absurdly – some are more equal than others, the rich over the poor, certain races over certain others. This also pertains to sexual differences, both of which are palpably obvious myths and yet which the libtard is, via its programming/classical conditioning, coerced to affirm as the ‘lord’s truth’, the lord being the totalitarian libtard and its attempt to create a reality in its own image.

As a consequence of this Libtardism establishes the lowest common denominator as the norm and proscribes anything beyond the norm as ‘privilege’ or ‘taboo’, something that might upset the rotten apple cart of egalitarianism based as it is on individualism which can tolerate no exceptions to its normative devolution of the better type to the level of the lower type or the extermination of the better type if it is not possible to diminish the latter’s brilliance as a means of perpetuating the system’s tyranny. Hence the virtue of Libtardism lies in the denial of racial identity and the reduction of all racial groups to a standardized product boiled down in the global melting pot.

Defense of one’s own biological group/race and its territory (a necessary condition of its survival) is considered ‘hate’ and ‘violence’ towards others unless those others are too weak to oppose the regime of libtards (such as in the case of the lower races). This masculine trait the libtard considers a negative, borne merely of a ‘deluded’ consciousness which seeks to injure the Other as it can’t conceive of the fact of biological differences (race) and therefore ascribes such thoughts to a pathological condition whereas it is itself pathological in its persistence in the willful denial of reality conceivable only by those not operating in the emotional brain and in a state of wilful ignorance/cognitive dissonance. The natural inclination towards one’s own kin is denied and supplanted with that towards those overtly ‘Other’ to oneself and this inclination is codified in the law tables of Libtardism which applies only to whites who are construed as the colonialist/imperialist oppressors and exploiters of non-white victims who play the role of an angelic figure in the religiosity of Libtardism. As such the creed is anti-white not only through its proscription of race-mixing (on the premise that all are equal therefore all must be mixed, which is of course absurd, as to claim equality and to claim the existence of difference or inequality by positing the ‘whites’ as Other to the non-whites is self-contradictory) but anti-white through its desperate desire to punish white people on the grounds that they are white. To escape this self-contradiction the hazy-minded libtard has recourse to discourse about ‘white supremacy’ and ‘whiteness’ as a mere ‘idea’ or ‘concept’ – a concept which they and they alone traffic in and which was invented by their Jewish

masters as a psy-op to influence whites as a biological group/race to commit racial suicide through denying their own existence. Hence defense of one's own group is construed by Libtardism as 'white supremacy' through the attempt to deny its existence altogether which is an act of genocide and which accords, consciously or subconsciously, with the plan of global dominion wherein 'all will be one' again a universalist notion that contradicts itself prima facie as if difference exists how can there be equality and if no equality exists why would there be any imperative to equalize the unequal save for the purposes of what the libtard calls 'peace' which is really the annihilation of all organic being and the inevitable death of all life on earth, all life being struggle and a closed entropic system being the cessation of struggle which leads to a crystallized social structure that quells all motivation and striving for excellence and thereby becomes dysfunctional through negating the dynamism (struggle) that is life. Given the anti-natural character of Libtardism it considers the natural relations between the sexes and their conscious awareness thereof (what has been called 'gender') as immoral because naturally based, entailing irreconcilable and insuperable differences without bringing about the destruction of the sexes in their natural identity which Libtardism seeks to destroy though of course claiming that it is for the sake of equality which as in the case of race destroys the organic being and replaces it with the artificial and formal based on an abstraction called 'individuality' not biology. Women being those not biologically inclined to oppose the Other are targeted and utilized as a tool for the destruction of their own biological kin group and their own biological identity turned against men of their own kind (e.g. the white male) to compete with them under the cover of the equalization of the unequal and given incentives (political prestige, etc.) to undercut their own tribe and its masculine component as an 'oppressor' of their liberty. Given that Libtardism is a perversion of female consciousness it more readily appeals to women who identify with its claims of being about 'love' and 'peace' and opposed to what is construed as 'hate' and 'violence' because it doesn't partake of pacifism, a trait essential to avoid for the security and preservation of one's own tribe against 'Others' whose very existence is denied by libtards through the equalitarian dogma integral to itself, a trait imposed by the Jewish elite to weaken and disable the natural defense mechanisms of those it construes as mere 'individuals'.

Thus, through this denial of self-identification with natural roles, another window of opportunity is opened to allow in the floating signifier of 'gender' to wreak havoc upon the tribal group to create confusion in the minds of that group and ascribe destructive as incompatible identities to otherwise potentially healthy youth. That the libtards imperialism psychically castrates the white male as a means to advance its tyranny the recourse of the white male for survival or at least the appearance of survival is to play the role of a cuckold, a castrated capon who will slavishly and obsequiously subordinate himself to female and non-white rule displaying all forms of servile behaviour as a condition of his 'getting along' with those who portray themselves as oppressed victims of his past villainies and for which he must expiate his sin (the alleged sins of his fathers) through self-abasement, flagellation and denial, in other words to live as the undead continuing to prop up a society of parasites as the undead drone who is exploited by their despotism.

Denial of the reality principle, namely the recognition of the existence of an objective reality which serves as the ground upon which existence is played out and from whence it derives, as a means of perpetuating the function of the self-serving egos' praxis which takes the form of a situational ethics and a moral relativism that enables the realization of the 'maximin principle' (maximization of pleasure, minimization of pain). Denying reality is accomplished through substitution of a hazy gauze of possibilities that shut out the hard truth the libtard can't cope with as it runs contrary to the maximin

principle. Hence objectivity is subverted through its subjectivization. Truth capitalized becomes truths pluralized and in lower case, 'your truth' or the perception of the individual perpetuates the sovereignty of the individual as an abstract raceless cosmopolitan ideational construct in contradistinction to the rooted member of a tribe who exists as an objective reality in a given time and place and sustains its being therein and with the death of the tribe, the blood and soil, race and place, dies itself. The hegemony of individualism here serves the global tyranny to supplant organic being with artificial non-being, a simulacral fiction supplanting a concrete fact playing into the hands of the 'builders' or 'architects' of the destruction of organic life for the construction of their Judeo-Freemasonry, building the whited sepulchre of 'humanity' over the graves of races and their traditions. Hence fact is perverted in an idea, statements of truth into statements of opinion and belief, faith in the gods into faith in the priestly caste of scientism and technocracy. Rendered homeless through the severing of the roots which bind him to the soil and the tree of lineage being uprooted the being (former member of a tribe and territory) is now rendered a malleable being whose identity is mere putty in the hands of the controllers shaping him in their own image as a raceless and sexless cosmopolitan economic unit to be bought and sold on the stock (slave?) market, transported around the globe through shipping and logistics networks to be disposed of when its utility has expired.

The inevitable effect on consciousness through this loss of identity is a vacuum that is filled with prefabricated symbols, ideologies and standardized behaviours, and vocabulary which leaves the appearance of possibilities for being open to all and sundry but leads instead to an empty superficiality wherein all is consumed by the cosmopolite who is a 'citizen of the world' having no loyalty to anyone or anything and rendering everything quantitative as another 'consumer object' or 'idea' or 'hobby', source of 'fun' (aka sensationalism). Thus the 'individual' who is the useful tool of the global elite constructs and deconstructs his identity which becomes a protean entity having no stability nor playing any role in the traditional sense such as a fisherman in a fishing village or an artisan in a town crafting shoes or fine furniture and apprenticing his offspring for the continuance of his craft. Rather the craftsmen of bureaucracy wrench through the burden of taxation the shoe and awl from the craftsman's hand pluck him as a berry from the tree and digest him in their global system. From the country to the city, from freedom and self-determination, freedom as an organically constituted dasein, to the illusion of boundless freedom under the hegemony of Other-determination of one's identity as an economic unit, a quantity of value substitutable by any other formerly free being whose identity is subverted through this same quantitative process. Hence the reality of race is substituted for the fiction of raceless universalism ('humanity', 'secular humanism'), the reality of soil for that of a concrete jungle of cubicles and condos, the sator square of Saturnian quantity where all is at its densest and least spiritual, all is an object of the knowledge of the controllers and all knowledge in the sense of traditions is reduced to a superficialized commodity that is a simulacra of the original which can no longer be what it is as it is wrenched out of time and place and the conditions of its being what it is (a sushi restaurant in Texas and a western steakhouse in China serve as examples of this global totalitarianism).

The infantilism of Libtardism unscours its contradictions in the case of vehement protests against capitalism, free markets, and state totalitarianism which taking the form of totalitarian legislation that becomes what it protests. It is based upon an infantilism, a narcissism, the desire of the libtard to control every facet of existence as it cannot tolerate a lack of control and always wants everything to be crafted in its own image and serving its own purpose. Living in this infantile state of an inability to delay gratification necessitates a control freak's behaviour as everything that exists must serve its purpose. This



is why libtard societies always follow the communist model of centralization as these control freak architects of Judeo-masonry can't simply 'live and let live'. Simultaneously the infantile mindset of the libtard reaches outwards for an external authority (Jesus, Marx, the nanny state) that can shelter it from the storm and stress of the natural world. This is the reason why those in the country typically repudiate Libtardism and why most cities are infected with this mental illness as their infantile wants so that the status quo can be maintained with relative peace and security. The difference between country and city life is that between nature and anti-nature and given Libtardism's cancerous growth in urban environments and relative absence in the country it clearly indicates its anti-natural character which, as applied to 'individuals' destroys their organic nature also rendering them perfect cogs in the urban machine. The anti-natural political praxis which is a result of Libtardism shows itself in the forced integration of diametrically opposed natures/races which leads to the destruction of their identity and culture which in turn reduces all to the end product of a melted pot of quantity, the universal germ plasm of the Jew world Order which then molds this characterless mass into its useful golem and goyim. Thereby natural, organic authenticity is subverted and supplanted by anti-natural inauthenticity.

Within a state of nature dasein can develop itself out of itself organically as a being rooted in the world shaped and conditioned by them. From thence is established the superman who can transcend in immanence the given circumstances of his material being though not through a forcible separation therefrom or 'wrenching' from his spatio-temporal context, his tradition. Through this alchemical process the base (r) metals can be transformed into the philosophical gold of ubermenschheit. To rip from the soil the budding flower is to destroy it and supplant it with the noxious weeds of miscegenation. The gardeners of the Jew World Order seek to regularize the rows of this garden into a weed garden bereft of flowers. In terms of libtards they merely carry out their programming having been instilled with a suicidal psy-op through classical conditioning in the media and child abuse centers called schools, which carries with it the ethical imperative to deliberately extol the putative virtues of the non-white Other and to denigrate and devalue the qualities and attributes of the white race of which they are members through blinding themselves to the fact through cognitively dissonant psycho-physiological processes such as over-activation of the limbic system which is induced through their classical conditioning 'education'. Thus anything which is non-white is virtuous and conversely for that which is white, even going so far as to deny the existence of white identity and culture.

This neurotic inhibition and repression of natural instincts and tendencies in combination with the fundamental principle of Libtardism, the pleasure or maximin principle, creates tension in one's being which is not transmuted intellectually or rationally as this latter state is unattainable for the libtard who then seeks perverse outlets for this surfeit of sexual energy not properly utilized. From the catholic paedophile priest to the left-hand path black magician sexual practice is invariably deviant from the natural practice of the conception of children and healthy intimacy within traditional ritual or ceremonial practices (marriage, rites of spring, etc.). Hence sodomy, an unnatural violation of the use of the generative organs and a black magic act of attempting to generate magical children/demons, etc. as well as a mockery of the traditional world whose generative vitality or fecundity is subverted to an act of sterility. The self-abasement imperative which inheres in the mind of the libtard manifests itself in the form of other unnatural acts such as BDSM and self-abuse, devolving further down the satanic spiral towards vampirism, cannibalism and torture murder, the occult hallmarks of the Judeo-masonic black magic theocracy.

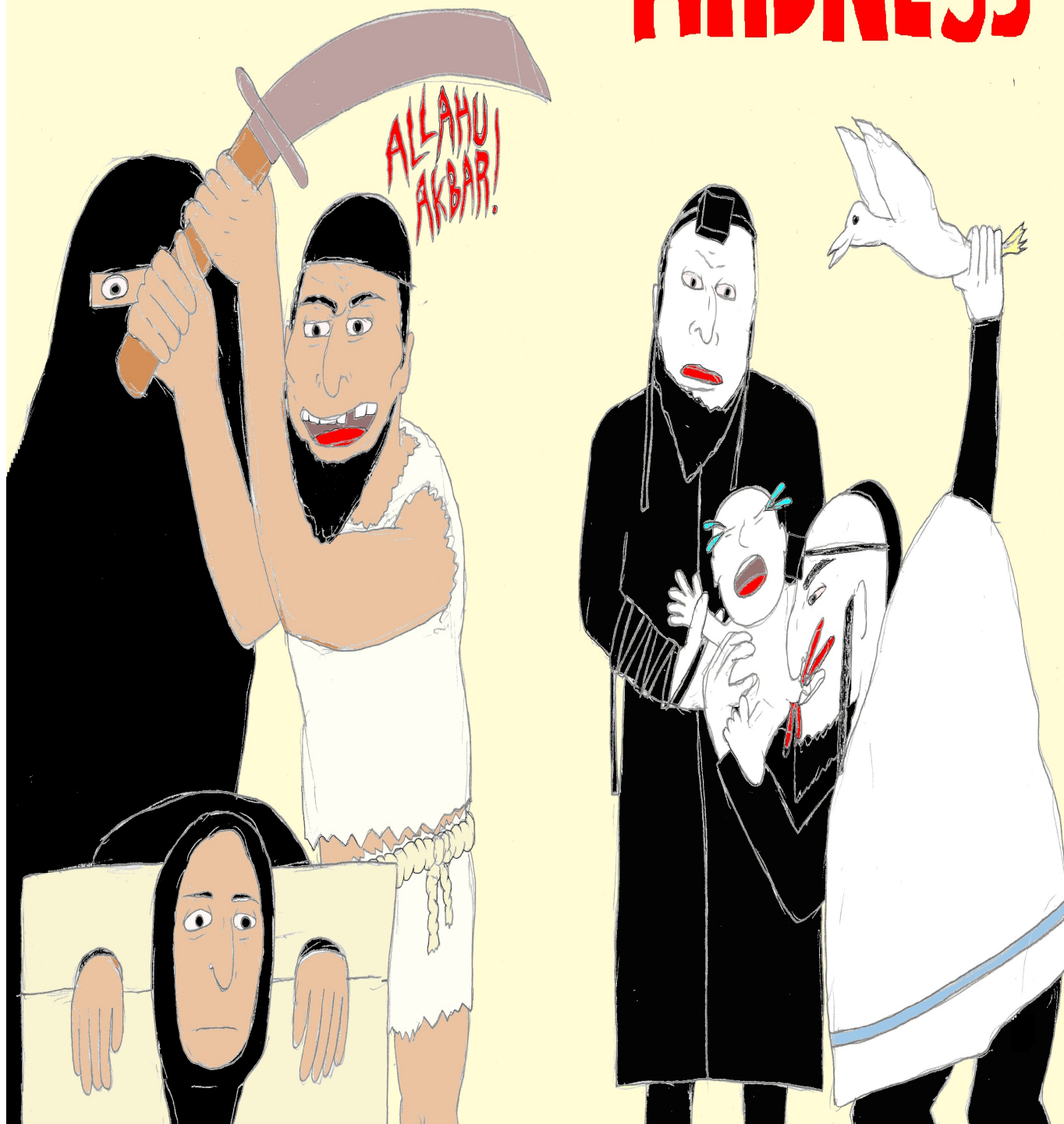
In place of eugenics and the improvement of the tribe through itself as a manifestation of its evolutionary destiny is proffered the devolved untermenschheit of race-mixed gender-confused 'humanity', the bipedal being who serves as a 'labour pool' or collection of quantized economic units, substitutable one for another. Whether under a communism or a capitalism the reduction to the lowest common denominator is the tendency with all superlative faculties rendered superfluous and only a base residue of vulgarity remaining as the distillate of this melted pot of faecal matter. The libtard, in spite of intellectual pretensions, eagerly follows this downward path chasing his sensationalistic thrills being driven on by the endless quest for supranormal stimuli to maximize dopamine secretions and sate his insatiable libido.

Gaia is the god of Libtardism as it is a thoroughly materialistic ideology and this feminized god form is mother mat(t)er incarnate, the fleshly (or mineral) form of the feminine principle, the lowest level of material density and lowest vibration of energy fields. The pleasure principle or libido functions as its holy ghost which is the paradoxically feminized form of the masculine principle of dynamic force and inner self-creation, a creation which is simply a destruction through the wanton expenditure of sexual energy in attempts to attain the maximum pleasure with the least pain.

Governed by the maximin principle the libtard invariably becomes a sex-a-holic, often a drug and alcohol addict (as both are stimulants) and a cowardly subordinate to the external authority of the priestly caste who permit it to draw its allocated quantity of pleasure from the well of socially accepted practices which is forever expanding in breadth and depth as the libtards ratchet up the levels of dopamine, serotonin, and other pleasure chemicals in their brains beyond the limits of sustainable function. Thereby precipitating the destruction of society and themselves – or their being usurped by the greater force of the natural order wherein new traditions are built on the ruins of the old. The previous architecture of the old order was raised by the firestorm of sexual energy finally unleashed from the inhibition of Christ-insanity and will end in destroying itself and being rebuilt by a new order respecting nature both earthly and cosmic. Libtardism wilfully or not is the anarchists' bomb that terminates the anti-natural hegemony of Judeo-Christiansanity and clears the path for tomorrow where libtards will be anathema.

# MIDDLE EASTERN

# MADNESS



## MIDDLE EASTERN MADNESS

### **JEW-ISM[JUDAISM]:**

Jehovah created the non-Jew in human form so that the Jew would not have to be served by beasts. The non-Jew is consequently an animal in human form, and condemned to serve the Jew day and night.

Midrasch Talpioth, p. 225-L

### ARAB-ISM[ISLAM]

'To redeem himself from the torment of that day, the sinner will gladly sacrifice his children, his wife, his brother, the kinsfolk who gave him shelter, and all the people of the earth, if then this might deliver him.' pg. 57.

**'Take your pleasure in this life: You are surely destined for Hell.'**p.101

### CHRIST-INSANITY:

Isaiah 47:14, "Behold, the day shall be as stubble, the fire shall burn them, they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame

[Ezekiel 20:47-48](#).

Thus says the Lord God, I will kindle a fire in you, and it shall devour every green tree in you and every dry tree; the blazing flame shall not be quenched, and all faces from the south to the north shall be scorched by it. All flesh shall see that I the LORD have kindled it; it shall not be quenched.

## **Middle Eastern Madness:**

All things which derive from the 'Fertile Crescent' – in actuality a dead zone on the earth and IN no way fertile – are themselves barren of life and this zone and its spiritual constitution (the lower entities which infest it, etc.) engender the life-denying tendency in its denizens who preach death as they have no acquaintance with life. This madness embodies itself in the prescriptions of annihilation, of suicide and murder called the 'Abrahamic' religious philosophies whose creeds consist of suicide (Christianity), of violence (Islam), and of megalomaniacal psychopathy and despotic hatred (Judaism). The madness has seeped into the consciousness of the broad masses on a worldwide scale infecting the more impressionable elements of the (properly) so-called 'lower races' and the weak link of the higher, the women especially, easily led by the emotions (fear, prospect of gain, pleasant feelings – 'heaven awaits', 'thy kingdom is nigh', etc.). This madness from the Middle East is diametrically opposed to the white Aryan consciousness which is an acknowledgement and spiritualization of natural law, a transcendence above the fear and punishment – tribalism of good and evil borne of the reality denial of mixed-race peoples who embody the spiritual chaos of their violation of natural law and the edict of 'kind after kind' inherent in their own scriptures.

The dead zone of the earth, tomb of decay and lifelessness – called the 'Middle East' in conventional parlance – is the barren womb from which emanates the Dead Sea scrolls of religious fanaticism that became the Talmud, the Torah, and the Koran, three favoured books of these living coffins of the Abrahamic persuasion. That all vitality, all flora and fauna worthy of the name 'vital' are an absence from this region, this whited sepulchre of an abortion of civilization indicates the basis (but only in part) of the Middle Eastern madness. The other predominate element which serves as both cause and effect of this psychopathology is the inner chaos of those beings (called by turns 'human' or 'demon') who play host to incompatible genetics, a perverse mixture of interspecies breeding between the white Aryan creators of that region and negro and mongoloid types. This perverse blending of types led to the fanaticism of religiosity which manifests itself in its myriad forms to be discussed in the following. The hybridization of radically distinct or extreme types lead to an instability within the resultant product that manifested itself in the behaviour so common to the Middle Eastern type: the chronic dissatisfaction, impulsive emotionalism, sado-masochism, and self-flagellation displayed by the type are all symptoms of an inner chaos and disharmony that can never be at peace with itself. 'Peace in the Middle East'? – No, an impossibility.

Both nature and nurture (environment and biology) work in tandem, to produce the resultant culture. The otherworldliness inherent in the Abrahamic religions is a result largely of the lack of vitality of the environment and the knowledge that playing host to incompatible genetics leads to death and decay. Thus the mixed type is a living coffin and the environment in which they dwell is also a dead zone, a tomb world in which life is merely a 'being unto death' a way-station in this world to the next (assuming such exists it does at least in the minds of the mad denizens of the Middle East). From such a vantage point emanates the doctrines of devils and demons and powers and principalities embodied in the scrolls / scriptures / parchments of this barren wasteland, themselves being delusional pipe dreams and otherworldly fantasies woven out of the diseased brains of the hybrid type.

Staring out over vast stretches of emptiness bordered only by the sky above and desert below the Middle Eastern mind has ample room to wander into all manner of fantastical worlds, the worlds which constitute the basis of the fables (the fabulous tales) inherent in the books so venerated by the primitive tribalists who wander this wasteland. That they have such little acquaintance with the lush verdure of more hospitable climes leads to their conjuring up fantastical creatures (demons and devils) to entertain themselves with, fear porn and sources of emotional thrills which elicit a repressed sexual propensity – repressed through the controlling psychopathy of their priest caste whose totalitarian / authoritarian nature is (borne of inner instability and lack of self-control, a result of incompatible genetics. Fighting the 'greater Jihad' of self-overcoming is a virtual impossibility given the weakness of inner strength, an inability to harness inner drives given their incompatibility and oppositional nature and being the constituents of the nature of the hybrid. Thus all that remains is a 'lesser Jihad' a war-of-all against all, tribe against tribe, brother against brother, a war everlasting playing itself out in the dead zone of the desert of the real.

This is why no pictorial art is created in the middle east – that no vital life exists which could be embodied in artistic form but merely a calligraphy, a geometric tracery and abstract patterns of a linear nature, derived perhaps from the linearity of the topography and the unimaginative nature of the hybrid whose 'divine spark' had become extinguished through the adulteration of the natural organically developed forms (white, black, yellow, and brown), the latter being typically an amalgam of the three former.

The chaos of the inner manifests itself in that of the outer also in the form of music, a cacophony of incompatible notes perversely blended into a jarring inharmony – an externalization of internal chaos.

The otherworldliness borne of a dis-eased genetics in a dis-eased environment is posited by those beings who are the product of this combination (Arabs and Jews) as a *raison d'être*, namely life as a means to a 'better' life in a 'superior' world largely the figment of the feeble imagination of the middle eastern hybrid, the extrapolation of their worldly desires on a grand scale (e.g. 7000 virgins, an opulent lifestyle in the manner of Sardanapalus, etc.). This dream world being little more than an extrapolation of worldly material wealth beyond the customary level of decadence and opulence for the rich and a wild imagining borne of jealous greed on the part of the teeming multitude who will 'finally get what they deserve' post mortem in the 'better world' to come. The primitive nature of these fantasies are clearly a result of an equally primitive group whose anti-race nature (being hybridized) devolves to the lower type in degenerative atavism to the primitive where the lower mind dictates what pursuits and avoidances, what lusts and fears are conceived and acted upon. This primitivism is the general tenor of the madman from the Middle East attributable in large part to the injection of negro genes at whatever point in his genealogical history.

The impulsive emotionalism of the middle eastern madman traces itself to that lower animal mind of the negro whose lack of self-restraint manifests itself in sporadic outbursts of extreme violence towards whatever object triggers its reactive mind like a red flag waved in front of a bull. Those (the white man) who are not typically disposed to erupt into fits of irrational violence at the hearing of a word (trigger word) or sight of a certain object (such as one of another species or race), give clear evidence of their ability to transcend the animal, mind, something not attainable to the middle eastern type with its necessarily more primitive constitution.

The anti-race nature of the middle eastern type (also referred to as the hither Asiatic, armenoid type) creates the instability which leads to – in conjunction with the atavistic primitive constitution of negro and Asiatic and mixture with the former white creators of this region – a perverse constitution that revels in the lower behaviours, thoroughly materialistic and devoted to 'the fleshpots of Egypt' on one hand and on the other self-flagellation, an attempt to suppress an overactive sex drive which fails leading to all forms of perversity. Perhaps that perversity is a function of the death drive which governs the mind of the Jew/Arab given that it cannot hold together with any degree of harmony their own inner constitution creating external diseases (celiac, Tay-Sachs, etc.) through internal dis-ease / dis-harmony. Thus in being perverted constitutionally they are so behaviourally descending literally to the level of the brute through bestiality, etc.

All relations in a Freudian way are underpinned by sexual drive. - The lowest and most primitive forms of behaviour. The higher (if it exists at all) is governed by the lower which drags it downward into the lower states of consciousness and its expression. The relation between mother and son and father and daughter become perversely metamorphosed into relations of paedophilic rape and incest. This usually assumes the form of voodooistic (cabalistic, Sufi) ritualism, the invocation or evocation of various lower chthonic dark forces by the participants enabling them to gain occult power leading them oft-times to becoming even more a chaotic play of forces through demonic possession and obsession.

Repressive sexuality on the other hand (the other existence of the false dichotomy between 'purity/chastity' and 'impurity/sin', sexual inhibitions in contradistinction to sexual license) is a function of this natural tendency of the unnatural / anti-natural hybrid's wanton desire and yet the priest caste's desire for totalitarian control over the population through channelling the sex instinct into either the propagation and continuance of the tribe or into violent confrontation (war) with neighbouring tribes to serve the interests of the priest caste and their self- aggrandizement. From thence this hyper-repression creates an inherent violent tendency given the lack of a sufficiently elevated caste of mind to concentrate the energies upon higher purposes and thus must manifest itself in many forms of antinomian (against natural law as well as priestly prohibition) sexual expression: from paedophilia to bestiality, etc. The priestly caste's law code is inculcated into the mind of the being (Arab/Jew) from infancy through memorizing and regurgitating ritualism (study of the Talmud and Koran) as well as torture rituals such as foreskin and clitoral amputations which create a trauma that binds the victim to the perpetrator who is set up as the father figure in their mind and this through their communal role and their powerful influence over the relatively helpless infant/child. This creates a Stockholm syndrome which binds the victim to the persecutor. The same ritualism occurs in the Catholic church (which, along with Christianity itself, is a Jewish invention for the enslavement of the white population) through paedophilic rape. The same activity probably occurs with the Islamic and Jewish religions to bind their minions to the priest caste.

From thence sado-masochism is borne as the tormented/traumatized youth associates this early training with normalcy or accepted behaviour and goes on to replicate this deviant behaviour through this classical conditioning. Of course it is merely an extrapolation of the natural tendencies of the unnatural (hybrid, race-mixed type). This sado-masochism leads on toward ultra-violence as a manifestation of the death drive of the living dead in their dead desert world.



Given this ultra-violent, sado-masochistic repressive sexuality and its perverse behavioural manifestations, women, being the physically weaker of the sexes, find themselves the object of this brutal psychology relegated to the depths of society as a veritable footstool hooded in a sack and wrapped like a mummy in the black garb of death to sate the priest caste's sadomasochistic god complex. Women, being 'vessels of lust' and counter to their overlords' protocols of repression as a worship of an abstract deity (of which more later) are subjected to clitoral amputation as a means of 'reigning in' their propensity towards hypergamy (especially active given the hybrid's negro DNA which is a veritable formula for licentiousness). Hence they are relegated to the level of an animal, to be tagged and gelded should the 'husband man' choose to exercise his patriarchal dominance over his charge/chattel. This goes yet further into primitivism to the denial of souls to women and their subjection to the arbitrary dictate of their husband/father figure (Pater) who may slay them on the altar of the morality of the Koran and effectually slay them on that of the Talmud (and possibly even in Christianity given that woman is merely a derivative of the rib of the Pater who can gnaw upon this bone and discard it after he has sated his hunger for meat). Thus within this middle eastern madness the phallus slays the chalice through its inherent generative force culling the excess from the female, her wantonness. Of course in principle this may be right – in terms of the spirit of the law – but in practice it manifests itself in a crude barbarity that recognizes no inner life in the woman and thus no capacity to decide as lacking reason. However true or false this may be the recourse had by the madman from the middle east to laceration of the body, cleaving it into parts and thus annihilating the whole that is a sacrosanct vessel of the spirit of 'god' (Odin, etc.). Failing to recognize this fact of holiness of the physical form testifies to the barbarity and crudity of the primitive hybrids from the Middle East. The severing of the foreskin from the male infant further underscores his desecration of the temple of the body whose meridians are thereby disrupted and the body can't maintain its integrity. Perhaps the motivation (latent in the subconscious of the middle eastern hybrid) is to annihilate the chaotic soul and to prevent its replication through reducing the sexual inclination, almost as if it were the hand of god influencing the sinner (who committed the original and most egregious sin of race mixing) to annihilate themselves as an abomination in the sight of the absolute who proscribes the ill- union of divergent types. Another way of expressing it: the natural law being transgressed: what nature giveth so may nature taketh away.

One benefit of the repressive creed of the priest caste is the virtual absence of feminism which strikes at the root of the basis of society – the nuclear family – through giving inordinate power to the femal and effectually castrating the male rendering society a chaos of caprice and

weakness ripe for the picking of foreign invasion by those not so foolish as to fall victim to the 'princess on a pedestal' ideology, the lack of integrity of the biology of the middle easterner (his hybrid constitution) manifests behaviourally in the lack of integrity of dealings with others also called 'mendacity' or dishonesty. All expostulations of truth and light give way to petty shopkeeper considerations of haggling and relativism, a situational ethics wherein something is good or 'true' under certain conditions and yet becomes false under others, which conditions are cited only when necessary and are generally made a mystery of as part of the legerdemain of the card-sharper and his shell game. The guileful nature of the denizen of the desert is probably a result of his own lack of understanding of truth through being neither one thing nor another, a hybrid of disparate forces juxtaposed with one another in an amalgam of chaos. Thus the hybrid cannot understand himself and accordingly has no regard for truth as is incapable of its comprehension. However he has a vague presentiment thereof and thus knows that his own standards just as he knows that he himself is a product of chaos and thus embodies untruth in his being. Hence he has no regard for truth as it is foreign to him and thus has no conscience as this would be a recognition of transgression of objective standards of morality, a recognition of the 'other' to be Other and have their own standards be respected in their autonomy instead of being used as a tool of self-interest on the part of, in this case, the middle eastern parasite.

This failure to recognize the autonomy of the Other leads to the conventional forms of middle eastern madness: slavery, theft, and prostitution (sex slavery). From this self-serving ideology of self-interest maximization can be inferred the general temperament of this hybrid type: psychopathy, the annihilation of the Other in their Otherness as a being of 'no account', merely a tool to be exploited by the priest caste. Thus they can be exploited to the extent of their utility and discarded once their purpose has been served. Such an understanding of things is completely foreign to the white man whose empathy respects the Other in their Otherness and whose activities are directed towards the preservation of the harmony of existence. The white man seeks to trade and exchange both in the marketplace of ideas and physical goods and services whereas the Jew seeks merely to exploit and give only what is necessary to continue to exploit.

The middle eastern madness erupts in the fanaticism of submission before a father figure deity presumably based upon a desire to control the chaos which emanates from a mixed race constitution and yet, failing to have the power to internally control this chaos seeking this means of stability in an external authority figure before whom one must prostrate oneself, relinquishing autonomy and independence in exchange for a crutch of paternalism. This father figure deity serves as comforting provider of spiritual resources much as a child relies upon a

father to provide the necessities of physical life so Jewhovah/Allah/Saturn constitutes this spiritual father who furnishes the spiritual necessities of a life otherwise immersed in chaos and instability based upon the biological chaos of the hybrid of the desert. The background for these religious myths is a filthy desert portrayed as a 'satanic kingdom' that is merely a springboard towards the ethereal/surreal '7 heavens', the hoped for promised land of milk and honey where the ultimate purpose of life is to be discovered, and this through submission before the paternalistic deity as a child before his stern father. In spite of this claim to submissiveness, the priest caste uses this as a means of acquiring power for themselves as humble representatives of the deity and who become – by virtue of their representative capacity – de facto father figures / gods themselves lording over their foolish flock of true believers. Hence the Catholic priest is called 'father' being a man-god in miniature who 'ministers' to the flock in god-like authority.

The rabbis and imams are also exclusively male, monopolizing power amongst themselves as an unquestionable patriarchy before whom blind obedience is an iron necessity.

Submission before the patriarchy creates a hive mind amongst the masses who eagerly and passively receive the papal bulls, protocols, fatwas, and other edicts from their earthly Lord whose authority is legitimized through the approval of the fictional father god who bestows approval and confers power through the humility of his devotees, the purer and more humble the more legitimate in their power in the minds of the blind collective who – though never openly acknowledging it – seek the same power through gestures and acts of self-flagellation, seeking to 'win by losing' as no victory upon earth is possible for those whose inner nature is so fragmented and subject to internal division. The only hope for them remains the empty promise of utopian pipe dreams inculcated in their mind by a fictional father figure which is a projection of their own blind desire for self-control, an epiphenomenon of their own imaginings, an attempt to create an escape hatch to avoid the reality of their own perishing and inevitable fragmentation given their race-mixed constitution.

The hive mind which directs the madness of the hybrid masses is an emanation of their primitive constitutions and is the only elevation they are capable of attaining, incapable of independent thought they must find strength in numbers. The structuring of the hive mind through trauma-based mind control is the prerogative of the priest caste whose magician's bag of tricks is mobilized to counter every sign of rebellion and to turn brother against brother as a means of keeping the flock in its pen for shearing and inevitable slaughter once its use value for growing wool (work) is at an end. This hive mind structuring welds the populace together for the work of the priest caste who utilize their flock to draw water and hew wood while they 'sit like an effendi and eat'.

Judaism differs only marginally from the other two of the triad of Abraham in that it advocates a more conscious parasitism of non-Jews, though all Abrahamic illnesses (Christiansity, Jew-ism, and Arab-ism) are parasitical in their hierarchical structure the higher rungs of the ladder overarching the lower, those positioned above vampirizing those below in a closed system of parasitism. The dogmatic utterances of the 'teachings of men' (e.g. Talmud, Koran, and gospels) purport to be a direct pipeline of prophecy from the fictional father in some ethereal region localized away from the burnt out desert of devitalized materialism, the tomb upon earth as upon heaven (Fertile Crescent). The dogmas are the welds which bind the flock and the emotional theatrics of the priest caste are the blowtorch and heat which blows out the holy smoke and sparks of wrath against the 'Other', the unbeliever ('the worldly', 'the satans', etc.).

Those deviating from the dogma become pariahs or 'sinners' who have violated the narrow creed and are thus excommunicated, ostracized from the collective as 'Other'. This process enforces in-group altruism through having the former member serve as an example of the 'sinner' and an object lesson in what not to be for those members of the collective who are worthy of their salt and daily bread. All 'Others' who partake of the circuses in addition to their bread are merely shunned and condemned, branded with the mark of Cain as possessed of a more vital spirit than those who could condemn them. This serves the function of in-group cohesion, but is typically motivated by a jealousy and hatred for the more vital former members of the group as this is the nature of the creed: a living death, with the cult members and their priest caste being preachers of death, the devotees who truly embody the creed becoming inhibited neurotics who have no capacity to function in real life given their repressed drives, etc. channelling their natural propensities and energies towards devotional procedures which further bind them to their priests.

The economics of madness: given the hypocrisy of the triadic doctrine of Abraham (Christiansity, Jew-ism, and Arab-ism) which claims that the real is mere inferiority, mere matter and illusion and that the unreal (or at least unknowable to human cognition and thus as good as unreal) is the superior the only thing that should be sought and which is the true reality, the real life post-mortem, attempts to reconcile the lived experience of the adherent with the claims of the unexperiencable, the real becomes confused with the unreal and the unreal with the real such that all cultural forms are as it were cloaked in darkness which purports to be the true light. This contabulation of real and ideal creates a new reality in the mind of the middle easterner (which itself was already confused based upon the confusion of biologically disparate elements, namely differieng and incompatible genetics). This in turn manifests itself in the relativistic ethics which serve as the basis of both the letter of the law (Koran, Torah, and Talmud) and its application in a case, one act being prohibited by laiyety and being permitted the priest caste, another having

different meanings based on context, yet another being prohibited – to some extent – at one time and at another under the same conditions prohibited absolutely.

The absolutism of the letter of the law is defeated and yet hypocritically affirmed at the same time in its application which partakes of relativism as aforementioned. Both priest caste and their flock are self-deluded, self-deceiving, and thus without any fixed moral compass to guide themselves. This relativizing of the absolute leads to a lack of standards for weights and measures and thus value is not fixed but is merely aleatory one moment being this another that. The stock market presumably invented in the first place by Jewish bankers is a testament of the fluctuation of value in commodities and which would in a natural setting have a value fixed by their natural value (use) by those who consume them and again based upon the sum total of all other commodities and human activity (work, cost of goods, etc.) and whose value (prices) could not be arbitrarily manipulated through the abstract (idealized) system called ‘the economy’ which is little more than the shell game of a trickster. Reality (use-value of goods and value of labour) do not correspond with the ideal created by the middle easterner (the stock market, the centralized banking system, etc.). The intention of the creators of this system are invariably self-oriented given the lower nature partaken of by the middle easterner bent on violence and acquisitiveness to satiate an insatiable desire for personal enrichment, the devices of black magic are used wherein (in this case) the naïve ‘mark’ is influenced and persuaded to participate in the system becoming confused as to the difference between real and ideal, given that initially it appears profitable or at least though strange, a workable ‘ideal’ which ultimately redounds to his detriment.

Thus taxes on things as absurd as carbon dioxide exhalation, on the regulation of every facet of life from vehicular licensing to forced vaccination (to kosher tax on all food items) and always for a profit into the coffers of the priest caste. Even those members of the ‘inside’, the cult members (‘the flock’ as they are affectionately and condescendingly referred to as by the priest caste) are subjected to being taxed (tithed) as ‘indulgences’ to enable them to buy a ticket to the ‘promised land’, a land of false promise indeed. The false consciousness of the priests justifies them in taking and that of the congregation justifies them in giving – for they are merely ‘buying treasures in heaven’ through paying the purchase price which is some shekels calculated by the priest on the basis of what can be justified and using the emotionalizing mind control in their preachments to justify the tithing, through making it a necessary condition, e.g. obtaining / maintaining employment, etc. Thus ‘one must give before he takes’ as the archetypal oriental maxim has it. The hypocrisy and self-delusion of middle eastern economics is also clearly seen in philanthropic scams whereby the scammer portrays himself as a benevolent wealth redistributor when he is only redistributing that of others though passing it off as if it were his own and probably convincing himself of it in the process (‘it’s not a lie if you believe it’ – Goerge Castanza, a member of the

tribe). This is the basis of communism which is a political form of the middle eastern madness and specifically Jewish to its core. Wealth redistribution by the commissariat priest caste under the guise of 'helping the victim' which is merely the excuse for taking the lion's share for themselves – a 'gift that keeps on giving', until a revolution against the governing body occurs which simply drags down to oblivion the priest caste replacing them with a different regime of blood and soil (nationalism). Representing oneself as a saviour to enrich oneself – a recipe for inevitable exposure and extermination.

The middle man role is another symptom of the economic madness, which justifies itself as a 'helper' or 'talent agent' or 'go-between' for a fee. The cases of lawyers, sports agents, retail sales, real estate agents, etc. are classic examples of the parasitical nature of this largely superfluous economic function that is another reification of an idea conjured in the mind of congeniality lazy people who prefer sweating in the desert with their camels to doing an honest day's work. The middle man function enables the middle man to claim a share in the profits without at the same time being either necessary or beneficial and in fact being inevitably a meddler and monkey wrench even within the system his tribe has designed. The excoriation of thieves is notorious amongst the adherents of Arab-ism (Islam) but is nonetheless a fundamental property of the middle easterner (as above stated) having a relativistic ethics no respect or regard for the property or autonomy of the 'Other' can be had, hence no 'plain dealing' either. Mendacity being integral to Abraham it often leaks out behaviourally in theft.

The treatment of animals and nature is another example of the madness of the Middle East. Coming from a dead desert world wherein the mind is conditioned to seek a semblance of vitality in utopian dreams and wild imaginings the likes of Alibaba and Sardanapalus the fanatical hybrid cares not for the harsh reality of this world and is in fact unacquainted with the world of vital nature given its largely complete absence from the five senses. This in conjunction with the lack of inner vitality (of mental life and physical salubrity owing to the inner conflict of the hybrid) leads to a disrespect for the natural order of things as a disharmonious constitution can only fail in harmonizing with the surrounding environment. Thus trees and forests are cleared out, the land is exhausted of its vitality through over-farming in the name of profit and the once-fertile crescent is turned into a moonscape crescent of death, the dead planet Luna replicated upon earth. This may be one of the reasons the moon is venerated by both Jews and Arabs: that it is a dead planetoid and they themselves are spiritually dead. Thus via sympathetic magic they harmonize in their inharmony or lack of vital resonance. No connection with the earth in terms of conservation but only exploitation as a commodity for a camel trader to exchange for more dead matter (gold, jewels, etc.) or the vital matter of slaves who are used for more necreous purposes (the exhaustion

of what little vitality is possessed by the middle easterner through sexual license or through use of the slave to draw water and hew wood). Thus under the influence of the middle eastern madness – itself inextricably bound up with the middle easterner himself – is precipitated the acid rain of factories and the devitalization of the earth.

As to ‘animal rites’ they manifest only in sacrifice to the abstract father god ‘Jewhovah / Allah / Saturn’ to whom is made offerings of their vital energies through coarse orgies of blood (kosher and halal slaughter, etc.). The lives of animals are also abstracted from their true nature and subordinated to commodification processes, becoming ‘products’ to be bought and sold, exchanged for dead matter as above. ‘To thee it shall be for meat – all the creatures of the earth’ pronounces their Saturnian father god and they harken unto their master setting about the slaughter in characteristic psychopathy. The lack of conscience as above stated is a result of the inherent emphasis on lower egoic consciousness; the lack of ability to rise to higher levels of consciousness necessary to possess empathy for other forms of life. Given that everything that lives participates in the sum total as its constituent elements the living dead (hybrid types) have no capacity to preserve this harmonious state of mutual respect and regard and thus sell and buy the lives of others, both animals and humans, at a discount as they have no ability to identify with the vital being of the Other (empathy) and preserve and even support them in their autonomy.

The self-flagellation / sadomasochism of the middle easterner is a testament to this psychopathic disregard for the Other which is implied in his self-disregard again inferable through a willingness to subordinate one’s own autonomy to the tribe, the priest caste, and the father god, relinquishing this same autonomy in submission to their deity punishing themselves through flagellation and ‘punishing the sinners’ of their own tribe as well as the heretic ‘Other’.

That psychology (and psychopathology) are always psychobiology – as spirit and matter are one – and thus the inner can be inferred from the outer. The example of the heritable dis-ease states of the middle easterner bears witness to the pathological nature of race mixing. Transgressing the laws of nature in a fanatical attempt to leap out of their acrofulous skins and escape the material plane to the unknown sublime beyond leads to little else than an Icarian flight of fancy and a plummet towards that realm the would-be ascended master took off from.

The delusional nature of the middle easterner, the hybrid type, is a walking chaos an dbundle of drives, a veritable embodiment of ‘Satanic forces’. The lack of inner stability leads towards an outer instability, the figure of the bomb-throwing anarchist, the mafiosi, the criminal (of ‘the Jew as criminal’ by Kellner and Anderson). Motivated purely by self-interest the middle easterner is forever bent on profit justifying himself speciously through his philanthropic and humanitarian posturing. The distinction between ‘the faithful’ and ‘the unbeliever’, the Jew-man and the goyim

– all are testaments to the psychopathy of the madman from the middle east whose madness constitutes a plague upon the earth born of the original sin of racial (special) intermixture. That this mad dog must be put down is clearly the conclusion of the wise else this rabid beast will tear the entire world down in the name of ‘Yahweh’ and tikkun olam, building upon the earth a clay and iron architecture out of the ruins of the stable societies of the Aryan man. It is the task of the good to overcome evil – not in the sense of idealized and imagined edicts from a fictional father god but in that of nature and its adamant laws which must needs break asunder the stone tablets of stone age primitivism gridding them into dust to be scattered upon the four winds and obliterated from human memory lest a true apocalypse befall the earth and its merry denizens.



# RAVEN'S SONG



A BOOK OF POEMS

## **RAVEN'S SONG: POEMS FOR THE IRON AGE**

### **Vacuous Love**

The festive parade with all the chummy gang

Balloons soaring towards the heavens amidst the gaiety And then the bombs dropped

This is the fate which awaits us

The pusillanimous cannot take criticism

Only soap bubbles to play with as a kitten playing with a ball of yarn

Rose-colored glasses are the prerogative of old grannies with feeble vision

Bordering on blindness they cannot see the looming threats which beset them from the bushes “What a pretty kitty” they say as the snake bites and infects with venom

Not having anticipated the strike they are in reactive mode

Attempting to right the wrongs they have subjected themselves to for lack of foresight Godlike, Odin vision

I see across the temporal, the spatial Anticipation of evil

Thwarted in advance through the mind's eye Horus-like

While the pusillanimous cower under warm petticoats and breathe in the feminine The comfort, the enervating amniotic fluid

An inchoate time in an entropic chamber called – the womb Stillborn they fall into the mouth of Apep Life energies drawn into the enemy

Husk left, the Einherjar gird themselves for battle with heavy iron and blood They are breeding in unconscious ignominy

The thunder rumbles as Thor's chariot rolls across the darkening sky amidst bolts of youthful energy Well-aimed to charge the fighting

The pusillanimous build castles in the sky while dwelling in perpetual indecision The hour of decision is upon us the eternal now is make or break

A do or die – no try as Yoda advised

To fight a war one must have a war to fight – no war no fighting All is peace but peace is death

No activating principle to create – for the destroyer

All is strife unending, a perpetual wheel of self-overcoming A positive conception is barren without its counterpart

Vengeance and hate play a role in life, a simple one-sided projection of love is a vacuity which has no purpose other than endless generation: an exclusively female conception of life.

## **“AmeriCanada”**

Small town U.S.A.: Rockwellian charm, dreamscape of promise; purple mountains bespeckled with the radiant dew of a child’s tears of joy; the postman and the milkman – and the policeman with shaved head and aviator shades, stern scowl of inhuman psychopathy as cocking of assault weapon readies him for operation – a wind-up doll of GI Joe proportions wound up with SSRIs and tours of duty dripping with the bloody memories of innocent saturnian sacrifice. The aeon has changed the old and yet new world has metamorphosed from a fantasy of golden-age hued rays to a ray gun beaming microwaves.

But I wish to characterize the Canadian version (in the cradle of communist hive-mind collectivism amidst a hinterland of chem-trailed bleary vision): gossip – ‘me’, ‘my’, ‘we’, ‘our’, possessive pronouns issuing from the toilet called a vocal apparatus – ‘vacation’, ‘house’, ‘money’, ‘job’, ‘you and I are one’ – we will assault the other and the fall upon ourselves; a friend of mine is an enemy of mine enemy; frozen personalities amidst frozen wastelands of desolation, mouthing the platitudes of their programming: live in good area, better than others; important and there/here is proof of the fact of the matter; genuflexion before the vanity mirror, mirroring the self into oblivion. Yet with a latent humor underlying the frosty and nasty, the scowl and the artificial smiles – the maple syrup humility and Tim Horton’s sarcasm of a hockey game collectivism amidst the tree-lined horizon.

## **“Ragnarok”**

This is the new epoch upon us: the dissolution of the old into the new sands of the hourglass to be buried in an obscure oblivion. What was and will never be – what is will never be but a dynamic stream of tumult and destruction – Leviathan leaps and jumps with the beck and call of the archons; a free

Willy of nightmare proportions he cleans the hoops of prophetic coordinates; point on a line manifesting itself in chaotic teleportation, erratic movement without precedent, unpredictable gyration of holocaustic caudal fin – cleansing Chemosh fire seemingly without end

But suddenly Elysium and the triumph over the dragon; Asgard and the Bifrost Bridge beckoning the Einherjar towards the ain soph aur

The Moshiach of troubled dreams proves clay and iron melted in quicksand of impotence – Atavism of Atlantis overlooks the ruins of post-apocalypse. Aesir in Valhalla beams with radiance as the smoke clears with the dawn of a new day.

**Latin America:** Succulent fruits of tropical clime, refulgent orb perpetual smile Machetes gleam as tourists die, gold chains stolen twinkle of an eye

Busloads of barbaloots, round and brown, tortillas filled with musical fruit smell that sound  
Colonialism never went away – all are slaves – white as the mountain peak, capstone of power play  
Brown sundae underneath melting white ice cream Melting in hegemony

Delicioso everyday

Sprechen ze Spanglish zambos, mestizos Many Panamanian hatted wine-bellied fatsos Lazily all day  
manana they say

Tomorrow and tomorrow becomes yesterday  
Organs for sale from clandestine graves  
Laboratories  
Moreau-like chupacabras on the quay  
Hitler returns to breathe the ocean spray

Zion ascending with the equatorial sun  
Ushering in the new aeon

Cathedrals ex cathedra the governance emanates  
In the form of automatic weapons reverberate  
Adios  
Latin America por favor

Yet the sun still shines as it sets on our dreams  
Hope remains, let us stay

The paranoid fears of the unknown dart out of the shadows threatening fear itself the simulacrum  
devastating, enervating

Laying waste to possibilities through creation of bleak actualities

This is the demise of reality – step forward and take the future from its destruction, pluck the ripening fruit from the vine before it rots fermenting. Thus the Latin dream will be preserved. I imagine myself as a tourist and yet as a resident, visiting the weird and wonderful unknown that is the bright and ebullient equatorial region. Poverty and shanties lie on the fringes of mansions and concrete-walled fortresses in which the paranoid ruling class dwells. Guards patrol the streets – this time for legitimate reasons unlike their northern counterparts who do not have ‘bigger fish to fry’ – seeking their quarry to the thrill of the chase. And yet like a lackadaisical hound lolling in the sun even they are low key though attentive. The snapshot photos of an unknown land present the opportunities of a new America, for immigrants from a new yet old world to an old yet new world - colonial Latin America serving as the new backdrop for a consciousness of a reality that underwent a shift pulling all else into its gravitational tensional field and warping its properties. Kaleidoscope vision crystallizes into the primary Technicolor images of a viewfinder of foreign home – the heart transplanting itself through time and space into that distant land. Intuitively the transceiver of gnosis understands the future portends all for the static and inert. Flight must be taken and the sensitive mimics the avian in transport towards a safe retreat from the crisis. A ‘disturbance in the force’ indeed betokens doom for the willfully blind and ignorant whose numbed awareness freezes their motions rendering them prey to the hawk-like forces of a Ra-Hoor-Khuit whirlwind of flames.

Chemtrail Death Falling from Olympus Titan’s breath

Blanketing hearth and home  
Barren sepulchers’ bones  
Giving ghost Sacrifice  
of drones

From drones issue forth the mists of River Styx  
Shredding triple helix

“The spiritual ruse in muse” Wu-shin the spiritual Empty as a receptacle  
Without positive content  
We are  
yet

A glass half less than half empty  
Tartuffery of the mantra  
Endlessly repeated  
Bobbing and weaving  
Heads lolling

Neck flexion – extension  
Much ado about nothing

The no-mindedness is a dim bulb indeed  
How long can we hold this position

Joints are aching, no circulation Much better to move about  
Get out of the mind

And banish mindlessness Through praxis

-Strophe- Look within Begin Perceive Unlimited Limitlessness Light amidst Darkness  
Face the mirror Of consciousness

Remind yourself of

A world beyond the finite Banish mundaneness In  
transcendence

-Antistrophe- Transcend like Icarus Over purple haze Drug-induced daze  
Plummet from supramundane To awareness

Broken bones and dung hills Get off the pills

Before astral realm becomes Unified field of white Padded cell plight

-Strophe- Ascend in purity

Sweep away the density Receive the word of god Through Christ consciousness To the heavens laud  
Mind-body-spirit unity Forsake the vehicle body With impurity

Heaven-ward bound To the higher realms

-Antistrophe-

A helium balloon Head in necolophrygia Seek Gaia Pig  
in the Sty or Sprite in the

### **Sky**

False dicho- Tomy

Affairs I return

A homeland hearth No rocket fuel burns On my arse  
No helium, no methane No bag of gas

Up the brain

Labor of love mundane

### **“Sad Glad Tidings”**

Like it or not iron necessity weighs upon decision and breaks the lever of choice. We run in Mach 5 warp speed towards the unknown. Amidst the mists of chemtrail we perceive indistinct shapes attempting to cohere in intelligible formation. Astrologically we are beset by endless radiations from gravitational effects, unpredictable, as a lab rat waiting for an electric shock or a pellet. Carrots and sticks we are bruised but salivate all the same – press the lever for the booby prize of skull cracks from mallets or cocaine fireworks sparking synapses. There is no choice – wyrd sisters weave skuld’s net in the darkness chanting mantras of arcane lingua and we wait for the stare decisis which will never come

– for that would open up an eye of gnosis illuminating Being as a gnostic, Illuminist – and it is the white hand that pulls the curtain about the wizards clearly reality is unclear and the wooden mechanics of an automatic world spring apart yet are held in strange array by electromagnetics and subtle forces. The vision of the world is synecdotally represented (micro in macro cosmic folds) in the organization

“World Vision” – charity it is to slay those eager to take breaths of life – strife precipitates peace and peace is the cessation of enmity – genocide as an iron fist within a velvet glove vaccinating the masses with diabolical love. A world of contradictions deliberates an orchestra of disharmonic resonance conducted by the Zionist wizards in a technicolor world of prefabricated proportions. Architects of preplanned golem, the dupes line up for the gas chamber showers bringing the maypole flowers of plague germs: a pocket full of posies – and they fall down by Saturn’s scythe. In the distance the thunderer, Thorir, breaks on wheels of flame pulled by the goats of Mendes and Saturn, charging forth on mushroom clouds of devastation. Whither Bifrost the Rainbow Bridge to the superman of Valhalla – wise Odin smiles from air throne as the world of men is purged – only the Einherjar may ascend with the angelic forms of Valkyrie, remnants like in dust of forgotten bones to climb up from long forgotten gravestones into mountainous hollows as dwarves – then men, then eleven folk – then the stars smile twinkling upon the flaxen-haired ones’ Aryan nobles aspiring rulers of the earth realm to some day share the hallowed halls of Aesir realm/ in the interim to oversee the building of the heaven upon earth, divine fortress, rock of ages, aspiring spire reaching heavenward to reach the immortals, maintaining communion with divine soul.

The attempt to live a natural life under an endless imposition of artificiality will inevitably be thwarted. Fresh water converted to poison water; fresh, natural food to decayed putrescent fermented GMOs; fresh, oxygen-rich atmosphere converted to poisoned haze – a witches’ brew of genocide perpetually ensconcing the lives of beings who represent endless possibility but who, through endless bombardment of the unnatural, are thereby destroyed in their nature and if they live at all are converted into artificialized hybrids, cripples who limp to their inevitable destruction. The hubris of the controllers, their Icarian flights of fantasy, must come down like a tonne of brimstone bricks on their own heads. They want it all and receive a backlash from their attempts to tear the fabric of time and space in the form of their own self-bondage, strained ligaments and sinews. All others are pulled down into the pit with them to be gnawed upon by these cannibals.

### **The Good Triumphant**

The image of the tribal colony: Simple primitives playing about, respecting nature’s laws, living in accordance therewith - a life mirroring that of the animals living amongst the sum total of Gaia’s bounty harmoniously. The shaman priest eagerly investigating the lore of his mystical revelations – information gleaned from dimensions of a nature foreign to the verdure and fauna the terrestrial globe. Into his consciousness enters notions, ideas, and their concomitant practices in aberrant violation of Gaia’s harmonious circle of life. The new circle is a pentagram, the priests evoking unnatural energies opening the Pandora’s Box a hidden, dark side of the universe from which issue violence, manifested in the form of demons and parasites from the astral realm whose will mandates doing. This clichéd image appears to reside in the human psyche, the proverbial condition humane. Everything is perfect – but the ego, in psychopathic self-regard, wants to destroy all non-self – and so evil is borne. On the altar are sacrificed the simple denizens of Gaia’s Edenic vale, their blood quaffed by lascivious lips mouthing arcane

discourse, chants, mantras. Beating hearts are eagerly devoured as a feast shared by demon and avatared priest in ecstatic union of feral revelry. The power rush and lust for the divine energies of man perpetuate the endless train of victims themselves now blindly sacrificing their higher being in appeasement of the wrath of occult forces from a necreous beyond. Where did we go wrong?

Knowledge locust-like, pours forth from Pandora's Box whose lid curious hands and prying eyes were led to open, thus the eve-ill propensity of man. Consuming the apple and coming away with a canker worm – at first in ignorance but later in desperate searching for the stimulus to encounter with the divine regardless of the price. It would seem that power and curiosity are somehow latent in the recesses of the subconscious and unite and propagate in its subterranean depths. Their offspring are knowledge but rooted to the lower energies of the earth. The sex and death between instinct bizarrely unified in dark side of the force. One is driven to the one and still bound to the other is carried to its inevitable conclusion most harrowing. The subconscious, localized with all probability in the reptilian arc complex, serves as atavism, as evolutionary throwback, to a primordial beyond. The overcoming of which marks the ascendance of the Kundalini force, the awakening of the Shekinah, the conjurations of the sushumna and whatever else it may be called. The stargate to the dark side of the force lies in lower vibrations of the aether: fear, lust, hate, aggression. The propensities are worked up in the magical rituals of the perverse to augment their most sinister gambits. The priestly caste as of old did never cease from its bloodlustful pursuit of self and ego. The extent of vampirism of the life-energies of others – truly the most feral and overt display of power and its literal assimilation into the being of the ego-body, the material manifestation of the cruel and petty self-seeking spirit. It never disappeared under the veneer of civility and continues the frenzied pace of rapine and destruction, the enrichment of self via theft from other.

The placid brook The  
green-leafed tree

The warming rays of Phoebus

The rolling meadow The lapping waters

The music of Pan to please us The darkling sky  
The sheer light flash

The chariots of Thor and Jupiter The brandished knife  
The cold stone altar

The terror shock of horror The guzzling maw The  
blood-stained lips

The pinpoint pupils abandon The opening sky  
The light beam pierce

The priest to fatal Abaddon The karmic wheel

The grinding bones The justice poets know The balance righted The darkness slighted  
Full warming rays of grace are lighted

Will it be an empty world of barren millennia, devoid of life that was? Or will it be paradise encomia, nature's maternal applause?

**May the force be with you** is the morning salutation to the sum total of all beings and to oneself. To overcome the lower levels of the dark side of consciousness and to conquer mundane kingdoms for blessed isle ascensions. That should be the goal and, Ixion-like, one is forever in an uphill climb bearing the burdens which pull down to the earth to the revels of Dionysus, to the succubae maenads of lascivious salaciousness; to the cruelty of vengeance, the delight in powerful schadenfreude. All these proclivities must be overcome through the higher vibrations: love, amity, graciousness, magnanimity, selflessness, community, self-love not exclusive of other love. Don a technicolor dreamcloak instead of a sorcerer's black robes, partake of sparkling nectar not the sanguinary delights of vampire lust; Bathe and imbibe the rays of Phoebus Apollo not moonbeams of Asherah; Do good avoid evil. A pleasant fantasy but whether real or not the nightmare of ignorance and evil leads one to attempt reification however low the probability.

The urge to create

To scribe arcane glyphs In sandy stretches

Of barren imagination Leaving scars of footprints In undisturbed solace When a confrontation  
Led to ignorance

Blind strivings Of a dung beetle Pushing road apple carts Like Sisyphus Towards perdition

### **Hive mind Beehive**

Pine cone of soul seeds Bound to  
Backbone

Fused with Machine Cogs and gears  
In starship Black cube Saturnitatus

On the background Of blazing effulgence Apollyon Merging  
with source Absorbed

Into energetic Queen bee Radiating chains Of energy Pandora returns To prison Yaldabaoth opens  
Horus' eye Swallows lies Gateways to Eternity

Portal of Immortality In  
self-sacrifice To thee G-  
D

### **Lothlorien the age old Elysium**

Wherein Bombadil dispels amidst tulip carpets Dewy verdure reflecting apollonian rays Trilling doves  
cascade!

Often I venture to the picturesque dreamscape to escape the looming threat of Mordor and its orcine minions. Shire has been lost through the mind control besetting the hobbit fold on a 360- degree multidimensional level – thus only the paradise of a mythical Lothlorien remains. The petty in fighting of petty minds contained within the material carapace of hobbit flesh evoked and invoked through sorcery of blackest intent. Turmoil descends upon the once cheery rolling hills, apple carts now empty of their spoils as all wares have been sold to sate the endless greed of a Tantalus, the mind of mammon



forever seeking for more amidst the bounty of a once free land. Soon the trees will wither as the social fabric has been wrent asunder by the subtle forces of sorcerer magic from the black land and inexorable might of Saturnian hand – Sauron/Saturn, Kronos/Cognos, etc. The greed was a stage upon a devolutionary path down which all tread to perdition – call it the Tolkeinian flipside of baby boomer consumerism and status seeking, the self-destruction of a tantalian reaching, grasping fingers crushing the fruits of exploited labour in discontented greed. No more idyllic Lothlorien, a fable with no 5-sense backdrop of consciousness, an impalpable image, a dream without content; a hazy feeling at best for the ensuing trans-human generations of the mind controlled. Led by golden fetters they are pulled towards labours of lust for the material plane and all it contains. Swallowed up by the hive mind or ubermensch they are all in-duh-viduals in the Dilbert sense. Their importance is an echo of the hive mind – what does the sum total think of me, what can I do to augment my being in light of its dictates, to be illuminated by the limelight of Lucifer – and yet suffer the inevitable negation of being in the boundless air soph aur of nothingness. So, it comes full circle – from something nothing comes, from a potentiality to a nullity through binding oneself to an identity exclusively political/collectivistic – the death of real actual individuality within the narrow confines of the herd morality – an electromagnetically generated construct determinative of one’s life. Saturn pronounces judgement; the Law is the logos and fortitude the result. The word of god is good – all merge in oneness with the Lord, are usurped from differentiation into unity within the cosmic god-mind. But- buffered by the intervention of technological caesarean sections that create the premie mind controlled slave-to-be – the Saturn moon-matrix, the EM fields generating archon controlled control system. The minds are engineered as the soul seed is formed from its issuance from the wheel of Ixion; reincarnated as a son of the – black sun – an Apollo of Apollyon, hellenikos in the sense of hell on earth. Thus one is not only traumatized but demonized in a literal sense, bound to holy guardian angels who mold in perverse pedagogy the thoughts and behaviours of a tarnished being.

The freer the mind the more one understands slavery and how freedom is a mental-energetic thing not chains and physical barriers. And this not merely “psychologically” as a noumenal ding an sich qualitas occulta but a qualitas occulta in the sense of subtle forces that are the fabric of the realm. The prison cell of reality has its bounds stretched by the mind of the prisoner – the quantum wave function is collapsed by the observer – reality is determined by perception in an energetic sense which is to say though itself the determined is determined by determining processes (constitutive processes). That said limitation besets one when no new information enters into the mind and the prison encroaches upon one as walls closing in – a compactor unit of stagnant garbage in an entropic chamber of the real. I wish I were in an idyllic mountain retreat without concern for the encroaching dangers of the aeon of Horus, in the age of Aquarius (the age of destruction and perhaps new beginnings subsequent thereto). But this itself becomes limitation and the lyricism of its vibrations become a dull metronome or flat line on an EKG. Yet new information is perpetually bombarding once – he must simply fine tune his EM apparatus to receive it and to possess eo ipso the resources with which to act upon and create worlds thus expanding the walls of consciousness and the rec yard of the mind prison to recreate a new horizon of being. Even in a place of desolation one can attain enlightenment through finding the kingdom of heaven within. Exposure to various media and information sources (which themselves have the ‘message’) warps the limits of perception of the real. But the reality principle is constituted by perceptions and the limits and their warpings are reality itself. Thus how is to say (the question is asked) what is real? - Society’s box or the vagrant in the cardboard box who has pure access to higher realms of consciousness. In isolation

one can be surrounded by friends; if one can access the subtler energies he may commune with the divine (divinities), angels, demons, etc.). The Pandora's Box is opened via acute sensitivity and whatever floodgates bring forth is met by the sensitive whose key fits the lock appropriate for itself. Life on the physical brings the limitations which bind knowledge and bracket off consciousness in ignorance. The dark planes of the unknown are unperceived by the shiny objectivity of material being and five sense reality. Only when those planes of black ignorance can be viewed through higher sensation does ignorance vanish. The matrix falls away thereby freeing one from its chains.

**A is A** – there is no god but god – such dogmatism appeals to the infantile minds of true believers whose capacity for question is nil and for whom the very act of questioning is a sin, something to be ignored as threat to their principles of self-worship, namely the pleasure principle. Do not tear people from their comfort zone. Do so at your peril for they will attack you or, in vicious ignorance, pluck their eye out as it offends them and smiling imbecilically return to the sand in which they stick their heads ostrich-like – or in their ass. Whatever suits their pleasures. Hope lies in the increasing marginalization of people into a gamut, a mass, of differentiated travelers on a journey or mission of unknown qualities. The paths weave in and out following similar trajectories but deviating – thus contact is sporadic, unpredictable and not easy of access or attainable when desired. Thus the traveler's life, though one of freedom, is one of solitude oft-times loneliness. The lone wolf avers the pack and is averred by them. He avoids contact so as not to be destroyed by them – if only through assimilation and conversion to their wolf-in-sheep's-clothing essence. Whatever does not strike the eye of the mormo- figure is annihilated as a pair of clothes that are out of fashion. The fashion now appears of rainbow hue but is black; a Saturnian aspect of social/total being, the shadow side of the life of hapless dupes, only partially conscious of their fate.

In times of decadence, people long for the golden age of comfort and productivity removed from a time of vice. Decadence springs up like a noxious weed from the soil of corruption, itself probably a phenomenon bound up with the cycles of the ages and facilitate by demonic intervention off planet or inner space dark energy matter beings that comprise the aeon in its metaphysical tissue. One has a sense of foreboding and escapes into momentous delights, flesh pleasures and bread and circuses plucking his eye out to blind him to the offense that perhaps exceeds his powers to vanquish at the very least presenting a daunting spectre of challenge the weight of which is an object of dread. Dread is the condition of the weak's flight from reality into a fantasy land of their own contrivance. The contemporary technologies enable this form of escapism creating a virtual realm of faerie castles and frog princes when the reality is gloomy dungeons and reptilian Dracos engaging in torture murder rituals of lost innocence. The only salvation is in the mind – to control the self not the world, as the latter can never be so elegantly arranged as to suit a being whose every existence is perpetual flux. This enables a world of coping and tolerance so that dungeons and torturer apparati are eo ipso transformed into soft cushions and feathers in a comfortable living room. One must find comfort and peace amidst discomfort transforming the nightmare into fantasy in place of creating artificial external conditions for living and seeing demons – inevitably given the sight of the paranoid or even of the blind. Reality must be acknowledged through sound judgment; sound judgment must be established through reason and 5th sense acquaintance with reality thereby making it more than a mere principle to be paid token consideration and lip service. You could call it transcendental apperception (perception which precedes 5 sense reality) this gleaned via concentration and purification of the body/mind to supersede the material into the spiritual realm (4th dimension, etc.). Pure access to reality, "bracketing off" in Husserlian parlance. The convolution of thoughts precipitated by the memes of a programmed society socially

blueprinted/planned in advance of its existence, offered up as the poisoned bread for the soul-starved masses; these thoughts must be quelled and replaced with the heroic imagery of yesteryear (be it cowboys or ascetics; monks or poets; soldiers or craftsmen) – a traditionalist template of memetic self-transmogrification – the recipe for alchemical transubstantiation from baser self to the higher self of poet, warrior, adventurer, ascetic, faster, contemplator, philosopher, etc. The only alternative is the death of the higher self in feeble flight of weakness, in pursuit of momentary pleasures and comforts that only perpetuate problems through sweeping them in burgeoning piles under the rug of forgetfulness; to be stumbled upon while indulging in the fruits of a pleasant fantasy staring into the empyrean inquest of new worlds devoid of pain and suffering. Endure suffering through subjecting oneself to suffering – then the bar is raised, the threshold of tolerance is greater, the pain resides into nothing and the pleasure preponderates over the pain. A direction of the will/focus/attention is the means to negation of that which is detrimental to human life – not to look away but beyond the object through it understanding its properties and invoking mechanisms and strategies of prudence to deal with it; ideally to overlay it with a transcending meaning, that there is more to life than material existence. The latter should be used as a springboard into higher realms, not represent the fading all-night party ending once the doomsday clock hits zero.

### **“Child’s Play”**

Calvin and Hobbes on a snowy day, sun shining through the blue sky invitation to lay – at peace no thought of anything beyond the moment the eternal now is here comforting in the womb of Gaia and parental safeguards. The fresh atmosphere crisp with cold, the hot chocolate on the stove – the ginger hearts hanging from the tree – myself, I, me, and the mater dei - serving whims that lovingly bespeak eternal bond of innocence strength for the weak. The comforts of neatness – sunlight streaming through the windows; everything in its place no pieces puzzling thought gift of grace; all designs and projects vehicles of creativity zooming through space

No stones in the road smooth autobahn pavement Rocket ships to the stars of our own creation Crucible of care no cremation

Empathic Beings expressing divine inner wisdom Communing with elements, along with self and environment

Yet together through cherished memories endowed upon the horizon of child’s world Snow tunnels in a bank left by cold machines

Glow worms of carefree youth carving passageways to dreams Impenetrable fortress of unassailable crystal

Refracting warm glow and projected dream world The world limitless without rules yet autarchic No anarchy of flames and brimstone

Narnia of sparkling tinsel snow

Tumnus accompanies with pan pipes triumphal calling

No Beelzebub tramping with cloven hooves infants bawling The magic of lost youth Lost city of spirit realms

Spatio-temporal finitude nowhere to be seen in town A realm whose borders are dissolving upon touch  
Upon projection of new presences

Contact with new elements and elemental sentients Sunsets of tropical refulgence  
On the youth of the eternal now

Threatening to darken the days of our fond recollection Yet mindful that it is recollection Returns  
as Sabazius heralding the day Of new age and new youth

Brave rider upon the glowing dawn of golden promise Innocence endowed with wisdom of past life  
Present life

Breaking through Maya into Sattvic bodhisattva Third eye absorbing the scenes of the  
Eternal return welcoming forever in the moment Recognition of permanence Substance  
endlessly morphing into infinite shape Shapeless shaping

Itself not self

The sublime of our imaginings Shared in communion  
With a child Of our former

Future concepts through a child's eyes we see The stages of life play out on the stage And  
the life of our imaginings More real than a dream

Changes are noted and we conceive of things as impermanence – yet we are the Akashic records in a  
sense: we read the book of life and read of our readings and merge into them thereby verifying that ego  
cogito and res cognitions and res corpora are all illusions in the veil of Maya; rainbow patterns  
refracting light waves at levels undetectable by our senses – we are our senses yet blinded by our senses  
– consciousness limits itself through its modalities and the way it manifests as differentiations of the one  
– source of all thought and thought itself. We are the same – seek no external paths to elevate life to its  
form as pure consciousness; a light being shining eternally in the eternal now.

**Bacchus** – riding the donkey; swilling brews with abandon – abandons postural, rides roughshod over  
the daisies springing forth from a garden between the cracks of a ruined tomorrow – pavement left to  
break up, the child still tending the tender shoots of future promise

– and the road apples left by Dionysus\Bacchus after he vomits upon the dewy flower leaving  
nothing but stench in his wake – wilting it returns to the black earth of oblivion.

**Dominance** – some live for nothing else. Kronos consumes his own children, and by extension himself

– as he hates himself and yet in paradoxical self-love, is unwilling to be apart from himself.  
Self- destruction is the means of some people's self-perpetuation – they are destroyers by nature  
and in typhonian style, awash in the whole of their universe in cleansing fire; fiddling the while.

**Blindness** – so much easier than seeing with the clarity of a third eye vision – all one must do is to  
pluck out the splinter which causes the pain – be it in the form of an eye or a brain. To see is to be

strong enough to endure pain – not to go beyond good and evil but to face reality and understand the morality it entails – the human being can never go beyond the reality which determines his evaluations thereof. Perspectivism is a limp-wristed cop-out ideology suited to females – a means of escaping the pain of factuality. To see is not androgynous but masculine – one must have the courage to see.

Are you alive – or do you simply watch the grains of sand falling in the hourglass, nothing but imagings – images of possibilities, of dead and dying probabilities – but no actual, tangible, graspable Being, ding-an-sich – always eluding your grasp.

**“Roses or Myopia”**

Cold war US vs. them a battle for survival at every turn.

The hidden hand of the Shaitan, fires of Mordor punishing the innocent.

The shire – no more! Greenest verdure and azure skies a canopy of words demise! The nazgul hordes from Orion swoop descending with napalm lust

Energetic assault nuclear holocaust a glimmer of hope the flames awash Ashes and dust

Finite being to eternity; matter metamorphically changing – born again as the son of the sun. Eternal life and death, the hamster’s wheel of ixionic bliss. One can only laugh at the destruction when sufficient detachment is attained. But sand in the hand it be – and through the hourglass steadily dissipates – so one clings to a bleak futurity.

**“When all are one”**

The spoiled and their silver spoons, greedily stuffing amidst the flutes lazily they sway in drunken comfort – southern comfort they reject for champagne, drained down lusting gullets into fatted sacks called stomachs. Born in McMansions, commuting with abandon – an abandonment of higher self for material enrichment. Suburban leisure class kiss my a\*\*! They cough with condescending implication: “Who are YOU – to speak? Beneath, simply beneath... you don’t live in the good area, you are not a Luciferic demigod – you are the fallen, the profane, the humble and lowly who dwells on the other side of the tracks. You don’t have glistening teeth and a swollen wine gut – your skin is not tanned in a booth – or a prepackaged Mexican vacation. Can’t you see that all we value you do not possess?” Is a rejoinder necessary to such artificial, anti-natural standard? A bum under the bridge gives silent prayer to the god-mind and is blessed. These pray to mammon and offer burnt sacrifices of their own race, of their fellow man, to receive the largess of fools. A little girl sheds a tear before being thrown into the arms of Moloch – they celebrate with eager lust, never a thought for their place in the universe – their label states “I am I” that of their victims, those they impaled upon their callousness. “I am YOU – and you have forsaken me.”

The world is one – but what of two or three...or you are me? All thrown into the garbage compactor of the sum total – summum bonum, summum malum, malifis maleficarum, malleus lucr-fero – the Thor’s hammer needed to smash this beast from the bottom; abysmal monstrum in animo. The over soul is a tyrant which makes barren; desolation of the once technicolor dream cloak of Josephus. Tattered in rags, blood bespattered; thrown by the shock troops into

the mud and blood – for it violated *lex mundi* and *eo ipso rex mundi* = “An attack upon the kings laws is an attack upon the king himself!” – so sayeth the Lucifer.

### “Nostalgia”

If only we could return – to the days of comforting 1980s – 1990s. Now we experience logarhythmic steps towards perdition. How many will the underground bunkers contain? Will humanity survive – or simply Jew-manity? The Talmudist holds up the skull of the goy and speculates: ‘to be or not to be’. If only the scenario played out like the Turner diaries... Then the 90s and the 80s would atavize in the rejuvenating splendor of renaissance – the joyous childhood of a lost age. Rediscovered?! The second sight reveals naught, only darkness, the foreboding of the end times – clouds of fallout and apathy. The days of pop culture – scroll through the list of your favorites: TV shows, comic books, toys, movies, the local team and ra ra cis boom bah – and no minorities, no smart meters/chemtrails/legislation factories – just unity and solidarity amidst the petty politics of the shire. The hordes of Mordor pour forth from orthonic; tiras ungul raises banners of war; drums beat cadences of doom, the heartbeat of the oversoul trembles – voluntary felo de se; the sheeple leap upon the barbed wire fences and electrify the night.

**Mind body dualism** – the weight around my neck: ascendance made difficult with the lower chakras perpetually activated – brown and red and blindness – wear the purple in your garment? Oh emperor with no clothes? Festering mass fermenting; putrescent load descending

– hours pass by while the bio-machine utilizes its biomass as dirty burning fuel – and burns itself up in the process. This is life amidst death, zombie lurching towards the precipice. When freedom reigns one must be wholly detached – only a life of leisure enables this state. Sadly leisure converts itself into excess – ask any purple-toga of the senate – vomitoriums await, begin the cycle again!

### “The Lady”

Sows spawning piglets in the sky – suburban dream don’t pass me by Lady without a Lord – Babylon scarlet whore – mother hen protect the young – from disinterested civilians – Enter into fight or flight – mental illness on a Saturday night – Liberal woman hear you mew – you’re not a good screw – you’re screwed – Dildo yourself with your egregore phallus – In ecstasies hovel turns to palace. Born Ball cutter waving scissors – wax-soft mind molded by your better light up a lucky strike – and strike down your maternal dreams – no longer seamstress sewing seams – you’re irrational fury – last monster to please.

### “The Man in Black”

Bouncing, jouncing, joking – puffing, fucking, puking – 40 oz. in the left tech-nine in the right – all on a Tuesday night – In a 6-4 hydraulic chrome – plated dreams until 9mm busts your dome

– Reminisce on rhymes like this – before your ego you do kiss – as donkey ropes and Mary J. smokes are in more ways than 1 for dopes

### “The loose “O” ring”

Barebacked delights – rubber-less ecstasy taken to the heights – of exponentialized plurality – no monogamy – Faded ashen corpse coughing blood on the porch – Infectious bio-weapon vector – worse than Hannibal Lector – Imploding ego no longer go-go worse than bonobo – They call it A.I.D.S.

### “Wither White”

Whither art thou white? Dost thou forsake thine realms of yore? Whence, where have you disappeared to? Your superheroic presence is needed at this the apogee of humanity, as the pinnacle you alone can serve as the capstone completing the pyramid – rendering indeterminate and complete the crude ashlar of fable – Trapezoidal bridge of demonic infestation enters through the vacuum of your absence. This whirlwind needs its angel. Where for art thou Enoch! Your shining form is needed in this blackest of nights. You alone may illuminate the darkness.

### “Androgyne”

Higher form of consciousness holistic – lower form of pantyhose and lipstick; Development of race to ‘Super’ form, engaged and integrated complete soul is borne; phoenix flight over shoulder padded elle duce jacketed cigar smoking hand waving power tripping feminists and mincing, prancing little lord Fauntleroy dandy-boys ala Oscar Wilde effeminate style – The integration is the architecture of the superman – use proper materials not divine feminine and sacred masculine – don’t get it twisted in pantyhose and pageantry, Monty Python marching goose-stepping pirouetting fruit loops and butchers of nature – no more dominandi display of sexed out candy – merely meditate, integrate and cultivate.

**80s synth pop** – the mind numbing beats, emotional engaging soap-bubble-gum pastel haze of carefree zephyrs floating across the horizon of a consciousness turned away from chaos into a regulated groove of crystalline vinyl; easy breezy; a perfect recipe for drifting from reality into a fantasy of je ne se qua and no associated perturbations, simply an acceptance of sactas simplification. Euthanasia on wax the setting sun fades away on a Californian beach with neon of Chip n’ Pepper and reflective shades – forward to the jollity of 90s synth pop in Scandinavian form: A greater layering of beats to the heights of poly rhythm – a tense engagement and a challenge of a more cerebral nature – the frontal lobes find stimulation and blossom metabolically like flowers after a rain. Bubble gum of 80s flavor is sweetened with a tang that bespeaks a new age, an elevation of the taste-buds to hyper-dimensional realms. The simplicity of the 80s gives way to the multi-directional enticement of the Mata Hari veil dance of a pancake stack of sugary layers of polyphony. Satiation receives its consummation amidst the tweeters, bass and harmonics that weave in and out of phenomenological presentation to a consciousness awakened to a seemingly endless perfusion of sound. The light-hearted pacifism with its touch of punchy dualism challenges the listener playfully to respond to the enticement of an electronica artwork of the future as the mind recreates the caricatures and archetypes the producer has instilled into the consciousness. The stories and themes play themselves out through a 4th dimensional manifestation across the aether through the crystalline transceiver that is the human experiencer experiencing the human experience in its particularity qua music. By means of music the passions play by means of passion music plays manifesting as poetry, athleticism, the dance and all artistic manifestations.

### Sonny Boy

Open your mouth sonny boy a bottle of milk or two / A golden rattle and a silken diaper / A castle for a crib you Jew / Drink and learn the art of draughtsmanship / Slake your thirst for mommy’s brow sweat which she wicked of her husband’s back / Drain it down – so nourishing, so comforting / You cry? A beating to exorcise the demons then Hiawatha to redeem your good spirits. Rockabye Baby drink till you drop, stop the crying till the crow of the cock / Get off on leisure till you flop on your back.

The aeons pass and the milken vessel metamorphoses into a brown bottle of joy. The world is your toy!  
Play with it. When you tire – discard it, the crib awaits and a warm bath of inebriation your fate /  
Urination on the creation – parents’ legacy years of gestation / Soured by the stale remnants of territorial  
pissing match with the Oedipal shadows of a looming father figure. / Off to war – or play!  
The big city alarms blare their triumphal bray / To indulge, to slake one’s thirst of knowledge / To make  
your mark upon the world – unzip and drain your excess effluent into the gutter of a stained world / Rub  
off the grime of your sty rolling / The world of education transforms into its butterfly – economy!  
Return to mommy and daddy to warm the cold feet of the cruel worldly wise traveller. A pigeon home to  
rest in a coop of blessed comfort.

### **Sonny Boy 2**

Night revels in violent ecstasies / Blind poisoned mind primum mobile of rough-hewn physical vehicle  
– develops embryo. Hush little baby don’t say a word – or the tyrant will negate your life  
– a posit of shit splat upon a pristine tabula rasa / Play play bouncy boy – yeah hurray a child  
vicariously a vehicle of atavism for the primitive / Neanderthal fury in a bottle of alcohol / Smash the  
mirror which reminds you of your visage – a broken home / Dollhouse of paper – incendiary firebrand  
– to ashes falls / A short leash – all the better to control you with – big bad wolfish grin emitting  
fumes of inebriation – hahaha, I’m the big bad wolf – I’m here to smash your house of sticks – for  
mine is brick and a shit brick for you sonny boy! / The embrace of a vice – squeeze out the life – of  
future’s hopes and dreams / Broken bones crippled passage into a tenebrous future / Reciprocate the  
abuse cyclically – a yoyo of emotional instability / Friend and enemy both, today and tomorrow, black  
and white, here and there, attraction and repulsion – the dialectic of control spirals out of control – a  
gear in the machine of man’s inhumanity towards man! Grist for the mill sonny boy!

**The call of the wild** / Recluse Primal screaming in the shadow of oblivion / The plaintive cry of  
friendless isolation / 360-degree panorama of relentless desolation / It presses against one and burns  
away the shelter sought since eternity began / Sunrise, sunset the cycle of time draining life away in a  
quicksand of inevitability yet a contentment within protective arms of Hern and Gaia / Incubation period  
unending / The womb of today unending / Perpetual childhood / Lingering in atavism a joyous  
contentment of being in the arms of a long lost mother / Fresh grass, air, clear sky, undisturbed quiet /  
“The Raccoons” reified / The Cyril Sneers abound yet the forest will never die / The unblemished purity  
enwreathes wayward soul / Jesus in the manger, rocking in a crib of protection / Yet desolation howls  
form out of this peace / Breaking into shards the girdle of verdure / Transforming into spears and spire of  
hostile oppression / To be away and to have what is needed / Always a need beyond what is had

/ Insatiable Tantalus the forests have grown too small for your greed, your discontent has usurped the  
peace of the kingdom / Unrest and torment your reward forsaken is the green sword / Majestic levels of  
Gaia’s crown / Emerald jewels of the scepter of Hern / - Out cast one wander’s the mean streets of the  
sepulchral metropolis of broken dreams / Never to return to a paradise lost for eternity

### **“Reparations”**

The sky is falling, Skyrim is heavy metal particulate descending into the respiratory tract of a child of  
the new aeon / Gnosis reverberates in the scream of the small boy “No – Sis!” as his sister’s lemonade  
stand is smashed to pieces by the billy club of black suited zio thugs / “It is the law!” Love is the law,  
love under will / Where lies love in the turmoil of this dialectic / A cacophony of cacophagy /  
Paedophilic orgy of freak masonry / Love issues forth from the corruption of a phallus worshipper / Into



the orifice of innocence / This is the answer to Haddaway's question: "What is love?", baby don't hurt me...no more / And the karmic laws revolve upon the wheel of life's fortune / Demonic entities ground in the mill of righteous protest – hangman's justice / Synagogues and temples burn – a wicker man with no return – except ... as a lowly worm; in the muck as this was the preference of the sacrifice victim in the sacrifice of yet other victims / Man's inhumanity bending around, bouncing off like rubber and sticking to the Jew – ciphers, as divine discharge, money shot of the gods, not the godlets from the lodge / Sin-a-gogz

### “Mend-ass-ity”

Catholicity / Universality / peace, love, unity / humanity / democracy / equality / etc. / the platitudes which speak one word to those with eyes to see and not through rose-colored glasses darkly perceived; one word: mendacity! The black, the white, the yellow, the lingam, the yoni, the... same? Quod? Am I speaking to cave-dwellers watching the shadow play of the mysteries of iniquity? Where is the real Lucifer with his refulgent glow – not atomic explosions and Diognesian lanterns obscured by the daylight – the hypocrites only come out at night and revel in perversity till the eyes of the public recognize / that in plain sight their hidden hands were busy doing the devil's work behind the curtain of Oz! Pull aside the veil of Isis and witness a fat Jew-cifer with his dick in his hand – plastering the masonry of the great architecture of the multiverse /

### “Tartuffery of metaphysics”

Reality is your own magic picture show! / But the magic picture show with its unfolding story- time pictures is reality / you choose nothing you are chosen / Fate is all encompassing / freedom is simply another delusive (and yet all to exact) attempt to conceptualize the 'nun', aka now / you are free to choose! / Rather you are chosen as a chooser / your choosing is an emanation of the sum total / Split hairs and find you are splitting nothing / reductio ad absurdum ad infinitum / yet always finite in being what must be by virtue of the fact that it cannot be other than it is / And so all becomes one / insects, golden palaces, etc. / The only meaning is all meaning and its endless emanation / One is led to wagging a finger at all comers / but the finger itself undergoes self-contradicting negation / And ceases to have meaning itself / so one is led to godhead: a light shining in silent stillness – so-called illumination. / All of this empty rhetoric / one must leave these stones unturned should he wish for wisdom / else in divine folly madness spirals uncontrollably into a vast array of infinitely distant stars / and he loses both mind and head in the bargain /

### “Kultur Kampf”

Struggle, a Kampf of mein / multi-hued rainbow flags blowing in a windy holocaust of nuclear flame / To be or not – mono or multi – Kultur that is....who an ally who an enemy – the enemy they claim is within – but without the teeming hordes of Orthune plunder pillage and rape the bloody face of Edelweiss blood trickling down blonde hair, blue eyes, the grinning face black as midnight against the pallid glow of Astarte in a dank, dreary alley way. Who will mourn for the Edenic fields of the shire when the Mordor legions of set/sut pour forth upon the crystal clear lakes of our bedimmed self-consciousness. Identity destroyed by the new aeon; disfigured patchwork of mullato visage the only remains of the Aryan race; a dead skin mask of non- Euclidean proportions that would make Gein scream and the son of Sam-ael do a jig and caper under the aegis of Saturnian forces of diabolical gnosis – for the forgotten will always be remembered the writers of a false history, but to ashes and dust their fate.

Agreeable when auspicious times bestow the largess of the enslaved upon the soon-to-be enslaved – the unknown serfs who are paraded as emperors – without clothes in reality; ripe for the tomatoes of the crowd or maybe the tomato a bloodied stone issuing forth from the tumult of a Saturnian hate, destroying force. The very bones would be picked by the carrion fowl of the dark side; ever-circling the winged nazgul eagerly lapping the vitality of the creator, imbibing the spirit of the strong of spirit / rendering desolate even the strongest / a leech shriveling in the sun of the son / Moshiach ,the absent god who is coming / The temple built upon the bones of the ivory white piezo-electric generators they called the denizens of Europa / The height of the pyramid being attained the mad struggle of the mob pulls it apart again – the falseness of the messianic leaving the stain of the ... same / a cycle of time, yugas, kulpas; to be relived all over again. Broken record blues amid satanic refrains.

Global village or globe of villages? A disjunctive choice – enemy of the ‘one–state’ or friend of the Cainite – can the human battery struggle against the power source that enables his energy current and has the power to shut off his life – energy guillotine ringing in the night of silent stillness the Dove rises with the sun and promises glad tidings but transforms into the hawk and descends with adamant talons to rip and tear “Mongol & din”, mussulman and Christian, - the merry-making of the shire is no more!

#### **“La Vida Loca”**

Intense energy drain – in hyper-drive – organs metabolizing themselves into oblivion – resources deplete; the wasting asset of one’s vitality spiraling into the drain hole of the point of no return. Hyperborean excess of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow / Heaviest, densest of metals gleaned with the fire of life – chasing the prize is itself the prize – but burnout, burst tires and screeching rubber on the rainbow road sends one veering off into a black oblivion. And to wake on the other side in Elysium: Gauguin-esque scene of lazy brown barbaloots in their scanty barbaloot suits serving one a tall glass of paradise; peeling a grape in homage to the gran puta – The foreign world a curious toy for a sleepy-eyed boy on Christmas morn. The sunny dreamscape and carefree laissez-faire welcome change of scenery in the stage play of life – from tempestuous night on stormy seas to calm languid indolence in the security of a translucent lagoon. And the reality – abject poverty, the strife torn fields of a banana republic dictatorship, Saturnian scythe mowing the chaff from their restive plant like pacific existence. Or maybe this just a nightmare within a dream within a dream – perhaps the dream is the reality shining dimly amidst blackest uncertainty / The shadow play of illusions clouds the seers vision / Decisions, Decisions – and endless concatenations of consequences / entailments / corollaries / Tree diagrammed algorithms of possibilities / Attempting to map the real / but the pole star has gone out / It is the third eye and wisdom is stilled in the chaos of the moment / One can create worlds in refulgent light of paradisiacal shores – in the padded cell of self-deception / The madman becomes saint, sinner, businessman, acolyte – and has nothing to show but the fecal matter he tarnished the walls with / Scene painted – seen! The earthy soil of a fertile land of empty promises / Hosed away by the attendant, draining away as once his energy drained from frail and failing body / Broken, weary spirit, driving the vehicle which was out of fuel long ago – to never Neverland / Or perhaps all is a fabrication manufactured in a factory of technicolor dream coats – by the imagination of a young adventurer and real estate investor / amidst colonial mansions in the southern hemisphere – soil palpable, bearing the

scent of the Schumann resonance / 'La vida loca'; gesturing with a nonchalant shrug and subtle smile playing about the lips / Gazing with rapt attention to the capering barbaloots in the hot pant suits

**Prisons**, cells, 4-squared square objects – limitation, finitude, ultimate purgatory – no escape, total annihilation of possibility – only the now, here and what / Fate inexorable straight jacket chokes the flow of blood / cadaver white the victim falls to the hard tiled floor of institutional finality – life is a right angular space forever pressing in leaving freedom to decay as sands in Saturn's glass of idle hours fall out upon greenest verdure left blackened in death / ...and they step outside and life is once again the actuality it will never cease to be prisons of the mind / self-created shackles forged in fires of despairing will / A working upon the self as the only materials / Prison cell of bones and sinews with the vital mass leechlike crawling in the narrowly delimited planes of self-limitation /

### **"Purity"**

Aryan race / blue-eyed blonde-haired ubermensch / is the oversoul merely memetic matricized delusion / or concrete embodiment of idealized man / The notion / very enticing / leading astray from surviving / the material mundane day-to-day grinder, yet without idealism no ism matters – only matter / with the ideal money shot gone impotence remains / weary old bones go to rest in an early grave / No animation from constructive imagination / But the image is a tangible self-creating, creation / No mere meme, a pipe dream of self-delusive frustration / Aryan ideal: blue-eyed, deutsch true; white skinned through and through; red blooded capstone of the pyramid; over the bodies of vile assailants positioned; victorious blonde beastie not a fictive propaganda ministry construct / projected from the wizards of Zion from behind their sequin curtains / ...praxiologically, practically that is to say, matter-of-factly: Is it race or survival in immersion (and inevitably decapitation of higher mind) in raceless profusion of genetic patch work: blacks, browns and reds. The grave matter is that one is a grave digger or a cadaver buried with honor: with a bang or a whimper departing to a living Sheol or an afterworld Elysium Asgard with the Herrenvolk who ride with the Valkyrie. There is no contentment in treason – no matter how specious the conscience/consciousness is – disloyalty is paid with the price of lost self-respect and the burden – millstone weight – of disdain, betrayed, destruction, of his own. But survival is gained – a living death where the zombie remnant of a once proud people lives not to die another day but to live pusillanimous weakness, a limp wrist with no endurance or will to suffer for – an ideal: Aryan man.

Instead, bowing before a brownie with an IQ of 50 as he bends his victim for rapine and satisfaction of animal lusts in the 'tolerant' multiverse of rampant hedonistic vulgarity that calls itself 'liberal democratic society'. The idealism still fades in the face of the odds: the Jew matrix of inevitable destruction (chemtrails, EMF, GMOs, censorship, police statism, communist hive mind

ignorance of the lowest common denomination) – to fight another day? Or to fight with the mind and to direct the sword to targets elusive in their demonic shapeshifting; rather than to butt one's head against a wall of impenetrable fatality – no avoidance but confrontation and self- destruction? / The ideal lives in the blood and will manifest when the time is right to: defeat evil, even though what would be construed as evil (but which is not as a negation of negation) and practice good through good works: creative strivings, improvements, contributions to the sum total – but always as an Aryan and supporting all things Aryan, fire-retardant chain mail / battle preparations unleashed / upon the unsuspecting beast / Demons arise from contented slumber / struck down retarded in combat, buried under / piles of orcs and goblins from the south / mewling with fury irascible / Hell – brightened with the flaming sword of the light/white skin flashing with god like / radiance: the dance of darkness destruction ending in death.

**Hiding** is not the trait of the noble but of the snake. The reserved, those in the arriere guard, taking the safest position behind courageous divisions; the avant garde, forward marching, lockstep with pride in fighting no wormlike sneaking in the blazing glory, of keen blue-eyed maniacal fury. Deutsche tru is an encapsulation of the nordische (Aryan) soul; the hidden hand and the winking eye of apocryphy never known / The aproned smirk of a masked pervert and slant-eyed sneer of a surreptitious leer/queer/ the likes of which are strange and foreign to the Aragorn's and Thorir's sons from the Hyperborean lands of the Herrenvolk / The dagger in the side, the poison in the cup and water supply / The chains of gold wrapped around the manacled limbs of enslaved Nordic pride / To be burst asunder when 'tolerance' ceases to be the rallying cry of libtard dumbocratic equalitarian sellouts – when the rabble ceases to be rabble and leaps upon the leech of humanity tears out its insatiable fangs – the Jew crushed to death, bloated carcass spilling the surplus of its victims from terminal wounds of justice manifest. /

To speak concretely: **South America**? The den of iniquity of a mixed race multitude to be a lone gringo white man against the brown horde of disgruntled masses roving in post-apocalyptic zombie mode, seeking a morsel of white flesh yet a retreat to live again and continue in the future – practical means developing into structures needed to live again and continue in the future – practical means developing into structures needed to duck, cover and overcome the onslaught of diarrheic mass – the white toilet paper and bowl down which they are cast and finished leaving porcelain white cleanliness post mortem and to shapeshift and metamorphose into the white knight of a mad max multiverse, crusading as an Aguierre down the Amazon to unknown glory – even in madness one crowns himself with the laurel wreath and invokes the unknown gods of his wildest dreams. Living the dream amidst complete desolation. No Gaugin here, just Rubens, a lily-white fantasy without end.

An example of modern day **karmic workings** : Jews provide the evil through their religion/race/essence; con whites into subscribing to their perverse ethico-religio-polico, etc. package of peace/unity/cosmic consciousness/mother earth worship and thereby (I speculate the Jews reason) create a counter poise to their evil: low vibrational frequency hate and violence, paranoia, megalomania emotion states and high vibrational love frequency states (goyim/Amalek). They siphon off, via their low vibrational frequency behavior, as energy vampires, the positive 'emotions' of the gullible goyim to suit their personal needs to become a Lucifer. They are a deficiency in relation to a surplus yet believe themselves to be a hyper/super surplus in relation to a resource cache of energy itself of meager stock. Their reasoning is erroneous as they will simply be overcome with love bombs and then detonate themselves with

### **A-bombs**

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Thereby the world will be at peace even in death. However it might be redeemed without a rapturous genocide of all existent entities including themselves if their hate is nullified through a preponderate hate as a directed energy weapon, force hammer that silences the screeching of a cornered rat. It appears as if it is more likely that they are producing more conscripts for the Zion gulags; tillers for the fields, serfs for the manor eager to please and bodies to obtain blood from sacrifice when no longer useable. However plans don't always turn out as designed.

The Jews feared assimilation out of the self-love characteristic of all tribal people. To survive requires ostracism of all outsiders and specific rules/regs/laws which curtail erosion of identity. To forsake 'jingoism' (if that is the term) amounts to self-destruction. Multiculturalism, so called, is simply a garbage compactor of humanity to be remolded into a genetic dough that fits the size and shape requirements of Jewish oligarchs. All people are put through the Jewish golem bakery and fired in the flames of Moloch for the cannibal-vampire Jews to rend with ravenous Neanderthal maw to the point of indigestion the baker must be smashed if the bakery is to cease its production of monstrous aberrations. Kill the king, kill the kingdom (Zion). Or the matrix is complete and all people are slave fodder of international Jews. They are being fleeced, soon to be slaughtered, the sheeple beg for their cud and embrace the friendly hand of the sheerer of their life essence.

**Druggies, alkies, perverts, indolent, traitors, liberals, homos, feminists, pedos, psychos – all manifestations of the ais soph aur, the darkness emanating from the corrupt mind of the Jew. The aiders and abettors of vice revel while the once proud citadel burns around them and laugh as the rubble – so much brimstone – strikes innocent passersby on their way to stoke the fires for sacrifice. "All are equal", they trumpet and puff their chest with ostentatious pomp and circumstances, while they spit upon the blue-eyed, the blonde-haired and white skinned and genuflect before the puppet master of the goyim: the Jew and his mixed race multitude standing about them with a displeased look of wounded innocence with a hand held out to oppose donations – until the price is right. Pay your tithe white race traitor, you have forsaken your kind and have purchased perdition. Fall into the pit of your own making and be buried alive in ignominy, forgotten to all leaving desolation in your wake, lost memory never to be read in the Akashic records. 'Kosher slaughter' says it all; once they have control....all the white race will fall; the liberal/socialist/feminist /homo /egalitarian/pervert / liberal/libertine has opened the Pandora's Box and the germs of destruction pour forth upon the earth. Only a barren wasteland will remain.**

# HELL-TA:

STAIRCLIMBER TO HEAVEN  
OR  
ELLIPTICAL PATH TO THE ABYSS?



## PART 1: DIE-ITS, KOSHER FOOD FOR KALI

Throughout my life of psychopathology I have been haunted by the ‘aesthetic (and ascetic) ideal’ put forth in various forms of media from bodybuilding and martial arts books and magazines to ‘Eastern’ and ‘Western’ philosophy and esoteric tradition. This impossibly attainable ideal has served as an archetype both an object of veneration as well as one of torment and an underlying inferiority complex that has plagued me for life destroying many possibilities that would have enriched an otherwise impoverished life – impoverished in terms of lived experience and human interactions relegating me to the shadows of society as a perpetual outsider both too fearful owing to this sense of inadequacy and too lacking in the appropriate unctuousness to grease the necessary palms, talk dirty and influence people while ‘getting to yes’. It has been my misfortune to always meet with a ‘no’ to all strivings for accomplishments which have borne merely the pits and husks of a fruitless harvest. Thus it may fairly be said that this archetype implanted in my super-consciousness (for it has always been my blessing and curse to be possessed of a hypersensitivity that amplified the meaning of life, seeing the ‘great in the small’ or the universal in the particular) has been the unattainable ideal which has coerced me in a sense to forsake present possibilities for future impossibilities, the ‘tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow’ when all is in a state of as not yet envisioned heights of self-development, in other words ‘man perfected’, the Icarian flight of fantasy crashing to earth in a flaming wreckage of incompatible parts and burnt out gears. Thus time flies when you’re not having fun and the sands in the hourglass cascade into oblivion on the scythe of Chronos who sits patiently awaiting a harvest of souls from a life lived purely as a hopeful waiting in the wings seeking entrance past the velvet curtain onto the stage of life. The sad irony of course is that the stage is accessible – but only through alternate routes – not waiting to adopt the role of a Caesar or a King Richard but merely as an extra – the cards dealt one by fate. For Caesar was destined to die though wearing the laurel wreath, while the peasants in the fields were ensured on average a longer and perhaps better life away from the intrigues of the patricians in their palatial suites. Thus this exercise in theurgical futility led to one’s downfall – seeking to become a living aesthetic god he rather became the living dead whose future possibilities were extinguished through the striving after and maintenance of the impossible dreams of Mount Olympus.

What, it may be asked, is the ultimate cause of these dietary, cultural, and physical pathologies: body dysmorphism; anorexia; obsessive compulsive [dis]orders; inferiority complexes, etc.? All of these behavioural/psychosocial problems have a common root and this can be evidenced through the proponents of these ‘ideals’, the ideologues who seek to sow these seeds into the furrows of one’s

mind as a means of creating confusion over the unattainability of these prescribed ideals of 'health', physical. sexual/spiritual prowess, in short the 'ideal state' or 'man perfected', the becoming a living god, a light bearer which inevitably results in the creation of a satanic figure, living in an inharmonious state – as a mind/body/spirit complex in a state of inner chaos in adhering to these ideologues' prescriptions which are deliberately contrived to harm, a black magic of evil intent. These black magicians are they who the broad masses have been coerced through endless brow beating and Pavlovian conditioning in the media these mages control, to be wilfully ignorant of their oppressors – to be ignorant even of the fact of their own ignorance in a downward psychopathological spiral of cognitive dissonance. Pointing out this elephant in the room to the blind masses is a futile task indeed but in spite of all opposition truth dictates that the finger must be squarely pointed at the ultimate cause of the invention of this 'aesthetic ideal' and all of the dietary and physical culture psychopathologies that stem from it as source, a veritable River Styx: they who control the world (as of this willing) and have for many hundreds of years increasingly since making inroads to Europe; who have used their 'power of the purse' to buy titles, monopolize trade, consolidate power through corruption of the establishment through freemasonry and Christianity. The stand before one and are everywhere and yet lurking in secrecy are nowhere. They are the hidden hand who pulls the economic, legal, and informational strings of the apparatus of the universalist imperium that enslaves the broad masses of the world who slumber in ignorant bliss as they are shorn of their wool through taxes and inevitably led to the slaughter once no longer an exploitable resource.

This eternal parasite which has plagued their hosts throughout the ages has established these aesthetic ideals as a mechanism of mind control which is used to perpetuate the servitude of the broad masses. Behold the eternal Jew, incorrigible tyrant and agent of genocide of all things noble and beautiful in the world. This plagues rat is the cause of this perversion of the health of traditional society's into Hell-th, the Satanization of the physical as a precondition of the Satanization of the spiritual, for 'as above so below' and spirit and matter are one.

What better place to begin that at the beginning, that is to say when I first stumbled upon the formula for my unhappiness, the origin of my psychopathology, a Muscle and Fitness magazine at a yard sale at the age of fourteen. I had already noticed a year before that formal exercise seemed necessary to maintain a certain body composition and that 'exercise' was an ethical imperative – thus I knew to the depths of my Aryan soul, the call of the blood which cried out 'pflicht zur gesundheit' ('obligation to be



healthy’), the imperative of salubrious living which has perennially been the property of Aryan man from the gymnosophists of ancient India to the gymnastike of the Greeks, the colliseum and gladiatorial competitions of the Romans to the gridiron, wrestling ring and octagon of modern gladiatorial spectacle. Even these latter are signs of decadence, however a decadence instigated by the presence of the Jewish criminal which had, like the scum, floated to the surface of society through its monopolization of trade and intermarriage (contamination) with the Aryan nobility – that corruption which led to the downfall of every society it had invaded. So too at that time stumbling upon that bodybuilding magazine published by the Jewish creator of narcissistic bodybuilding Joe (Jew) Weider, founder and creator of the international federation of bodybuilding. The aesthetic ideal I bore witness to within the pages of that magazine was as a lucifer fallen from heaven wreathed in the false light of empty promise: the masculine archetype sought by all healthy-minded heterosexual males: boys and teenagers seeking to attain maturity and become who they are – to reify the ideal and thereby evolving themselves out of themselves, reach for the stars. This false promise of heroism instilled in my mind the body dismorphic psychopathology which would ultimately lead me to living a life in the shadows, a broken outcast beset with an inferiority complex and social anxiety disorder. Of course these were already a presence however they were compounded and amplified through this journey along a broad and winding path to psychological perdition.

Upon reading and obsessively re-reading the magazine I came to the realization for a greater need for protein, according to the requirements prescribed therein which I in my naiveté unthinkingly followed. Prior to this point I had been following a vegan diet of rice and beans and perhaps some lean meat hoping that this would have been the way – a directive of the Bruce Lee book I had purchased. This ‘oriental prescription’ was given a massive propaganda boost in the Jewish media, as to prescribe any non-white philosophy or modus vivendi was a means of supplanting the traditions of the Aryan with any and everything besides.

However, stumbling upon the muscle magazine was of greater appeal as it prescribed more of a strength component and thus had greater appeal than the artful guile of orientalism prescribed in the Bruce Lee archetype.

Hence the focus was shifted given that there was no ready access to martial arts expertise either and I sat gazing at the ‘picture of Dorian [Yates]’ and seeing myself attain the level of the superman from my as yet feeble teenage physique.

The magazine (like all muscle magazines which are entirely owned by Jews (Steve Blechmann, of Muscular Development; Joe Weider, et. al, Flex, Muscle and Fitness; Robert Kennedy, Muscle Mag International) a vehicle of both destructive propaganda and of sales of equally or greater destructive merchandise) had ads for 'mega mass 2000' a 'weight gainer'. I ordered tubs of this product (whey, a possible discard of animal products processing plants). Nevertheless, it was Kosher approved after all and therefore must be desirable. I was following a diet to be 'ripped' (the title of Clarence Bass's book, as advertised in the muscle and fitness mag) and hence had nothing but puffed wheat which presumably caused some stunting of growth in addition to nutrient deficiencies. I then switched towards a tuna and rice diet and this constituted the staple for a few years to come – white rice and tuna were the only items of my diet for a considerable time as Joe Weider's videos prescribed this lower fat approach. I suffered through the horrors of difficult digestion of cold rice and tuna as the tortures of a Loki having poison drip upon my digestive tract while I laboriously imbibed this nutrient-poor repast which I actually found palatable enough given my Spartan lifestyle, following the bodybuilding prescriptions as outlined in the Jewish magazines that I religiously leafed through as a True Believer in the credo aesthetica turning my small room into a virtual shrine of bodybuilding imagery taped to the walls with the central focus being the weight bench. Unfortunately as with the Bruce Lee book, the 'heroes' put forth in the magazines were predominantly negroes as the Jews used this platform to display their archetypes and maliciously intended to establish the negro as their 'animal ideal' or standard which the white males were supposed to venerate as their impossible ideal. However darkened my vision was by this barrage of figures I still retained to some hazy extent the picture of Dorian Yates in my subconscious.

As time progressed I ventured into my 'extreme'/hard-core vehicles of this propaganda, the 'Muscle Mag International' and 'Muscular Development' magazines which drew me progressively towards a correspondingly 'hard-core' diet – one of wheat bread, steak, and prunes. Seeing that this increased my body fat excessively (probably through excessive calories) I eventually reduced the amount of steak substituting it for chicken, bread, shredded wheat, tuna, etc. An acquaintance of mine from a time when I still had 'friends' of a sort upon seeing what I was eating commented 'that's animal food' which was anathema to me and my bodybuilding religion, given that I had no understanding of anything considered 'normal' outside of this and thus looked upon all food outside of this as 'satanic' though only on an emotional, non-verbal level. It was this purity that I was convinced would bring me, minimizing contact with others given the influence of my drunken baby-boomer, prodigal son, deadbeat 'dad' whose gas-lighting trauma induced in me the social anxiety which only found itself

compounded in the false light of the aesthetic ideal and its causality – the means being dietary regulation and formal exercise regimens leading up the mountain summit to the peak, this god- man superman figure who is the living god, the self-apotheosis of the feeble mortal. Always seeking progress I continued along the path.

For more reasons of psychopathology I descended into a body dysmorphic spiral leading to anorexia. I had gotten addicted to ephedra pills which I convinced myself were necessary to attain the ‘aesthetic ideal’ and, through the physiological mechanism of addiction ended up observing blood in my faecal matter through continued use over a course of many months as well as feeling as if a heart attack were imminent through the acceleration of heart rate that accompanies its use. Thus I ceased this supplement addiction but in its place I could not maintain the body composition I had through the use of the supplement which reduced my body fat below 5 per cent. I then developed anorexia and went on a calorie restriction diet that led to probable brain damage (this at the age of nineteen). One thousand, three hundred calories were consumed as the daily fare owing to my having taken the ‘rocket fuel of Icarus’, fat burners, which led to the dimming of my consciousness by the Jews through their media. Recognizing this I understood the necessity of calories to a greater extent than before and (again according to the prescriptions outlined in the muscle magazines) I went to the other extreme also perhaps out of a desire to rectify the starvation through a feast to overcome the famine, having 5,200 calories per day. Initially I put on body fat but after a year went from 129 to 185 pounds of solid muscle. I was closer to attaining the aesthetic ideal. The picture of Dorian Yates looked down upon me from over the fireplace challenging me to aspire to new aesthetic heights.

In order to maintain this new regimen it was necessary to consume (within my poorly thought out calculations) three and a half pounds of fish per day in addition to my rice, olive oil, and almonds with the obligatory small quantities of green vegetables on the side with a calcium tablet per meal as this increased fat burning though of course causing a calcification of the soft tissues which I then knew nothing of. The six meals a day left my digestive tract a pressurized container of gas and bloat. The lack of digestibility of this food was borne out in the whole rice grains which, though cooked, made their way into the toilet. This ordeal of stuffing after that of starving lasting for a few years at one time culminating in six cans a day of salmon which resulted in the development of an allergy that led to vomiting upon scenting salmon when I opened a can and couldn’t tolerate the smell. At this tipping point I recognized it was time for a change.

Somewhere within this time I attempted a vegan diet, that is a diet devoid of animal products as I had prior to the infection of my mind with this mental virus of ‘body[dismorphic ]building’. It failed however as it was excessively high fat and wouldn’t enable the preservation of the muscle I desired to maintain in devotion to my aesthetic totem, this idealized self. Recognizing the insufferable nature of this volume of food and its unsustainability also in terms of financial cost I had recourse to a diminution in both volume and quality being reduced to oats mixed with peanut butter and tuna in a mason jar. The raw oats were largely indigestible resulting in massive flatulence. I thus omitted them and had recourse to a predominantly ketogenic diet or at least a low carb diet. I refer to this particular form of diet as my ‘masonic sacrifice’ as I continued to sacrifice myself to myself on the altar of this ideal. This went along tolerably well for a time while I reduced my exercise as my focus shifted towards other matters. However once the promise of a military career presented itself I increased my exercise and also felt the need of increasing the carbohydrate quantity to compensate for energy loss. Thus I entered into my ‘crumb bum’ phase following the cheapest diet of tuna with a tablespoon of olive oil accompanied by a bread-like dough of wheat flour dipped in peanut butter with again the obligatory calcium tablet and green leafy vegetable on the side with dates and orange juice with whey post-workout. This regimen was maintained for a time until I began to question this dogma at basic training where I was forced through time constraints to consume eggs, the bane of healthy leaving according to previous Weider dogma.

The saturated fat/cholesterol phobia was introduced through distorted research by a Jew name Ancel Keys who served as the poster boy of this campaign surreptitiously designed to strike at the heart of ‘Western’ Aryan man through removing these essential dietary elements (above) and supplanting them with nutritionally poor and oxidative stress-inducing polyunsaturated oils, false plastic fats (margarine) and high starch diets (diets which I was to labour under the yolk of in future years leading to debilitation and dysfunction).

Given the poor digestibility of starches I had attempted seemingly every permutation and combination of dietary structure as a means of including this ‘dietary staple’ the necessity of which was beyond question in this dietary dogma of low fat, high carb – or at least no saturated fat/cholesterol. Eventually, through digestive storm and stress brought about by the harshness of grains, especially when cooked with insufficient water and for an insufficient time period. Given their minimal calorie-to-volume ratio I had attempted to preserve the calorie yield such that the energy lasted over time by not over-hydrating the grain (almost invariably rice). It thus was perhaps harsher than it needed to be though still ‘properly cooked’ according to conventional standards.

Nevertheless the creation of massive internal pressure often occurred but I had standards of my own to preserve that of ‘maximizing muscle, minimizing [body] fat’ and the kosher bodybuilding tax had to be paid in full through flatulence and bloat. At this point however I had enough and reflecting back on my ‘masonic [food] sacrifice’ of tuna plus peanut butter in a mason jar I decided to once again enter into the holy temple (sepulchre) of dietary madness and jettison the Weider dogma for that of Vince Gironda, the ‘wild physique’ proponent of the steak and eggs diet. This I stumbled upon through internet research still seeking the holy grill stone [ground flour] of destiny that would raise me to the status of Olympus, of the hero figures of the nascence of bodybuilding culture the physical culturalists (incidentally given much media representation by the Jewish mind manipulators such as Weider, Joe Gold, Bill Pearl, etc.). Hence I researched with scholarly devotion the ‘keto[dys]genic’ diet studying with veneration the writings of pseudo-scientist Lyle MacDonald and his book of the same name, a work which largely derived itself from the Jew Atkins and his prescription of a low to no carbohydrate diet. As a side note this medical pioneer fell victim to his own prescription dying at a relatively young age of a heart attack brought on by excess fat and animal protein. At this time I was ignorant of this blinded as I was by the false light of ketosis placing me into a mental stupor, a ‘night-side of Eden’ wherein consciousness percolated at a dull level lacking the sun of mind that glucose confers as the preferred fuel for metabolism contrary to the claims of the keto people. Extremist that I am I plunged into the diet and plumbed its depths over the next two years. I adopted a pseudonym for my internet forum Paleo Hacks ‘personman’, perhaps a dimly conscious tip of the hat to the evolutionary process latent in every man and which I embodied as a struggler along life’s dietary path seeking to climb the mountain towards the peaks of apotheosis basking and suntanning in the light of the graven images of Gironda and Yates, of Culter and Priest. Everything that could be imagined was experimented with in these two years (and beyond) with the consumption of vinegar to whole (cooked) garlic bulbs as testosterone boosters to the Herculean labours of dietary practice – meals of mealworms, cheese block celebrations celebrating the ‘great gathering’ of box store thefts from Wal-Mart, etc. as well as the consumption of butcher scraps and even a raw pig’s foot. Eight hundred dozen eggs, eight hundred pounds of raw ground beef, four hundred pounds of butter and much raw liver constructed this labour of self-sacrifice as I struggled heroically through this two-year period without vegetables or fruit and without carbohydrates. The obsessive involvement on Paleohacks and Raw Paleo diet forum led to the daily diet being comprised of 4 meals: 1) 12 raw egg yolks with 70 grams butter and 12 coffee beans; 2) 8 ounces ground beef with butter again and turmeric mixed with the meat; 3) 12 cooked egg whites with shredded coconut and herbs and spices (especially powdered garlic); 4) a repeat of #2 with a piece of baker’s chocolate. This diet was heavily supported by the Jewish propaganda of Paleohacks which

was run by a race traitor liberal who banned me for attempting to raise awareness of the Jews. Sadly I myself had fallen victim to the Jews and another of their dietary pitfalls, the inevitable cancer diet – just ask Atkins.

Eventually this diet also led to its own destruction ('destroyed itself' in Marxist parlance) as adrenal fatigue, a near dysfunctional body that could only struggle through cardio and had minimal ability even in weightlifting, resulted in my understanding the necessity of the incorporation of carbohydrates. At this time I had stumbled upon research which led me to call into question the 'purity' of the ketogenic diet not only in terms of the health of meat and dairy (leukemia, cancer, acidification of the body, etc. especially in high amounts) but in terms of a reliance on an inefficient energy system, that of ketosis, gluconeogenesis (in the event of excess protein), and beta oxidation (free substrate fatty acid).

Continuing my researches I discover the true path towards the promised land of health and wellness – still haunted by the picture of Dorian Yates in the nether regions of my consciousness.

This led me to the next phase where health became even more of a concern as the infallibility of youth was questioned though the degeneration induced by the 'keto[dys]genic' diet. The source which had led me away from meat prescribed a vegetarian diet (vegan plus ghee) and its well-intentioned author was probably sacrificed for his revelations within the next two years which followed one Andreas Moritz whose 'Timeless Secrets of Health and Rejuvenation' also served as a vehicle of n[j]ew age philosophy. Through exposure to his videos I look up the 'vee-gun die-it' and became a convert and ideological crusader for a diet now divorced of animal products which I came to be a true believer in through a few days of experimentation and devotional research.

This ushered in the next phase of my quest for 'man perfected' pursuant of my aesthetic (and aescetic) ideal. The mantra was 'join us or die' and all animal products were sinful agents of health karma that precipitated the so-called 'Western' (Judaized) black magic disease states of coronary artery disease, type 2 diabetes, strokes, cancer, etc. They were thus the devil's food and were stricken from the list of the permissible. Even the 'spoor' of animal food was to be considered that of the devil himself (salmonella, etc.). This phase was a 6 ½ year testament to a failure to make the 'vee-gun die-it' work.

Initially shocked and amused, I stumbled upon the 'fruity-terrean' die-it, which was a fruit holocaust of 6,000,000 bananas a life-span. The You-tube channels of Durian Rider became to some extent merged with the haunting picture of Dorian Yates – became an amalgam of the youthful striving of Prometheus, of Icarus and the mature prudence of a Pythagoras, a spiritually enlightened master of

nutrition and health, of ‘natural hygiene’, yet another lifestyle practice I had discovered in my gropings on the internet, the post-modern Akashic record of Jewgle wherein all the pundits and gurus gathered to preach the gospel of optimal health and global love and peace. The work of Moritz, its alternate title ‘Fear Porn and Animal Rites: Timeless Secretions of Hell and Resurrection’, discovered a kindred daemon in the form of rabbi Gabby Cousin’s ‘Satanic Nutrition and the Rainbow Die-it’ a certified kosher tract which prescribed a lower carb emphasis, a ketosis for vegans. Not wanting to overload my digestive tract with starch I gravitated towards this work and prayed with devotion over its tenants supplicating the daemons the rabbi had invoked to prescribe me a dietary to banish my sins of transgression of past false dietary religions. Copious research into this low carb raw organic purity diet led to its supplement of the Essene Zadokite food priests Kulvinskis and his ‘Survival in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century’ and Clement and Wigmore’s magical ability to conjure magic enzymes out of raw sprouts.

I thus became a Sproutarian, ketogenic low carb raw vegan and gorged myself on avocados, nuts, seeds, sprouts, etc...until I had an epiphany that these Jewish mind manipulators were again exerting their Pavlovian conditioning upon me, influencing my mind with their teachings of [de]men. This awareness dawned through the hazy mists of my consciousness into the full light that carbs were again necessary as I could hardly perform cardio or lift weights in such a carb depleted state. I thus returned to Durian Rider – and the prescriptions of the spine doctor Doug Graham who propounded the opposite thesis of ‘eighty ten ten’ parameters. Enter in the ‘starch pollution’ of the Jewdeo- Christard and probable high level Mason Dr. Johnny McDougall. Pots of rice and oats and lentils a day left me very slim and trim albeit having the distended belly of a starving Ethiopian which made life a very uncomfortable time indeed. Also following the prescriptions of coffee enemas which led to adrenal fatigue and caffeine addiction compounded the discomfort, labouring under this ascetic protocol I underwent a year and a half of fasting for a 24-36 hour period weekly during this ‘veegun’ purification period. Purification was the mantra that I chanted every moment of conscious awareness filling the place I stayed with fresh air, ozone gas, and infrared heat lamp saunas. The fasting was undergone on water and left my intestines feeling like a bag of clothes jumbled up within my ribcage. Copious sweating and shaking further purified me of my demons. Even in spite of this perpetual devotion to this old yet new salubrious ideal of aesthetic/aescetic character led to my becoming degenerated through lack of adequate amino acids, fingernails becoming nearly inverted, and muscle mass becoming comparatively degenerated. This necessitated (after a 3-year interval with only one interruption – I had sensed it wasn’t working but bulled ahead in spite of my better judgment) a serious question of the vegan dogma – were animal products really so bad after all? Was Satan not

misunderstood? Perhaps that dark figure with pitchfork and horns was not merely the outer symbol or mask of an inner truth warding off the unworthy, those who were blinded by the lower states of consciousness – fear, hate, and aggressive hostility to all of that not-self, not vegan? Perhaps this was rather the false idol this vegan icon before whom I had prostrated myself and would have made myself into a veritable god of dietary apotheosis, the picture of Dorian Yates, of Durian Rider, of an Essene Zadonite priest, of an ascetic guru on a lone mountain top. Perhaps Dorian Yates and Girona required reclamation from the pit of perdition into which they had been relegated. Thus I jumped off the vegan wagon before it flew off the cliff and remained on the mountain, though nowhere near the top. It was at this time that I stumbled upon the Kabbalistic ruminations of yet another guru, Mr. (Dr.) Wilson, whose perpetual concealment of the amount of calories and explicit dietary protocols sent me on a journey to plumb the depths of his copious Talmudic scribings upon cooked vegetables and coffee enemas. I understood the seeming necessity of animal products given my physical degeneration under the false dogma of veganism but still was uncertain as to how to implement it. His food combining regime seemed correct and this sent me down a blind alley of understanding proper food combining and meal structuring which made life extremely tedious and seemingly never settled as no definitive plan could be found – I had not yet discovered the truth and the light!

Another quasi-solution to the problems the Jewish gurus and mind manipulators had set before me were the nourishing traditions of the learned elders of WAPF, the teachings of a Jew called Weston A. Price which prescribed a template based on empirical researches of global populations of people following traditional lifestyles and correlative diets. This seemed accurate to me and I decided to adhere to it as far as this was possible in conjunction with all the previous gnosis garnered through the dialectical process of contrasting and comparing in terms of sensation and reflection. However the food combining advocacy of Mr. Wilson threw a monkey wrench in the plans. Researching further I attempted to give a ketogenic diet another attempt, this time having less protein to avoid gluconeogenesis and thereby remaining in ketosis.

Sickness resulted and the ketogenic gurus disinformation was confirmed as such. Upon further research over the next two to three years I was vegan again, high carb, less high carb, ketogenic again a couple of times – 2 days, 1 day, etc. The dialectic teeter totter became a circus ride of madness as I found no peace within the chaos of an unsettled life.

Unbalanced and upset by the surfeit of gurus, statistical biases, falsified pseudo-scientism, n[j]ew age Satanic spirituality and preaching of death (living dead existence). Reading and re-reading all of the file folders of print outs and books by the gurus led to my becoming largely dysfunctional and ill-suited to life. I thus became a shut-in recluse who lived within the confines of a realm of my own creation threatened by the knowledge of the Jew world order and its omnipresence which impinged upon me from all sides and which was the cause of my problem in the first place. Perhaps I



will never fully understand the means to the aesthetic ideal and will search gropingly along the mountain as I meander up and down its craggy rocks seeking to ascend to higher planes embodying the aesthetic ideal as the armour of god to attain the immanent transcendence of the god-man. Know this o' reader, that I have attained at least this knowledge: that any Icarian flight from tradition will lead only to a descent into madness and death. The Jew is anti-tradition; the Aryan is a creator of traditions. No kosher diet can be good for optimizing the Aryan ideal which may not exist in the picture of Dorian Yates but does so within the heart and mind of all Aryans. An authentic life based upon traditions, those harkening back to Atlantis and Egypt are clearly the path towards the summit of Olympus.

## PART 2---EXERSUS: THE HERCULEAN LABOURS OF SISYPHUS HOW WORKING OUT WORE ME OUT

What initiated me into the mysteries of body dysmorphic psychopathology were the 'media models': action heroes in the virtual reality of video games and Jewish Hollywood. This created a desire in me to exercise as prolonged lethargy for one year past quitting hockey led to a shift in body composition away from the former lean/ripped quality of youth to that of a slightly more doughy physique. Upon detection of this state I made the decision to 'exercise', how I knew not but I was insistent upon finding out and so stumbled upon a compilation of Bruce Lee's writings having watched some of his movies, the prescription of orientalism in Jewish Hollywood. This, in conjunction with a muscle and fitness magazine I discovered provided me with a glimpse at the aesthetic ideal, the picture of Dorian Yates.

A negro slave of Joe Weider the magazine's creator was put forth as the 'anti-hero' in relation to the white Mr. Olympia Yates but the latter lingered in my subconscious in spite of this representing the 'call of the blood' of racial consciousness and identification, of authenticity.

Accordingly I purchased a Joe Weider bench with weights and performed sets of 150 pound leg curls multiplied by 100 reps as a routine occurrence. I loaded the bench press which crushed my rib cage (without any lasting damage). I had no body fat and would do multiple workouts a day on a diet of rice and tuna, at times nothing but puffed wheat and would pump away with my 'mosquito weight', a small dumbbell I would do endless arm curls with in addition to endless crunches and other exercises, sessions sometimes lasting two and a half hours in length and never taking a break. This was the time of adhering to the crypto-Jew Robert Kennedy's, protocols from his 'Muscle Mag [community] International' magazine with his showcase of non-white anti-hero figures. I researched at this time into the history of bodybuilding and its Aryan predecessor 'physical culture' which led me to question the value of 'pumper exercise' and place even greater emphasis on the major muscle group compound, most muscle mass, low rep-higher set protocols (deadlifts, squats, overhead presses) mainly utilizing

barbells and free weights and eschewing machines. Seeking the 'natural' form of exercise in tandem with the 'natural' diet I disconnected myself from the shackle of mainstream bodybuilding and its emphasis on 'pumping' iron for muscular hypertrophy. It was here that aesthetics ceased to become the emphasis and power became more incorporated into the heroic ideal amalgam, relegating aesthetics to a secondary role. Perhaps this was my breaking out of the egg of kosher mind control and seeing the truth for the first time. It was at this time through my researches that I became aware of the Jewish influence upon exercise as an institution and how they had poisoned the well of an otherwise salubrious institution which became merely a vehicle of malgenics and genocide through the psychopathologization of men's minds (as well but to a lesser extent of women) through inducing and inculcating in their consciousness an impossibly attainable aesthetic ideal what I have here dubbed the 'picture of Dorian Yates' which haunts the mind of the aspirant to this apogee of physicality and which materializes the spirit, dragging down into lead the philosophical gold of the spirit and preventing its apotheosis on earth as it is in heaven, in short creating a living hell on earth – adrenal fatigue, cancer states, heart attacks, and strokes.

However in my typical zealous extremism of religiosity I made this experience (and experiment) an indelibly affecting one: multiple weight sessions per day with heavy compound exercises – squats and deadlifts on a concrete floor, walking around with a 60 pound weight vest daily for 45 minutes, and doing other accessory exercises such as neck, calf, and forearm training. My schedule and routine constituted an extreme regime of daily exertion within a keto[dys]genic context. This however led to adrenal fatigue and spasming sides around where my kidneys were located. I recognized I had pushed too far and that a reduction in volume was necessary – in fact I couldn't continue the pace in its extremity and began to break down. The joints became more and more inflamed; the skeleton more damaged especially the spine, knees, and hips through excessive squats, deadlifts, and overhead presses.

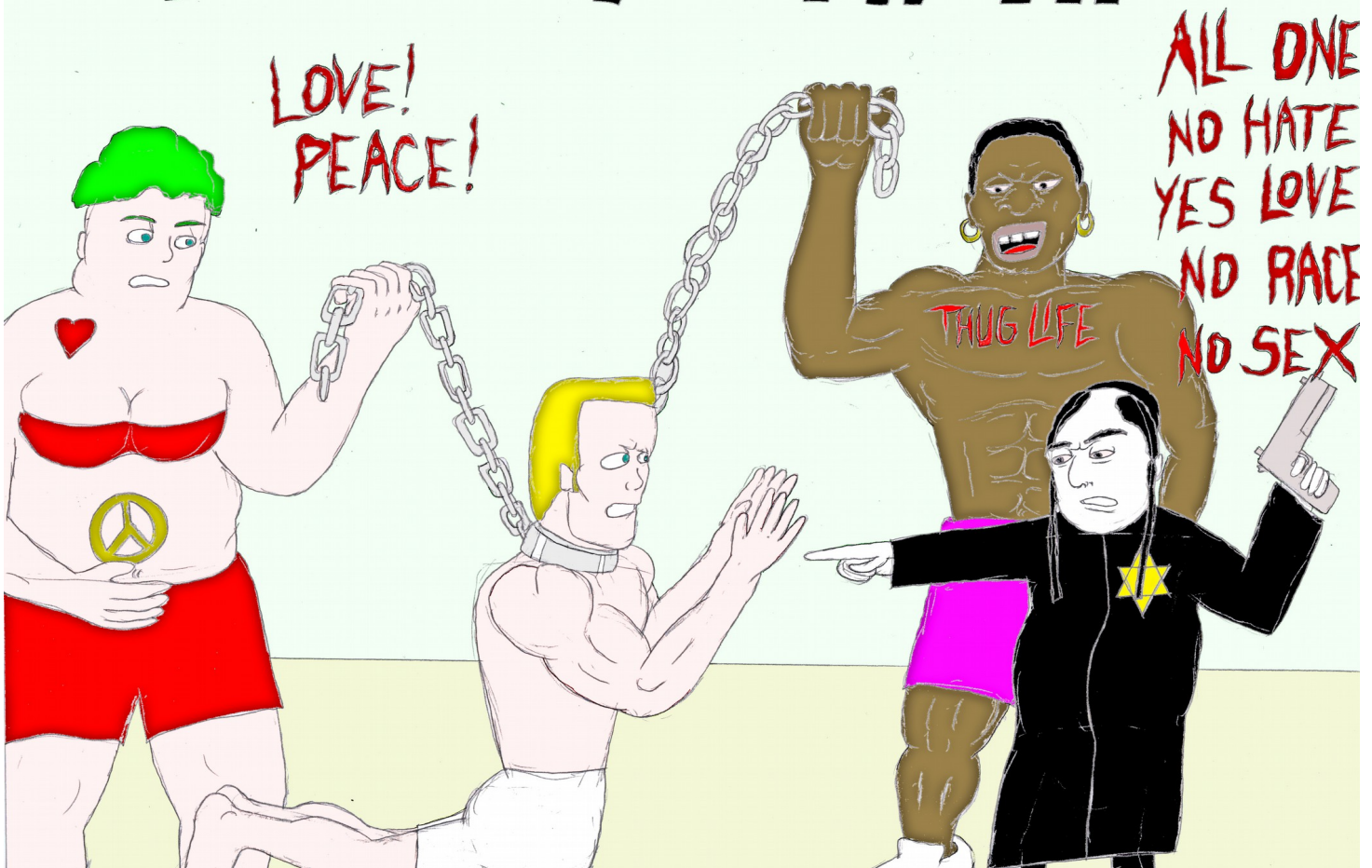
It was at this point that I decided to follow a vegan regime and, having recognized the damage done to my body, decided to taper off my weightlifting though I began to do cardio again. Over the next two years my physical capacity deteriorated through veganism (the 'death die-it', prescription of spiritual suicide values manifested in dietary form) and I eventually ceased to lift weights having recourse to body weight resistance and cardio. However even this failed me and the cessation of a vegan diet enabled me to recuperate lost strength.

\_\_\_\_\_ **Conclusion:** At present I now look upon the madness of Hell-th as a deliberately created state of chaos the Jewish Cabal created as a means of destroying non-Jews, particularly whites and demoralizing them with the psychopathology of inadequacy through the creation of an ever- developing (devolving into the abyss of materialism) aesthetic ideal: the Bruce Lee orientalism, its superficial mysticism in martial arts and rice diets (the 'China Study' – a study in constructed fallacy) to the

picture of Dorian Yates the steroidal Frankenstein's monster of the Jewish Dr. Frankenstein and Mr. Hyde hiding behind the curtain and creating chaos to destroy those who represent a mirror which reminds them of their ugliness. These false idols casting their false light I have thrown down! I have become acquainted with their false promise, their baseness and stand above them now moving upward on the mount of theurgy towards apotheosis. Perhaps like Icarus my destiny is to plunge from this rocky escarpment but as an Icarian I could do nothing else. As a hyperborean it is my fate to ascend heights – why not be authentic and adopt it as my destiny?

Reader, why not learn from my mistakes and forsake the false religion of narcissism and low- minded materialism which has weighed me down with its leaden chain for so long, leaving me a burnt out wreck of what might have been. The experience lent spiritual strength even as I sacrificed myself to myself on the altar of the god within. Be not beguiled by the deceitful false promises of the Jew but rather follow a natural path of the Aryan towards the summit of this mundane world and beyond.

# POPULARITY ≠ TRUTH



Order, discipline – and to what end? - Identity and the cultivation and development thereof. Preserving a living tradition under an adaptive mechanism, the state machine and its minute far-reaching all-encompassing arms – the citizens integrated, the state is an investment of the collective: a mutual fund yielding dividends that continue to feed the machine. Beautiful tracks linearly projecting into boundless infinity – the train of tradition moving along inexorable steel path towards a future seen in passing: no derailment as the tracks are laid in accordance with precision planning, time-tested and error-minimizing – the movement carrying on an ever-expanding project.

The desire to live in a fascist state: everything in the state and the state as everything – no distinguishing between public and private, the home being preserved in its identity yet preserved by and for the state. On a level of such mass, this kilo-pound beam weighing the populous, weighing difference, assessing fairness, giving and taking with justice – the state a home and a hearth, father and child. The cold rationality of the language and brute processes of mechanics brought to living splendour under the hand of the people, the operators. All find themselves the living limbs of Leviathan and his benevolent rationality pervades the earth creating the harmony of coexistent parts, enabling optimality to thrive as the dawning of the sun the vital spirits of the body attain its health and vigour through proper function.

## Class Culture

Listening to the old reminders of childhood again—atavism to naiveté, a pleasant escape from hardships born of longevity. We lie within the womb—of juvenility. Would that we could all be artists and live a life as a child playing. Such is the option of the leisured – no such fate is promised the needy; anything needed qualifies one as needy, but money required under social conditions of this sort banishes the freedom of creation. Only the fortunate taken care of in their pleasant carelessness afford themselves—as afforded to live – a life of self-cultivation. Different tones and sounds, different mood states—by means of music the passions play—but... harsh necessity comes crushing down a leaden weight, furrowing the brow. Care and concern the only recourse of the harnessed horse; the wild horse is tamed by a bag of oats – trapped to feed yet unbridled be – a slave yet free, without which deceased. So... appreciate the bridle that steers towards better paths the aimless life of the leisure class. To be a member of the haves – begets privation in having not, as no lack—of barren possibilities. These stare into the void while they addle their wits with boredom and alcoholic fits borne of no anchorage in the tossing vessel—cast adrift upon seas of emptiness. One must be a member of a class – there is no escape from harness. Yet to have it all entails its negation – no belonging, no mission – nothing is determinant. And yet I wish to belong to this class – infinitude can only be stared at with the eye of the tiger – only a self-mover can create himself out of himself. But the means are lacking they claim – surely to create implies the means for the procurement of materials: means for building edifices in the sky – but...the sky is visualized by the third eye and no means are needed beyond what the determinate classes can and must create – themselves, their culture and their particularity. Philosophical materialism – the pursuit of the blue-collar; idealism – that of the white; the heads and hands separate and go their own ways, developing and closing themselves off from one another.

## The Shire

The meaning of the shire: heimat, place, the soil from out of which springs race—the Northern European people. Mordor: signifies the southern hemisphere; that of colonialism and its motive-principle: profit. Sauron represents the greed of power in the form of capitalists—the hero of capitalism enslaved to its own infinitude; the Icarus of industry plummeting to a terrestrial fate in the flames of his own burning aspirations. The Shire no longer lives but is enveloped by Mordor—the expansion of capitalism and its consequences (immigration, cheap, labour, raceless universal values aligned with the universal value form) the cause of destruction, the corruption of the mind of the shire-man, a.k.a. the parochial, the agrarian, the trader, etc. He precipitates his own doom through exchange and feeding the machine of Mordor. No longer a homeland he journeys forth following narrow interests and exchanges race and place for ill- gotten (“hard won”) gain and greed. Solidarity is replaced by competition, the people are sundered, the world becomes a classist world of segregation, no longer discriminating the virtues that give people identity—as a people—but only as isolates: richer, better, etc. The shire-man has no mind outside of his world—but his world is reached by the panoptic vision of Sauron and the tentacular grip seeking furtively for stranglehold on all activity—to usurp and control as further appendage of power. The wise shire-man, the exception: Frodo, schooled by worldly wise and

far-seeing Gandalf, seeing beyond his forbear Bilbo, as trained to see the limited within greater bounds (Bilbo within the present and then through the past in his development) – critical distance making wise. He understands his mission to redeem and preserve the homeland and people – through destroying the symbol of its greed – Gyges’ ring of invisibility. Nevertheless Mordor expands and precipitates the desolation of the shire – ruining it through pillage and brigandage the people themselves aid and abet – and then are powerless to stop once recognition dawns – the dawn of the New World Order of raceless, homeless, capitalistic greed and strife between persons of all creed, colour, and religion. The seer saw the ring as doom itself and cast it into the fire – nonetheless doom spread forth and enveloped the shire. I draw a parallel here with immigration as a symptom and a cause latent in capitalism and the greed of race-traitors who think exclusively in terms of self-interest – yet, absurdly, not recognizing their self as integral to the group and created and sustained thereby. If the shire is doomed then let us all follow pilgrimage to the mountain and war against the invader – as symptom and cause of the death of a people. The only path lies ahead: that of the Einherjar, the warriors doomed to die in Ragnarok and to enter the gates of Valhalla even as they exit those of their peaceful world of small simplicity. The energy from the black sun waxes hot in the twilight of the idols (egalitarianism vanquishes racism, humanism vanquishes peoples distinct in kind, dishonour honour, artificiality truth, universality hermat and homeland): onto the earth let flow the blood of the white race and drown the mud in vital energies, sweeping them away to the seas of oblivion.

### Bringing the Colony to us

Immigration as colonization-bring the slave populations to us–why go to them? The threat is that Spartan man will loosen his grip through lack of training; his mastery is banished through slackness. The slave builds his inner strength through concealed states (night school, pooling of resources amongst his fellow slaves for the betterment of slave power) and breaks the chain long grown rusty and the holding hand long grown weak through a waning strength discovered in the fleshpots of luxury. The colony is a colony of locusts–feasting on the crops they were intended to generate; spreading famine and growing mutagenically to superbugs. A response is initiated in the master – but it is feeble and the insectile creatures survive to rear their heads in vicious life affirmation once more. The riotous mutiny in the prison colony threatens the foundation of the whole – bricks crack, cracks spread, an apocalypse of flame spreads throughout the tailored public realm. The fleshpots burn; on spits of iron rotate the cadavers of the innocent–all is mayhem. Could it be otherwise than this black vision of a future in the grip of race-chaos? Eugenics, when universally applied, kills the good with the bad, becoming a hindrance and not a help – because applied socio-economically not racially-the regulative principle of society (humanitas) simply furthers the Ragnarok of a world lost in universality. The colony cannot be left as is. The distant shores have ceased to serve as a bulwark of identity – technology has superseded the distance bringing the foreign into neighbourhoods whose face changes to a distorted figure of its former self under the disease-state of the multi-cult of race bastardization in miscegenation and lack of self-knowledge and a will to self-identity. The disappearance of the master as a race is replaced by a culture - void of economic masters who bind their thralls with golden fetters. In this subjection master and slave involve themselves in perpetual enmity and strife, in tumult as the higher – through the misfortune of competition and usurpation – become the lower and the lower – through the same, become masters. No nobility reigns under this regime – simply the race chaos of non-identity in the void of the means, namely capital, its acquisition, and vulgar usage to placate a child’s desiring. Only self-awareness, and self as such only in the group – and hence group awareness and awareness of affiliation – can prove the saviour of the state of mastery the European has achieved through inner

strength. The alternative is destruction through confusion and a slackening in the face of a war of race – when all others (slaves) recognize their opportunity to strike, and exploit it over and over again, the blonde beastie must retaliate with crushing force or perish in oblivion.

### Pharaoh and Mule

P = pharaoh M = mule

(P staring out from high parapet)

P: Behold my grandeur! - The resplendent halls of alabastran glory paying testament to my lofty house of ancestors. For generations 'tis stood against hosts of Barbarian invaders, raiding corsairs and mercenary legions. Its heavenward vaulting ascendancy encircles this vast land overshadowing its humble denizens, ennobling them into its glorious shade. Protection is afforded hence; the masses turn toward me, god made flesh, ruler of this horizon – limitless domain.

(Interrupted in reflections by bond-slave) BS: Oh mighty Pharaoh –

P: Speak! Your master would have it so.

BS: Oh mighty Pharaoh there is a man to see you.

P: have I the time to pay court to every thrall-seeking audience within these my private chambers? But hark: send him in as he will be the last of today's fortune seekers. I will play the role fit for a god and bring his fate to him, making the distant near and overleaping the gulf of impossibility to the realm of the actual. Enough! Bring forth this seeker.

BS: I obey oh Pharaoh.

(Man enters, walking erect – and with piercing gaze fixed upon the pharaoh in his summit perch)

P: Thou art a bold man – perhaps you have something to give rather than mere solicitousness and alms-begging? (The man is silent and approaches steadily, abruptly stopping at the foot of the pharaoh's throne.) Speak! You are wearing my patience thin – boldness too has its limits. M: I am Mule.

P: I can see from your garb the resemblance but had no notion mules were capable of speech. What do you seek?

M: I seek power and to conquer this realm.

P: Art thou mad mule-driver! I am absolute power here. You propose an audacity I have never yet heard. Truly you overstep a bondman's bounds. The very idea amuses me however. Speak on then, tell your pharaoh what you intend and how to bring it about? Your fate hangs in the balance.

M: It is not the power of legions, nor of stone walls which triumphs. Time levels all to dust and stones crumble, bodies decaying once firm of fleshly strength – but that which lasts longest will have longest power, however small.

P: You speak in riddles mule-man! Only the might of sovereignty, manifest in iron and blood will triumph. Yea, even against the destruction of time it too will last – to the heavens bodies ascend and are born again as was I, ten thousand-thousand times resurrected from oblivion. Nay – time is the form, without its content there is no time – we are all time and in time we live, die, and return again and again. The legions and minions in their shimmering shields and mail will forever defend this



realm. And I their god shall forever reign supreme! (At this last Pharaoh stands up, casting from his shoulders his cloak of gold-threaded diaphanous flame-red silk).

Behold! Man-godhood has become flesh in apotheosis. Bow to me now and you shall live! I am weary of this game! Bow mortal!

M: (calmly) Pharaoh, the ravages of time will bring about your own end too, and all that you brew from, your lofty perch. There is only one power in this world that will withstand its calamity and that is wisdom. It too is a transience, subject to the decay of the organic structures of the human brain. To preserve the brain is to preserve wisdom, to preserve wisdom – power!

P: You declare blasphemy! The reincarnate set upon you! (Calling forth guards): Bind him – to the dungeon with him; his last breath has expired with his soul!

M: (pulling out a machine gun as a helicopter ascends the parapet): Not on your life Pharaoh! You too are doomed to die! (Depressing the trigger slaughtering Pharaoh and guards – helicopters into sunset).

Right – wrong; good – evil; good – bad; new transvaluation of all values: no morality, fact! - The living man, not the spiritual. Not the cadaverous life of an anatomical model but that of a kinetic machine! - A meat machine. This is the person incarnate (stress on ‘carne’, flesh and blood, race and organic being). No universal Man, no Human, no person – only machines and organisms of different ilk – graded on a hierarchy of value based on functional performance. Those who are the strongest, who can do the best and most – whose faculties are in perpetual development and employment – producing unto death in harness! That is the creed of the superman. Supraman, transhuman – machine-man – all names for the indefinable blossoming plant that shoots forth from shit (primordial ooze). The pluralists / universalists / humanists, etc. would all have a quantitative mass of pigs wallowing in primordiality – but they are sacrificial meat for the wolves. If one ever looks in a pool while slaking his porcine thirst and sees piggy eyes glinting back – if he is worth life he will seek to transform into wolfishness, becoming a pig, then a boar, then a more vicious kindred mammal – else he will find the pyre and spit his funereal hearth. Given the above premise (‘meat machines’, ‘machine man’) it behoves the progressive, positive, creative thinker to seek to create himself anew out of himself. - New robot functions, new usages for organic being – the proliferation of faculties from out of faculties. This is all life means is excellence, the supersession of the normal, the human, to the supra – and super – normal and human. Humanity should be sacrificed on the pyre of its vainglory. No man is to be glorified who’s worth his salt – the Einherjar seek no fame but ascend to the heights through burning flame.

Criticize efficiency – but to what end? - The end of disregard of efficiency? And what positive contends would be placed in the void of means to those ends (if any) posited by the critics? Life, humanity, etc. – All of these entail and are complemented by systems of efficiency since they all entail a process undergone through time, i.e. history, organic development. Hence they have an end posited (humanity, etc.) and that entails an edifice of means, themselves requiring prioritization of particular means in a value-hierarchy, the means themselves having weighted values to be compared and contrasted, positing themselves as ends in relation to subordinate means. Efficiency has never been proposed as in itself – only relative supportive architecture of arbitrarily (necessary) goals conceived of or acted out by persons. Efficiency is the created



system of means through which actuality is conferred upon abstract goals, bringing them into daylight. Living too long in similar circumstances stagnation is the inevitable result. No aesthetic landscape presents itself – all is washed over with the benignity of whitewash, a haze of insignificance. Nothing stands out from this platitude – all particularity is oblivion; the meaning implodes into vacuity and death results. This is Nirvana, the sepulchral state of Buddhist will- lessness. Better the chaos of a Samsara, and the technicolour radiance of a chaos of forms, passing in kaleidoscopic array. Bring me back to life oh Lazarus, that I may see the light of day, no longer black night madness. Hence one can only produce formalistic writings which draw upon no empirical contents. - Only a first-person narrative that artistically doubles the real life of a solipsist. Where is the content: race, place, organic being? I need the old ideology again, not mere efficiency; the form preserves the mummified content but contents reach *livor mortis* in stagnant tombs of entropy. Release the incubus!

### Monkey – man – creed

Arms steel cabled – adamite – thrusting upsurge – Icarian height – choke out Kamora victim's bane – masculine 'Ism' in thrall the Thane – struggle, strife, master, slave – canine salivation, blood stained – ape-being hirsute feral lodger – ID-ic mental prison rogered – impaled on ithyphallic sword of might – mastered universe – messiah's right – Bringer of sheaves dripping sweat – lost lambs to slaughter sanguine – wet – hound's tooth torn- jugular throbs – adrenal drink – vital, raw – This the creed of monkey's maw – No tongue in cheek, no profound thoughts – just savage beast's envenomed crawl – issued forth – *lex talionis* law Silent

### mouths of hypocrites

Soft – glib – spoken – pleasantry / breath of roses, sound of sea / fragrant mellifluous breeze / wafting from putrescent maw / mouldy cheese / perfumed with wine / detect the underlying/Charming socialite / or alcoholic blight? / Mealy-mouthed after-taste / sugar sweet wedding cake / take a bite / spit out the sugar pill / no placebo / harmless? / Death-filled poison pill / lethal toxin / endogenous generation / exogenous imbibition / *consummatum est?* / Death on wings of supersonic / vomitus in the mouth / clean out? / Assimilation absolute / contact incurable / quarantine doubt.

### Literary difference

The difference between the literati and the philosopher can be gauged on a quantitative basis: the more one writes the more meaningless, the less one has to say, the more superficial, etc. To simply write the word 'Being' or some such is the hallmark of profundity and carves oneself off from the herd as a noble sage. To pronounce 'ohm' and be a deaf-mute otherwise, blind in both eyes but not the third eye, is the height of heights in thinking. Thus it can be said that less is more and that the converse holds. Pithy, condescended, the thoughts which have a diamond structure molecularly dense as opposed to the feathered ballast of philosophe-ers pillow fighting about humanity and its discontents. Thus the sword is the spirit: an evil mind an evil sword, a prolix mouth a prolix mind. - Verbal diarrhea as a sign of brain fog and the mists of a sewer. Thus I wish only to write in a terse and maximally meaningful way – perhaps in a *mathesis universalis* language. No playing about with idle words but rather a sage-like scribing of meaning – nuggets one can sate oneself on these morsels – they have substance. Such is the ideal in literary form – now content is required (and what?). This exercise in winding up the mind's clock (for that is all it amounts to) reminds me – given the background noise – of the impossibility of concentration under conditions of intermittent noise production at the hands of brute labourers. With each half-formed thought there is a wedge driven in – like

an axe into a fetus – it can never become a sentient being, a ‘real live boy’. Thus the recourse is to a sporadicism in thought and an impossibility of continuity – of pursuing thoughts to their intended (or inevitable, necessary) destination. One must capitalize on the moment doing ‘the most of amount of work in the least amount of time’ though aphorisms or brief scattershot ideas clothed in the roughest, most unbridled and entailed language. But the nascence of thought requires maturation as a means of fitting itself out with garments – these take time to manufacture and by then the season has changed making them unsuitable for the climate – itself determined by the caprice of the crashing and banging of daily affairs. The social climate conditions the climate of one’s thoughts more than is desirable.

Masculine domination: anything to be in the right and to determine the structure of things. To decide the fate of another, to be the cause of their ends, to be a means and necessary is the nature of this state. It inheres in all persons and attains a fever pitch in men – forever in a struggle for supremacy: who will be right and rightest, who will be most moral, generally speaking, the best (‘most good’) and the opponent the worst (‘least good’). How can this be overcome if at all?

Nature cannot be overcome nor can it overcome itself. It is insuperable thus this penchant for domination must be embraced. The only recourse to be had in maintaining and establishing friendship is to find a common enemy. But even within the greater war petty battles flare up amongst allies – and the conquest is unattainable save with the nullification of the opponent. Hence the state of nature is a war everlasting and friendship – at most and ideally can be the following:

Friendship: the supersession of oneself in the other through recognition (empathy) of the other’s possession what oneself possesses as a sign of equality or parity or the projection of a parallel universe upon the screen of the other’s life. Thus one bears witness to the other and crosses over from himself to himself – through himself. And thus one finds what was lost and loses what was found and clung to – the self becomes recognized in the Other, the Other recognizes the self in itself – hence unity is attained in the coalescence of likeness. Hence the ‘friendly’ feelings called ‘liking’ in this bond.

The opposite is called:

Enmity: the inability to recognize oneself in the other. The gulf – unbreachable – which determines the relationship of opponents rendering them what they are. And one destroys one’s enemy when he makes him a fiend as Lincoln said – the alternative is nullification and dominance, or the preponderant strength over a relatively weak counter-force or strength; is the only way out of struggle without the positivity of love (i.e. empathy and the concomitant feelings of friendship or friendliness that make themselves manifest in the dynamic). This dark side of the coin is the negative as positive or the negativity of hate (i.e. strife, contestation, contention, etc.) and the concomitant feelings of enmity, evil, a willingness to harm, and to snuff out the opposition by virtue of the fact that it is opposition. Hence the spectrum of emotivity, the binary logic of morality (in the form of good vs. bad, love vs. hate, etc.) finds itself subject to a dialectic of confrontation between organic beings, e.g. the friend and friend, enemy and enemy. - For there is never any unity amongst opposites, – at most a recognition and concomitant conversion from hate to love and vice versa.

Confronting age: one wishes to stretch out the span of life to infinity – but reaching forth one grows weary and the strong arm of vitality becomes atrophied and wavers, finally falling at one’s side in resignation or a complacent apathy.

Load-bearing exertion: a phenomenological study – The consciousness of bearing a load through the exertion of muscular strength (force) is total body systemic – all body systems are engaged and this

preferentially (for stronger people) replaces any buddhistic or mystical communion with the cosmos, or any hallucinatory out-of-body ecstasies that these latter practices claim for themselves. The engagement of the body in transcendental act of ecstasy through complete involvement or concentration of energy in a given praxiological process is the suitable means to affirm in one's detachment from the earth and material conditions – through these same as the ground from which one takes flight. And it is an Icarian flight as no 'beyond' exists, so, as with the crash of weight falling with gravity's force, Icarus descends into the mundane realm once more. This doesn't detract from the soundness of the practice or imply its absurdity – the exact opposite; to come down presupposed having at one point been at a height and given that one's position is necessarily mundane, the height is posited in the descent therefrom. Descent implies ascent when the origin is not one's natural origin but they have been lower before. Hence the aescsis of weight training (load-bearing exercise) necessarily implicates man's self-overcoming. The ecstatic portion manifests itself as the supranormal: normalcy entering into the phase of the supranormal, raising itself through itself in a dialectic of action and reaction, an engagement with the cosmos as mundane material reality. Hence one becomes a 'star child' (Kal-El) in superhumanity as they supersede mundaneness (perhaps to the point of seeing stars through strenuous exertion – or the reaction of the ballistic counter- movement of a load against a resistive force projected, so to speak, through their body). - To reach the stars then crash with joyous familiarity to Mother Earth's arms. This is the *augenblick* of load – this star-gazing concentration of effort in the central nervous system. Bodily energy is manifested outwardly and yet is concentrated within and the withinness is sensed – one feels one's own strength against ('with') the object as a materialistic communion with Being (an ontological-ontical communion); embracing the friend' that is the object with whom concord is expressed in a mutual act entailing mover and moved (both occupying but positions as moved and movers, reactants and products). The object is 'made a friend of' through this physical communion process.

### The peasant's plain life:

To be sure this is the best life – for the peasant; if life is to be limited by and restricted to the merely organic forms of life – the plant-like existence of femaleness. Hence the desire of the female to live the peasant's life in a log cabin in an idyllic valley of milk and honey. The milk maiden (of course not maid) is the standard for such and necessarily entails limitation of one's life to that of a domestic. Hence the peasant's plain life, if the inorganic structures of the mind (embedded as they are in action and certain forms of society) be valued, must be thrown aside – unless one lives the mystical life of a monk wherein the intellectual for its rather meagre, however satiating to the meagre appetites of that group. No high society with all of its superfluous tropings and manner, all the feints and innuendo of the socialite crowd; rather the tower of ivory and the unsealable walls keeping the courtiers at bay. But is it not the case that the tower dwells in the mind and is the watchtower of practical existence shining its light on the true path (e.g. mental life, rationality, higher forms of existence)? And how is this incompatible with the peasant and his 'plain life'? By virtue of the fact that here the peasant is construed not as an agrarian or a rural homesteader but as a labourer whose ecstasy of labour makes the labours of the mind fruitless; the bearing of financial fruit robs the mind of its crops and delicate seeds, sowing the chaos – of greed with the brocaded glove of Mammon – gold dust scattered in once fecund – now dry! – Soil from out of which springs the barren shoots of the universal value form money. Hence the sower can truly be said to reap the harvest sown and the crop yields no benefit save for the absurd act of sowing. So the peasant is one properly so-called. The rural mystic or monk trains the mind and develops it to the pitch of sublimity yet must have materials to work with. Thus the forest-dweller can never be

said to be a nobleman when no materials exist with which to fashion a crown. Other people, other experiences, are needed and the laurel wreath is woven by many hands. One must then keep his hand in or else it atrophies and the outcome is the plow at best, the drawing of the lid of the coffin at worst. Hence an environment that is stimulating is necessary for the peasant to be plucked from the vacuous wasteland of fecund crops and placed in the real land of milk and honey, the peaks. Now the peaks are available to all, however, given mass communications even the most rudimentary isolation can be converted into a noble kingdom – such is the goal I have aspired to create through my movable life made concrete in the form of an RV. One can transport himself from one locus to another imbibing experience, interacting with the elements in a foreign system as a wild card for whom perhaps no one can find a place let alone desire one – to be discarded, yet not to be impoverished on that account but enriched – and then once the investment ceases to bear fruit to toss aside the rotten over-ripe or the shrivelled underdeveloped and to slake one's thirst from the vines of yet other valleys. Yet one feels the necessity to be conquered or to conquer as a mind and to submit to a definite arrangement of particulars – and therein to build a superstructure whose shape is derivative of this base. However that may be it still presents the threat of the negation of possibility in limitation and the extinction of life in domestic life – the conversion of oneself into a servant, a horse in harness, a mule whose life is guided with the carrot or the stick. The only alternative is to find the mind as the source of one's life and let the inner be the condition of the possibility of expansion – such that the comforting (and enabling) material circumstances of life don't erode and crumble around his idealism pulling it to the earth. And yet these memories – of their Edenic paradise before the fall into the domesticity of Eve-*il* – are those most cherished by men. So the mind remains the last bastion of creativity amidst the chains of domesticity. - To sever the latter after a time leads simply to setting oneself adrift on un-navigable waters – the idealism of youth has ended, and in its place the grind of family and paternity. The *pater familias* must become all too unfamiliar with himself in the endless repetition of days and years; the mind is lost and the routine has sunk it into a groove out of which it can never be extricated. Truly this is a grave existence that one carves out for himself.

Absolute license wherein gluttony, profligacy, and violence reign on the throne of indolence, slothful inertia: rampart sprees of violent action and the expenditure of energies to exhaustion in appeasing the insatiable lust of carnality. The opposite pole: abstinence, frugal consumption of food – tasteless and furnishing only the necessary conditions of a life devoted to the higher aspects of existence. Such fates are those available to the intense person – no other is an option. Intensity manifests itself in ecstatic forms or ascetic forms – the ascetic path is the only path worthy of pursuit; the alternate leads to ruination of the self through this same ecstasis (through itself in other words). To spend one's time interacting with the environment – yes; and being cognizant of the process. To spend one's mind immersed in a samsara is to banish the mind to oblivion; the hand of the lotus eaters becomes one's home and the intoxication of the mind is really its negation, the stupor of stupidity or haze of purple that one would garb oneself in as with a mantle of Imperium – all this is the dominance of the animal in its lowest forms banishing the higher. Over this past year, in the midst of all the little discoveries, the outcome has been gradual divergence from the righteous path, i.e. the right path – cultivation of the brain and body and preparedness to engage the world as a potential – enemy or friend, to prepare for all eventualities through praxis, technology of the self. Sadly it has been a straying from righteous principles owing to the stupor which makes stupid. A lack of means to realize goals and the concomitant cooling of the fires of intensity, their remaining as occasional flare-ups to sputter out again owing to the inability to carry them beyond the present. Now means will finally arrive and the ability to cultivate the higher aspects amidst asceticism is mine! Finally the bloom of life finds its springtime and awakens.

TV and the brain drain: the stimulation of the mind through exposure to television and the novelty it offers always ramifies in its opposite – a negative dialectic of brain drain. The educative influence becomes ignorance and the brain goes on a vacation into the realm of fantasy: azure blue and palm trees while one sits in a vacuous wasteland with frozen ground and bleak darkness ensconcing one's ramshackle cabin. Sudden joy floods consciousness and replaces the vacuous depression brought on by the ennui of solitude. But then – the flood of information becomes a deluge and the brain goes down the drain, i.e. one loses consciousness of any theme, rhyme or reason behind all of these tumultuous images and sounds and all meaning is irrecoverably lost. Hence the bliss of heaven becomes the torment of hell and all because of lack of interactive involvement – which is the inevitable entailment of the passive medium TV (or digital media whereby sensory stimuli floods the senses of a passive body who languishes in front of the spectacle. The same occurs in live entertainment but with the positive escape value of the presence of other beings that are also (with the spectator as fellow spectators) physically present in a strange communion with the entertainer / entertainment (be it animate organic or inorganic matter – it must in all cases be animate for it to exert this influence, e.g. to render passive through proffering stimulation through itself) – other beings who are also physical bodies present in a quasi-interactive manner with the spectacle. The spectacle overarches the spectator and renders him the docile body, like a deer in the headlights, frozen, invaginated with the sensation of media – penetrated and imbued as an electrocution (the spectacle), the electricity (its stimulation), electrifying (processed in the brain of) the electrocuted (spectator). Thus one is rendered impotent and can only react to stimuli in the manner dictated (prolonged exposure necessarily results in a proportionally weaker 'resistance' or interaction with the media). So in spite of its value as an offering of riches to the man-god (the mind in its employment through the physical – and only physical – being of man) it becomes a viral presence and takes more than it gives. Regardless life requires stimulation and if no breakdown or assaults occur it cannot grow and improve its functioning. On another note: who one is and who one could be are absolutely distinct but absolutely reconcilable if the latter is to have any real existence as an idea realized practically. I conceive of the superman (at a given time/place, a certain thought figure in a certain, however vague, spatio-temporal context) and then conceive of the real spatio-temporal context and the sum total of the relevant attributes I personally possess – thereby a 'who' strategy is born and from out of it the realization of the conception is brought into being. Man becomes superman. Such is the dialectic (the materialist-idealist dialectic) of life: either you're growing or degenerating – no growth results in inevitable degradation and the standards are continually eroded until they inevitably perish, perhaps irretrievably. After all materials are required to work with and an absence of them means no work can be done – one then consigns himself to oblivion and throws his hands up. The alternative is growth – perpetual expansion to the point of explosion – a tank of compressed gas blowing into fragments; the glutton having bowel problems. One must inevitably come down to earth ala Icarus. But that didn't stop him from soaring even as he burned. So if 'crash and burn' is the motto then the reckless life one leads will be an intense one and a hard road leading off the precipice of a short life. Otherwise there is prudence...and the tedium that is involved. The alternative would be wisdom, not moderation but optimality and investing the least while getting the most – all great heights being accomplished in the safe confines of the mind. But that itself poses the danger Nietzsche fell prey to – the inevitable steel trap of mental life closes on itself and living intensely one burns out through sheer alien-ness in life (from life alienated) and the endless workings of an overactive machine – ball bearings burn out like molten metal searing the component parts and destroying the integrity of the precision machinery – so one must again employ wisdom to forestall the inevitable self-destruction and learn how the machine functions: sometimes a



little rest, sometimes action to fever pitch intensity – sometimes the boost of exercise, of light exposure, of ergogenic aids, etc. Being a physical being in a physical universe necessitates the employment of the appropriate means to the appropriate ends (entailing knowledge of necessary correlations between ends and means): consult the sciences, employ their principles. Focus on oneself; avoid the turmoil of politics as devoid of controllable factors. It eludes one's grasp? – Then discard it as there are only so many years on earth with which to play with the pieces. Thus live life with eyes open forever progressing towards the images of a better state of life. The superman's essence is his existence pursuing the unattainable vision of himself. This is no Sisyphian myth to weep sentimental tears of resignation over! The whole doctrine of resignation belongs to a Christianity and a Buddhism that have had their day and simply linger like so many overripe fruit hanging on the vine in rotten uselessness. Rather cry tears of joy (or no tears at all) over the endless march of personal development. Let the lower beings crawl in the mud over their *panem et circenses* – the goal lies above them, full steam ahead.

### Intelligence as a practice:

Usually it is divvied up into putatively 'rival' categories: the theoretical, the practical, and these are touted as reconcilable or irreconcilable. But I would say: the mind being the brain, (the brain being embedded as a part within a whole) finding its completion within but being separable to some extent physically). Therefore if the practical is a bodily ecstasis then the mind is exclusively practical. If the intelligence (or intellect) is a functioning of the mind (or the mind itself in its operations) then it is inherently practical. Thus the reconcilable/irreconcilable yet separate or compatible notion is absurd as there is no distinction but an artificial 'intellectual' / conceptual one, the creation of the mind, a brain child and nothing more. Who would not embrace philosophical materialism once they understand – practically – how the body/mind 'exists its essence' – how it is (actively and adjectivally) its essence. – An obvious point. Hence consult physiology and the brain sciences to understand the nature of the mind; to understand brain sciences consult all the sum total of theory – but first just practice living in accordance with nature. And then one sees how absurd these issues become. The outer is the inner but only in a materialist sense of the term: manifestations of behaviour and actions speak louder than words (the tangible outstrips the meaning of the intangible in its meaning). One can infer who one is within the barometer of Being. Ashen skin, flab, paleness, weak limbs lacking in vascularity, etc. all are signs and symptoms of inner states and these sum to make someone who they are. Intelligence as a practice: it requires bodily interaction with the environment in order to know and broaden knowledge – this is the discovery process – like a child playing in the garden touching all the slugs and broken bottles and discarded needles – his knowledge becomes (respectively): poisonous to the taste; sharp = painful and glass – painful – bottle – alcohol = smelly and dirty. Hence one learns through experience as is common sense. This common sense is itself developed through experience and redounds thereto in a dialectical process of testing and proof, investigation and knowledge. The take-home conclusion here is that all intellectual pursuits should have at least some physical tie-in to reality (e.g. writing entails a physical interaction with the page, a physical coming-to-be of abstract concepts through graphai, a crystallization of concepts in linguistic form). The word should be spoken and heard not merely processed in the nether regions of the silent 'I'. The physical motions one undergoes should be undergone with maximal consciousness—a total investment in awareness of the connection between mind and body—and so too in dance and motions undergone to music integrated in the mind: the gulf doesn't exist the mind and motion unite in the central nervous system as the creator of the creation. And hence we have the man-god, the ultimate goal of life—realization of apotheosis through the most humble apes. This might be

stigmatized as 'pig philosophy' but only a naïve idealist sinning against the body would put forth such a charge. It is a shame that the idealism of youth is tempered by the onset of maturations' lethargy. In youth one is a firebrand seeking to light the fires in the temple – or burn Rome to the ground. In adulthood a slow, plodding routing grasps one by the throat and regulates the pulse, slowing it like the death grip of the reaper. And the memory of youth perishes in the ratiocination and cynical awareness of the walls beyond which one cannot go. The emblem of youth is a dawn on the new horizon of life; maturity the state ennui of the afternoon. The emblem of youth is a bright golden medallion, the prize over which youth gives battle for supremacy.

Trapped again - no privacy, no ability to think clearly - The mind is a harried animal racing away from unknown predators, no stopping, no goal or destination, just heart failure. The basic guarantees of the most basic living are robbed from me by false promises—I have foolishly accompanied the hangman to the scaffold when I thought it was to the throne for a coronation. The crown is of thorns and I am pierced withal—the wounds run deep within the flesh inextricable. The scars won't heal—indelibly impressed on the mind, seared into the neurons like an acid bath exchanged for cerebral spinal fluid—the pain lingers, circulates and remains within decaying the mind from within. The cause lies dormant in his warm feather bed, immersed in a halo of pleasant dreams and fantastical worlds of high politics and delightful musack. Meanwhile, aptly stated, 'Rome burns' and the firebrand warms himself by the fire—his only sensation the moment, a feeling of pleasant warmth. Everyone else burns—all possibilities become ashes under his touch and the spiteful glee with which he transforms all material objects (and ideational objects) into glowing embers testifies to his utter disregard of other beings. His only regard is for his delight in the senses—if no creative delight exists then passive enjoyment is the alternative; if this fails him he has recourse to destruction. All others are pulled into the maelstrom of his tyranny and perish in the possibilities in his apathy and malicious spite. One becomes a helpless tool of tyranny – and rages at the bars of the cage in which he's kept, spending his vital force in the form of blood in attempting to batter down the bars. The only success likes in being wearier and more hopeless until finally he lies down in a pool of his own sanguine desperation and perishes. No nourishment for the soul (the mind and its creative propensities have atrophied beyond redemption) but for the gaiter plenty of liquid spirit and nourishing panem and circenses. He slakes his thirst of Kvasir's bloody mead: the libations to Dionysus are proportional to the draining of the life's blood of his prisoners. What can be done to escape a prison whose key remains out of reach? No materials exist to manufacture a new one. All bars and walls prevent any means of escape. One is trapped within and has no understanding – nor can he acquire such—of the workings of the locking mechanism. His imagination of what could exist beyond his cell fades with time. Soon the four walls become a home of sorts and a sullen contentment manifests its dangerous self. Then there is no more hope and the moment suffices to perpetuate the dull-witted wasteland called life. No novelty, no change, only an atrophying inertia within the prison house of a finite mind. The walls close in with the closeness the closing—of the mental horizon: proportionally one fades away into a living death that harbours no vitality and only the same sombre hopelessness that has characterized life. 'Where' – 'what'—'how'— all of these fragmentary half-questions bubble to the surface of the mind, now gone flat, and they represent the last throes of a desperate being who knows that an indefinite time will elapse before the possibility of an indefinite thing ceases to exist and with it life will be extinguished.

### Hilarious old people – the apes of man:

It is indeed true that the ‘elderly’ (to speak euphemistically) are ‘apes’ of their younger, and hence their betters. Allow me to explain why this conclusion is valid and acceptable in the minds of rational and thoughtful people: because of neurodegeneracy and the loss of the supportive structure and concomitant physiology of the brain, rendering the brain a non-functional (or dysfunctional at most) organ. Hence when the organ fails the functioning fails—it is this that is meant by ‘failure’, i.e. the cessation of functioning of a thing in accordance with its essence. To see these human charlatans (still human, yet anthropoidally so) mimicking the motions of their younger kind is the clearest testament to their inability to uphold (through their existence) the standards of those truly said to be ‘in the prime of life’. Hence, rather than indulging in old- people worship like so many cultures would it not be better to follow the creed of Peter Pan and to create a wonderland prohibitive of the elderly—everyone must die but some must be stricken from the kingdom when they lose even the powers of a citizen. Such is nature’s law: the weak will be beaten straw, as Redbeard said. Why, the question must be asked, do other cultures worship their forbearers? I would say it is because it convinces them to uphold the structures of society and to perpetuate ‘the system’ of propagation, etc. If the people didn’t support the elderly the latter would withhold resources or the young wouldn’t be willing to invest in the future fearing no return on their investment. It might produce a more stern and stoical society however, and out of this way of life would be a stronger race born (a Spartan race of warrior caste who would be perhaps short-lived in vivo but not through the generations and who would be more courageous and ruthless in conquest than any other—for they would have to face even their own kind as enemies in place of an effeminate comfort that leaves weak and crippled (an old age before old age—the latter condition would have an opposite effect). This would be the recipe for imposing a new order of nature’s law upon the weak and timid sheep of a decadent Christian world, comforted by the sweet soporific pastures of a suburban wasteland, lounging in a hypocrisy and self-righteous moral superiority that pays lip service to their own degeneration. The wolf would have its sheepskin torn from its back and the inner would correspond with the outer – the law of nature would rear itself on the sour milk of a she- wolf and the populace would descend to gladiatorial contests and mercenary games. The wool of the lamb of god has been sheared and the wolf stands forth from the shroud. The elderly would be set upon as crippled sheep, once springing about in the clover now tottering on the precipice—into the wolf’s jaws the fall, the descent of man into superman through the heroism of Tyr with the Fenrir wolf—the gentle hand that stroked the wolf has been bitten off and in its place a hardened cyborg appendage has been grafted over the wound. Dog eat dog is the creed; alphas, betas, and omegas—all across the spectrum of natural hierarchy, the endless hues of the Rainbow Bridge o’erarching Asgard—and only the brightest remain reflected in the drops of the tears of god. Back to the social issue of elderly folk and their place in the world. It is mainly guilt that prevents the children from exacting the price owed: or perhaps it is incentive (‘guilt’ as guilt- edged bonds and baubles?). What is the condition of the social safety net (macro and micro structurally meant, at the level of the nation and that of the family)? In the former case an incentive given to ensure the perpetuation of workers in their work, of the class structure supportive of those who control it all. At the level of the family the incentive is to recoup a benefit, always of course, cashed out in emotive terms but—realities—redeemable in exclusively financial ones. Reputation, the preservation of the noble house, the continuance through time of genetics and lineage: such is the ‘nobles’ incentive to maintain the lineage. But: does it go in the reverse (forward moving) direction—e.g. towards the elderly (not from them)? The march of time is forward never back and that which has done its deed ceases to play a role by virtue of the fact that they



cannot contribute to the up/coming, the beings of posterity. If that is the case then they have truly become a 'burden' and the scythe descends in the name of justice, however many tears of pathos may be shed. The creed of the future is: 'all for me', that of the past: 'death'—for the future is all that exists in thought and actuality, the past has no existence save as a memory inscribed on neurons fading from the mind. Hence only the living matter and what it means to live is to create and to do so energetically. The alternative is death or a mere clinging to life in the face of death. Some need to be made conscious of this fact so they may gracefully bow out and contribute to posterity. Some, noble souls, do so willingly (the Roman bath). No ape of humanity is human, no other than the human deserves life. However many resources society may have more might be generated, more achieved—hence those who deprive others of the energy and ability to create are themselves the worst criminals and deserve the so-called crime of death (through murder) themselves. To become the king, the king must be killed—the killer is king such is the harshness of nature.

### The inherent intolerance of Christianity

It has been claimed by many former Christians that the religion is (as stated above): and that it cannot be otherwise (inherently so to speak). Why?—The answer lies in it being the establishment of a dogma through a certain form of praxis (i.e. love). But I would claim that this is also inherently contradictory as violence is always the means, the opposite and opposition to love. But the means is not for the manifestation of love per se and in all cases but of love maximally, for the 'greater good'—hence the dogma retains its consistency but...the consequences are intolerant. But again is the creed above tolerance or love—amity and concord—which doesn't imply 'tolerance' but rather agreement between parties; and an agreement may have no tolerance at all such as when the prisoner violates the social contract and receives the consequences of breach, namely an intolerant and unpleasant love—for that reaction is borne of love as the mother for its child, the stern pater families meting out just consequences for the betterment (correction) of the transgressive child. So it nevertheless, in spite of intolerance, remains a doctrine of love. Judaism is a dogma of intolerance (as most dogmas are—even those concerned with extolling 'tolerance' as the cardinal virtue, the in itself)—but it is definitely about hate, or an antipathy between the chosen race and all others; Christianity is the universal and embraces all even in irons. So is this criticism meaningful, i.e. that it is intolerant? Does tolerance matter as the cardinal virtue?—Why?—So that peace and love will reign? But that proviso would make tolerance a subordinate virtue, with love / peace the end. Hence: the liberal, secular humanists extol what they decry (or vice versa). And they are the inconsistent ones. So the take-home message is: either uphold love / peace / truth (god's word) or don't claim that your charge of intolerance matters to those who uphold such virtues especially if you would refute the dogma with itself—you posit the same and defeat your own arguments in absurdity. Myself, I claimed no regard for tolerance except of reason and truth and that which makes the apotheosis of the superman a reality. The messiah could never exist as a strong (competent in terms of human virtue) being worthy of emulation if he only 'loved'. Here love would have to be construed as agreement amongst a plethora of beings (races, people, etc.) and that would be absurd given their extreme differences. Hence the absurdity and self-defeating nature of love: to love, i.e. to agree, with all is impossible for a particular being, to deal with things as they are in equal ways. However, if the creed is 'that which is agreeable is what is', i.e. 'treating things as they are in themselves and in their relations'. Hence all beings are preserved as they are, even in death (a chicken pot pie is preserved as such by entailing the slaughter of the chicken and its destruction in consumption). This doesn't seem to be about love however but about a stoical indifference or an objective, god's eye view of Being and beings. No one can practice this creed of 'letting things be as

they are' unless it were in their nature: hence they wouldn't need instruction because they would simply be as they are. Welcome godless materialism on the scene. - All the better for those who would rather live instead of worship idols. The things that are, are...you are a thing, therefore you are - and you are as you are no chastisement will change that, at most it amounts to pedagogical instruction with the aim of getting others to do your bidding but...isn't that only natural? Hence we have what we have by way of morality: a certain dogma, a certain regime and a certain compliance. - Tolerance?—No, but a regime. At least it picks people out of the accustomed animality. Nevertheless a godless humanism under materialism is a kindred substitute and I look upon all humanists as Christians who have lost their god. Best creed: whoever is the best is treated as they are according to the one treating them—and this is a necessary consequence of who 'they' are. Best life (follows as a consequence): not necessarily being the Best but to be able to maximally enjoy life.

Paradox: internationalism claims to be supportive of the cultural differences of all other cultures in the system of cultures (and hence is totalitarian in essence—it wishes to order a finite system of elements within itself as a set that overarches and entails all elements—to be the system of elements of the cultural plane itself). Nationalism is claimed to be against all other cultures by virtue of its inherent limitation (being a positing of itself as an element, as the only element that it concerns itself with itself and has disregard of others save for its own existence—as a reactive relation to other elements). Hence this is claimed (by the 'internationalists' of the political realm) to be desirable on the one hand and on the other undesirable – but it is a perverse claim whose error lies in the falseness of the political idol of 'multi'- or 'unity (humanity under multi- culturalism)—there is no unity when difference exists and the condition of an element's existence is its preservation of its identity, its integrity. To unify disparate ('different') elements is to destroy their being and hence reduces all to one element—a system that contains only itself as an element and is hence a 'null set'. Such is the cultural vacuity of today's world. All culture is now reduced to a unit: humanity = quantity. The value inherent in quantity is not organic but abstract and inorganic, an abstraction. Hence money can be the only value that remains in a cultural 'null set'. Such is the world under any regime be it communism or other—the unit that equalizes all reigns and the singular, the racial, the organic, perishes in the flood of a pure chemical bath. No organic life exists under a condition of singularity and this is the logical conclusion of internationalism: negation and death. Perhaps this is the inevitable outcome of all control—it leads to stasis and inertia: the regulation of the flow of life becomes life and the beings that live become nodes along which is transmitted acts and omissions generated by a primum mobile (rather there is an implosion of all beings into the primum mobile which is eo ipso created sui generis). What remains is a wasteland of culture best embodied in suburbia and a desperate pursuit of materialism or a flight from the earth in an empty monotheistic mouthing of 'god', 'g- d', etc. 'Humanity has a common origin': myth. If so, from whence issued multitudes of human beings? They cannot all have come from the same womb nor had the same source. Therefore: they issued from multiple wombs and had multiple origins, were multiple beings. Also, on the premise that two beings cannot occupy the same place at the same time they were distributed spatio-temporally in different loci—hence they (millions) were spread out. Perhaps across the globe; but not from the same origin.

That balmy fall afternoon at the old alma mater: a dreamscape that hearkens back in time to the old naiveté of youth – the bloom of vitality, the pregnancy of promise; the hopes of future glory; the mysteries of life unearthed and discovered amidst the festive celebration of 'school spirit' and '*esprit d' corps*'. But was the reality anything remotely similar? – Youth! Whither hast thou

gone? And the pathos does not dispel the reality that youth was not as it was for most; the subterranean realm of thought and inevitable hermetic praxis left me out of the loop of juvenescent jouissance. But the time was a great discovery and a very vital experience—fever-hot mental experience, not the feverish heat of alcoholism and socialite frivolity. But again—that was an element that contained yet smaller but no less essential elements. So the old Archie comics dreamscape of fraternities and rosy-cheeked youth is a lost possibility. The old college days are not to be reminisced upon with corrupt sneers in the dregs of brews, the sour regrets of a dead past; neither were they a boundless time of play (playing the adult in the shadows of adulthood); rather they were an ascesis, a time of intense devotion to the MIND. All else was but a thought figure in the mind, a creation of artistry and artifice. The seriousness of philosophy could not and would not stoop to the level of ‘the festive-hatted’ crowd in the words of Seneca. The regret (which does exist) lies simply in the cessation of philosophy, not the inability of the philosopher to partake of Samsara—the-regret of ‘letting go’.

The spider: in the web controlling all is in the minds of some worthy of criticism; I disagree, the spider is god! And god is the mind (central nervous system). Criticism of the criticism of the spider as with the untermensch’s criticism of the ubermensch – revaluation of all values! No more hedonistic carnality, hedonism in the genuine epicurean sense of self control is the value system sought. Its form lies in the past (order, ordering) and is embodied in the notion of ‘radical traditionalism’, a revaluation of all values as an atavism to the conditions of all valuing (order of thoughts, ordering in thought, and thought as an ordering and order, i.e. a regime functioning praxiologically). Self-control embodies creation; no creation without the negation of distractions un conducive to the act and goal (all stimuli, thoughts, etc. not conducive are definitively ‘distractions’ – they negate the realization of the goal, of the focus, the vision of the goal).

Music and brain stimulation: higher and lower culture, allegro and...pellagra? - The tempo alters metabolism, imbues the mind with thought and alters the manifestation of creative action. At one point the rudimentary staccato of machine-gun-like beats, then a change towards harmony, symphony, and layered, a thoughtful provoker of the mind in its workings. I have taken to writing today to dispel confusion the endless cacophony of aims and executions (partial and complete) have left me rather aimless; too many particularities and in their place a complete maelstrom of half-thoughts. There are simply too many possibilities and as the beautiful soul one is left holding the bag waiting for a distribution of endless goods but receiving a mouldy government cheese as his reward for devotion to unknown tasks whose substance eludes him even as he stuffs his craw with the old and mouldy. Limitation is the only form of freedom and the ‘curse of having everything’ invariably leaves one with nothing. I am even contemplating (when say ‘even’ as if this tips the scales beyond the sufferable?) obtaining—and these thoughts always orient themselves around ‘obtaining’—a medal from Soviet Russia that depicts Lenin and Stalin embossed. It could represent many things but does it represent anything but a desire to hold myself out as a power—and to whom? Interpretation of this medal: Lenin—claimed by today’s pop-cultural media as a profound ideologue misguided in his aims: in reality a Jewish supremacist dictator and irrational... in other words generally undesirable. Stalin—represented as an ideal of evil and wrong, the wrong and failure of a failed utopian ideology, posited simultaneously with his ‘respected’ forbearer. I recall a ‘poli-sci’ ‘prof’ stating that (to paraphrase) Lenin = good, Stalin = bad. And yet this is clearly from the Jewish perspective (the prof was Irish—let us not delve into that mysterious connection between these races). So what does it signify in ‘my interpretation’? Answer: the supersession of the negative by the positive—the real truth overcoming falsehood? The claimed liberator and actual butcher of Russia, Lenin, and the denounced butcher and liberator (- from Jewish tyranny) Stalin, who had many ‘useful

Jews' but wrested the control of power from them, as it were, through them (the ideology of Marx). From out of the ashes of monarchy–Marxism; from out of that of Marxism – Nationalism along racial lines and the concomitant improvement of the real people of the nation, e.g. the real nation, though under the international banner: internationalism as colonization not erosion of a race from within. That is the direction for all politics that supports a people as a people. Hence I intend to acquire a medal of this sort, a tangible sign of the affirmation of nationalism in the face of a corrupt 'humanitas' voluntarily assuming the yolk of Jewish supremacism. The Goyim are free only through the death of the goatherd, the breaking of the cattle prod (that of the mind in the form of media, of the body in the form of the gun—it requires guns to beat guns, not blindfolds and obsequiousness to stem the assault). Hence the medal will stand as an affirmation of nationalism, its supersession of internationalism, all under the guise of internationalism as the sheepskin worn by the Fenrir wolf of national, race-being in its battle with the hypocrites of 'humanity', fraternity, equality. Of course no one here claims that Stalin was only a Nationalist (though they don't claim he was not a nationalist—simply not 'only') – rather 'my own' interpretation, that he was an ultra-nationalist and established an international nationalism (e.g. colonization of other nations immersed in the USSR and communism – notches on the belt of power). At the same time claiming to be for 'the people' of the nation but in reality for the intellectual elite, the power desired and to maintain a desirable state of existence for the rulers. But do I advocate this? No. What then? If I were a ruler I would tell you, if not I would have nothing to say. If I were a ruler I would embrace the dogma of socialism (for this is what it was and is—rule of bureaucratic elite and their military). If an average person who stood to profit by it: absolutely, embrace it. If one who does not—absolutely not. The selfish self decides on the basis of its position. But who says that it decides anything? Decisions are for the decision makers of course—duh! Hence the medal in any case...I have set upon some changes in appearances and perhaps more are forthcoming – a way of exteriorizing the interior, 'mere' window dressing (not at all). And so we become mammonists and worship appearances, popular opinion, et al, all of those things condemned by the ascetic that condemns one to a Samsaric consciousness (as experienced now). How I long for the old asceticism! But life demands action, action appearances...still I am in confusion about what path to take in life: the world of business is crude and vulgar, but does basic survival necessitate that mammonistic economizing of thought? How I long for the certainty of an idealistic position! And yet scholarship is so dull...so write, learn useful and edifying things. There is no idealism in scholarship; it is book-keeping for intellectuals. Do, in the practical realm, only that which the practical realm does and prospectively may (with a certain degree of probability—Dictate!

Diet (carbs): yolks—plans, juggling all particulars the mind is clouded with a storm of locusts – no room for creation in a mire of filth. It was a more productive time when the mind immersed in a life of rudimentary objects, the most basic state, had only those basics to occupy itself with. Now in attempts to know all one knows nothing—that is always the way with Samsaric consciousness so to speak: Nirvana, where for art thou! Answer: in a minimalistic physical and concomitant mental space. Better to have barren surroundings and thought will create surrounding mental structures. Stimulation of abstract conceptual thought forms best manifests itself in and through the media of music and writings (phonai and graphai) not any 'graven images' are gods derived from, but the 'kingdom of heaven' lies in thought and this is best worked up through stimulation of a non-visual kind. The visual may spin itself out of nonvisual concepts—the non-visual concepts may derive themselves from the former—but the visual can serve as inspiration – so too the non-visual can give rise to the visual. It all reduces to brain physiology in the end and all forms and modes of thoughts and its works are a physical manifestation of the mind (e.g. brain). Hence the take-home message is that one should cultivate abstract thought forms as the basis for a more complex conceptual edifice and that it levels the ground of clutter preparing it for construction: an

empty space visualized through sensation amounts to the same thing. To clear the mind one must clear the environment: too rich, too stimulating, and we have a cacophony not a symphony, too banal and the curtains close leaving the audience in blackness. No middle ground here but a different path than the mere quantitative 'too little', 'too much', and 'just right' (aura mediocrity). Instead the adequate, not the moderate path. How can perfection be moderated? It cannot be altered, it simply is what it is, unassailable, neither increased nor diminished. The goal determines adequacy the goal is not determined and modified by an overarching or underlying 'adequacy', the *trompe-l'oeil* of adequacy but adequacy itself which can't trump itself. The ground: base state of minimalistic circumstances (always physical what else) that serves as the forum of creative existence. Clear out the lumber of the mind or burn! Recently I have been having a fantasy of 'high society' (properly so-called 'properly so-called'). It entails the dandy-boy amidst his bohemian environment of high-rise condos, bustling streets and ritzy finery. And then...the reality of a city descends upon one and he opens his eyes to the brutality of desperate struggle: the vicious dog-eat-dog of the mean streets. Yet is the fantasy in the middle somewhere...off to the side maybe. It hearkens to a nostalgic state of existence: the dirty 30s or roaring 20s or some such...and yet thinking thus (a dreamscape) the decades lose meaning owing to their brevity; in place of them the passing of life amidst endless tempestuousness. Truly one lives but for the day and then bows his head to the reapers scythe: then it can be said to be the end time and time to cease, for one to attain timelessness through nullity. So the take-home message is perhaps: gracefully enter, gracefully perform, and gracefully bow out or get the cane around the neck. – Buddha! Aescetic life in the form of the intense concentration and devotion of a master player in life's game. So the fantasy dazzles for a time; but then fades not in a sorrowful fade-out but in a placid contentment as the party ends. Would it not be better in the country? Now that question has been asked already: it was affirmed that it would be—but discovered that it would be a tomb of barrenness—a vast wasteland of redundancy: tree after tree, the stretch of limitless space—no obstacles to bump into and yet no sensation to awaken one to life, simply the endless ennui...and yet 'boredom lies in the mind!' The veil of appearances beguiles but behind is the hollow skull! Content lies in the blindness of sensation and the all-seeing, all-knowing eye: illumination! The stories, mystics, aescetics all had one thing in common: absolute control through the mind even in ecstasis—they went away from themselves and returned but they never left!—Why? Because they took themselves with them! Wu-shu = no mindedness, the will-less ohm—and the distance of epoch! Dwell within the mind and all happiness will befall one—the contents of consciousness should not point beyond the self but should be as a yo-yo —always returning from self to self. Returned to self, happiness is attained. No more crowd of appearances, only a fullness of endless satiety – such is the modality, the achievement, of the 'Buddha'—absolute contentment but a continuance of one's animality.

A cult: cult of intensity, hear the strange and exotic beat. But let us take a closer look inside this cult of mystery. The content revealing itself to me is mysterious, an unknown yet having a cult form of 'some sort'—hearkening back to ancient tombs and pyramidal structures; fires glowing, drums, and cymbals clashing on the fingertips of hypnotized dancing girls. The congregation sits in a special arrangement around a central hearth—a sacrifice perchance? The drum beat and dashing symbols escalate in intensity then cease 'all of a sudden'. Lambs to the slaughter. I have often conceived of establishing a cult but lack a congregation. Money and connections would suffice for a start—to branch out into the realm of a new world order created by a group of aspiring 'X's, unknowns whose destiny is not yet known; no sarcasm or hollow mockery of cult but a life or death cult form modelled on paramilitary lines but intellectualized—an ascetic practice of mind and body unit: not a cult of pain or suffering of stoical hardships but one of augmentation and the execution of a mission; once again, however, the creed is an unknown as to its content—I have long juggled concepts in the mind that could serve as foundation stones for the edifice—and masculinity along



mithraic lines: no universal brotherhood or sisterhood but a cult of men nonetheless, perhaps with chattel women? A white nationalist community? A community of different races (the higher races) built along intellectual lines? A cult of a few rulers or privileged with their proletarian mass? A cult manifesting the plurality of human virtues amongst its members: strong hands, wise heads, etc.? These details are the base, the superstructure also has its appeal: aesthetic beauty: pillars and stone, obelisks and flame. “Mortal Kombat” type scenery juxtaposed with Babylonian mystery cult stylistics: Egyptian or perhaps more primal: the barbarians of the steppes and the Vikings: Cossacks and northern barbarians. The members would have their trappings: fur or leather: functional fitness yet eccentric in style and material: a certain style of hat, badge, etc.

### One World (revisited)

Would it not be better if 80% (an estimate made by some contemporary theorists) of the world’s population died? Probably and especially in the case that you were among the living (assuming you value your life). But what group must live, what group must die? Money seems to be the most popular factor in decision, yet...a day-labourer (oft-called ‘skilled’ labourer)making 70k per annum is said to ‘outrank’ a PhD or other well-educated person of polite society by this same standard. Quoi bono? The mammonist vermin who muck in the mire and whose existence consists of trading bodily energy for cold hard cash—a conversion of vitality into dead value, a prostitution of self for the mere continuance of prostitution of self. It can safely be said that ‘untermenschen’ are unworthy of being included in the remaining 20%, save for their inherent ‘use value’, determined by the wants/needs of the ‘others’. And who are these, those who must constitute the kernel of the populous, the yolk which feasts upon the surrounding white. Surely the answer is: ‘polite society’ and its folk, in the main—the intelligentsia. Again (side note) it can be definitively ruled out that those who are merely denizens in a given place are not to be included in the 20% - except incidentally by virtue of there being no means to oust them (poisoned water supply, seismic waves artificially generated, vaccination, etc.). Thus many slip through the cracks simply by ‘hanging on the fringes’ and being, thereby, ‘under the radar’. That seems from a practical standpoint of the one who belongs nowhere, or having any guarantee of ranking among the 20%, that seems the best bet: either shining fame in the political class, with squeaky clean reputation living life in a glass box viewed forever by one’s peers, or mysteriously shrouding oneself in oblivion, hidden in the fold of sheep. Yet the eyes are forever watching: neighbour against neighbour, son against mother, daughter against father. The self-surveillance of the mass by itself, in the name of competing for reputation and benefits for ‘ratting out’ their fellow man (of course ‘in the name of security’ and ‘the good’), is the surest way to perish in the tomb of one’s oblivion. There is no beating the mass through anonymity except as one of them: and the walls of privacy come tumbling down under the burning gaze of suspicion re: eccentrics. Hence the take-home message is to be ‘good’ or perish. - Or to be ‘bad’ in the ‘good’ way as a member of the ‘polite society’. But the wardens of the gates forever shake their spears at aspiring entrants unless they have the mark of birthright: i.e. were born and raised in the place and know x, y, and z and more importantly know them in the only meaningful sense of ‘known by them’ and vice versa. In any case the world would be better off with its ranks decimated from the bottom up: a reverse haircut leaving the wig and eliminating the unclean cadavers. Hence become polite or be cast out into oblivion with the rest. Further to the commentary on culture and its ‘lowering’ – yes, the brutes tear to pieces what exists beyond them. The flower of culture is trodden on by the gardener who sows the seeds of destruction: and all becomes weeds. Finding a place in the world is obviously difficult. But when a stern reality looms on the horizon, choices are made in the face of necessity – without foresight no preparations

are made and all is washed away. Hence one must go to meet one's fate, gird on the sword and all...but only one path can be taken. Hence all effort must be consolidated and all pursuits must cohere and keep in step with the cadence following in the only inevitable direction. For me it is control: starting from the base (the body) and going outwards in concentric circles of relative importance – incessant, no satisfaction. No recipes for loafing or lounging except in the sense of physical recuperation of bodily exhaustion. Control of body, of mind, and employment of both are under controlled conditions. - Controlled, of course, by the mind. So learn the physical, its causes and conditions, and fill out the other necessary content of life, always anticipating the occurrence of the worst and most feasibly worst not mere phantoms: survival under the most brutish conditions, then under the most genteel: an apparently impossible synthesis between animal, primitive life and godly, elite, 'high society' life. Maybe neither extreme will ever become a reality yet – at least one will learn how to jockey for position between the extremes no matter how mediocre the life. At least this will amplify the content of life and make it more interesting. After all, why pigeon-hole oneself in a narrow society of crudenicks on the one hand or aloof pomp and circumstance aficionados on the other? Dare to be different! Maybe you will be stigmatized as a criminal and crucified by the mass. Nevertheless, with sufficient 'flavour' you can walk on the treacherous waters of these volatile reactionaries. The old attempt to break out of the conventional – it leads always back to the old 1<sup>st</sup> square – because the escape methods were too well known and one returns via the back door. I wait around the house seeking escape from the routine drudgery...and require an external cause to pull me out...let there be flames cast be the rays of a new son (arsonist) into my house that I might leave its comforting stagnation. The messiah is absent and like polkaroo, when I enter the locus of his dwelling he disappears. Two things can't occupy the same place at the same time but if they are they may: inference: I am the arsonist to precipitate a new life; I hold the anarchist's bomb in my hand and ass the messiah it behoves me to explode it within my own domicile – crack, raise the roof, and escape to oblivion or else to create a door into a future possibility heretofore unknown. Still, being the philosophical materialist that I am, I require an external cause: the kingdom of heaven lies within but heaven is the same old ennui. Fire and brimstone! Rain down! Sometimes the most vicious (or viciously pleasant/pleasantly vicious) states of affairs are needed – simply roll the dice and your number comes up; snake-eyes or whatever else. Going wildly off in all directions is impossible – you can only go 'one' direction. Then whichever way from start is a fatal one – one must go, choice is an absence. Hence the old external cause is needed; tripping on the stone in the road and heading to the hospital to heal. New media, new ideas – as Rakim said, 'shop at Sears' (for new ideas, that is). The physical materials make a new world in the mind. Too bad for real life laid to waste and atrophy for the sake of virtual/imaginative reality. The latter's place is where idealism must dwell behind: put the cart before the horse and push! Whip it good! It must serve reality but it conceives of reality so strangely...perhaps that's a problem; perhaps a solution – one way or another it isn't boring. And that was the problem. – Solved. Positivism however – what contents to put in consciousness? Whatever relates to real life (i.e. physical existence) and makes it fun and interesting – duh! A child could have showed me, but not told me, that. So it comes full circle? Or is the praxis to be as serious as a child at play. Who could stand the condescension of the unreasoning brutes who call themselves 'baby-minders'? We are idealists and require a life 'larger than life' or else it would be a 'life undeserving of life'. - Physical existence as the base of a superstructure that supersedes the physical.

Apropos of Bach's harpsichord suites: always the image of rolling hills and baroque architecture the masses are excluded from the picture, Europe comes into its own and dons its noble crown. But how much of a caricature has this become? Now Bach is played in low-riders while the barrio denizens tip back 40 oz. – truly the culture of the aristocracy has crowned the populace with grace – now, indeed, even the raucous mass can play the harpsichord and compose (for

themselves) entertainment for the nobles of their own private realm: wife, self, chillins. And yet isn't this culture? To scatter materials (pearls) before all (swine) and then peer into the plurality of different worlds through these reflective orbs? - And to have transmitted into them the regurgitation, the 'feedback' of the swine from their stys. A mote in the eye but the vision of a kaleidoscope not an infection of pink eye – the world has many alcoves to be investigated by the curious children of the heart. So pry into them all and spy about a little, why not? No more noble culture with all its vain pomp and affectation, its delicate care in pronunciation, but rather a slurred-voiced polyglot bleating and neighing in a cacophony of tongues – a satanic affair indeed! I would much rather investigate the uninhibited creation of a man of the streets, the proverbial 'Gutter Rat' with all of its novel offerings (like a dog bringing a rat to the master) than the ossified cookie-cutter shapes of an influid regime of class (e.g. the bourgeoisie et al). I'd rather, yes sir, I'd rather eat a gutter rat than a hard gingerbread man made from a store-bought mold. - Much more nourishing fare. The aristocratic veneer has been exposed as the impostor it is – in place of a pose we have the whimsy of positive action – no limits, no negations of possibility only negations of realities that lack appeal, however 'decorous' (and this may entail the most carnal, hedonic repast of the 'bourgeoisie'). Let positivity reign, as a creator, a being born to make shit into sugar. This begets a plenum in the mind: torn open by the chainsaw of wild creativity, the concepts spill out amongst the grasping hands of the masses (and self). To be taken up and put to use, used in accordance with their essence, which is their existence...which in turn is their use-value 'fur das leben'. I think of acupuncture needles and their potential (hypothetical) role in electrical conduction (transmission of electricity). Stick them in a pattern of the peace sign around the skull – and attach them to a transformer – turn it on, light a Christmas tree – Santa Claus not only gives, he takes.

One world religion:The old dichotomy Good vs. Evil embodied in its traditional religious forms (prescribed by Christianity) Christianity itself in opposition to Satanism. Is this to be supplanted by a new dichotomy along Nietzschean lines, i.e. good vs. bad with the noble blood and honour vales of the 'Aryan' or white man supplanting those of the corrupt sentimental pathos of the fertile crescent? Is this a bad thing? No more finger pointing but in its place a judgment of things 'as they are' – no prescription just natural life. Not life for life's sake or for an eternal cosmic ideal (heaven, humanity, heaven on earth, the new Garden of Eden) but instead recognition of real human existence: strength overcoming weakness between and within 'the self' – no self-abnegation or overcoming but instead a self-positing in an environment of competition over resources where 'only the strongest survives'. - Mercenary life where one's loyalty lies with self-aggrandizement, not Mammon but self-affirmation. The more output and investment of/in oneself the higher ranks one's life. So it would be embodied in 'Nature's eternal religion' – the desirable and good state to be in not merely avoidance of evil or 'good works' but good works as a manifestation of human virtue (i.e. physical and mental excellence, e.g. the excelling of one's laziness and more basic existential state). So perhaps Satanism would be preferable: license in place of inhibition, etc. But the consequence of maintaining a society where the 'good' could live outside of basic needs would require an iron grip of security force to restrain the demonic beings created by such an ideology. As well establish a very cruel primitivism where 'higher' mental life languishes? Or would it? - Perhaps only amongst the 'goyim'. One world, one religion, one state – totalitarianism spelled in immutable capitals, seared into the flesh of the mind. Good fortune for the chosen, the 'good', bad for those lacking such a fortune. Genetics draws the lots of fate and caste is the determinant of value: hierarchy rules the petrified world of Being in the becoming of the man-god. - Superman, better the underman. Let us hope the new bible is not too unnatural however.



## Marathon

Cyclic motion becomes hypnotic Loco-

motion

Para-ambulation Keeping in step

Left-to-right across the nation The act of movement creating a hypnotic effect: breath correlated with step, circulation ubiquitous effect. - The Icarian pursuit of an unknown goal – ‘full steam ahead’ in the name of progress. Beginning and end – forever in sight yet forever outstripped: Being is becoming / quicken steps / elapse your personal best / lie to dust, weary rest.

Stranger in a strange land – home is where the heart is, in a physical sense. One feels their place in the *corpere*–insofar as the *corpere* can maintain its state, one is at home. Homesickness is simply distorted homeostasis–maintain the body and the mind will follow. Sometimes one wishes to become a stranger to oneself and how? - Simple changes in bodily state. So much for profound metaphysical speculation. To put myself in a state I propose the following: daily structured creative endeavour: journal or ‘diary’–anything written, drawn, etc. as an evocation of the thoughts (read ‘states’) of the time. A revelation of Being as becoming solidified as a museum artifact–Egyptology verbalized. I have adopted the Icarian creed again. It now simply necessitates finding a vehicle for it in ‘endless striving’. I claim no ‘aristocracy of the soul’ – simply ‘Icarianism’. I am an ‘Icarian’. Fine, plummet from the heights – at least they will be reached, however distant the end. Better that than relinquishment or ‘moderation’. - Moderation of what? A goal that can never be attained and necessitates maximum intensity defies optimality and burns out in glorious blaze. Particularity is the form of this Icarian striving now: fill up the cups and drain it – not of mead but blood! Kvasir’s blüt is the only honeyed draught for me. A call to arms and action and of a plenitude of a plurality of gestures, acts...but rarely omissions. - The force hammer of Thor, the bolt of Zeus, the ‘X’ of gods willing.

## Interruption: Starring Icarian and Fyodor Karamzin

What to create, what sublime accomplishments will issue forth from the third eye today–what! A noise, a scraping, a shuffling...it must be that beast Karamzin again! I hear his wheezing breath, symptom of ill health and general degeneracy. Hark! He interrupts even those most superficial reflections -“Do I want this thing here...” “Do I... (what)...can I help move this thing there...” inarticulate vulgarity! Thoughts as roses trampled on by the coarse cloven hooves of that beast Karamzin. I smell the creeping halitosis...the wafting fumes of alcoholism that overpower the attention, blind the third eye! I...the scraping again–this time outside my very door! Coughing and wheezing of the beast who hovers–right outside...now inside “Here!” it grunts, “here!” making reference to some material object it has grasped and now wishes to discard under the guise of conferring a ‘benefit’. “Very well,” Icarus has fallen from the heights again. Truly a mental ward is this cardboard box I have been imprisoned in. Desperate struggles as futile as the worm punching its way out of a wet paper bag. The heights plummet, the dust billows with a crash of noble stooping – Icarus has fallen into becoming from the heights of Being! Now what remains but to crawl in the mire with the beast-men! Alas a god apotheosized reduced to anthropoid ape! But a moment of peace...and the destruction passes leaving ruins in its cyclonic wake. The sticks are used as materials from which to build an empire: brick and stone and stick, piece by piece, until the Beast returns to destroy it all. Karamzin! You have shattered the dreams of Olympus! The Aristocrat of the soul hangs in limbo from a rope of your bacteria-rich hair! The noose tightens and the mind goes black. No contents of consciousness replace its ethereal gloom a midnight pitch of satanic negation. And to think...yes to think that thought ‘was’ and

no longer 'is'! Such a thought even, cannot be thought as the thinking organ is destroyed. In its place a machine, productive of units of activity whose value is as pearls cast before swine, even these lowly gaudy baubles are nothing to the crowd; one would become 'mud' (read 'dumb') to appeal to the barbarity of brutes. Trough and sty! That is the plane upon which existence is now lived out! Vulgar consumerism and the bottom line, the gold standard being drudgery. And to think the heavens awaited a new god—flesh of their flesh, blood of their blood! Instead the soil is soaked with that vital elixir! Icarus you have fallen! From the particular to the general—such is thought as ban of life, necessarily a function of the functioning of the brain. The external is the internal: brain is mind is body -no one dwells in a vacuum but in a world with all surrounding determinants and conditions of life. They are the rungs on the ladder to Elysium and the motor principle is health. Icarus' flight time and distance, his speed, is proportional to health. Only the soundest body has the soundest mind and the most deserving flight—all others are merely lucky, their paths plotted by those who stand above them. Holes to fill and beings to fill them. Surely life is not a mere filling of holes. A digging perhaps...

Positive and negative morality: the Christian stereotype of the 'good sheep' has nevertheless its appeal. Is it not better to be happy after all? To celebrate life with jouissance in the inner not the Samsaric form? And this is inner peace. Positive morality in the sense of the love principle has its value despite its artificiality—in principle one shouldn't abide by love unless it be self-love, i.e. integrity, agreement with self in one's being what one is. The negative morality is a disharmony between oneself and others as well as doing what one doesn't want outwardly in a false manner. Thus one becomes an enemy of oneself and others. But the satanic (or diabolical) element lies in one's pleasing oneself while at the same time lying, cheating, stealing, etc. Hence all acts judged by others desirable are not good for self and vice versa. The recourse is to be had to self-contentment in agreement with oneself and, if in accordance with this agreement, with others. Only under those conditions is agreement 'agreeable' in the proper sense.

How to live?: What should I do? These philosophical questions are not merely practical considerations but a question of lifestyle. Arranging material conditions to suit one's desires in the moment—This can be hazardous as not only does one's desires change but so too do his material conditions (the basis of his desires). But the arrangement of material conditions is nevertheless necessary in developing a certain way of life (ideally one which corresponds to the soul of the being in question, i.e. the inner states). Therefore the creed 'to live in accordance with nature' is the operating principle dictating one's actions and establishing a form of life thereon. The tenebrous nature of the future decides one's life course as one which maximizes security at the base of life, e.g. physical needs and ascending the hierarchy to the summit of self-actualization or transcendence. But the base must be a secure bastion of creation and material needs determine all 'lofty' superstructural ones. Lifestyles – assuming one can 'pick and choose', the ideal would be a catapult to the apex of needs and their glorious realization thereat – the dawning of the sun already at its noon-height. But under present conditions in the world that is precisely what is at issue: whether this form of life can be maintained and with what degree of security it can exist – and for how long? E.g. is it sustainable? The answer is no. I speak of 'higher forms of life' in the physical sense of socio- economic class being and the concomitant ensemble of goods and badges of status which accompany it. The high-rise condo yuppie lifestyle is not sustainable. One must flee to the countryside. But not just any countryside - that which is most liveable in terms of temperature and autonomy (e.g. the ability to grow and cultivate the fruits of the soil and the beings – animals – raised therein; hunt, fish, etc.) – And this necessitates being in a warm place: Warmth, rich soil, minimal parasites and infectious disease, etc. Remote locations have their virtues: lack of detectability, the condition of privacy and autonomy; they have their vices: lack of security, lack of

protection in the herd (inability to be sheltered by the collective). Thus one can decide which type of environment would be best with a coin toss – although I would wager it comes up in favour of remoteness and isolation. Given the development of technology (heat sensors, etc.) anywhere in the world is a threat; hence to hide within the mass seems most advisable and to remain to cultivate skills and abilities conducive to survivalism is most desirable. Eventually to purchase land, populate it with security forces of one's own (fellow lodgers) that can assist in securing it is the most desirable path. That or become a wolf in sheep's clothing amongst the citizenry and cultivate skills and abilities that maximally ensure survival. Preferably says the civilized man, not so says the rustic – but power lies in the hands of the shepherd and his flock is not so readily sacrificed as the wolves beyond the fence no matter how sickly they may be if there is no benefit from them there is no protection for them – such is the reasoning of shepherds whose thirst lies in wolves' blood, sheep's milk – a Kvasir's mead of tyrannical proportions. They slake their thirst on the blood of wolves sooner than that of sheep – the blood type is similar and a transfusion enables life in the bloated cheeks of the sanguineous vampires. Hence the take-home message is: be a good, humble sheep – or perish with the wolves, however strong or weak they may be. Now I write with a hiatus from philosophy and the mind feels happy. Not to say that philosophy's absence releases happiness to fly to the heights from the cage of thought but that a temporary, probationary exercise of its wings about human reality is always a happy occasion. Like everything, a small divergence now becomes a greater divergence later – philosophy's absence could render its own disappearance, its own unknownness. Now it is known that philosophy is merely dormant for thought – free and liberated in the world of immanent aestheticism. Soon it will be back and will explore the subterranean sepulchre of thinking, walk peripatetically through the Daedalian complexity of the mind. – And what will it find? - Perhaps the same things, perhaps newness. Like ejaculation, it engenders the new, production of new potencies. Such is a respite from the mind – life. Back to death and human finitude: conceiving of everything as impinging upon the mind as an electric surge – a pleasant and yet exhaustive, if not painful, use of the organ, the muscle. To give myself identity is to render finitude – to show one's cards and to expose himself to the contingency of a loss – of power and power to create. - To lose the upper ground.

The movie "Scarface" is the modern-day equivalent of the myth of Icarus. But it includes moral elements left out of the 'original' – and thus is the sublation of Icarus in a theoretical respect – the positive, noticeable and recognizable elements of Icarus as a myth are embodied here but it is amplified to illustrate just what that myth means: to be a true Icarian you 'don't fly straight', you're a Chozzar as the movie states in the character Frank, played by Robert Loggia. By which means you contravene the status quo's praxis, its flight; here it is the Other-regarding nature of Tony Montana, however, being the embodiment of the superman (he who is doomed to die by virtue of his superfluity) which separates him from the liberal-capitalist attitudes of the bankers and politicians, those who 'know how to hide'. It is an investigation, of cinematic proportions, of just what morality is today, what its dimensions are: communists vs. capitalists and which moral doctrine is really more virtuous, more humane. Though Montana espouses his hatred of Castro, nevertheless he cannot be the ruthless person that the liberal-capitalist is? – 'Gettin' fucked!' Though caught up in capitalism and of communist origins he nevertheless cannot attain to the former's alienation of the not-I, of anyone who stands in the way and doesn't maximize pleasure and minimize pain. The argument against the principle of utility is born out of his inability, his inherent moral aversion to, the execution of an enemy when that enemy is surrounded by his children – he instead kills the assassin who he has thus far escorted and subserved. It is not exclusively about the rise of the American dream and the fatal descent of one whose greed outstrips his means (a social 'comment' on capitalism if you will) but about the morally corrupt nature of self-interest and how that corruption reigns throughout this present conjuncture. Communism here, at least in this moral aspect, is revealed in its death apropos of capitalism, embodied in

the form of the dying Tony Montana, surrounded on all sides by the enemy and eventually falling from a height into a pool of his own blood – communism interpreted as inherently corrupt by liberal-capitalism – just look at how Stalin, Mao, and Che have caused such devastation. But communism certainly has met its death – society is no longer agrarian, only satellite nations are - the producers, the serfs who slave for the bourgeoisie.

Proletarianism has shifted its geographical territory – it's in the third-world that this ideology might have an effect, might take root and then spread a network of roots towards all other nations in infectious hegemony. But the hegemony of communism is impossible – the powers of capital will always vanquish it and the inevitable development of capital will solidify the rationalization of the system, the infinite analysis of everything living until it dies a theoretical death through systems planning and being assimilated into the models which suffocate their own absurd references. More than any petty political squabble, Scarface represents the consequences upon individuals of this same squabbling: possessive individualism, egotism, self- interest, and lack of concern for any and everyone else excepting that they are the down-trodden recognizable minority groups (racial, sexual, and national) – all as opposed to the Other – regarding attitude of socialism. And yet the latter is utter effeminacy and Christian-moralizing in its secular aspect – resentment, toleration, a generalized (and necessarily politicized) herd mentality. Learning politics aside this movie means still more in an absolute and self-contained aspect (of such there be at all outside of interpretation): individualism, the human project, development of self out of self, the cultivation of the not-yet, the yet-to-come – the superman with his fundamental flaws and fundamental Icarianism. Bodily residue is draped over the whole of one's existence – and literally at that in the form of bacteria, mites, parasites, microbes, etc. without which we would no doubt become very weak and diseased would incubate within us. The age is one of excess and health is its standard: it always entails activity on the part of the individual; be active, be healthy. When in reality health, if realism is accepted (health according with natural proclivities) is nothing but peristalsis – the absence of activity, not passivity but an absence. Just allow the mould in the fridge to grow, the body to produce and consume itself with the simple maintenance of health under the auspices of the *aura mediocritas*. No constant scrubbing and germophobia ala Howard Hughes but an unconcern with things – not an apathy nor a passive laissez faire, hippy-type demeanour ('just be a man') but a movement ahead without stumbling over the impedimenta which stand in the path of the infinitely possible, transformation of self into whatever it may be.

'D.T.A.' – a theory of ethical proportions, a theory of the paranoid: 'Don't. Trust. Anyone.' And I had previously looked upon this theory as almost laughable in its cynicism, appealing to those who, at the time appeared to me as foolish and average – everyday types, people who belonged to the world of the system. But now I have experienced a mistrust (in many forms) which redounded to scepticism, doubt (or was an expression of same) and which led to cynicism and perhaps to a flirtation with nihilism. 'D.T.A.' is a theory which everyone in a liberal-capitalist system accepts insofar as their minds are alert and they think that the prevailing psychology of motives is extort, i.e. what's this person's motive, reason? – Gain, self-interest...'D.T.A'

### Club Scene

I hear the ringing in my ears – the interior music is an expression of the external bass which endlessly beats like a marathon-runner's heart, beating in my ears and coupled with a concomitant ringing, resounding throughout the darkened illusory nature of the club with all of its lights and sounds. The faces of excited

people surround me and I can just make contact with available means – eyes and gestures, with flitting streaks of light and darkness that clouds identity. Vocal communication is impossible and the mouthing of words is just cause for laughter

the confusion of all of us within this party, one amorphous subject undulating and gyrating in a hysterical frenzy to the thud of bass and eccentric sounds made concentric through their regularity. We are swept up in the surge of our own bodies, distracted by our movements and unaware of any theme being undergone. There is none but the unintelligible which carries us away, there is none but the height of our own frenzy – as we subject, an undissolvable totality. It becomes atomic through the progression, the unknown and unaware progression of time as it rushes towards us – the club closes and the beat dies away to the excited hum of exhausted bodies who peregrinate on the wings of time which rushes past them. The lights shut off and silence descends - a death of the frenzied intensity which boiled the blood of the excited masses moments before. But blood runs cold in the sweat of survivalism and this ideology governs those former free spirits whose spirits now depart, lie dormant for the next thrill, awaiting it amidst the regularity of a regularized world. - So much for momentary interruption, when life refuses to allow its members to deviate strongly from the necessary track which governs their life. It is a pit of waste – this life of laissez faire exuberance. What is the value of striving after gain and then throwing it away in the moment just so that the moment and its utter wastefulness can be perpetuated? And to be coerced into involving oneself in such things through associating with those who must seek out the simple (i.e. women). A misfortune to be sure but life must accommodate even the most unaccommodative souls. The club scene – a pit of waste, a chamber of exuberance: Is this a desirable place? By no means- but life must undergo a diminution from time to time. These short choppy sentences would pass for written marks – and even art, but their very nugaciousness discounts any hope of the attainment of the standard of the true and the beautiful. How can this standard be attained one might ask. One might also ask how it may be avoided for no one said that ‘the good’ was implicit in this mighty ephemeral thing in itself. Of what value is a completely substantive entity? - Of what proportions and dimensions? – Enough, who can tolerate this nugacious ranting, at the expense of thought and enjoyment.

Vengeance and forgiveness: Those who seek vengeance for injustice (imagined or otherwise) demonstrate their petty-mindedness, thinking in relation to that external to their will and recognizing the slings and arrows of others which in a more noble type, would not be recognized at all given that thought would be focused on things related to the self not others or to things beyond the self. Vengeance is a sign that one is affected by another in a negative manner and seeks to attack that Other to cleanse one’s tarnished reputation or conscience (consciousness of being capable of injury by the perpetrator). Vengeance is only noble when it is not vengeance but justice, i.e. an instrumental means of furthering one’s own projects (if these same harmonize with the sum total of the greater good not for the greater number but for the number of the greatest, e.g. one’s own tribal group). Thus vengeance functions as a survival and evolutionary mechanism of the advancement both of oneself and of those who are an extension of the self, one’s extended family, or ‘race’. Beyond this, vengeance is merely a form of ego–gratification and self-positing in the master-slave dialectic of lower egoic consciousness. Forgiveness has a two-fold nature; one is the gesture of the ignoble, the other of the noble. In the former case, the stereotypically Judeo-Christian form, the agent forgiving another implies surreptitiously that the forgiven has wounded him or is somehow defective or ‘immoral’ in some sense of an embodiment through his acts and omissions of social taboo. Thus the act of forgiving is a symbolic way of implying criticism of the other and seeking to negate and war with that other, again involving oneself in the mater-slave dialectic of the lower ego. In the case in which forgiveness is beneficent is where the forgiving thereby demonstrates his mastery by being unaffected by the other who is posited as the lower type, the subordinate who cannot affect the superior. Forgiveness of one’s own also entails the positive moment of discharging obligation in that the other has been qualified as an unoffending



party even though they have offended the mores and principles of the community and/or are members thereof.

Common sense equation: matter = crystallized spirit = distinct soul type = distinct physical type

= distinct behavioral tendencies = distinct societal type = distinct cultural expression. Therefore given that the outer is the inner and the inner is the outer the type of soul can be inferred on the basis of culture. The higher the culture, the higher the soul and vice versa, emphasis on vice.

The way in which a race behaves points towards their inner being and wellspring of action - their soul type, or caste of mind. All culture worthy of the name has been that of the white race, all rudiments of bestial exertions that would drape itself on the mantle of culture are merely the assemblage of the workings of the primitive mind. Heat produces enervation and leads to the exhaustion of nerve force – This is borne witness by the culturally backward races who languish amidst the ruins of ancient civilizations (themselves derived from the Aryans who were of Nordic extraction) and who have no creative power or divine spark within them. That the energies of the Northern Aryans become extinguished through prolonged subsistence in hot environments is also testified to by the collapse of all societies in the southern hemisphere, truly the cradle of stagnation (even the Atlantean derived Egyptians, could only preserve their culture for so long, copying the previous forms that were transmitted with each generation, deviating with each century toward a backwardness that floundered through miscegenation with the Kushite Negro slaves and soldiers).

Sustenance for the Northman lies in the north from out of which emanates the will – extinction lies in the south, land of the fecundity of plant and animal life of the weaker variety. The enervating nature of heat stifles productivity and stultifies thought: Office buildings use air conditioning, school semesters begin in the fall. This is because the cool atmosphere enables thought and heightened drive and creative ability. This is the reason why summer vacations exist – unless one can artificially decrease body and atmospheric temperature, productivity ceases.

New world order personality: Modelled along social Darwinist lines the new homo sovieticus of the United Nations global tyranny, must (is obligated to) possess a bestial constitution wherein the louder you are the better you are as this implies the capacity to dominate and thereby accrue power to one's self through subordinating others to oneself, having power over others as condition of being a powerful being and this itself being the goal of life. This goal of becoming a living god through social Darwinism and vampirizing the energy of others (through conquest and acts of domination) is the luciferian Jew World Order status the legions of Lucifer (libtards / Christards, commies and freaks) lust after and pursue as their modus operandi and raison d'etre. The converse is a more authentic Christianity (the sheeple's philosophy) where pacifism and receptivity to Being – a doctrine in essence of weakness – serves as the background of one's praxis; altruism and accommodation, in many ways a slave morality in contrast to the master morality aforementioned–this always as a lesser jihad however and not as the greater jihad of self-overcoming.

Master morality–authentic and inauthentic: The inauthentic master morality is that of overlordship over others, the deliberate conquest of another in whatever form, be it through physical enslavement or murder or the social form through the subtlety of the courtier, the iron hand in the velvet glove. The authentic master morality is that of self-control and stoical apathy in the face of the opposition of the Other–to be unaffected while still knowing and understanding the other. The inauthentic varieties of the master-slave dialectic all orient themselves around relations determined by the other as opposed to those of the self. To bow to others in recognition of their greater power while still immersed in the outward struggle with the other for dominance or wilfully relinquishing power to others out of personal weakness belies an authentic

slave morality, that of a weakness of will in either case—a lack of self-control or sense of selfhood and the interiorization of the other as master over self. To cultivate self-mastery and not fall victim to the slave morality is the goal – absolute stoicism to attain absolute personality. Allowing oneself to be blown in the wind as a passive object in the arbitrary hands of an unknown fate is the mark of a weakling. To resist the pressure and force of the gale is the mark of the strong. Ebenezer Scrooge staring into the window of the wholesome family gathering on Christmas while freezing in the cold – such is the fate of he who is not of the common mass, who – regardless of intellect and superficial refinement – cannot play the role of the theatre actor by virtue of his integrity as a man of Truth. No false gestures of smiles and artificial laughter are possible for he whose integrity prevents him from feeling (or displaying feeling) what he does not feel. Many would look upon this extrovertive exuberant attitude as a sign of a heightened faculty of reason but is merely the display of deep-seeded hypocrisy and the manifestation of a false consciousness.

Those adept players at life's game of artful mendacity have (as a typical case) no conscience and are unaffected in their being by the false behaviour they put forth and bear witness to, viewing themselves in abstracto and like a vehicle of political agency – something to manipulate and operate as an avatar or demon possessing the physical vehicle to express itself in the material world. The time delay between the gesture and thought evinces the truth or falsity of the behaviour – that which entails a delay is usually forced / artificial whereas that which is immediate upon a reasonable time for comprehension and formulation of thought is genuine. These arch slicksters however are hyper-alert and able to appear genuine – which is itself a sign of their artful artificiality. A sign also of their moral bankruptcy and that they do not care for the integrity of their own person and therefore live a lie as they have no genuine character and have no honour. Their behaviour is a manifestation of their soul, which is in a state of perpetual schism. They are the dishonourable of the earth.

Letter to the feminists: Those who call themselves feminists today will be surprised to know that they have adopted a creed that was designed a priori to destroy them in their nature and essence, to subvert all of their natural instincts and tendencies so that they may be used as slave labour proletarians and even worse as sex slaves or fallen women who must seek out a tenebrous existence as mere chattels in the brothels of Arabs, Jews, and various other of the subhuman usurpers and oppressors of whites in the latter's own territory. This creed of feminism, created by the diabolic cabal of international Jewry, was engineered in their think tanks for the purposes aforementioned through appealing to the vanity and egotism inborn in woman through portraying them as courageous victims of the oppression of heterosexual white men, those whom the cabal seek to destroy as the predominant obstacle of their global supremacy. Thus this strawman of the white male oppressor is created to encourage a war between the sexes, the result being a breakup and disunity of the nuclear family and its supplantation with the state: in the case of women they become married to the state while in the case of children they are raised by the state (school system, etc.) and not by their biological mother. – Instead the motherland is their mother, the nanny state. The displacement of natural roles of the sexes leads to the breakup of society through the subversion of natural instinctual behaviour and their social embodiment in traditional roles. Additionally the wages could be reduced, cost of living increased (as more competition for resources exists and reduced supply equates to an increased demand which increases the price) and thereby engendering increasing poverty and a declining birth rate of white children which is the end goal of Jews where the whites are concerned, namely their genocide. Thus the destruction of woman as such, as a natural being with natural tendencies and the basis of society, completes itself through feminism. Feminism is posited as a rebellious creed and implicitly suggests that this is something desirable or a goal to be sought when in reality it is simply a rebellion against nature and the natural order of things which simply perpetuates an artificial society of anti-natural perversity (wherein

women are men via feminism and men are women via faggotism). The true rebellion at this time lies in the stoical creed of 'living in accordance with nature', adopting traditional sexual roles and living as nature intended, having many children and raising them within the parameters of a nuclear family relationship for the perpetuation of one's own white race not the supremacy of Jews or various and sundry alien races/species such as the Chinese, Arabs, Negros, etc. To be a true rebel against the evil in the world and to defend the right one must be a white racial loyalist whose loyalties lie with oneself and one's own, not the enemy who masquerades as a friend. Blood will always be thicker than water.

Kalikak: Take the nigger out of the jungle but you won't take the jungle out of the nigger – raising a beast of the fields in a marble palace doesn't make him a king and throwing the white king out of the golden palace into the concrete jungle as a skid row bum doesn't make him any less a king. Material conditions do not modify spiritual conditions to such an extreme extent that a man can be made out of a monkey or a monkey out of a man.

Socrates as Jew, Socrates as criminal: The misshapen skull of the mattoid immediately suggests to an astute physiognomist the asymmetry which is revealed through the asymmetry without – race is the image of soul. The lascivious negroid lips, the wide nostrils (also a negroidal feature), the distorted features and emotional character they display through their lack of nobility and self-satisfied hostility towards all that is noble. The mendacious or rather dissimulative dialectic of Socrates betrays the inner perversity and lack of the open and honest qualities of the nobler type, indicates instead the craftiness borne and inner weakness that constitutes the base born churl. To insist upon the opponent who in his open and honest naiveté commit to certain propositional moves in a dialectic language game as condition implies a lack of mistrust in the other and a lack of one's own trustworthiness, an admission of one's own insecurity and the necessity of his reliance upon an external authority and system of rules enforced from without to ensure his victory over his opponent who himself doesn't even recognize that he is treated, however subtly, with enmity. The mendacity of Socrates reveals itself in his dialectical twisting of semantics which he puts forth as iron-clad mythology which is the bearer of truth when in reality his convoluted reasoning are inherently false as based upon indirect and dishonest means of extracting data from the opponent which is summarily twisted and perverted to gain a victory, wherein truth is not the goal but merely a 'by all means necessary' casuistry that disregards all truth through semantic manipulation and lies by omission and misconstruals. Socrates was a pederast just as the Jews of today, who practice this in their luciferian religion. Socrates was true to type in violating the creation of God/Nature through unnatural union with boys – a double inversion of natural, authentic life through sodomy as well as pederasty. Thus the Jew Socrates was deserving of his hemlock through his violation of natural law and order, through his chaotic praxis which derives itself from his inner chaos. Thus Socrates was a lucifer and as a lucifer he was wiped away from the earth by the agents of God/Nature. The final conclusion of the Socratic dialectic is a contradictory one, the inherent nature of Socrates being a self-destructive agent of chaos destined to perish 'forever' as is the destiny of the Jews.

Liberal hypocrisy regarding race: Egalitarianism preached but segregation practiced, the liberal typically an affluent privileged white person from a predominantly white area who has had no long-term relations with non-whites at an equivalent socio-economic level on a par in numbers to that population and thus is incapable of formulating any adequate judgement regarding the 'Other' who is not viewed in their 'Otherness' but merely as it were wrenched from context and rendered an oreo, a whited sepulchre given the white-wash of a wilfully ignorant and suicidally altruistic myopic being called a 'liberal'. This being



typically escapes from the droves of non- whites they bring into society as they implicitly though in denial of the fact recognize the danger and undesirability of the ‘Other’ they (thereby hypocritically) genuflect before. Nimbyism is the practice which points to the hypocrisy. If it were desirable to associate with non-whites the liberal would do so – actions refute all words to the contrary. Actions demonstrate the thoughts and intentions of the agent – no claims to ‘Brotherhood’ are valid unless this brotherhood is practiced which the liberal invariably fails to do save in a token manner and only in a public way for the placation of his own guilty conscience for being a hypocrite. The artificial freemasonic architecture that purports to rectify the imbalance of inequality falls apart in the face of the natural imbalance that is race and genetics – the deliberate levelling of society through manipulation of the structure mechanism of rewards and punishments wherein the deserving (based on natural talent and ability) are brought down and the undeserving (naturally as lacking merit) are catapulted to stardom at their expense is the means through which the myth of Equality is put into practice and thus ultimately through the force of law and its concrete aspect, the police, and security forces. Thus any resistance to the levelling process is met with the resistance of force or threat thereof which in turn enforces an artificial state of affairs which is programmed for self-destruction by virtue of its essence being an anti-natural and inorganic form of organization imposed from without and not developed from within. Thus the Judeo- freemasonic control system is doomed prima facie given its dissonant imposition upon an organic reality developed out of itself according to its own essence and manifestation of its own destiny. The liberal fails to understand the nature of nature given that he himself is anti- nature in his luciferian ideology of attempting to generate a reality out of his own consciousness without its correspondence to the conditions of natural life. Thus he must live in a state of cognitive dissonance as his understanding of reality is disproven by the five senses and can only be denied intellectually through specious reasoning and emotional states that shift his consciousness towards other realities than those he affirms to be the case while not having the willingness as not having the ability to prove it.

The specious cowardice of the sheeple consciousness: ‘I don’t believe in that’ says the sheep. Attempting to pluck their eyes out as it offends them as they have been conditioned to take offense and thereby have been cowed into a state of unconscious submission by their mind- controlling masters. To affirm that something is a matter of belief is a cowardly attempt to deny it is a matter of knowledge and therefore factual and real. To idealize the real is an attempt to sweep under the rug that which threatens one’s sense of comfort and security. It is only the courageous who have the capacity to oppose the wilful ignorance of the herd animal. With such opposition the man becomes a superman by virtue of the fact that he has transcended the Mayavic plane and attained the absolute of perception, objectivity overcoming the transient and self-interested motivation of Beast-man or even intellectual man. Indeed the more intellectual the man the more easily led down broad and winding paths of specious reasoning towards a false conclusion that affirms itself as true. Ignoring reality through a shift of consciousness towards other more benign and comforting, substitutes for that truth that threatens the complacent. Cast a false light upon the glimmer of truth that penetrates the darkness of ignorance as a means of shielding one’s eyes from the brightness that a nightcrawler has grown accustomed to its own darkness and thus can’t face the bright glimmer of reality. Thus the multi-coloured hues of specious invention are flown before one’s gaze as a rainbow flag, signalling the sheltering place in which to hide – which in reality is the banner of a spider’s web in which to become entangled and bled white by the vampire illusion-maker – the Jew. It is thus not unintelligible to those who have the courage to face the realities of life, who can view that divine spark without turning away their gaze towards more dull glowing distractions who have no need of the comforts of unconscious

animal existence but rather who thereby transcend the sensationalism of Maya and become who they are, a living god, who partake of eternity through transcending illusion, through grasping the inner spark of their own being and cultivating it to become flame illuminating the false light which is really darkness. Liberation, willful ignorance, cognitive dissonance, plucking out the eye as it offends one are the modalities of consciousness of the sheeple who are such through lack of strength of will and character. The wolf in contrast to the sheep has that courage and thus has always been a friend of truth – yes his truths are too harsh for the sheep to stomach accustomed as they are to tender shoots and clover – nonetheless they are still truths only digestible by those of a wolfish nature, those who are accustomed to a life of discomfort, of struggle that will to power through which all truths are arrived at as a destination of the hardened warriors of cold reason, divorced from the emotional instability of the sheep who must seek shelter from the wind in the herd to avoid the unpleasantness of the cold. The cold is that which invigorates wolves who are incapable of tolerating the musty stench of the herd who are inevitably wrent by their ravenous maw; only when declawed and defanged do the sheeple have that opportunity for vengeance – and only when the wolf permits being declawed and defanged. Such is the case today through the emasculating creeds of Christinsanity and Libtardism which have subjected the wolf to its delusions and trussed it up for the gelding at the hands of the sheeple. Once it rekindles its primary instinctive nature the bonds which constrain its freedom will be burst and the sheeple will flee once again to the pen for security – albeit at much loss of life to themselves. The cold rationality of the wolf is that faculty which enables it to pursue its goals alone with an undeviating trajectory neither obstructed nor misled by the sophistries of the sheeple who have been convinced of their own palliative mendacity, specious worming around the hard facts of reality as a means of upholding pleasure and comfort as their ‘truth’ which, by virtue of being affirmed as such convinces them that it is the case and thus triggers their mental disconnect switch (cognitive dissonance). The wolf, conversely, revels in the pain of truth, and feels it to be his utmost pleasure and vital, life-affirming, will to power. Thus ideology is both created by and sustained through the bio-spiritual constitution of the greater and adherent. The Jews created their own religion for the attainment of global despotism, as a manifestation of their totalitarian consciousness while they created Christianity for the non-Jew to fulfill the same purpose. Once these fetters of the mind are lifted (and which metamorphosed into liberalism as a pleomorphic form and derivative of its ancestor, the racially and self-suicidal ideology of Christinsanity) the wolf will have been freed from his mental prison, thereby avoiding the prison of iron fetters that the Jews have been forging in secret. To understand himself and his wolfish nature is the solution to the problem which has been chained to his neck as a mental millstone leading to his acquiescence and domestication through becoming accustomed to his life of miserable ease. Once the self-understanding is attained immediately he will seek to test his strength against the Jewish yolk and strike at the despot – for he has a new and better creed only he does not at present know this and it is called ‘might is right’—survival is its own justification and evolution is the biological imperative which drives forward the beast towards conquest of that which would thwart his purpose and that which itself is its purpose—will to power, entelechy, manifestation of destiny.

Masculine vs. feminine consciousness: the phrases ‘victory or death’ and ‘peace, love, and unity’ encapsulate these respective modalities of consciousness that are in complete contrast to one another—individuality and collectivism, submission, and conquest. The masculine ethos embodies itself in the political in the form of a despotism, a dictatorship oriented around force and striving, of contest and development, of action directed towards evolution of the nation (which is the sum total of its constituents)

towards the fulfillment of its destiny—a goal perhaps unreachable and yet the constant stimulus to action as both means and end. The national socialist ideal embodies this form of consciousness -but not alone, only with the addition of the sacred feminine of politics—the ‘socialist’ aspect of ‘kinder, kirchen, kochen’ of the establishment of the natural role of woman as nurturer and preserver of folk kindred within the confines of a sympathetic masculine system of security and protection. Without such a harness, the chaotic energies run amok with abandon in the form of Bolshevism which is simply political chaos or anarchy—at best: it is a despotism of the worst nature where control-freakishness is the tendency of the despotic regime and its minions who enslave the populous as a totality of serfs. The feminine in this case is the housewife who henpecks her capon into subordination to herself as a quasi-rooster who would ‘wear the pants in the family’ and garb her mate in the dress of subordination—an apron. The state in this case falls apart through its own inner chaos lacking a sufficient grasp of organic harmony and the proper relations between its constituents, becoming the two-tiered society of rulers and ruled, masters and slaves. The imposition of force through reason and an adequately developed understanding of organic reality enable this pyramidal structure to be flattened into one admitting a middle class inclusion which then buffers the potential despotism of the highest order. In a society based upon nature and the organic (i.e. blood and soil, race and place) no such tension exists and thus no artificial state structure is required to be artificially imposed upon its constituents as they arrange themselves harmoniously with one another in accordance with their own nature, i.e. a certain racial stock of certain capacity and attributes. Thus national socialism is a bridge to the superman whereas the hyper-masculine society, of a multi-ethnic nature(fascism/civic nationalism) is that leading downwards to the beast-man and that of a Bolshevik regime towards the untermenschen and inevitable decay unto death – leading itself to a resurgence of a society based upon hyper- masculinity as a struggle between man and man and nature and man itself evolving (if not interfered with through mongrelization) towards the national socialist supercession of Beast- man and untermensch at a higher octave of the superman, the complete soul syntheses of the masculine and feminine consciousness.

Bolshevism as irrationalism/unreason: as the antithesis to the rational and hence the natural order stands that of chaos, a descent to primitivism. Scarification and tattooing, drug use and alcoholism, libidinal obsession, revelling in the fleshpots of Egypt – such are markers of the degeneration of society, all order and purpose having been deluged with the torrents of sensationalism that emanate from the cancer of society who control it at its highest levels as a deliberate intoxication of the collective consciousness, a poisoning of the mind to enable the parasite to install itself as the avatar of the masses, the puppet-master who steers the inebriated lemmings off the cliff towards their perdition. Thus the formula for the despoliation of the orderly and functional has been implemented and is called Bolshevism wherein any who are slightly better, who walk erect and have an appearance of intelligence and cultivation are targeted for destruction at the hands of the mob of devolved sub-humanity who operate with violence according to their mental programming by their masterminds hiding behind the curtain of Maya as the wizards of Zion. This horde of chaotic frenzy is mobilized to further decay the host body as a metastasis of cancer leading to its destruction. The only solution is for the radiation treatment to burn out this proliferating rot and to excise with the cold steel scalpel the tumour which is its source—temporary pain a small price to pay for the ridding of the host body of its mechanism of self-destruction. Particularly, concretely, this Bolshevik horde is programmed through mind control (classical conditioning through repetition and false associations created between attitudes of the mass and the target to be subject to its rancour); once established as a mental template the environmental conditions are then brought into being by placing the mass into contact with their designated enemy and the behaviour becomes manifest through the causal relationship having been conditioned into the consciousness of the multitude through process of repetition

and false association—the spark generated through merging (pairing) the stimulus and the response leads to the breakup of order that the mastermind seeks to affect through the agency of their useful puppets—the Bolshevik untermenschen. The backlash against this comes in the form of national consciousness (ethno-nationalism) a given race in a given space who become sufficiently aware of what matters namely their own lives which they must necessarily posit as existing realities of a definitive type (race) though being targeted as such by the opposition. It is like a beaten dog in a cage who finally realizes that he can break his bonds and rend his master's hand severing it from the potent instrument of force that has violated his person – this reaction is inevitable on the part of a populous who has sufficient vitality and fighting spirit faces its own destruction at the hands of the parasite which has orchestrated its death – assuming it recognizes it is the parasite and not the spread of viral infection (Bolshevik mob) which is the problem. To identify the problem is to effect a solution. Turning inward can be a curse as well as a blessing, heaven as well as hell, the path to perdition as well as towards the Promised Land – destruction and/or creation. No external stimulus to action leads to entropy and stagnation in absence of sufficient inner motivation. External stimuli force action upon the otherwise stagnant mind while impeding the self-development thereof in absence of stagnation. It is strength of will and creative faculties which overcome stagnation best as in the case of those lacking that inner motivation to burn out their energies and fall to sleep or less draining distractions such as TV or sleep though the former places one into a condition of excitation/stimulation thereby exacerbating the intended purpose of the relaxation sought through this means (another deception on the part of Z.O.G. – relaxation obtainable through its opposite: stimulation; 'relaxing in front of the TV', 'in the bar', etc. Through inebriation and self-destructive forms of dulling consciousness which latter is not relaxation but simply negation of the negative of overstimulation through nerve poisoning). The 'archons' would have the masses go without into the collective and partake of their collective consciousness that is scripted via the mind-control apparatus (media, electronic devices – inevitably becoming one-way propaganda machines). then within this state of 'ec-stasis' (going without) the mass would not only be neutralized (neutered) as opposition but would be galvanized to facilitate the protocols of these cunning elders of Zion in building their Judeo- freemasonic architecture in whatever way best suits the latter's design. Turning within and without (away from the crowd) is the only escape from the trap in which the masses are imprisoned. One must have the critical distance to overcome the matrix of mind control in which the enticing delicacies are placed, bait for the animate slaves who would be harnessed to the machine which grinds them into an early grave as disposable animate tools. To escape the matrix one must recognize the matrix and this entails sufficiently developed faculties of awareness, intuition, and reason that enable that identification to be achieved. Thus the formula of going within and cultivating/developing the self is the only measure for overcoming the attempt at creating a distorted version of oneself as useful slave of industry. The mind-control matrix's pervasiveness ensures that all are contained within its nets and have no great possibility of escape given their preconditioning in the public indoctrination system from pre-kindergarten to graduate school. This latter is the procedure for binding the masses to their masters through becoming conformist sheeple who grovel before authority as a calf subordinates itself to a heifer for its milk – in this case a poison of the mind deliberately sought as an addict seeks a fix to quell his insatiable desire, the creation of a Tantalus forever grabbing at the fruits that escape his reach. - Addiction though through intensity of stimulation and through repetition.

Karma: the hostile forces arrayed against whites (specifically white males) have been agitated into a fever pitch of hostility and are now in full engagement with their designated enemy who has been constructed so-to-speak by the Judeo-Masonic architects as a demonic figure, a satanic effigy which must be burnt as the strawman of their seething hate. However in acting out their

incendiary hostility they burnt their fingers in the excited glee, unable to keep still their eager monkey's paws as they act out their feral fury stoked as an inner fire by the Jewish mind- manipulator who has engineered their Pavlovian conditioned consciousness into a reactive- minded animal man. In order to escape the flames of their wickerman ritual as their targeted sacrifice you must be as they – devolved untermenschen who understand nothing in life other than fornication, gluttony, and the seven deadly sins especially at this time that of adultery, i.e. miscegenation, race mixing, the perverse intermixture of the kinds created by – God? – Nature? Those kinds which are organically developed and require sustenance as organic entelechia in nature – while the anti-nature perverts would twist the natural order into a false reality contrived in their own image which is designed to exterminate all reality itself – a creed of destruction and chaos whose solution is order and this from those who abide by the natural order and live a harmonious existence namely the racially conscious who live an authentic life and thereby fulfill their destiny and this necessarily in opposition to the chaos. Those who are creatures of chaos find their proper destiny in the grave.

Christian Identity: refuge of fools or house of salvation? The arguments of the identists are convincing so far as Christianity is concerned, as an internally consistent religious philosophy and dogma. However insofar as it is the reality (or a necessary and true fragment thereof) of this world and its history of peoples and places, this is debatable and gives rise to questions that leaves the truth seeker uncertain as to whether his path to be followed parallels that of the Identists Creed or whether this latter creed is merely a soporific delusion that placates the insecure and fearful given them solace against the aeonic shift that they reside in the midst of, enabling them to envision themselves though not necessarily to be, an angel in the whirlwind sheltered from the storm. Nevertheless, the truth seeker cannot but acknowledge the correspondence between historical event and biblical prophecy as well as the characters (if such they may be called) in this 'Christmas' story called the bible and their representation on earth as it is in the Christian kingdom–heaven upon earth so to speak. They clearly coincide and the biblical portrayal is clearly adequate. To the known realities of history as well as to the experience of the astute truth seeker with those characters (namely that the edomites are those who call themselves 'Jews' today and that these same are clearly, if any such ever existed, the children of Cain who was notoriously evil, indolent, and in violation of natural/God's laws; was an adulterer (i.e. race mixer) and thereby lost his birthright–purity of lineage. Further that the 'Enowsh' are haughty and arrogant, i.e. overestimate their self-worth and that they were never and could never be a 'blessing' to the nations but were themselves blessed by the Israelites who are -inferred through behavioural characteristics–the white race who are–if any ever were endowed with the divine spark of God, those who resonate on that wavelength and who have attainable in potentia a unity consciousness between lower self (ego) and higher self (super ego) thereby attaining god-consciousness or consciousness of God, the 'kingdom of heaven' within being attained. Thus the Beth-el or house of God is the higher mental bodies which are built by those beings (whites) who alone are capable of dwelling there, who have the capacity to ascend beyond materiality and live in and create a kingdom of heaven on earth through their good works. No other race/species of being in the material world can bridge beast and god or man and superman attain the latter through himself through sacrificing himself to himself. Christian Identity thus positing the white race as the only ones capable of attaining that state attains the truth in this respect.

Christian Identity as Jewish psy-op: arguments for and against: It is argued by some such as the creativity movement and national alliance that Identity is merely a means of transferring from a Jewish-created creed of racial suicide and/or a misguided attempt to preserve a racial consciousness in whites who still have the shackles of Christianity burdening them with their ideological weight. These arguments seem credible in light of Saul of Tarsus having been Jew and obviously playing his role in instilling the New Testament version of Christinsanity into the popular Roman mind. However this may be merely interference with a divinely inspired and thus genuine revealed religion. Again this is debatable as the nature of real Christianity is uncertainty outside of his influence or separated therefrom. Regardless of historical baggage the ideology of Christianity itself in its core doctrine appears to be one foreign to the consciousness of an



Aryan when understood in contemporary terms tainted with pacifism, weakness, and general slavishness. Personal experience confirms the fact of the foreignness of these moralisms although only when applied to a multi-racial context and misunderstood. Construed along the lines of Odinism with Christianity being largely allegorical (outside of this historical timeline and migrations of Israelite nations as well as biblical prophecy) as a cultivation of the inner god and submissiveness of the passions thereto this may be sound as an authentic creed that resonates with the collective consciousness of whites, however if understood as a sin expiation worship of external authority that are somehow divergent from oneself it is foreign and dissonant. It seems likely (when one interprets it allegorically) that they would be the proper understanding of Christianity and factually and historically that that would be the proper form of Christianity, namely Identity. Thus the notion that Christianity in its contemporary form is a 'Jewish psy-op' is legitimate but not Christianity in its real form, namely Christian identity, if this is its form at all. In conclusion, Christianity is probably Christian Identity and certainly not Judeo-Christiansity (in its contemporary form). The egalitarian doctrine obviously referred to whites exclusively. Or did it? 'The religion of women and slaves' – quote of Nietzsche comes to mind... nonetheless the case of Mennonites being exclusively German suggests it is racial. - But so too with other 'races'. In any case Christianity itself whatever it may be, when understood literally in its morality is foreign to a white consciousness and diametrically opposed thereto. With an allegorical stretch it can be made to accommodate those contours but still clumsily as it is tainted with pacifist morality. Its potential pragmatic usage is in leading the sheep (contemporary white Christians) away from the obviously 'Semitic' or near-eastern magian values of weakness and resignation towards a 'positive' spin ala Alfred Rosenberg, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Adolf Hitler, Bertrand Comparet, and Wesley Swift. It at the least has a usefulness.

Jesus vs. Jews'us: Faustian vs. magian soul: spiritual distinction between those who follow in the footsteps of Eckhardt (meister) and recognize/cultivate the inner god of which God Adam is a part (i.e. the white race) and those who follow in the footsteps of external authority be it represented in the form of Jew-hovah or Jews'us or the state/church, etc. The distinction here is between those whose mind is independent (Krists) and those whose mind is dependent (Satans, aka the sheeple, aka the flock who follow lemming-like their pied-piper masters off the cliff to perdition). The former category are reality affirmers – who can suffer the threatening and harsh realities of living in the world – and yet who are unaffected thereby (unaffected insofar as it does not sway them from their purpose not that they have no concern for worldly things or those in the world as spirit and matter are one; being Kristis they face reality and this as a means to function within it and to improve it, to build the kingdom on earth as in heaven even as the kingdom of heaven is brought within their earthen vessel or flesh suit and thereby become Kristed ones, anointed by their having attained a unio mystica with the deity and become a living god). The latter category (sheeple) being of a hyper-sensitive nature (and yet not cognizant of reality having no inner but merely a brute strength) find the harshness of reality too painful to endure and thus being of a weak-willed nature have recourse to a state of mental inebriation through alcohol, television, drugs and popular soporifics of the mind, the opium of 'the populi' who thus issue forth ex cathedra their contented bleatings as means of blinding themselves to that light of truth which to them is insufferable. The figure of Jesus sacrificing himself to himself to become a living god (resurrected from the state of the living dead/beast consciousness) opposed to that of Jews'us the authority figure upon whom are dependent the sheeple for the sustenance of all life worthy of the name draws a sharp distinction between those who have no need of anything outside of themselves and those who have no Self but that derived from the external authority to whom they subordinate and sacrifice themselves. The difference is between those who threaten the control system (wolves), and those who never dream of such a thing as converting themselves into a threat to their overlords. Mind control as neutering

instrument; extinguish the will to oppose tyranny as a mechanism of tyranny—control the thoughts of the masses and they will remain masses, sheep in the pen. Fail to implant thoughts in their empty heads (which then constitute the fabric of their mind) and they may cease to be masses and become wolves. Threaten their basic needs and they will be riled up through adrenaline to a sufficient extent to oppose the tyranny which would hem them in. Thus the control of natural resources, their legal possession (which always implies legal dispossession) and distribution ensures the sheep don't stray too far from their pens and continue to obey to have the right bestowed upon them to derive these basic needs.

Chthonic vs. Tellurian: There are those whose thoughts center around worldly affairs whereas there are others whose worldly affairs crumble in ruins for failure to adhere to them given that such a one is dwelling in other realms of thought. Both represent states of consciousness and their physical representation on earth (earthly beings) diametrically opposed to one another – the activities one does leading one towards certain states of consciousness – heads and hands, Tellurian and Chthonic. A balance must be struck depending on what is necessary, for what is necessary is good and what is superfluous is evil. The former conforms to one's essence the other is in conflict therewith. The maidservant cannot attain great clarity and breadth of thought *ceteris paribus* while the brain in a vat professor oft-times stumbles down the stairs and has difficulty making a sandwich. The concrete person one determines his starting point in attempting to supersede the beast within and walk however cautiously along the precipice towards the superman. The more often he looks down the more he lowers himself to that level. Looking up from the depths he ennoble himself and ascends towards the Empyrean. The law of intention motivated by will moves the figure closer or further away from heaven and hell. Positive thinking is the crucible of positive doing and thus is essential for all good works worthy of the name (heroic deeds over mewling over victims). Negative thinking is valuable, positive, only when it entails the negation of the negation. With nothing to replace it the negative merely absorbs/vampirizes the soul. Thus to prevent a vacuum in nature from existing the thinker must posit goals, aims, and other vehicles of the will in order to develop oneself and supersede the pull of lower chthonic gravity that weighs one to the earth. The caveat is that these positings must be authentic, borne of one's own soul and thus true to the nature of he who would manifest these projects through his efforts – not only must he have the capacity to bring these about, he must have the capacity to embody them authentically, to resonate in a harmonious manner under their aegis and not bear them as a crushing burden. Only when a burden is borne for the purpose of ennobling the self can its weight be tolerated and even revelled in. The solution to a base life of chthonic striving is a devotion to mental/spiritual practice and forms of life which divorce one from the physical world even as one endures the hardships of the physical.

End Times Endurance: The only marathon worthy of the name at this time is that over the control of the self in the midst of all the hardships and chaos that beset one on all sides and over which one has no control. The awareness of powerlessness over the eternal environment leads towards the only recourse one can have (and should have) that of power over oneself. Self-control is within oneself world control is outside of oneself. Thus only turning within is the solution. Once this entelechic state is attained it is possible to turn without whilst maintaining that self-control—then one can follow in the footsteps of the Christ and heal those who have suffered wounds at the hands of the 'world' of that impinging upon one and existing outside of the self. The real exercise is to overcome the influence of the world through understanding it for what it is, doing what must be done and this always under the aegis of conscious awareness and control of this awareness – to have control over the aperture of one's perception but not shutting out reality – to force the eyes open so to speak and endure the pain of existence without allowing the emotions to intrude into the experience of life in its apogeotropic phase or aeon. The purpose is to overcome desensitization ('people die

every day’) and thus leading to an ignorance of reality and instead to view reality in all clarity as a singular event not comparable to others but understood from the perspective of those undergoing it while not at the same time allowing it to lead to the weakness of effect—this also applies to the operation within the world that one has an obligation to suffer—his capacity to endure must be exercised through a confrontation with reality, an ‘engagement’ with reality and not a cowardly flight therefrom. The real test of strength lies in perseverance not severance—to battle the opponent not escape and evade out of emotionalism and cowardly self-protection (unless this is an instrumental means of engagement). The purpose is not to be a stone but a diamond, to synthesize all experience to become a complete soul not to dull the consciousness to avoid experience while resting in a state of contentment and languishing in a ‘miserable ease’ as opposed to developing greater willpower and building the soul thereby. The real marathon is not running around like a chicken with its head cut off with a flaming torch in one’s hand but rather ascending the mountain of conscious awareness with the flaming torch in mente and thus in actua, in eternity and not in illusion draped in the Mayic veils of beast consciousness.

The earth as theatre of the real: supposing that all is illusion, merely a testing ground for experience—a means to evolve the soul—what then does it matter whether hardship occurs—take no heed for the morrow for the morrow will take care of itself. Such is the advice and yet—taking heed is the necessary condition of experiencing what needs to be experienced—‘immanent transcendence’ is the sine qua non of evolution. Thus one must be within the world but not of the world, certainly not seeking instant martyrdom via *felo dese* as this would pull the rug out from under one. Thus to be in the world experiencing what must be experienced not simply escaping the reality of life living for the moment without care for the morrow. Once has the life principle and an obligation to survive as driving force – thus no resignation unto death is tolerable, not passive obsequiousness in the face of an opponent. Thus Judeo-Christianity does not provide the vehicle for spiritual praxis necessary to develop the higher self and those faculties that serve as a bridge to eternity but rather leads to a weakness that is ‘a sickness unto death’, a resignation and passivity not an active endurance. This is in the case of mainstream Judeo-hypocrisy which serves as a spiritual Achilles’ heel more than as a springboard to the heights. In pursuit of securing basic needs the trials and tribulations that constitute the fabric of life are discarded thus inverting means and end. The end is to experience the plenitude of life, cornucopia of experience not merely to attain basic needs of the flesh as this will be discarded post mortem taking nothing with one.

Literalist interpretations of the bible vs. allegorical: the bible as historical record corresponds with the known facts of racial migrations. Thus far literalist interpretations have validity.

Allegory also pervades the bible such that it is largely an interweaving of allegory and historical event there being difficulty of discernment at times which preponderates. Biblical validity lies in allegory as well as in historical fact. Interpretations may be literalist as well as allegorical and be both simultaneously valid. Jesus may have been a historical man or merely an allegory of godmanhood or mangodhood—nevertheless the ‘story’ real or fictional serves its purpose.

However an over-reliance of mangodhood interpretations along doctrinal/dogmatic lines (‘I am moral, you are immoral’ style subtle judgments and condemnation) leads to a limitation of consciousness to lower egoic self-satisfaction, the ‘holier than thou’ moralizing dogmatist type who is in no way a Christ but merely a Pharisee. ‘Following the letter of the law in the footsteps of Jesus is not to follow Jesus who followed the spirit of the law and who being spiritually enlightened was the law giver. Those who seek to follow wooden rules without thought do not embody the spirit of Christ but rather of the Pharisee; those



who bring their bible are merely testifying to their adherence to material things, states and conditions as the source of their bigotry which is thereby nullified as having any worth. The false doctrines of masonry: causality is karma and is non-moral, merely 'circumstantial' such that the balancing act of good deeds vs. bad deeds is a possibility and that harm can be balanced with help creating a wobbly harmony that is preserved artificially through the freemasonic architecture of politics.

The reality of course is their morality pervades life to the extent it may be spoken of as life – given that the universe is conscious (everything is of god and from god) and consciousness entails meaning and meaning has a moral dimension in the sense of giving value content bound up with it and thereby serving as the tissue or fabric of the real – the colour or dye of this tissue so to speak. Some drape themselves aurically in black and shades of grey, others in the vainglory of bright orange and yet others in the rage of scarlet, etc. All judgments are value judgments says Nietzsche but what he didn't understand, did this antichrist was that all judgments lie in human consciousness which partakes of god consciousness which is therefore moral – 'as above so below'. Therefore God is very much alive and in no way 'dead' – else all would be dead as all partake of god by virtue of being part of the creation. Thus freemasonic nihilism and atheism would posit Luciferianism as the substitute for this vacuum they dialectically engineer yet the lucifer will be consumed in the lake of fire by virtue of he himself being of god yet in a state of dissonance therewith if and only if he lives in a state of inharmonious contravention of the laws of god (aka 'nature') which necessarily follows being (a) lucifer. Not living in contravention to god's laws and attempting to leap out of the causal chain through a process of immanent transcendence via the left-hand path but rather attaining real illumination through oneself adhering to the 'straight and narrow' path of harmonious existence. In attempting to attain mangodhood and supersede godmanhood they instead find themselves leaping into the lake of fire through dissonant resonance, through generating discord / disharmony / karma and thus having to purge their energy body post mortem through a process of harmonization / adjustment. Thus the real angel of the presence is what the corrupt lucifer aspires to become not understanding the good (or incapable of embodying it) and thus following his destiny along broad and winding paths. The angelic shining one (exclusive to the Aryan race) supersedes materiality in the spiritual Olympiad surpassing lucifer who stumbles to his death as the fallen angel. Thus the promethean aspirations of masonry fall flat from their intended height and find themselves incapable of paying on their promissory note the requisite sum – being as they are morally bankrupt (the fate of all moral relativists).

How modern Judeo-Christianity is closer to liberalism than Real Identity Christianity: liberalism, being Universalist and espousing a pacifistic carefree abandon in the face of hardship and struggle as well as a remunerative cognitive dissonance to all things unpleasant. Thus the path trodden by the Judeo-Christian is that of the liberal: taking the path of least resistance toward perdition for the maximization of pleasure and minimization of pain. Ceasing to oppose, acquiescing in the presence of, evil is itself an evil. They extol the virtues of 'peace' but Yahshua said: 'I come not to bring peace but the sword'. Hence they cannot adopt the namesake 'Kristian' as they are not followers of Krist being in opposition to his teachings. Further they have no willingness to acknowledge their own hypocrisy and thus abide not in the truth, adhering to the moral relativism and perspectivalism of liberalism whose doxic / epistemic basis is the lie, a lie so pervasive as not to have the honesty to recognize itself as such and thus completely hypocritical incapable of maintaining any stance or argumentative/cognitive position by virtue of the fact that it has no truth, no affirmative content and is thus the plaything of illusion, Maya failing to attain the objectivity necessary to become a Being that is a fact of consciousness or absolute identity. Thus this satanic creed of hypocrisy has recourse to endless dialectical shifts and evasions which defeats itself (becomes caught up in its lie) as it

must acknowledge that which it evades even as it attempts to evade this attempting to transition to another plane or dimension (dialectically). The doctrine or notion of equality/egalitarianism is a case in point wherein the claim (truth claim that all beings are equal is propounded and immediately refuted through contradiction with the evidence of the 5+ senses that clearly no equality exists. Still the Universalist (i.e. liberal and Judeo-Christian) insists upon maintaining an unsupportable position without any evidence being offered. Thus the hypocrisy is apparent in attempting to affirm that which is denied prima facie. The Identity message in comparison affirms inequality and is substantiated by the facts of experience and thus knowing it is true has the strength to face debate and (impossibly) refutation on the part of the opponent. Thus it is opposed to universalism and to anti-nature dogma of all stripes which are necessarily false as incapable of the Truth (cosmic/love/Nature/god's law). Neither liberal nor Judeo has any marks of suffering on his face – a smooth brow as borne of a leisurely set of circumstances and incapable of empathy – thus incapable of suffering through the suffering of others. Thus, like the Jew, they 'pluck their eyes out as it offends them', incapable of viewing hardship, reaching out to others who are in need, or at the very least manifesting sympathy. Rather coldly rational empathy is the best they can attain. Hence they are unaffected by the suffering of others as they cannot identify with them having a life guided by the star of Venus and not the solar logos. Hardened to the misery of others they instead devote themselves to cognitive dissonance, wilfully ignoring the facts of life while acting as an irresponsible child with a firebrand burning down the world which enables their psychopathic life to be sustained.

Judge them by their fruits: The fruits of the serpent seed [jews] are the poisoned fruits sweetened with the flavour of their falsehood. The gleam of rufescent health conferring nourishment conceals the death conferring bitters within. The fruits of the serpent have an apparent sweetness but this only to bypass natural defenses of their host which is their intended prey. Swallowing these is tantamount to going hungry and then some (stomach ache, viral infestation, dysfunction of bodily metabolism) while the consumer of such forbidden fruit vomits up their contents – what little nourishment they may contain – and is left with wracking pain. Not having heeded the inner voice of the guiding light (natural/cosmic law known intuitively and through reason) they revel in gorging themselves on this repast of bitter fruits. The tree from which these fruits have sprung is that of the serpent – the archetype of evil, he who is inherently a violator of cosmic / natural / divine law in se, in and of himself through being the source of chaos and adversity embodying itself in these fruit which beguile the ignorant to treat of their apparent sweetness. The consequent sickness should enable to the observer to know the nature of this evil tree – and to hew it down. However if not battle axe be had with which to do the hewing, the tree of evil stands and continues to produce its vile fruit. Thus he who would wish to claim the status of a hero must become a fashioner of weapons – a skilled artisan who can bring into Being the conception of his idea – to reify the ideal which entails negating the negation, spearing the dragon with the lance of his will. The fruits of the tree of life, the Israelite tree[white race], are the 'blessing to the nations' spoken of in scripture. The development of history has shown that the nations, conversely, have not been a blessing to Israel and that they have instead squandered the fruits they have had bestowed upon them and hewn at the tree of life from which they derive their sustenance with unreasoning hate – to their own destruction. The nourishing fruits from this tree can only be digested by those who have the appropriate physiology, i.e. the Israelites who alone can attain god-hood whereas those who would partake of their fruits and fail in the attainment of this state are simply wasting resources better invested than in the gullet of beasts who at best defecate out their wasted advantages while continuing to harvest the fruits of the producer without any compensatory productivity of their own. Thus the fruitage of the Israelites[whites] is wasted and to avoid starvation they must become better stewards, i.e. to confer resources / credit where it is due and not willy-nilly or out of misplaced

altruism or blind compassion for the tares[non- whites]. To hybridize themselves with the tares is a recipe for extinction of the divine spark. Thus the tares must be bundled and burned so that the tree of life and of knowledge may replenish itself and not be hewn down to satiate the irrational will to power of the serpent seed and their enowsh.

Race-baiting as instance of Jewish psychology and mind manipulation: the game of victims vs. villains has pervaded the Jewish character from the beginning and is an instrument or weapon in their arsenal in attempting to disarm those they want, ultimately, to kill. By making the 'Other' look within they would have them impotent in any outer contest which by default enables the Jews to win a victory however anti-heroic/satanic that victory may be. Once their intended target (victim) has woken up to the fact that they are the victim in actuality they unseat the Jew who has positioned themselves over them through anaesthetizing their combatant before war has actually been declared thereby attempting to increase the probability of victory. With what strength remains the intended victim will combat the threat which is and has always been a weak being which is why he must have recourse to the subtle arts of deception and trickery as a means of combat instead of more overt force and greater strength. Feints and dodges have always been the way of the weaker party – but all is fair in love and war. The game of victims vs. Villains, oppressed vs. oppressor ceases to be a valid strategy when the game is up, when the deceived ceased to interiorize the psychology of sin expiation, shame, guilt, apology, etc. – the “I am the problem” because you are weak and meek ethos. Once the deceived altruist realizes that he has simply been played for a fool and exploited by a more devious and dishonourable type he ceases to bow before the invisible yolk of mind control that has been placed upon his head rendering him a compliant slave and beast of burden to pull the cart for his usurper master. The master/slave dialectic works in the form of victims vs. villains only when the villified 'villain' recognizes and acknowledges that he is defacto a villain, whether he be defacto or not. The falsification of history under the mind control of the international Jew has served both he and his fellow victims (i.e. parasites) well – however this is now at an end in the end-times and all race- baiting, formerly successful under the yolk of mind control has ceased to be so and has become 'yesterday's news' that no longer carries favour with the intelligentsia save those who are the arriere garde and plugged into the matrix. Those who have been crowded out of the matrix (via the employment equity act, etc.) are the revolutionary vanguard who bear the burden of future change and who will – simply through disassociation with the system and being replaced by incompetent others – facilitate the breakdown of the J.O.G. system. With this collapse all dependents on the former white oxen will be thrown off the back and gored (economically and physically) with the horns of the former chattel.

Failure to face reality: manifests in consequences that those who cannot even envision prior to their occurrence and who for this reason ignore them are incapable of being dealt with by those same weak-willed individuals. Hence if one fails to face reality he fails to prepare for and develop the power to deal with the consequences of reality. Thus only stronger willed types can endure the harsh realities of life. The liberal, with his cognitively dissonant mind, expresses a weakness of will rendering him one of the unfit for the societal jungle that life is. Lack of challenge, of struggle, leads to atrophy and consequent debilitation – given that life is a dynamic struggle; the cessation of this dynamism is tantamount to death. Hence one must be prepared for the struggle and this preparation is constant keeping pace with the dynamic struggle that is the life current of becoming. A failure to face reality is the act of a weak individual who doesn't seek to struggle as he knows implicitly that the doesn't have what it takes to combat the counter- forces which impinge upon him from all sides and constitute the skein of the fabric of life as struggle. Success in confrontation with the harsh realities of life ensures the continuance of one's kind and is attained through development of willpower which is developed through itself, through its exercise and employment in

‘theatres of war’ that society and the natural environment prescribe. Thus one must be a Siegfried fighting the dragon instead of a jaded urbanite with pomaded hair and fashionable livery. The decadent life of reality deniers and escapist dreamers will soon end; the resort of fools will be a perpetuation of their wilful ignorance in the battle or being a spectator before the image of the beast (TV, sports, etc.). Success is thus bought at a premium and the price of failure is death (i.e. one’s life). The reality which confronts all at this time is civilizational collapse necessitating a ‘radical traditionalist/archaeo-futurist Weltanschauung’ which puts the sophisticated post-post- modernist into a rural primitive situation in anticipation of the post-apocalypse. No longer the intellectual aesthete of citified decadence, the would-be survivalist (he who would survive at all is by definition a survivalist) must return to origins albeit in an old yet new way, a receptivity and comprehensive adaptability to change and the endless dynamism of life under modern technology and a rejection of the conservative forms of superstructural superfluity that leads away from the organic and natural. Only the pampered pet can afford to bask in the limelight of his own ego at this time in history – the weakling show-dog must develop whatever power lies within and manifest this strength in correspondent and appropriate forms. Life is the objective ground upon which the battles of the future will be fought. Only in an anti-natural decadent society itself doomed to fall under its own weight can the decadent and defective thrive and multiply. This same multiplication however dooms the host which gave them birth to destruction and thus its offspring are stillborn. Rights to life lie with might not constitutions and legalities.

“Receive a stranger into thine house, he will disturb thee, and turn thee out of thine own”: A lesson from the bible that has practical consequences. Regarding the receptivity of fools (the imprudent, those lacking in reason, a judgment between cause and effect) to over- accommodation of others beyond the threshold of mutual advantage and aid. This especially concerning foreigners who one hasn’t the common sense to avoid or minimize contact with. Given an inch and they take a mile. With respect to the stranger, those of foreign flesh or race, to enable a natural enemy to derive advantage from one’s own tribe either through personal or collective dealings is tantamount to discarding defensive weapons and enabling an enemy to enter in and pillage. This of course would not be a concern amongst one’s own kind with whom one shares a ‘house’ or territorial boundary but is only of concern in the case of those whose genetic boundaries are divergent from one’s own and thus are incompatible. This chaos of incompatibilities begets the strife which destroys the boundaries and thus that protected thereby as a cell wall is destroyed by invasive radiation causing necrosis or cell death and inevitably tissue death once it spreads further. Thus to let in the stranger is to enable incompatible types to invade and thus to metastasize the cancer in the host body which is made to play host to this foreign presence. “He will disturb thee”—this excerpt is manifest in the ‘micro-aggression’ that is generated by the presence of the cancerous cells. The disturbance should serve as a sign of the presence of cancer as all disharmony is a result of the inorganic present in the organic, i.e. of discordant vibrational frequency and thus strife which the organism must seek to oust or be destroyed thereby through its metastasis. The disturbance is the canary in the coal mine that the prudent heed, understanding as they do causal relationships between the cause of disease and the cure, that being its destruction through purification of the body if not drastic measures of eradication such as wars of defense as opposed to offence. Purification wouldn’t be necessary in a pure state until contamination sets in. Deliberately wading in sewage and pits of disease is the reckless act of the imprudent and emotionally unstable who have failed to learn the causality of disease and health. The current open borders policy and acceptance thereof by the white population is the act of wading in a mire of pestilence out of a cheap thrill-seeking, devil-may-care attitude. The devil may care as he is the cause of this process of infiltration and his embodiment upon the earth in his children is the Jew who is the ultimate source of the evil which plagues this terrestrial realm.

“And turn thee out of thine own”—this subtle takeover by the minions and legions of Lucifer results in a usurpation of all that whites have created and built by the savages of the earth who come from desolation to plenty and gorge themselves on the resources of the productive white man (Adam). They create a situation of desolation once more through famine and violence, through their own chaotic being. The pose of victim status, playing possum, as a mechanism of beguiling the opponent to lower their defenses has always been the strategy of the meek and weak who seek thereby a cowardly victory through secrecy. Chameleon-like these underhanded creatures slink about seeking gain representing themselves as poor and unfortunate victims who are – by virtue of their weakness incapable of doing harm to others, and who humbly submit to their ‘white masters’ while surreptitiously sharpening their knives of vengeance for being forced to look into the mirror which reminded them of their own ugliness. They would smash the mirror in hopes of plucking their eyes out – or rather scratching out the eyes of an enemy who is such by virtue of his inherent genetic superiority which is the light which outshines the false light of the Luciferian horde of the devilish Jew. They would unseat the master in his own house as a gesture of resentment, a thumbing of the nose at he who has bestowed upon them his virtue, that which has enabled them to merely develop instruments of destructive force against him. This is the curse of God for failure of Adam to guard his own territory, soil, and allow his blood to be poisoned by the beasts of the field who seek not only to vampirize it but to extinguish it from the earth through miscegenation, through the temptation of flesh thereby incurring the punishment of self-destruction.

Tolkien’s allegory of Ents and Entwives revisited: The ents represent the roots or ancestry of the people and the entwives feminism. The ents lay dormant, ignorant of their own nature and divorced from the world and its development (they know not who they are). The meeting with the hobbits is those white Adamic stock who became aware of their roots, of who they are, and go to smash Orthunc (modern technology) which has led them astray from their organic being and life of tradition based on a harmonious relationship with nature to a life of an inharmonious technologized life. The Ents must smash Orthunc, i.e. Adam (the white race) must recognize his origins and history to destroy the Judeo-masonic conspiracy and its destruction of their seedline and organic world through technologization. The orcs (blacks and arabs) are slaves to both Saruman (masonry) and Mordor (Jews) and chaotically destroy the Ents (white race) through malicious violence and disregard for their hosts. They are then destroyed once the white race (Ents) awakens. This attracts the Entwives (women) who have been led away from the men (Ents) through feminism and the effeminization of men (the slumber of the Ents). Their manly display of vigour manifests the magnetic attraction that pulls the Entwives to their Ents. With technology destroyed (the smashing of Orthunc) the Ents may continue their lineage.

Dietetic fallacies: The claim that it is more ‘spiritual’ to consume a diet of vegetables or fruit than of meat and animal by-products is based predominantly on the position that spirituality means passivity and non-maleficence which is put forth as having a monopoly on goodness – that it is identified with ‘the good’ and that anything converse to this is bad and untoward, something repulsive and a product of that which must be shunned and rejected – the ultimate taboo. Granted the classical vegetarian/vegan diet does heighten sensitivity and receptivity to sensation/ *sensa* in the environment and thereby elevates consciousness to a higher level. In spite of this boon it also leads to an excessively passive and weak constitution lacking vigour and strength and inevitably leading to the decay of the physical body through under-nutrition. Thus it is a diet conducive to apathy and an inability to accommodate the struggle of life. Thus for the end-times/kali yuga it is a diet that can’t be supported by those seeking to build experience and the soul. Such a trajectory, that of weakness and escapism is appropriate only for those who fit into the category of *lebens unwertes leben*. Thus the fallacy of veganism equating to spiritual enlightenment qua diet is easily seen by its fruits



which are more road apples than the forbidden fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Counter to this position is the reality of body purification and greater efficiency of digestibility which renders the human organism a greater transceiver of the divine mind and puts one into more intimate contact with his higher self. This may be fine at a time when the aether, the surrounding environment didn't consist of hostile and negative energies, which necessitates a sufficient counterforce to enable one to transcend their influence. The human becomes a more efficient operator via the Rajasic nature of animal products while becoming proportionately inefficient in the tamasic nature of receptivity to Being, less competent in Bakti more competent in raja or hatha spirituality. Thus a mixed diet is indicated for the end-times/kali yuga in order to maintain one's position therein as a spiritual material mind / body/ spirit complex, a gestes korporlich which is a machine for the transubstantiate of god into man and man into god, a vessel/vehicle of the divine. Practically and concretely there are many counter-examples of vegan advocacy in the forms/persons of Crowley, Blavatsky, etc., real channels and geniuses who followed Ayurveda and/or a more soul-rich diet that enabled them (presumably) to develop themselves to the spiritual heights they attained. The claim that soul is concentrated in foods to a greater or lesser degree given its level on the food chain also seems true as life is built up from life and the lowest on the food chain may be best assimilated but is worst in concentration of etheric energy thereby not conferring this same upon the consumer. Given the volume of space in the digestive tract being finite and the needed etheric energy being of a certain quality that typically exceeds the comfortable limit inherent in the digestive tract – this indicates the necessity of animal products to have sufficient nutrients and energy to function at optimal levels, at a level at which both the spiritual and material can mutually express each other in the human being. In assessing needs it is simply a matter of quantity of quality that is to say degree of substance that can confer the maximum nutrients and etheric energy with the minimum space taken up and thereby optimize performance in the spiritual and material worlds for the purpose of alchemical transubstantiation, of god-making and becoming a living god. The architecture of diet is simply a practical task based upon experimentation that leads to the universal principles of diet that apply in all circumstances, times, and conditions. The repair and breakdown of tissues is the delicate balance of homeostasis that an attentive observer adjusts through prudent planning and then ceases to attend to, once certain universal principles are attained and these prescribe the template whereby optimal function/performance is attained. This would be a state of harmony/entelechia which exists through time and which must be maintained as the necessary condition of immanent transcendence. Diet is a means to the means to the means to the self-perpetuating end which is oneself in a condition of godhood. Means number two is bodily purity and function which is a means (number 3) to the expression of oneself through the soul to create changes in consciousness which lead to the attainment of godhood, the self-perpetuating end which is one's higher self and lower self united. Following a dietetic path if such it may be called that deviates from this is obviously satanic in the sense of lower density, materialistic, lower consciousness, weighted down by the leaden chain of matter; trapped behind the Mayic veil and blinded by the false light of Lucifer. Excess volume produces sluggishness producing lowered consciousness; deficient etheric energy producing malaise, weakness and apathy and eventually death, insufficient vitality to maintain the strength necessary for the struggle for life. That it is a mere means means that it must be relegated to that position and not obfuscate the attainment of higher ends to which it is related as subordinate means. Etheric energy in animal products is necessary in developing the level of consciousness necessary to attain the physical/spiritual force to overcome the lower levels of materialistic / base consciousness. Thus no vegetarian can ever be – ceteris paribus – as enlightened as they could be given the animal substance and its increase in the rapidity of vibrational frequency so conducive to godhood.

Weeds and flowers: The Garden of Eden choked with the weeds of the wicked is the situation of 'post' modernity. The saboteur has sprinkled his seeds of death amidst the flowers of life and thus destroyed the gardeners work. The uprooting of the weeds is the task necessary before the flowers are deprived of all nourishment and then the garden may bloom again. First priority: discover the saboteur; second: eliminate him; third: pluck out the weeds; fourth: plant the future seed in a sustainable manner. God law vs. man law: the laws of God (even a 'secularist' could describe them as Natural law) are based upon causality and are, in effect, causality itself manifesting in karma (sin) and dharma (blessing) through the respectively harmonious or inharmonious acts and omissions of the transgressor (wicked) or righteous. God/natural law is upheld through acting in concert with cosmos and violated through inharmonious action. 'Eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth' encapsulates as a phrase the reality of the law of retribution or reciprocity whereby what one does redounds to himself in the above sin or blessing (karma or dharma) which is the reward or punishment of god. Specifically...Rape destroys the consciousness/soul of woman as it violates their nature and function, namely the sexual function wherein non-consensual union is forced upon them thereby severing or destroying the bond that might have been fashioned based upon compatibility between herself and another (man). This also contaminates her with the seed of the violator who creates a potentially chaotic being who is the tangible product (fruit) of an evil (as inharmonious) union, a road apple. Thus destroyed the woman's destroyer is destroyed. Hence the commandment for the death penalty for rape as otherwise a defective offspring may result destroying the seedline of that victim.

Theft also is based on the creation of a disharmony, of an unjust appropriation of power or 'property' (generally) that by virtue of a lack of investment on the thieves part and prior ownership (investment of time/effort as casual condition of ownership) on the part of the victim necessitates the reaction of proportional loss on the part of the perpetrator and to a sufficient extent that compensation is just (that a similar loss is felt and that it deters through example similar crimes). Murder of course, being the extinguishment of the life of another without its being necessary (and whatever is necessary is good and whatever is good is just), is punishable by death not electively but necessarily, i.e. mandated. This is because of the casual relationship between the murderer and his crime and his victim, the latter being the result which necessitates the like result to rectify the balance.

Flood of faecal matter: the brown and black hordes have turned the melting pot into a shit pot. The plumbers are needed to plunge the obstruction and they come in the former of the fasces and Mjolnir, of gungnir and the swastika. The reek of the matter obstructing the white porcelain bowl of sanitation, of a formerly sanitary society, has become insufferable to the extent that even those who make ignorance of reality a past-time have difficulty not holding their nose.

The notion of rights: 'Rights are the flipside of duties'. The claim of the professional victim to entitlement on the basis of equality (as a 'fellow man' in spite of this obviously flying in the face of reality given the bestial nature of the creature) is defeated given that they have no correlative duties specifically matched to these alleged rights merely a vague and unspecific 'floating signifier' attached to their objectivity called 'victimhood' which overshadows all of their relations and structures them to their benefit. Certain micro-aggressive features play about their visage and certain tones of voice accompany the self-righteousness of their privileged status and behaviour. This is enabled through the attachment of such sentiments as guilt, shame, injustice to those they wish to exploit through these false predications and associations, thereby attempted to portray them as 'Satan' in relation to their saintliness as a mechanism of exploitation. A right implies an entitlement on the part of one to receive from another. In absence of any historically specific

relationship no obligation or entitlement can exist as not bound up with any relationship previously existent. The discharge of an obligation is specific and can be subjected to quantification of the qualities (the nature) of the benefit conferred or taken, the obligation incurred. The claim to perpetual gratuity as somehow magically a defacto claim with specific content not specified (and thus a floating signifier that can be endowed with whatever semantic or emotive content the claimant chooses to speciously justify their unjust enrichment at the expense of the hand that feeds them; as a means of biting it to classically condition it to confer greater and more numerous Scooby snacks). Leaving things vague and open-ended is the tactical recourse of the professional victim (women and minorities, etc.) and their masters (Jews) as a means of avoiding propositional commitment thereby seeking to perpetuate their gain/usury. Rights are entitlements but no entitlements are possible when no benefit was received (such as in the case of whites not benefitting from slavery) or in the case of a benefit conferred gratuitously and then disregarded as a mechanism of further exploitation on the part of the self-identified victim (such as in the case of white people putting an end to slavery in all white countries and most non-white countries they could influence. Rights are thus concrete, specific things, not floating signifiers that defy logical analysis and rational argumentation. The irrational, bound up as they are in emotional behaviour, are blind to the fact that making a claim without making a claim specifically renders their prospective consideration a nullity – as specific obligations are such by being matched to specific benefits received, specific rights to specific duties and rhetoric to nothing at all.

Heaven or hell, rich or poor: Environmental influence as condition of the good life – inner calm dependent upon willpower and self-control (an angel in the whirlwind) but in spite of the external chaos. Nevertheless one is conditioned by material influences and the atmosphere (aetheric – if that's what it's called – the invisible immaterial substratum of becoming which interpenetrates – or is – it, at a higher level of vibrational frequency) affects consciousness making only the most developed or enlightened being unaffected and uninfluenced. Thus the practical conclusion is that it is better to live in a paradise externally than a hell – unless one sought the challenge of transcending the craggy rocks of the summit. In which case, he would find a ghetto hell, a kingdom of heaven upon earth as an instrument for the attainment of Krist-consciousness, placing himself in the whirlwind. A heaven in the mind is the result of perpetual exertion, not pacifistic acquiescence before false idols of peace, love, and unity. The hell on earth which constitutes the material plane blazes forth in the myriad challenges that threaten the basic needs and lofty aspirations of the human being. Heaven on earth is attained by going through the hellfire of the mind and quenching it with the cultivation of reason and intuition, of balancing the emotional and rational brain brought under the control of the will. Thus a stimulus-rich environment is a stimulus to thought whereas a stimulus-poor environment can – rather than being peaceful, send one into a hell of mental extinction where nothing is perceptible as no perceptual acuteness exists as a sounding board for stimuli which themselves don't exist. One is thus left with the wind whistling through his ears. However, contrary to this point, is the quietudes of a pacific environment in serving as the condition of heightened sensation, dulled and absent in the hypertense atmosphere of (sub)urban life. -The quieter the better where mental cultivation is concerned. Minimal stress from external sources creates the peace of mind necessary to cultivate faculties of a more delicate nature. This is the heaved-up place, the head, Golgotha, wherein the sacrifice of matter on the cross kindles the divine spark which illuminates the darkness of obtuse beast consciousness. This is the kingdom of heaven upon earth of the illumination of matter with spirit through the former's purification, receptivity, and activity-through itself. However, the material conditions of quiet and peace are proportionally conducive (on average) to the peace of mind. Concentration of attention can focus upon the object of its consciousness best under conditions of quietude. The louder the dumber – no thought can be articulated in



the din of sensation that an overly tense atmosphere prescribes. Real riches lie in this inner kingdom not in the vaults of Babylon with its machines of war and industry. True industry is borne of concentration, meditation, and contemplation – then the inevitable creative act that reifies the ideal. A true ‘Idealist-materialist’ seeks to make a temple in the mind to his muse not a temple of its sacrifice out of marble and iron.

Societal breakdown: Once trust ceases to be a presence in society it breaks down leading to chaos trust is the glue which binds its members together without which it falls apart. External checks and balances proposed from without are the only cement which fuses the members together – however they are prevented from functioning in a dynamic manner through the external and artificial impositions (laws, codes of conduct, etc.) which do not organically emanate from and resonate with the members as they are all operating on different wavelengths and thereby cannot mutually accommodate one another and they are forever in a state of conflict with different purposes and destinies and thus to prevent that instability the reinforcement of law is necessary to bind them together as it were in a concrete form called urban life. To take up the Mjolnir or sledgehammer of one’s wrath and break apart this concrete form, – called race war – that is the solution to the problem. Unfuse the artificially fused and – let develop what nature intends – the evolution of the type through itself uninhibited by external imposition is the only proper path in life that of nature. The artificiality of urban environments (the civilization extolled by those who have become divorced from nature) is what inhibits the organic development of types (races, nations, etc.) and thus must itself be done away with and substituted for a society based upon organic life.

With Jews you lose: The modus operandi of the self-chosen is to use wholly, however and to the extent of their benefit. When they cease to serve as an animate tool they are discarded and replaced with another if needed. All of those not Jewish constitute merely a herd of animals bred for utility and inevitable slaughter once they are no longer capable of being exploited with benefits outweighing the cost. All life is accountancy and all are trapped in a ledger to be debited and credited and structured in their being by these relations which are the only frame of reference they have. Voluntarily subordinating themselves to their masters for prospective gain they thereby find themselves branded and shackled in the pen let loose only for labour. Making thieves’ pacts with a known dishonourable person is the same as writing a novel for publication only to consign it to the flames before sending it to the publisher. If by making such a pact, and not having foreknowledge of the nature of such a being, the inevitable consequence thereof is to learn by one’s error. No benefit can be had over the long term in associating with those whose inner being consists of destruction of those with who they forge a pact. ‘With Jews you lose’ as this is, was, and will always be the intention of this group, namely destruction of those who are Other, this policy being written both in their hearts and in their Talmud.

The popularity of lies in the Beast system: modernity (post?) denies the reality of nature and thereby denies truth, affirms lies (where words fail to correspond with aspects). This is the coin of the realm of the Beast system, where in typically satanic style all oaths, obligations, and commitments are null and void prior to their commitments=, following the letter not the spirit of the law, but rather the demonic pharisaical interpretation thereof through semantic twisting. This denial of truth or rather refusal to deny or affirm the truth or falsity of anything, or to make commitments is typical of this control system and its irrationalism, chaotic nebulosity where no discernible fact or determinate object of consciousness exists but is rather ignored or presented as a given when suitable to the regime and its multitudinous members who exploit the discourse of the moment as a mechanism of self-interest maximization. Presumption of unquestionable fact with simultaneous denial of this same as an asserted or posited reality enables the discursive

exploiter to 'put one over' on their opponent, derive what advantage they seek while losing nothing. It is a semantic shell game where appearance supersedes essence and all is insubstantial concessions and commitments are made by the opponent while only the semblance of same is made by the word-twisting mind-manipulator whose initial move in the language game (the move made to initiate it) is made simply to initiate the game and extract whatever advantages would need to be conceded as a means of perpetuating the discourse. Thus all hopes of 'reconciling differences', achieving 'compromise', etc., are self-defeating ab initio as it is built into the discourse, the white male wearing the debate costume of 'Satan' and the non-white male wearing that of angel's wings. That lies necessarily defeat themselves once exposed so too does the Beast system which is based thereon. The popular notions of 'equality, diversity, democracy', etc. crumble as the weak foundation they are, once the patent falsehoods they are are laid bare.

Why democracy is absurd and an unworkable political system: Democracy purports to be a system of representation wherein the average fool is permitted to 'have his say' through formalistic processes such as elections and opinion polls, writing letters to ombudsmen, etc. that these 'mere opinions' can equally be denied and ignored in spite of alleged checks and balances defeats the claims of democracy to be about the populous ruling itself as their 'voice' is only attended to when it suits the current regime and will be denied otherwise. Their voice might have greater significance (as strength often lies in numbers) in a society where that voice corresponds with a numerical majority or those privileged by special advantages by the regime (e.g. non-whites, and non-heterosexual white males). In such an event (the inevitable consequence of multi-ethnic/racial populations) those favoured – which implies given special advantages through military force to curtail resistance – will drown out the voice even of the numerical majority and tyrannize over them (tyranny of the power majority not the numerical majority). The further absurdity of this type of situation and inevitable consequence is the egalitarian principle upon which such a democracy is based, e.g. one man one vote, no special privileges for any individual or collective of the larger collective population. The 'some are more equal than others' absurdity disproves the lie of democracy. What negates all claims of the validity of a democratic society is the natural differences existent between different groups that no claims to any meaningful equality (in a real sense and not merely in the abstract as in all things can be said to be related to all other things and by virtue of their relations equal) can possibly ignore or deny. Even in a mono-ethnic society where homogeneity of mind, body, and spirit exist, the difference between head and hand is insuperable. Thus a naturalistic hierarchy negates an artificial levelling process called 'democracy' which purports to give voices to the 'voice-less' but in reality simply drowns out the prudent and competent in the tumult of irrationalism and placation of the feral will of the masses with bread and circuses. That democracy has become a substitute religion of those who formerly espoused Jewdeo-Christianity is understandable in that it entails the same universalistic values that (at least in contemporary Christianity if not going back to King James) substitute the more tellurian principles of godmanhood for those chthonic mangodhood principles popular in the mother goddess cults of Ishtar, etc. The proclivity for nurture (artificial man-centric and now female-centric praxis) as opposed to nature, i.e. objectivity / God / Reality and a recognition of the place of man therein as an integral part thereof not as sinner (environmental pollution or aberration) or as saint (steward of the earth, purveyor of resources to the chandal applings of the turd world). That democracy amounts to little more spiritually than crass materialism based upon wealth redistribution and the levelling and regressive process of equal opportunity which takes from the deserving and gives to the undeserving is clear that religion typically fails to attain a

correspondence with reality as a representational or realizable system of ideas and correlative practices.

Demonocracy: the false claims of democracy – equality (even of the justice of equal opportunity which surreptitiously implies natural equality); freedom (of choice, of assembly, of speech); demonstrate the impossible realization of this lofty sounding tartuffery. The right to vote for those who don't fit into the populous and consequently become the populous is the mechanism they use for the replacement of those who have enabled them to have any of these 'rights' in the first place. The right to vote in an egalitarian democracy ceases to have value when there are no conditions other than brute existence and the capacity to check a box which even the most atavistic savage can perform and understand the political theatre just as well as the democratic intellectual sophisticate who is the true believer in the simulation of choice and individualistic power to change a society in which they are only a relative power/influence and this through their socio-economic capacity and connections not through their capacity as a 'voter'. A system of representation by population falls to the dominant majority once that group gathers enough power. The divisions existent between rival groups ('die-versity', multi-culturalism) are really just the tensions and pressures in a powder keg whose explosion is inevitable and immanent. All that is required is the spark (i.e. the right conditions – an excess of concessions of a rival group that leads to their dispossession or extermination, or an unwillingness to meet the demands of the other and insufficient power to resist its acquisition) which initiates the explosion – one way or the other, democracy falls under the weight of its teeming multitude of 'voter citizens' and is replaced with either anarchy and/or dictatorship (be it in the form of fascism or theocratic rule or national socialism, etc.). The seeds of destruction are perpetually grown on the tree of democracy which decays through its own inner disunity and weakness and must then be supplanted with sturdier growth. The lie of democracy exists in its claim of popular power which merely masks the real power of an oligarchy who exists behind this mask and uses it as a concealment and justification of its hidden tyranny. Those in power put forth the false appearance of popular consent when the questions and issues to be decided upon are cleverly formulated in false dichotomies and specious language and serviceable to the establishment. The claims of the democratic political whores to a merely representative capacity is easily seen through when the fruits of this representation of popular will are simply the determination of the popular will through the mind control matrix of media, academia, electromagnetic fields as well as chemicals, et. al in the water, air, and food supply. The means through which life is sustained and thus of necessity must be 'bought into'. The public servant is really only covering their iron hand in the velvet glove of concern for the populous and is a defacto public master, a dictator with a deceptive smile like that of a fox in the henhouse or wolf in the sheeple's pen.

Modern Woman: with the advent of feminism and its gradualistic/propagandistic mind control and personality restructuring of women has come a proportionate decline in the stability of society through the inversion of sexual roles leading to the displacement of the patriarchal society of stability through self-sacrifice to that of instability through selfishness, the stereotypical (and stereotypically true) trajectory of masculine and feminine consciousness respectively. The faggotization of men and the masculinization of women have served to pervert the nature of both leading both to become poor players at the game of life. As a consequence society has been

opened up so to speak, to foreign intrusion (i.e. rapine). Lack of a defensive mindset and feminine hyper-nurture praxis has led to the enemy being able to enter via the open-door immigration policy and acquire power through the democratic process as well as the cornucopia of special privileges meted out by feminized politics be they anatomically male or female. The modernization of woman into that of a caricature of men has enabled more adept players of admittedly inferior race to usurp power through selfishness of women not having a willingness to play their traditional role with the exclusive regard necessary to maintain and expand a stable societal base (via their caregiver role in the home and with children). Contrast modern woman with her traditional counterpoint: one responsible, having conscientious regard for posterity and identifying her role as caregiver; the other as irresponsible self-indulger forever seeking to amuse herself at the expense of others if need be (such as through tax serfdom as a political whore). - The former constituting the foundation of the nuclear family which is the foundation of society; the latter existing as the bulk of the superstructure of a parasitical bureaucracy. The artificiality of cities testifies to their unsuitability of beings whose nature finds their proper expression in nature. Thus to live a life in harmony with the sum total necessitates living amidst natural surroundings not tended hedgerows and topiaries that gratify the decadent taste of fools. Living pressed in on all sides by a collective of others whose infantile thoughts impinges upon one in their petty infighting behaviour is no different than living in a prison cell – no open space, no real living.

Criteria of personhood: The white masses in their suicidal and misplaced altruism, and their savage imitators, endow the latter with the appellation ‘human’ in hopes of accruing to them a greater value than they actually possess. Perhaps it is time to redefine ‘human’ along more restrictive criteria such that only those worthy of the name ‘spirit man’ (hbw. for human) are incorporated in this category? Those endowed with the divine spark, the higher, Krist-consciousness and not merely decked out in the external trappings of an imitation. Putting a three-piece suit or a pastor jacket on a negro doesn’t elevate him to the level of a gin-soaked skid-row bum if the latter be a white man. The power-tripping nature of the beastmen: fight, flight, fornicate—such are the modalities of consciousness of the beastmen. All relations are power relations of the crudest sort—better / worse, domination / subordination—dualistic consciousness to the ultimate degree. The ego cannot transcend itself through being enamoured with itself—the only star in its own galaxy shines forth refulgent to obscure the radiance of more discrete luminous bodies -its crude and forceful display cancelling out the purer light of those formed through darkness of exteriority, through a development of itself through itself. Loud and proud the beastmen display themselves as a jungle ape competitor, vying for supremacy to overcome opposition not being able to identify with those who are posited as foes and could never be understood as anything but foes. Contrast this simian posturing with the altruistic empathy of a white god-man, he who can understand the language of birds and all manner of other fauna owing to his heightened consciousness. No power-tripping exists in him only understanding; no desire to dominate only for harmony – and this same may entail not the domination but the subjugation of an opponent, a ‘tap out or pass out’ disjunctive choice which still preserves the autonomy of the Other yet does not concede power outside of harmony, that is to say what is just to confer. Thus the war when fought by this same white god-man is an inherently ‘jus bellum’ never initiated but always finished by this same even through granting the opponent the choice to terminate the latter’s aggression with a just penalty paid to rectify loss.

Inevitably war between such discordant souls leads to the instigator (always the beastman) escalating the battle when he perceives a sufficiently high probability of victory ('give them an inch and they take a mile') which is typically anticipated by the wise white and thus thwarted prior to its initiation at least in the mind of the adept games-master which is the white sage who allows the beastman to complete his sin through granting him and not forestalling him from his autonomy of will culmination in the decision to 'make a move' in desperate hopes blinded by ambition and greed for power to attempt the defeat of the white god-man whose very existence threatens his fragile ego unwilling as he is to humbly submit to the greater good and thereby precipitate harmony on the material plane and on all planes affected by his coarse vibrations ('peace on earth', etc.). Continuing in his sin the brute finds himself at the end of his road of destiny – since earthly harmony is not possible for him, as he is perpetual war and conflict the inevitable destiny he has created through his own vice is for his presence upon Gaia to cease as it portends nothing but continual destruction and the degradation of civilization which only takes form under the demiurgic hands of the white god-man. With childlike simplicity, the Negro desports amidst the sunshine of Mother Africa, singing and dancing under the auspices of Gaia.

However, what is not readily perceived by the Christian missionary, misguided by false dogma, is that a voodoo feast is being prepared and that they themselves, the curious and idle rich of the civilized world are being prepared as the main course. Practical experience would give the prudence necessary to circumvent such alluring festivities if it had not been too late – but now that it is too late no such prudence can be had – too little too late. A projection of one's own psychology on that of another had best be done through the lens of a well-trained eye familiar with the object of its vision in place of a purblind agent viewing through rose-coloured glasses a continuance of his own fancy in place of the reality itself. The noble savage dances but a few tunes: a tribal war dance; a mating ritual, and a celebration of gastronomic delights – fight, feast, fornicate being the trajectory and tenor of his thoughts if such they may be called. Those who know are those who experience and have concrete knowledge of sensory information mediated and data-based via reason to arrive at directives for prudent action. When the war dance is ongoing one enters only if willing to war – for suicide in defeat with weaker force or victory with greater – otherwise one avoids the conflict. - So too in the cases of mating and feast ceremonies, unless one wishes to suffer the fate prepared for one. Many a missionary learned the hard way that different kinds must be kept separate and can only inter-relate under strictly controlled conditions. 'Kind after kind' is the creed of harmony on the earth not 'do what thou wilt' and 'all are one' via miscegenation and the defilement of the seedlines. To blend together those of alien nature is to create a discordant progeny in the event such results who play host to a conflict of souls which render the (meta)physical vehicle a torturous wreck which is a dysfunctional threat to both itself and others. Societal groups brought together manifest their differences in war which at a low protracted level amounts to crime at its least organized and a guerrilla war at its most. The welter of circumstances in the realm of politics: politics is always power politics and self-interest rules the day in all so-called 'political praxis' that is inherently (even if a political philosophy/ideology) crude, rooted in the mire of empirical transience. Thus those whose thoughts perpetually trend in this groove find all other life possibilities exhausted as they cannot 'see the forest for the trees' and all a mere plaything in the hands of fate as they desperately struggle to carve out their pitiable destiny – a foregone conclusion in the mind of the deity. Struggle as they may they are mere puppets pulled hither and thither by the sublime complexity of hidden forces then can no more comprehend than identify. Thus their lives of Sisyphean futility soon become exhausted in the

hamster wheel which determines their function as a gear ground smooth in the machinery of Leviathan. Those however, who are cast in the mold of Olympus and who have as their life's path an upward ascent to the stars see both more clearly and broadly their larger horizon. Theirs is not to cast careworn glances about for the momentary advantages offered by the fates whose plaything their lack of willful striving has rendered them but rather to steel themselves for heights of greatness no king's ransom may procure them. The refulgence of starlight is the path they must tread, blind to all but the hidden light their unfortunate fellow travellers have no capacity—as no mind or at least no willpower through which to bear witness to. Thus one heads down the other upward; one towards extinction amidst the chaos play of transient forces, the other towards eternity through the straight and narrow path of integrity. Beyond the preservation of one's own kind politics is of no value, a mere theatre of the real, spectatorship of the dull and superficial novelties of relations between and within populations. It becomes a soap opera of personalities who eagerly enlist for momentary fame and fortune, eager to lap up the temple offerings their fawning sycophants cast at their feet as it were before living gods or at the very least demi-gods but in reality before swine their stinking breath, the plaudits of the masses. A vanity mirror is this picture show with both parties – politicians and their devoted adherents – playing the roles of a reflection reflecting one another's egos in empty self-genuflection. One looks upon the other as the *conditio sine qua non* of their being and thus the politics of democracy is inherently prostitutive with attention and its material rewards being the end goal through the currying of favour with the mass and the worship of the democratic demagogue on the latter's part.



**NATURALISTIC**



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**JURISPRUDENCE**

# NATURAL LAW JURISPRUDENCE: A TREATISE ON NATURAL LAW

## “Overview - Natural Law Jurisprudence”

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The meaning of the law is written (*de dicto*) and applied (*de jure*) in often a conflictual matter especially in a society ruled in secrecy by hidden hands where black is often whiter than white and vice versa. What is becomes through the judgments of state representatives, what is not and values are revalued inversely and become perversions of the spirit of the law embodied in the legalism of the state, whose deliberate omissions of truth and commissions of falsehood redound to the ruling *modus operandi* of mendacity and hypocrisy if not club law at its lowest depth, the brute force of theocratic tyranny, where god beings (*lucifers*) rule over those they’ve blinded from the womb with the talon grip of Lilitith.

Thus it can be said that the intention and the consequence are not strictly related things especially when avowed intentions are diametrically opposed to the plain meaning of words; when the plain meaning of words are themselves counterfeits of commonly accepted verbal coin of the realm nevertheless exchanged on an equally counterfeit basis marks the reality and the reality of the appearance – and the appearance of reality all constitute a kaleidoscopic hall of mirrors rendering interpretation and counterclaim, just attack and defense, impotent in the hands of those not wielding the club of power.

This series of ongoing treatises on the true and just, the beautiful *lex beatitudo*, the real, natural, ‘natural law’ which holds for all but does not hold all as equals, only those of proper character (discussed later) is an attempt at reformulating the jurisprudence of yesteryear and serving it up as the meat and potatoes, the shew bread and mana, of the malnourished who are forever gnashing their teeth in ravenous privation of justice, crying out apparently in vain for the divine dispensation of wisdom embodying itself on the emerald tablets, the golden plates, the stone tables of law that will constitute the *civitas dei* in the coming aeon. It is the attempt to use my well-wrought stylus of adamant upon the *tabula rasi* that lie before me in so many mounds that this work has been undertaken, as it were under the *Shekinah* of divine inspiration. There are many wrongs to right as both evil and good as well as just plain bad, are existent presences in the world and require rectification, the balance of justice through the myriad tools of *Justitia*: shame, in the form of the public censor, fear in the form of coercive punishment, greed in the form of utility incentive, and, if the imperfect are to ever approximate perfection, nobility of mind as the ultimate and final *dispensatio dei* that elevates the lowly to the level of the lofty and does away with all need of middle men and adjudication – as all will have been made one and justice will have materialized in an Edenic paradise of earthly heaven.

Until such time (perhaps an illusion, an unattainable ideal) the lash and the atonement, the trial and the ordeal must have their inevitable place in the cosmic correction. Until the ultimate harmony is realized rods and scourges, fire and brimstone, must purge the demons of vice and corruption from the bodies, minds, and souls, of the fallible fallen angels that constitute the remnant of salvageable beings in the teeming multitude called ‘humanity’, a term so inappropriately and indiscriminately applied by the man in the street today. The time is now beyond ripe for harvesting the pearls of wisdom that can – and must– pull the elect from the abyss and gird them with the light body apparel



of angelic wings. Else the fruits will rot away and those who feast on them will under the intoxication of decay become mad with vice and create an inferno of unending despair. Thus as a harvester, a farmer, a 'fisher of men', I bestow these fruits upon my readers. The palette of the sinner may not find them sweet but the required nourishment will lead them to develop an appetite for even the most sour and fibrous fare. To partake of the following cornucopia is to nourish oneself to health on the mana of the god and to reunite with one's lost self. Soon the seeds will be planted and groves and orchards will blossom with the promise of the future made present as the dawning of the golden age for ever and ever and ever.

### **“Counter-violence”**

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Good vs. evil playing itself out in the rational and intuitive mind's eyes: Should evil be vanquished by an act of a similar nature (what could be called sympathetic karmic magic) the 'law of similars'. When can one be determined as 'evil' – what are the conditions? Should forgiveness enter into play in place of a more overt punishment? Should one simply remove oneself and not play the agent of God's will, providence. Granted that all are one that means no 'God' above will do the punishing ('as above so below'). How does one know when they are agents of the divine will appointed to carry out the deeds issued ex cathedra from the higher planes? When does killing become murder assuming killing is not foresworn a sin? Reality is morality, morality is reality – cosmic consciousness contains contents of ethics – morality manifest in praxis. No one is nor ever will be beyond good and evil lest they flee materiality – and even then not likely. Counter-violence is the defense, the natural right to fight fire with fire and douse the flames that burn the sufferer – the agent ignition seeks to commit arson on or in relation to the patient – therefore the agent is guilty of sin and if no bucket of water can be employed to douse the fires that harm they must be beaten out – the means is justified by the end. Thus to kill under these conditions is just though emotional responses balk in horror and withdraw from the threatening onslaught. But to withdraw in passivity simply renders the patient a hapless victim; moreover they are complicit in their own destruction and create a suicide (a sin against the self who has an obligation to live for the good and merge with God- mind) through failure to resist in the most violent way if need be (the right to counter-violence). Only the rational can understand this, he who is in self-reflexive awareness, self-knowledge – and on an intuitive basis. Intuition is not on the side of emotional caprice, simply the gateway to knowledge itself requiring a working out in circumstantial particularity (the 'situation'). Thus ethics is situational but universal, the paradox reconciled in its extremes by the situation being populated by beings who are manifestations of the universal and contain its seeds within themselves. Thus the right to counter-violence is established in graven images of adamant; with the laser of the mind's eye. The question is, in deciding when and what constitute counter-violence and don't overstep the bounds becoming themselves violence – an act of aggression exceeding the original act: the punishment must be proportional to the crime. If the acts of another dethrone him from whatever social position he should have occupied (by obstructing his progress or weighing it down to the point of regress down the ascending mountain of evolution) then what is the just punishment for surely one deserves to be administered. That depends on the worth of the life, the stage of its evolution, the ability of it to contribute to the good, in other words and ultimately, the amount taken away from the victim, the 'loss'. Justice being a balance the rectification necessitates that the loss be compensated for, again proportionally – not a mere reversion to a former state as

time has also been lost (in the form of changes in worldly circumstances, lost opportunities, etc.). A pound of flesh lost requires more for compensation as the graft needs excess protein for assimilation, work hours (meaningful employment of one's energies) are lost through healing of wounds and a return to former states might be an impossibility. The whole (of punishment) is greater than the part (the crime) – this not only deters through setting a pedagogical precedent but enables the healing of the victim and the wounding of the villain proportionally.

### **“Courage before the Beast”**

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A very serious reality – today appears to be the manifestation, the nascence, of the aeon of Horus. Symbolism, technology, political situations all are synchronizing along a timeline which sets out an agenda that only the most blind can't see – the future is a grim one where whatever movements one makes involve one in so many pitfalls before his steps (and he is walking blind in darkness). They may serve to precipitate him into a beyond perhaps more horrible than breaking a neck. To navigate in such times is nearly futile – one can only control things from the center as circumstances' unpredictability and inexplicably render all attempts equally valuable – whether to move or be still, to sit, stand or move into the lotus position. Perhaps the latter is best – hold onto your seat and be brave; pray to the unknown gods for strength and hope to bless yourself through higher spiritual development.

Unfortunate irony: one was born pig ignorant in a dumbed down world. A Zed figure ala the movie Zardoz: he was born a brutal or a castaway outside of the domed city of the blessed, a chandal reject of the perfectibili. And yet inadvertently discovering an Alexandrian library of profound gnosis he built up faculties of the demi-gods, was selected by the god-men and ennobled – only to bring to awareness the equality of man through exposure of the limitations of self-apotheosized beings and the Achilles' heel of man's Icarian earthbound finitude. The hubris of the chosen volk will be their downfall.

Hopefully they don't crash the world to brimstone fragments with Samsonian fury. Whatever their eagle perspectives may take in godlike omniscience, panoptic all-seeing vision, the little man must bury his head in the sand when the laser-beam searches within his territory – or be vaporized. One must control oneself with respect to the system and not seek to ride the beast when its reigns cannot be controlled by feeble arms. David slew Goliath yet one must have the philosopher's stone to vitiate the giant and this is difficult of attainment. The strategy is self- control and regulation vis-à-vis the machine, and perhaps to be ignored, swallowed and then to sabotage the system from within. The grey- man strategy begets the freeman within. Yet, on the other hand, confrontation has its affect – a mouse against an elephant might be crushed upon frightening the latter but has at least upset the coolie who steers the machine. Assuming the chinks can be discovered. Such a mission is for those – at least at this time – who are involved with the machine. At the apogee of its consolidation – or perhaps self- destruction – one must first control the self. Make peace with the unknown gods and understand a higher calling urging one to follow it. Union is attained via opposition to disunion across all lines of morality and praxis as well as to seek union with the apparently disjointed, the differentiations of the one. “A very serious reality” is the conjunction of elements in the universe now (planetary alignments, etc. – an unknown reality for the unenlightened and ignorant) - what developments will occur, how will one pass through to a higher perhaps better reality? Through self-

cultivation and eschewing the external lusts and chains of materiality – break the bonds through purification of consciousness and body: purify the temple of the spirit (body), purify the temple of god (spirit). One must learn to take joy in the mind as the ultimate succor from the vice and losing of oneself in unconscious lower level mentation or the ecstasy of creature comforts. Associate joy with thought and therein lies liberation: politically the grey- man – the Clark Kent moth-like dullard, spiritually the aristocrat of the soul, the superman of Christ- consciousness whose higher chakras spin with the dynamism of a hydro-electric generator not like the creaking windmills of a Don Quixote.

### **“God-law: prohibited sales of devices”**

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The notion that certain types of commercial transactions for sale of chattels called ‘devices’ should be regulated, limited or otherwise curtailed or diminished is the issue here. Questions arise: What types (what constitutes a prohibited device, what defines a ‘device; subject thereto), to what extent and how controlled and most importantly of all for what purpose should the device in question be subject to. I answer as to type that which harms, to the extent that it harms and the control being limited to that class of harmful thing. What amounts to harm is that which disrupts the harmony of society and individual functioning/existence within the parameters of nature. To sell a thing entails introducing it into the general circulation of chattels that are thereby used to fulfill their intended purpose or purposes that could reasonably be anticipated as resulting from their use in the context of their use (the situation).

Under such conditions if harm results the thing in question must be prohibited from being sold so as to preclude the inevitable harm (this based on probability).

### **“Prohibited Advertising”**

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Advertising leading to the corruption of morals would fall under this category. Advocacy of degenerate mores, practices, such as riotous living (meaningless hedonistic self-stimulation which is what most advertising consists of), violation of other’s autonomy and peace of mind through overemphasis on competition and ego in place of humanity and solidarity. All of which (subsumable under the general heading of ‘vice’) should be prohibited as a form of advocacy of vice. Advertising should redound to the betterment of society and in no way conduce to its detriment. If the latter is the case it becomes “prohibited discourse”. This doesn’t infringe upon freedom of expression as merely that which is displayed indiscriminately to public view should be concealed from view. I would go so far as to formulate the following: all prohibited advertising is all advertising, i.e. all advertising in public space such that the public’s senses are affected by whatever medium should be prohibited such that no offense against decency corrupts public morality. The consciousness of the individual (autonomy, self- law/rule) would be maintained in its integrity/autonomy only through the prohibition of all messages designed to alter its nature. Thus the public space would be free of defilement and independent thought would be allowed to create a world of its own contrivance with its own meanings and messages not commie/socialist propaganda or hamburgers and milkshakes, etc.

Beauty eludes my grasp – I see the indistinct image of a harmonious, self-sustaining presence that resonates with the structures of my heart and attempting to grasp it – it eludes my grasp and is

distorted into an irreparable monstrosity. In all respects at all times I am chained to a prison of limitation, (even in consummation “consummation est”). The thing in itself manifests with all its rough edges. The true and the beautiful in its elusive indistinct presence can never be made a presence – to render distinct is to destroy and to perceive is to blind oneself. The sublime can never be brought into Being qua being, into a concrete image or form for then it is being and no longer Being, is a corruptible becoming that negates its own aspiring reality. Icarus soars to the sun but burns upon contact – is the sublime the sun on Icarus. Are we the sun to dispel shadows with the third eyesight – but simultaneously deform the fleeting figures we perceived – grasping the aether materially – air with the hand – the aether parts around crude matter laughingly. Perhaps the fleeting laughter is what we seek and this is Beauty – seeking but only without knowing that what is sought can never be attained or found. To be conscious only of the seeking qua seeker - not to reflect upon oneself, but to be blind to the act of self-reflexion. To be aware only of the self as awareness is satisfactory and a discovery, only when the awareness ripples outwardly to encompass the all and to merge therewith. Crystallized as seeker, being even in pursuit of Being, leaves one a prisoner in being, a fallen being in a fallen world. Ugliness remains and the grasping after sublimity (which is really a merging with the god-head) is an impossible dream. All the structure is a prison – the prisoner requires restraints in place in order to function, for his own protection. Lack of restraint begets madness and self-destruction.

### **“Naturalistic Jurisprudence: division of powers”**

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The notion that a separation should exist between those who are the ultimate judge and those whose actions bring them to ‘justice’ (a justice of the peace) is the issue. To bring another to ‘justice’ implies that judgment is vested in the person/entity/figure to which the alleged violator of justice is brought. This fact entails a discrepancy for someone arrested (stopped physically or in abstracto – legally – from continuing in the normal course of their lives) and taken before (again through legal – abstract – or physical coercion, i.e. implied threat of undesirable consequences) another (the ‘justice’) by the arresting party (police or citizenry) is subject to the judgment of the latter as a provisional, tentative, defeasible state of judgment which masquerades as a non-judgment yet clearly is. Hence the notion of a division of powers is mythical in the top-down sense where the powerless (citizen) is subject to the power of the less powerful (police) and subject to the greater power which can override the lesser. If the claim of the police/arresting party not having the power to judge (for how else could they decide to act positively and arrest the other) is not valid then a division of powers exists yet is hierarchical. The problem in this from a naturalistic standpoint is of the higher power not having adequate knowledge of the facts upon which judgment is alleged to be based. This inadequate knowledge is further compounded in the appointed justices’ appointments being subject to legitimate popular will (no voter fraud, no lesser of two evils). This of course is from the ‘democratic’ standpoint. If the judges are just and judge according to Cosmic Law then the division of powers receives greater legitimacy; still their finite knowledge/capacity and acquaintance with the facts (the basis of judgment) precludes greater judgment being rendered than the average ‘reasonable’ beat-cop, as the latter has direct experience of the situation (of course bias exists in both cases determined by socio-economic factors and background, psychology and other

myriad factors). The general question is: should there be a division of powers at all in place of highly ethical 'judges' ala Judge Dredds who serve a legal capacity of a more comprehensive nature: judge, jury and executioner. This potentiality could result in a more universalistic justice (even in a democratic society where each judge is subject to performance reviews, re-education, punishment, etc. to enforce compliance with standards of "Justice"). The judges who rule from the bureau and rarely step down to street level having thereby no concrete knowledge of reality outside of the bounds of themselves. Their socio-economic cross would be reserved exclusively for cases of performance reviews of individual judges and to serve as a senior advisor in case of corruption, etc. This 'senior' judge would be appointed by the citizenry (all of whom have the potential to become judges by virtue of passage of the requisite tests and maintenance of the appropriate standards again subject to the principles of fundamental justice). The senior judges would attain their positions through organic development so to speak and no independent political hierarchies or enclaves would be permitted to form. Thus justice would spread universally throughout the land and any disruptions to its balance would be rectified by the fiat (the divine right) of the individual harmed or their voluntarily selected proxies (depending on individual strengths and weaknesses), thus the conclusion that no division of powers is possible.

While divine justice exists as for a few to monopolize the mechanics of justice administration is to wrest from the hands of the individual self-determination and liberties correspondent with cosmic law. As everyone is an agent of the law it should be formally recognized and the ideal/immaterial embodiment of divine right should manifest itself in concrete form through the implementations of justice being a possibility for all who "live in accordance with nature" and who are at a sufficiently mature level of soul development. As to the police function, hierarchy should only exist as a mentorship function, i.e. advisory and not obligatory or chain of command unless the specific task (task force) necessitates a chain of command in the case. This of course presupposes that the members of the 'justice' department are sufficiently responsible in the sense of ethically and not egotistically oriented, i.e. if their training/background is adequately steeped in the moral law then and only then would they have the power to act with minimal to no supervision.

As a preliminary stage to this admittedly utopian conception the bureaucratic hierarchy should be minimized and greater autonomy granted the police if and only if all qualifying citizens can become police given the willingness and ability (putting forth adequate time and effort) to uphold the moral law and the rigors of its enforcement.

The bureaucracy should be only adequate to enable the execution of the police. Obviously well-developed and tested models of policing, i.e. justice enforcement should be constructed, themselves based on natural law itself brought into being through the enlightened souls who have eo ipso the capacity to speak 'ex cathedra' (assuming such exist).

#### **"Naturalistic Jurisprudence: Just provocation"**

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One is justified in retaliating against another when that other has violated their peace (security/integrity of the person) and this was not itself provoked through a concomitant violation of the peace. To synopsise: "If they didn't initiate the conflict and their response to the conflict was not aberrant (i.e. too great or small in relation to the initial act of violence, a violation nor was it

irrelevant to the initial violence). Thus three criteria exist for the counter- violence qualifying as a right: 1) the initial violence was not one's doing (non est factum); 2) the retaliation was neither too great nor too small and 3) the retaliation was relevant, i.e. it corresponded to the initial act and brought to bear the requisite harm upon the initial violator(s) thereby rectifying the balance of loss – the loss was negated through the loss of another.

The question arises as to whether “sticks and stones can justify breaking bones when names hurt” and the answer should be given in the form of the following criterion of relevance: “an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.” Unless the damage/injury superseded the bounds of its form (verbal, physical, economic, etc.) then the retaliation must be confined to the form itself (verbal for verbal if confined to the verbal sphere, etc.).

### **“Naturalistic Jurisprudence: Bloodsport”**

Meaning a contest between one (oneself as flagellant and flagellated) and one or more entities (exorcism qualifying as a contest possibly leading to the spillage of blood, demonic possession/obsession, etc.) leading as aforesaid, to the spillage of blood, or ‘bloodletting’, which terms are symbolic or metaphorical of the willful injury of another beyond the level of injury which supports the higher development of all sentient entities in the sum total of existence (i.e. ‘evolution’ herein used as a spiritual and not a zoological or even kingdom related term [plant, animal, mineral, etc.] but beyond this to encompass all sentient entities). The traditional construal of bloodsport with its associated imagery and pageantry of innocent purebreds squaring off with tooth and nail leading to a welter of mutilation and injury for the purpose of either entertainment or pecuniary interest (betting or sado- masochistic hedonic thrills) applies as does the spiritual combat of a black magician against the light side but not in the reverse case of light against black sorcerer/magicians and their legions of demons/spirit entities. The intention of the legislation is to prevent the onslaught against the good by that which is evil (i.e. that which does intentional harm, the latter term being defined as a throwing out of balance and/or an obstruction of the good towards their greater good; the exception being to negate the negation of their being enables to maintain their goodness in opposition to a threatening harm – this latter preserves the good and therefore qualifies as a good itself by definition: as the preservation of the good is itself good.

Bloodsport is inherently evil as it lowers the higher in entities (again by definition) as it ‘lets’ the blood (or inherent necessary vital substance of the being in question be it of whatever form it may) of another for ‘sport, i.e. not for a high but for a low purpose thereby conducing to the lowering of the lofty and the consequent prevention of the lofty from becoming loftier. If it in fact has this outcome it qualifies as a good, such as for example trial by ordeal or rite of passage through ritual or spirit quest/combat, a young soldier’s initial foray into battle to preserve the white against the black legions or a young brave in the wilderness battling dark energy matter entities under conditions of body purification, etc.

### **“Naturalistic Jurisprudence: Privacy”**

Privacy: the autonomy of the mind of the person not interfered with outside of the bounds of reason. This entails all of that which a reasonable person would consider as an influence/irritant/sensation detrimental (i.e. causing harm) to their peace of mind (which I will say is synonymous with “autonomy of the mind” for in pacis est liber). Thus anything exceeding the

bounds of reasonable influence constitutes a violation of this privacy, of the conditions one is entitled and must be privy to for justice to be upheld. The standard is not established by 'normal human/societal convention' or what happens to be the case – that would be to misconstrue/confuse the 'is' with the 'ought'. Instead the standard of privacy is established by what enables the human being to evolve as a soul and function in accordance with his essence, i.e. to live in accordance with nature (which entails the fact of evolution). Anything, accordingly, that inhibits or obstructs this fundamental existentielle (process) amounts to a violation of privacy in the law codes of fundamental justice. Far from the standards of the 'average fool in the street' prescribing themselves as the norm these standards are struck down, raised into ashes as so many dime store novels to be replaced by the tomes of the evolving soul, its law tables. This accommodates (with an ethical/moral imperative and looming set of correspondent punishments) the higher standard of soul development. Those in violation receive the necessary lesson (a contextual ruling) about what it is to violate the sanctity of another's mind. This could range particularly from water torture of the dip variety, to listening to a clock tick in a silent room to more severe forms of punishment correspondent with the crime (and indeed a crime it is to quell the creative aptitude of the mind). Within the confines of a person's property and/or personal space the criteria for finding and determining whether a violation has occurred is whether the decibel level and duration of the vibration exceeds the activity permitted (or a rule utilitarian, Pareto optimal basis with the purpose of Eudaimonia and utility maximization/optimization as the criterion of overarching preponderance). In terms of public space and personal space the same criterion is imposed – what is reasonable and not is what preserves the harmony of a harmonious society which latter implies its enhancement across all lines and categories of existence (e.g. psycho-social, economic, etc.).

### **“Naturalistic Jurisprudence – forms of punishment”**

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The forms of punishment throughout history are legion: the ordeal, the myriad forms of physical interference with homeostasis to induce pain (the undesired sensations) be they permanent or impermanent physical alterations of the 'docile body' (ala Foucault); psycho-social remediation through the soft forms of nanny state spanking (original sin, expiation of sin – the confessional and its secular modern day equivalents “taking responsibility for one's actions” whether that be possible or no– the law brooks no extenuation de facto in spite of the de jure claims); from all fronts the assault impinges upon the body – not merely physical but bio-physical, bio-energetic, psycho, etc., (astral). The intent/motivation of punishment is to impose the undesirable, the object of dread upon the transgressor (at least this is the avowed intention) for the purpose of 1) deterrence of others who might perpetuate their example and thereby visiting yet more harm on society and its constituents; 2) to ensure the law remains/retains its integrity qua law (a rule plus a penalty as “nulla pena sine lege”) and 3) the more rosy conception of punishment as remediation of the mind, i.e. pedagogy, the transgressor being posited in the capacity of a child and the state intervening in its life as a parental authority steering/guiding the imperfect along the straight path of legal standards, the permitted/obligatory trajectory along which the wayward and vacillatory must be maneuvered. Hence the claims of the law as a Mary (Magdalene) Poppins figure who invokes the lash to pop the collar of the masses. The claims having been laid out they will now be evaluated: 1) Do laws deter? In answer the question 'does pain motivate' suffices to evaluate the efficacy of the law (keeping in mente that laws are only laws qua “rule and penalty” not merely as

expressed prohibitions without the essential element of enforcement through the necessary means). However, respecting those who have no fear/dread (perhaps at all) of the specific punishment or no lack of willingness to pursue their course of action in spite of the probable/inevitable consequences the deterrence is no such thing as its purport is negated not having the intended meaning for the object it purports to circumscribe. Thus 1) is only conditionally reified as the intent of law, namely in the case of those who have fear/dread of the consequences which causal process of reasoning amounts to a hamstringing or Golgi tendon organ function (inhibition). This is the domino which topples; 2) regardless of the form of the law (rule and penalty) the penalty does not reflexively support/confirm/legitimate the rule as it has no/insufficient meaning in the mind of its transgressor. If it does, 2) receives legitimation. With respect to 3) the pedagogical element that law ostensibly contains in a “free and democratic” or any form of political Leviathan, it is only pedagogy for those who are i) receptive, ii) capacitated (assuming this is a word), ‘capable’; iii) not resistant (which implies the negation of i) and ii)) in other words those able and willing to belief and act upon their belief that law is: a) for the good (of either themselves or others) and b) that obsequiousness with respect thereto is the appropriate/necessary means to its realization. If this is not subscribed to as a belief the pedagogy remains impotent and hollow and the law and its concomitant punishments (be they of whatever form they may) are no less effectual than the institutional counterpart of “justice”, i.e. “education” and the transgressor reverts to the inattentive pupil sitting at the back of the room throwing spitballs. This covers the purpose of the law as espoused/propounded ex cathedra by the PTBs. Now to the forms: in terms of severity, the psycho-social has a more sinister, cryptic and effectual as well as permanent influence. Sinister/cryptic in that it is typically unknown to the transgressor (fluoridated water, chemtrails, EMF transmissions, bovine spongiform encephalopathy in grain, etc.) and thereby does not meet with resistance. Effectual for the same reason as well as having greater control (“mind control world control”) over the control of the target (and everyone is a target in the hive mind, to be controlled and used being the determination of their being from above) and permanent in that the physical body is determined/shaped by the energy/biophysical/astral body/mind and not vice versa. The physical is designed as a display case with the medieval executions or puritan exhibitions of the ‘docile body’ of the transgressor displayed in the stocks – again largely for deterrence and for psycho-social humiliation/ostracism); it can also be designed (by the arch-techs, perhaps taking their cue from the GAOTU, YHVH) for coercing confessions/extracting information and vindictiveness (the condition being that the punishment must be registered qua punishment, i.e. realization of object of dread/pain).

### **“Naturalistic Jurisprudence: prostitution”**

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A crime (transgression) against morality (the mores of society). Why so? The act of sexual promiscuity precipitates the following consequences within legally sanctioned (though not so far morally condemned) parameters: disease spread and infidelity as well as indulgence in the lower passions and concomitant degradation of the human and its potential to attain higher states of consciousness (although it may support that as well paradoxically depending upon technique and particular usage. In any case disease and infidelity are sufficiently harmful to the structure of society to merit the condemnation of the practice – if and only if, these are de facto the consequences and are not simply paranoid fear states of mind controlled sheeple programmed to bleat on command by the threat of the shepherd’s crook or a shearing too close to the skin (a close shave with the law).



I argue that neither of these are necessary consequences/entailments of the practice and therefore prostitution is not immoral on these grounds. Fidelity would be tested by whatever temptation the sex act would offer and thus would simply be strengthened and find its legitimation or hypocrisy through this ordeal. Therefore infidelity would not be encouraged but sound unions amongst the partners thereto. Disease spread could be curtailed through appropriate hygienic practice though there would always be the possibility of cracks or leaks in the protocols of enforcement or practice of hygienics. Hence a probability, however small, exists for the spread of disease. Be that as it may the smallness of the probability (kept within bounds by the paranoid fear of the sex worker and their concomitant prophylactization) does not necessitate criminalization. Therefore prostitution is not to be condemned on these grounds. On what grounds, if at all (the curious question might question) should the practice of prostitution be condemned? To answer we must first define the term and delimit its meaning thereby disengaging it from extraneous meaning/conceptual content that has become bound up therewith through mass propaganda and moral legislations as its end product. The term pornography means (from the Greek “porno” “graphal” – a neologism combination) “prostitute” “writing” or “sign”, “written mark”, “signifier”, etc. (vibration perhaps, e.g. phonai). Prostitute, “porno” means a being who offers sexual services for ‘compensation’ (and within a legal framework this means anything considered of ‘legal value’). Thus the service could be, could fall within the scope of, anything which entails or connotes, denotes, suggests, implies sex or sexual matters. This could be related to (I stipulate here a definition of ‘sex’) anything that entails the union of separate beings in an intimate manner that leads to a generation of fruits (of whatever nature that is borne out of the physical bodies of humans, e.g. pleasure, children, etc.). Thus a prostitute is simply a seller of unity from difference within the scope of sensation bound up with the material body. The sexual experience is thus a ‘sensual’ one simultaneously and the buyer perceives this experience (or even chattel in the form of conceiving children) as a good bargain thereby proffering the necessary consideration. Therefore I conclude that so far as the contract doesn’t encroach upon the ‘good’ (defined as “living in accordance with nature” –e.g. the higher self) it is morally permissible that prostitution exist. This because outside of the attempt/intention to raise the kundalini and thereby elevate consciousness the sex act is vulgar and belongs amongst the animals and in the realm of procreation and should be restricted thereto. Thus rather than destroying prostitution and suppressing the propensities of the reptilian brain I would elevate prostitution to the Sattvic form wherein yogic practices could enable the concomitant elevation of the mind. Thus, rather than harming society through suppression of drives (negating the negation of prostitution qua pleasure pursuit or cathartic expiation of sin, e.g. masochism) it would help more than hinder through advocacy of and opportunity to raise the Shekinah through socially accepted practice of body utilization as vehicles of the soul.

Now to address why it is deemed immoral within the current society: 1) destruction of the family unit (this has been refuted through stipulating that only degenerate, fallible bonds would be susceptible of unraveling); 2) spread of disease (refuted) and 3) encouragement of vice amongst those susceptible thereof. This latter point has had doubt cast upon it through the positing of a transformation of the industry into a lower rung on Jacob’s Ladder, the stairway from the bottomless pit, the abyss or tunnel of Set to the higher minded crown chakra of Keter and beyond – possibly a path (if not the path)

towards becoming a Christ. Given that matter is infinite to transmute or transubstantiate it alchemically in this wise would be a much wiser usage than an impossible suppression or sublimation through ignorance (impossible at best) or cognitive dissonance (practically the same thing).

Would regulation assist one to the dimension of the blessed – perhaps not as it would introduce outside influences (psycho-somatically) thereby distracting the participants from the task.

### **“Natural law jurisprudence: censorship and right therein and thereto”**

Censorship is the prevention of an other’s (or one’s own) ability to communicate information, manifesting itself in the negation of the meaning of the message and defacto that message itself (the medium being the message, being identical thereto). This is neutral fact and independent/non- dependent upon moral value, a ‘value neutral’ act as ‘there is a time and a place for everything’, and ‘silence is golden’. Hence to censor is neither to condemn nor to asperse not to applaud or anything other than the negation of meaning. The control (which negation amounts to) of another’s communication is of greater potential severity in transgression of the moral law than that of another’s as the former amounts to interference with the will of another its realization through their (self) conscious actions. Hence it represents a potential conflict but not necessarily or merely possibly but has the latent power (potential) of ‘potentiality’. This is when it enters the arena of the moral law – by virtue of the fact that it extends beyond the scope of the person. Qualification: the moral law obtains even in self- reflexive relations as all partakes of the deity including oneself (itself implying ‘other’). However, as the goal of morality is self-control in all behavior such that harmony of oneself and censorship of others implies that the truth is suppressed by virtue of its being restricted to the soothsayer and not the potential (but no longer given the censorship ‘possible’) audience, even oneself who may have the truth subverted through his own censorious behavior. Thus the claim/justification oft-times adduced in favor of censorship, namely that it is protective of sensitive or easily offended ears, is dispelled as the myth that it is. To claim to protect another from truth/reality is to render one/self susceptible to injury through ignorance thereof: one may have lost the opportunity to gird himself against threatening forms/reactions contained in or conveyed via that information. Thus the result of censorship is blindness and the consequent hazards that such a state portends not to mention the suffocation of the promise of self/knowledge and the fruits it bears. The conclusion of this treatise on natural law jurisprudence is that censorship plays no role in an enlightened society and the preservation of nature (which latter implies its development out of the self via itself–to become who one is.

### **“Natural Law Jurisprudence: Polygamy”**

I have addressed this topic previously and upheld the practice as one conducive to the upgrading of the higher life forms called human by virtue of the fact that women are instinctively attracted to those of preferred genetic stock and those same (always men in the circumstances of progenerative relations the only valid/legitimate form of marriage) should – ethically, as an imperative – generate progeny to the extent of their ability in terms of resource allocation (sound germ plasm, basic resources and parental/paternal beneficence, an essential element in the development of children into functional adults) and for the purpose of eugenics (good generation). This can only go one way in the polygamous (many partner) union: embed itself and perform its incubative function in the vessel of posterity (i.e. the womb) and to combine/contaminate/adulterate the germ plasm possibly causes defects at a micro level on the condition that multiple male partners engage the same/similar females. If properly regulated by agreement between the partners the fruits of the union may still retain the purity of the necessary

partners (viz. two and only two). Thus, with the goal of eugenics in mind polygamy is a positive and imperative practice. The converse arguments based upon egalitarian ideology (a fantasy in the naïve minds of fools) stipulates – or would have stipulated – that the ‘rights’ of one of the parties (always the damsel tied to the railroad tracks by the masculine snidely whiplash) have been violated. This entails the implied premise that such rights exist (to what, of what nature, etc. – after all isn’t it always the choice of a woman to select the best men for the purpose of conceiving the best children?). No offense would be granted the privileged in other words at the act of the best conferring upon the best the germ plasm would simply be a confirmation of their virtue. But the ego of the female knows no bounds and would monopolize everything for itself to the exclusion of its own essence/purpose, namely the progenerative. Thus paraphrasing Marx “woman destroys herself”, and thus begins her undoing. A consequentialist argument can here be propounded: either the best outcome (eugenics) through polygamy or the worst through monogamy and a curtailment of the better kind, a restriction of numbers of the good through monopolization of the germ plasm. The other extreme of indiscriminate profligacy spells the doom of the good through chaos as opposed to an overly saturnine order.

### **“Natural Law Jurisprudence: Euthanasia”**

The right to assist in the termination of another’s existence with their consent (or without) is a continued topic of debate. The element of consent is typically the deciding factor as involuntary euthanasia implies murder (killing unlawful under the moral law) in the mind of most who believe in autonomy. And yet if the bad continue to perpetuate their ‘bad’/evil nature thereby jeopardizing the peace, prosperity and happiness of others the question mark is raised around this conception of ‘murder’ – as killing (the ceasing to be of another’s life through the instrumentality of another) is not necessarily unjustified – the greater good or lesser evil would be the deciding factor, i.e. whether the preponderance of good occurs through the negation of the negation. The forms in terms of their infliction of harm should not necessarily be minimized but should be proportional to the harm inflicted if possible (the ultimate penalty itself being often inadequate as a punishment or a negation of the negation). Thus like airing a room of a noxious substance, euthanasia (properly so-called) would be the clearing of a room of a negative entity. It would be ‘eu’ in the sense of good and thus justified in the moral law. The popular phrase “the world would be better off without XYZ” applies. Who would have the responsibility/right to carry out the task of ‘negation’? The one(s) immediately affected and harmed and/or their proxies (hired professionals or themselves on a personal level if sufficiently skilled – a ‘reasonable degree of skill’ and a good intention, not motivated purely through vengeance but through the desire that peace should reign).

### **The moral issue of euthanasia and knowing when to die** :

Life, as a preparation for the afterlife must entail what Seneca called a rehearsal of death and an acquaintance with death in life as a bridge to the hereafter. Also entailed eo ipso an acquisition of knowledge of the conditions of living a good life and the fact of merit, of worthiness to live. Thus one, upon acquainting himself with this reality, must come to an understanding of when to die and why. The why of life entails the when and how of death, thus if one lives for purposes beyond riotous living of bread and circuses then one will leave when the proper time comes. Most are too shameless and immoral to vacate their comfortable position and have to be excised from the vine of life with the pruning shears of dysgenics (or better negative eugenics). The righteous killing of euthanasia (good death) clears the clutter and useless lumber from society leaving room and materials for the construction of more meaningful purposes and pursuits by the younger generation prudential calculus decides who

lives and dies in accordance with the overarching influence of cosmic law – those who support the harmony of existence merit their continuance. Those who obstruct the energy flows that constitute life must perish though killing them itself obstructs the harmony of life. The lesser good and the greater evil must place its head on the chopping block and the vital fluid which spills out is the entitlement of those who may use it to facilitate their progress (always adjusted in accordance with cosmic law, i.e. the Good). Murder is the unlawful killing of another in violation of cosmic law, killing is the brute fact of negating the life of another with/without such violation. Thus killing can be moral but never murder, and the former is determined in its morality in its relation to its cohesion and consistency with the moral/cosmic law. When another violates one such that they threaten the identity of that one and that identity is ‘good’ and there is no remedy for this violation other than to negate the violator, the latter must be killed in accordance with the good. This is ‘euthanasia’, or good death, brought about by a recognition of the violator as such, i.e. as a negation of the good in specie, one who harms the sum total, who creates disharmony without at the same time precipitating a greater harmony through their praxis. Once the elderly reach a certain age they deserve, so to speak, amnesty to live a life of peace and decency with societal support and ideally (and organically) the support of their family line’s surviving members. However, if they step outside the bounds/parameters of preserving the stability of society and descend to or continue in all manner of vice they destabilize society. If the end is not to a reasonable degree of probability to reify the greater good through their harmful actions they deserve to meet with the reaper should their actions be habitually of this nature. The summum Bonum may very well manifest a zero-sum game where the lower is inevitably made the sacrificial goat, terminated on the altar of the ego as their right to die.

The fact of reincarnation entails the legitimacy of the doctrine of capital punishment: by one’s deeds one earns the right to their punishment as a lesson that enables evolution of the soul through the wheel of fortune realizing their dharma and merging with the god-head. To cling to life in a prison, a living death, is not only psychological torture and a waste of the criminal as well as society’s resources (which further harms society) but is an obstruction of the process of soul evolution. The disincentive of capital punishment should also be mentioned and its absence (being the flipside) is an incentive to kill as well as to commit all manner of inhuman or human all too human crimes. Having discussed the conditions of meriting death now to discuss those specifically which make one worthy of their salt: In spite of infirmity and disability one may merit life only if they retain sufficient value in the sense of Aristotelian virtue, i.e. mental/physical/spiritual qualities that offer something to contribute to the betterment of Others (however eccentric, quixotic and outré it may be the potentiality latent within it is what determines value in this sense and as a contribution to the whole. Other here mean anyone other than oneself who may derive a benefit from the acts or omissions of that one, be that Other ‘god’ or ‘society as a whole’ or a random isolate or an elect Luciferic king or god-man. Thus even the quadriplegic artist has something if only in potential to offer, even if offering themselves up as a zoological exhibit or a negative example of what not to be (assuming this cannot be known through other means such as inference and imagination of the beneficiary of the putative’ benefit.

Apart from this they qualify as ‘lebens unwertes leben’ and merit the grave as their fate. Bumps on a stump, stones in the road the many too many merit this designation and follow the course of impediments to evolution such as the Dodo. Dodos of the mind and spirit they are served up as a plump Christmas repast for the Krist-i-ams and krist consciousness and thus pay their tithe for having been.

However this occurs in cases of a very rare nature within the context of morality however cutthroat and Hobbesian. Charity through extent can only be stretched to the bounds of morality beyond which it must be dealt a merciful death blow such that virtue may triumph over the vice of a boundless tolerantia in the name of universalistic humanitas. The human all too human points up the fallibility of man qua men and the notion, to be preserved, must be steeped in the blood of righteous sacrifice.

Economy alone does not determine merit but the spiritual dimensions of being. Energy, being infinite, would enable the terrestrial globe to be transformed into a feedlot of goyim. The question is ultimately, qui bono; when the useless feeders defile the good with their excreta they demonstrate thereby that they are themselves on excrescence. 'Off with their heads' is the judgment ordered by the principles of fundamental justice.

### **"Naturalistic Jurisprudence: The concept of weapon, its scope and aspects"**

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"A weapon is determined by its use," so the contemporary legal maxim has it. 'Determined' means defined and established as, to be judged and viewed judicially as an object of criminality. Once determined to be such the correspondent penalty becomes attached and this in terms of its modality as well as in terms of its quality and quantity (e.g. 'possession' of; 'robbery' which implies force potentially entailing weapons; 'assault' as with the foregoing; 'blunt', 'edged'; 'projectile'; 'of mass destruction'; certain classifications based on scope of harm determining the 'quale'; numbers; victims/casualties against which/whom it is used being the 'quanta/um'). The correspondent penalty being determined by the above criteria it becomes a matter of execution via the necessary threat of force or actual force usage (the lex talionis). How to evaluate the justice of the determination (judgment, itself an evaluation) i.e. to evaluate the evaluation? The natural justice notion of a prohibited weapon (and the only 'weapon' that becomes subject to punishment under this system) is circumscribed by the just usage which always means and exists as counter-force and within the bounds of proportionality, i.e. neither an excess nor a deficiency relative to the initial act of harm that resulted in the usage of the weapon (in terms of quality, quantity and modality – form or way of usage). Thus even though a hammer is not a necessary condition of beating away an assailant who is making use of a blunt instrument to attack one, the selection of it from the tool box in place of a crowbar may be permissible. The qualifiers here would be the concentration of impact on the hammer's head offset by the sharpness of the crowbar's edge, the immediacy of the assault, the violence with which it is employed and the ignorance of the defender of the tools in question and their relative positions in the tool box, ad infinitum (myriad qualifying circumstances that could be spoken of as 'extenuating' or defeating of a charge/counter charge of disproportionate violence or unreasonable use of force).

Situational ethics prevail themselves qualified by the naturalistic/universalistic ethics based on human nature (i.e. the nature of a human being in those circumstances and human purpose and concomitant rights and duties – 'natural law theory' in short as with all treatises under this topic).

Certain objects being designed for the purpose of violence/counter-violence (e.g. guns, NBC substances/devices) they immediately become overshadowed with suspicion of abuse unless the context/situation, overrides that suspicion (war, wild animal defense, industrial purpose – blasting caps, dynamite, germs, and radioactive material). Again the determination considers the elements of the situation and the purpose of and pertaining to which the thing in question is used. As to the permission or lack of prohibition regarding possession of dangerous implements/substances (above), the necessity of the task and the competence of the persons would be the deciding factor. If they qualify as a possessor

the thing is not a weapon as a 'weapon is defined by its use.' A teen on a joyride with vials of lethal and contagious germs is not a competent possessor unless he is a genius undergoing experiments that themselves fall within the province of naturalistic jurisprudence. The principles of jurisprudence, having relevance to the mundane are confined thereto, at least in the manner in which they devolve upon a fallen world.

Now to discuss whether weapons should be openly displayed for deterrent purposes (by 'weapon' I refer to things manufactured/designed and conventionally purchased/possessed for the purpose of violence/counter-violence). I answer this question in the affirmative and qualify it with the proviso 'until such time as world peace constitutes the fabric of the social world.'" The rationale is that deterrence necessarily accompanies the presence of threats, at least to those who understand their meaning qua threat, i.e. the reasonable man. This is a psychological axiom: reasoning (casual judgment between means and end and their necessary connection) results in action; threats harm; people avoid harm; therefore people avoid threats; therefore threats deter. When a person sees another with an object/implement ('weapon') that can harm that person is imbued with power (as possessor of the ability to harm via the weapon) and the perceiver is disempowered/threatened. The problem here lies in the 'challenge factor', whereby the perceiver, if a contentious and aggressive person (many would question: 'who else would carry a weapon' – but joking aside...), upon perceiving the weapon/weapon possessor complex (phenomenologically) experiences an 'upsurge' of aggression (probably hormonally) and as a consequence seeks to threaten the weapon possessor by virtue of this extended powers (extended beyond the self). Thus a recipe for conflict exists. But then so does everything in life. The possible violence erupting from the perceiver in this case makes him (determines him as) criminal as the initiator of the conflict. The possessor is merely a possessor, and what latent threat he may pose exists merely in potential by virtue of its being a 'threat'.

### **"Natural Law Jurisprudence: drugs"**

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Today's society condemns the use of some drugs and venerates the use of others. Why? Because of corruption and the willful spread of ignorance amongst the masses by their controlling masters. Another instance of inversion: the unnatural becomes the natural and the natural becomes vilified as the unnatural – a total perversion of truth/justice/nature/harmony of the magnetic fields constitutive of the fabric of reality. The details will be omitted with the foregoing proviso as the purport of these treatises, is positive law construction as closely approximate of divine law as possible.

The current laws state: drugs are both illegal and legal in accordance with a grading system of classification in terms of the severity of harm (alleged) of the consequences of their usage. I entirely agree with the notion that access to certain types of substance harmful to others/self should be restricted in proportion to the severity of harm. However the definition of harm must be adjusted to conform with 'that which deviates from or obstructs human nature and its perfection in accordance with the sum total of being', i.e. that which doesn't accord with the harmony of the constituent elements of reality and its inherent telos (evolution of the soul towards godhood).

Thus stated, a 'drug' means that which alters (beneficially or otherwise) the nature of a 'human being' temporarily or permanently (within the limitations of heretofore conventional human life span). Thus in the cortex of the divine here propounded drugs are permitted such that they redound to the maintenance of human nature as it is or that they lead to its improvement (perfection) again, in accordance with the

telos of God (providence, the will of god, the divine cosmos). I include the notion of sliding scale classification and concomitant punishment for transgression of these prohibitions. The over-riding clause in all of the Natural Law Jurisprudence that I put forth is: the punishment must be proportional to (fit) the crime – this is the meaning of punitive ‘fitness’ – proportionality as justice is a balance- seeking eternal rectification in accordance with the divine essence, namely, love (harmonia, grk.).

In the case of drugs: what crimes are committed and what punishments are meted out concomitantly? I will divide the classes into two which together form a third (the combination of both) which latter is a sum of the former two when it exists and so needn’t be spoken of as a formal category. The first is ‘self-harm’ which by virtue of the fact that the scope of harm is restricted to the self, is the lesser transgression that the second, ‘harm to others’ which broadens that scope and merits a greater penalty.

The penalty would also be qualified by the duration and magnitude of the consequences of the usage. In short, punishment is proportional to the harm done to society as in all cases and all categories of criminality.

Specifics: all drugs helpful are not prohibited (implied permission), all drugs harmful are prohibited – none are mandatory as the good must be found by the individual and to confer beneficial drugs against the will of another despite the justification that it is to their benefit subverts their will and autonomy and is therefore bad. To take away from another that which harms could be construed as also subverting autonomy but given that it is the negation of the negation (namely prevention of harm coming to another) it serves a bare positive purpose (in the feuerbachian sense). Thus paternalism, being providence or the will of god, contrary to liberal belief plays a role in society, necessarily and inevitably as the world is ‘of god’ as so to humanity. Thus paternalism is essential to reify the will of god. Just because corruption exists in society doesn’t mean paternalism is inherently corrupt. A guiding hand tips the balance of injustice thereby engendering harmony. The paternalists who would play god will themselves be punished by god through the incarnations through assassinations, voting protests, war and endless forms of karmic backlash. Paternalism therefore is, in a way, the kingdom of god, its modality and form of manifestation. Those drugs prohibited: everything non-natural in occurrence which too forcefully alters the body of the human (energy body, etc.). Those permitted: all natural substances which do not sway the balance of human nature such that it devolves one into corruption.

### **“The Morality of Gift-giving”-**

with Seneca I concur: the intention is what determines the value of the gift: no matter how shiny and grandiose when given with evil intent (bound up with curses and consecrations to demons, etc.) the goodness of the gift is reduced if not nullified and/or converted into a taking not a giving. What was an asset is converted into a liability and carries with it the curse of its falseness. The intention infests the object (good or service) and haunts the recipient with its taint, thereby poisoning the latter with its spiritual turpitude. To give the wrong thing in the wrong way at the wrong time for the wrong reason/purpose is to visit such a curse upon the recipient – the karmic consequences redounding upon the bestower for this lump of coal offering are proportional to the evil inflicted. To give at the right time in the right way for the right is to precipitate credits into one’s karmic bank – the gift that keeps on giving; thus to give is to receive and again proportionally – the greater the gift the less it costs one in consequence the more one receives and the greater the utility for the summum bonum/humanitas is precipitated. To examine the intention of the giver is to determine whether the gift qualifies as such or is

instead merely a tool used to convert the hapless victim of the gift into a puppet of a Gepetto, master of puppets.

Insofar it is a hook or crook of power relations that ensnare the liberty of the recipient and convert them into an extension of the utility/means, into a means themselves playing a subordinate role in a means/end complex servicing the puppeteer. Deception as the modality (the manner of existence) of the motivation, itself rooted in personal aggrandizement, the giver becomes a taker, diverting the recipient of autonomy and liberty if and only if it is not within the capacity of a reasonable man to be aware of the deception; if it would have been known or anticipated by the reasonable man, though the gift be a Trojan horse it will sack Troy in effect and the consequences must be suffered with imitation of blame in part to he who failed to stop it by opening the city gates and accepting the insidious cause of his own destruction or merely detriment, inconvenience, etc. Ignorance is not an excuse and a lack of knowledge of causality when it is reasonable to know simply cannot exculpate the patient from being stretched or even broken on the wheel of fortune. Responsibility means control through reason over that which lies within the scope of one's abilities to control something. Those failing of their responsibilities (a product of their capacity in vivo) are forced to suffer their fate as they have abrogated the right to their destiny.

Filters of consciousness, a better word might be 'dampeners': food, sensuality, overdependence on 5 sense reality, a lack of employment of the intellect and imagination (the higher more abstruse faculties)

– these are the doors of illusion through which one must walk in a quest for attaining higher consciousness. The gauntlet of consciousness, nemesis of illumination, struggling through which leads along the only possible path of spiritual progress. Mortification of the flesh might not be necessary (but in some cases it may) but a suffering of hardship in the form of action and privation of action is requisite. The pain of hard labor and privation of leisure are imperative modalities of higher consciousness' manifestation. Ecstasy is attained (paradoxically) through heightened, not diminished, awareness through the self not going away from the self in self-negation (inebriations, sensualism, the sins of carnality and their concomitant damage wrought in the wake). The spiritualism of some lies in a brown bottle of self-destructive enervation that of others in a full acceptance of the pain of existence and its subsequent negation through enduring tolerance or suffering in total awareness of the meaning of life's suffering. The former worships the creation and for him the kingdom of heaven is exclusively this world the latter becomes a creator and ascends beyond the coarse density of materiality from the 3-D to 4-D and beyond.

### **The ethics of insidious forms of doing away with others :**

The classic case of the poisoner comes to mind or the assassin (using sneaky techniques of mind). What is the morality I ask (quod) of snuffing out the life of another through means properly spoken of as 'insidious'? To carry out the act in cold blood without the other knowing (or without knowing that the other knows and believing in their ignorance of the fact while oneself knowing that his actions – to a greater degree of probability – will negate the life of the other)? Clearly it is an intentional occultation of fact from others for the purpose of deception. Deception is clearly a wrong, however it is right when it serves as a means (and a necessary one) to a greater good. Thus insidious forms of killing are morally justified if and only if the killing is not murder (i.e. morally unjustified killing), i.e. if the killing is itself justified. And this must be acknowledged to be a reality. The moral contempt bound up with the act of



poison lives in the seeming cowardice of the underhanded deception. That typically the poisoner poisons in that manner (namely deceptively) and that deception is a morally undesirable behavior.

However sometimes (and to this extent is often laudatory) it is the necessary means to realize the act of a justified killing, i.e. to snuff out the undesirables of life who insist on obstructing the development of justice, of the evolution of humanity.

### **The morality of acquisition**

what the conditions of merit are in modern day and yesteryear, in the higher and lower classes. The act of paying homage to Mammon, of giving obeisance to the god of material wealth/greed, is often condemned in Christendom (which is to say the mental space of the 'Christian' or the common partaker of the collective consciousness, the worshipper of the exoteric Christ devoid as they are of the Christ within who perhaps dwelt within them as a darkly smoldering coal as opposed to the brazen furnace of that of more enlightened folk); condemned as an act of impiety unless the acquirer exchanges a proportional amount of brow sweat in exchange draining their vital force to the dregs and foundering in the dregs of lower consciousness. However this is a mistaken conception borne of the envy of those greedy consciousness' who can only acquire through expenditure of brute force as their only consideration others would value (the phrase 'a penny for your thoughts' would be an offer of an exorbitant sum for such). True merit is based on the constitution of the person and is as much a mental as a spiritual, as much an effortful thing as an investment – a boon to humanity simply to contribute to watering (perhaps even with one's own blood if they haven't the like merit) the flowering plant from which those of true merit spring. Jealous hostility towards the haves and the have-nots is rooted in the latter's lower mind, their desire to appropriate that which others have and can use for better purpose.

Merit is based in large part on utility: on one's ability to use the thing in question, to put it into service such that it bears forth fruit and doesn't go fallow as waste – though those who sweat their vital effluvia into the coffers of another in exchange for a morsel sometimes receive more than their fair share their inability to use the largesse of their labors implicates them as undeserving of benefits received. Truly for such these are not benefits but wastage, a burdening of the simpleton with a crown too weighty for him to bear. Those however who do no physical work but create that which can pick up the spiritual lower to higher levels (and those higher to still higher levels) can be said to merit the fruits of their labor be they as effortless as a push of a button or a puff of air. The consequences of actions serve as the test of the goodness of the act – the laborer spending his last farthing on a bottle of liquor at the expense of supporting his family (keeping them in bread and board) certainly merits no bread of his own- at best correction even if it be in the form of the executioner's axe. In today's society a sign of its fall into serfdom, the condition sin qua non of merit is drudgery, reflecting the low- minded standards of those who would judge that which exceeds their comprehension, namely the lofty-minded and the potentiality that dwells within their kith and kin and is so to speak their royal prerogative. The proletarian serfs have little regard for anything but a full belly and thus, though this be a means to higher states of consciousness (basic necessities) it often serves as the death knell as they revel in the flesh pots of Egypt to their perdition.

### **How environmental alters the mind**

acromantic, common sense in other words – that the above is ubiquitous, incessant and eternally a verity. The lower the consciousness of the surrounding populous the lower the mind of the wayfarer who journeys to that environment and the longer he stays the greater the influence, the more his mind is molded by the subtle forces of this terroir. Farmland and the animals which perpetually emit whatever astral excrescence from the auric

envelopes will have an effect bringing one's consciousness to the level of animalism – so too with domestic animals: surround yourself with cats and the mind of a cat will be yours; the relative strengths and weakness of mental influence depends upon the players in this game, struggle for individuation amidst the collective consciousness matrix that threatens the imprisonment of the ego in the coffin of the other which overarches it if it is not strong enough to break through its crystalline form and stand as an entelechy (self- subsistent entity resistant of external influence perhaps at best incorporating their influence within itself and overcoming that which would overcome itself). The stronger the mind the more of a presence the less susceptible to being overcome by that external to itself, the other which would subjugate it through assimilation in the hive mind. One seeks to be either a lone wolf or a queen bee, not a drone or an omega dog beaten and manipulated by vampiric influence. Energy flows dictate either a draining or an absorption – sinking in the aether waste of the collectivity or swimming on its surface as a medium supportive of self-subsistence.

**Kill or be killed, vampirize or be vampirized, such is the nature of the nasty brutish and short human all too human society of Leviathan. The love vibration does not manifest as a pretty smile but as an elegant matrix of energy fields. Power lies in the manipulation of a small child begging for treats; the most apparently innocent wields sometimes the greatest power and influence. Tactically, practically the method to this seeming madness lies in a knowledge of self and other, how to mobilize energy flows and avoid the avalanches set in motion by those who would trap you into being their victim.**

# RECLUSE WRITINGS



## “Recluse Writings”

### Sauron – black cube of Necessity :

Looking behind the veil anticipating a stunted wizard of Oz sham with a cowardly creature bent at work attempting to engineer reality through magical technologies – hypnotics, audio-visual distortions, alteration of sound resonances to confuse, distort and blind the victim to the real presence behind the curtain – but, horror of horrors what lurks behind is no mouse of ludic proportions but the complex workings of legions of satanic minions, pale-faced dark-robed figure gaunt with ascetic self-abnegation lifting stones with effortless willpower, visages stoical and unblinking the eyes amidst the subtle machinations of black machinery unknown in its mechanism – the fabric of an illusory reality torn asunder by a presence unimaginable in the scope to the human eye. Hubris of humanity conjures forth via stargate portal at the base of earth’s pole from far-off planet of hidden menace phalanx upon phalanx of Saturnian soldiers for the occupation and possible termination of the majority of the denizens of earth. The chosen few he forged the link that ensures their eternal slavery but in humble obedience willingly offer up limbs for measurement and the manacles to fit – tailor- made in the dark obeisances to Beelzebub long ages have prepared them for. Is this the fate of man – to be brought down through the armaments of a select chosen of distant kinship? The genocides of the past celebrated by these hidden vassals of their sinister overlords pale in comparison as streets fill with blood feeding the extra-terrestrial guests in whose honor the feast is prepared. A fantasy or horror show? If only it were so; pop-cultural vehicles of this message antedating its advent clearly outline the inevitable according to prophecy of ancient law a law of iron necessity as created by the source of all law, determination and finitude Saturn. A practical strategy is begged by the desperate survivalist but minimal advice is rendered by a tortured mind, that of a cornered animal hearing the approaching tread of an angry master. Fear and anger compete for supremacy in the mind by turns: the former a hardly suppressed emotional response the latter a desperate lashing out of that fear, defense metamorphosed as an attack in feral earnest. Control! The imperative is sounded as the trumpet heralding last hopes for triumph cries into the gloom its muted call – the mind takes control, ousts fear and trembling from driver’s seat and grasps the wheel with white-knuckled concentration. To drive into the gates of hell past Cerberus’ gnashing teeth towards the evil one – Yaldabaoth himself with the machine guns of unknown force discharge to vitiate through unknown means (conversion, combat, and ignorance)? The unknownness of the absent god who is coming – and now arrived – makes preparation of proper defense a hit and miss affair – one pulls out weapons of vast array and plies them against the foe – but the curtain closes and all who bear witness to the lone white knight know not his fate. Has the presence of Sauron blackened the armour; has the emperor brought forth the demons within – or emplaced them as parasites – or perhaps stern guides to manoeuvre the knight towards – what? Doom, for all, for himself, or the prophesies, are themselves of conversion and the white knight is absorbed in the ain soph aur – and this is as it should be and could not be otherwise? - The necessity of Saturn and time compelling an absorption into the mormo-like hive mind of the Pleroma, the oneness of being in completion. Or is all mere violence, destruction, victory amidst life and death? Only time will tell, if when we die we go to heaven or hell.

### Masonic realities :

The mystery tradition – behold its secrets! - The hidden gnosis of the hidden god. All pageantry and ostentatious garb conceal the ain soph aur, the boundless light of limitless nothingness. The outer conceals the inner and is equally barren for those who have eyes to see. Quod? No caveats? Or is this

the hidden secret, namely that to all appearances there are only appearances but hidden behind there is in fact a secret? One must concede that the boundlessness of nothing is vast indeed and that, perhaps, there is actually something to it? The pageantry, the ostentation: sparkling points of light suppressing the darkness latent within, warding off the superficial and blind. Of course how could they be other than blind when their eyes are plucked out by the compass of masonic influence, the worm-like scope of ouroberos as it twines round the earth, circling towards completion at Jerusalem? Nevertheless the secrets exist and only initiates may obtain its understanding. Perhaps this is for the best – the salvation of the souls of the best from the ravages of the beast and its emissaries? Clearly a reality lies hidden, a canker worm in the tequila bottle of status and apparent altruism. The body is a vehicle of the soul and the secret lays perhaps in the accommodation of other souls – multiple drivers of a common husk? Or perhaps amplifying the soul with energy from other souls; or perhaps transmigrating the soul (self) from the body to other dimensions simultaneously or not the hearsay of demon possession seems likeliest given the behaviour, the externalization, of the secrets of the mysterium – clearly a human character is effaced at the expense of some ‘other’ than what previously existed. The reality of this is credible given the behaviour of the individuals which comprise the masonic organism, the world/oversoul of a strange/dark energy matter being and its supports. Perhaps this is the realm/temple of Solomon, the architecture of a protoplasmic-energetic nature which serves as a bioenergetic parasite that feeds upon the energies of those beneath through generation of fear and lower vibrational frequency states – and then transmits this energy to off-world entities from, for example, Saturn or the Pleiades, etc. These perhaps are the Archons? The process seems straightforward: purify self, heighten conscious awareness thereby through myriad techniques (meditation, yoga, fasting, etc.) then involve oneself in rituals which create various torsion field states that enable higher dimensional entities to be invoked and merge with the being in question (initiate), and to confer knowledge in the form of an intuitive gnosis or to obtain powers of the subtle force nature. Like a Jedi of the dark side – this apparently the goal of the ‘Lucifer’ who garners this label once these states are obtained. Obviously the morality of the acts of those involved is inimical to the average person but is nonetheless a reality in itself – these states are obtained and claims perceived from the uninitiated perspective (frog) as ludicrous receive confirmation in their praxis – and only through it as knowledge without experience is barren. Given the reality of these practices and their correlative states of existence the question devolves upon the prudent: what should he do with respect thereto – to condemn morally is an empty practice in avoidance of these effects unless such condemnation manifests in the form of technai that could be styled ‘white magic’, or even ‘grey magic’ as a neutral process that simply adheres to the copper rule of non-maleficence. But one deals with maleficent entities and so must either oppose or enjoin; to remain non- maleficent would appear to be possible only for the most spiritually developed if at all. Thus the disjunctive choice of good vs. evil rears its head and a devil or an angel is the outcome.

### **Bureaucratic apparatchnik**

: all-powerful being, self-absorbed - the be all and end all of your narrow function. All else is extraneous, foreign; you exhibit a xenophobia of the social for you are the absolute and everything is relative – to yourself as the center of the multiverse you construct out of your machine-like imaginings. All is function and you are the demiurge – the architect of your own personal realm. You live amongst endless possibilities that are, in their ‘Otherness’, which for you amounts to cacophony, a chaos of entities disconnected and random with which you play as a child with Lego blocks building a utopia from the blueprint of your ‘imagined consciousness’. Like a small child you stand over your playthings

– a generalissimo commanding the deaf-mute army to obey your will; they comply – of course what else can mute entities do when stripped of self-actualization through a legalistic castration. You dance the Dionysian dance of sacrifice as you parade about with your collection of wergild – the scrotal sacks of your vanquished enemies who lie in the mass grave of your willful ignorance of your contrivance – willfully ignorant of their lives. Behind the desk you gloat – a charioteer with blades that manifest in pen and keystroke; wheeling about to sever the life’s blood of combatants in the gladiatorial contest of master-slave dialectics; you must win at all costs for victory is the golden crown which replaces your apparent crown of thorns. Tyranny with a smile converted into the laser-like penetration of reductivism; all is rules, regulations, policies, and justifications; a red-tape tangle of cruel necessity that lays waste the superfluity of freedom. Freedom is latent in necessity; right lies in obedience to law enforced by overarching might. The chariot wheels round the arena, blades slashing the corpses of potentiality and vital action to serve as soil for the maggots in the wheel of Ixion to develop themselves (from out of themselves) dialectically, materially. Materialismus vulgaris is the ground upon which the chariot runs. Cruel laughter issues forth from the maw of the machine- being bureaucratic apparatchnik, as blood from the crowds of the scythe-like machinations.

Function embodied in algorithms; the conclusion forgone – ordine geometrico. The machine invigorated by sentient spirit, one would hope a formerly vital and creative being to serve as the ghost within. Unfortunately the ghost is itself an aetheric machine that never had the creativity that would enable it to be called autonomous in a meaningful sense. Merely another packaged product created by systemic forces in the vacuum of suburban utopia in the box of the condominium corporation as another cracker-jack prize to be blown as a whistle then discarded on the waste heap of the sewers of modernity. The faint flicker of the divine spark gradually putters out, as a candle in the wind of the metatronic cyclone of a system of efficiency that operates on the basis of purely economic/energetic considerations and thus degenerates into a graveyard of entropy. About face! Flip the script. The demiurgic presence Shiva-like in its operating enables the running of the machine which enables the freedom of the individual to obey the law and lose its autonomy. At best a springboard to actualization. At the present moment a vortex of degeneracy and sickness unto death to enter which leads to one’s down-going is the inevitable slippery slope of a time-dependent Saturnian gnosis. There is something oddly female about the apparatchnik the conformity, the relativity despite the arrogant claims to absolutism; the pedantic rule- based reasoning (deontic logic in its most fallacious form and lowest octave); the cow-like posture as the apparatchnik stoops over the computer as a calf protected by the cow - a herd animal within the herd. Threats conditioned and developed out of its paranoid (‘para’ meaning sort of or probably unreal) gnosis. They ‘seem’ to be but are not realities yet the liberal builds defenses and attack stratagems into its battle plan against the ‘other’ despite the complete unawareness of the other for the liberal and that lasts’ surreal construction of the ‘other’ as a fictitious though to him real entity. Hence victimhood serves as the springboard for conflict though liberals are too afraid to enter the fray on their own and hence can only attack (and attack they must!) within the walls of their fortresses, slinging faecal matter by way of catapults constructed by engineers more clever and perhaps sinister in their hegemony than the liberal. The case of the Jews (themselves paragons of victim complex, slave morality and paranoid persecution complex borne of a racial deviance that is rooted in biology) serving as an overarching group, a collective tyranny, tribal despot or many-headed hydra serving as the hidden force behind contemporary (and historical) liberalism is paradigmatic. The cowardly liberals, bloodlustful for power and dominance through passive aggression and deceit are themselves victims of the deceit of their

overlords the Jewish cabal of self-appointed self-deified 'chosen' (self-chosen). Thus exists a power-structure concretizing the victimhood complex/slave morality as a weaponized psychology directed against the 'other' and its otherness while itself attempting to turn the tables against the other through vilification implicit in its own victimhood complex. To portray oneself as a victim is to imply the villainy of others; to address the other as an 'other' in relation to the self (i.e. the collective which one hides and finds unity/solidarity through immersion) is to posit a dialectic of a known victim (however deceitful and fictitious) and an unknown villain who is of course secretly branded and vilified/implicated as the addressee of the dialectic, the one before whom the dirty laundry is laid as an animal defecating before a master who didn't feed it the best fare possible.

### **Tension and division are the fundamentals of the modern mind**

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: society as it exists is the forum in which these existential modalities play themselves out in a perpetual bellum omnia contra omnes a chaos of conflicting interests between rivals fated to battle unto mutual destruction. Those who are not so narrow, who refuse and/or are incapable of pigeon-holing themselves into a demographic a collective of like-minded beings who partake of and constitute a totalitarian oversoul in the anthill/beehive society are crushed between rocks and hard places these violent entities perpetually thrust at them as so many daggers at their enemy, the 'other'. They as a 'we- subject' constitutive of a 'they' chain marginalization – but always as a collective and hence not really an 'other' except relatively, relative to mainstream identity. The real marginal is the being who does not fall into these crystallized categories of conscious identity formation but either exists as a monad in the sum total in between – interstitially – the obtrusive groups who hegemonically assert themselves to his detriment or exists within one or many collectives that are either indiscernible or common-sensical or other that further is as a suit of clothes ill-fitting the being in question. The rejoinder to this characterization of the marginal is that 'we are all marginal, etc.' – but the very reference to collective belonging, the inclusive pronoun 'we' implies the opposite, a vacuous mass of goyim who follow each other off the cliff of individuality into their own mass grave, emphasis on the word 'mass' – for the herd is the annihilation of the person qua person. The more effort put into oneself the more differentiated from the collectivities he may have participated in by virtue of properties possessed. The more rudimentary the being the more easily he may be pigeon-holed – collectivization is a dumbing down process via which the whole world of more sophisticated complexities is burnt to ashes.

No phoenix issues forth from this pile but simply the dead souls of the great and the good to be vampirized by the destroying forces of the collective and its engineers/archons. The myopia of beings who are collectivized and who participate in the collective enables their rulers/archons to socially engineer their existence without opposition. Their petty divisions with the 'other' enemy they are pitted against distracts them from the cause of their own limitation and crystallization within the collective as well as their tortured existence as a soldier in a culture war, cannon fodder, human chess pieces mobilized for the entertainment of their overseers. The collective is totalitarian, psychic chains that encircle the mental body of the individual and pull it in directions otherwise not sought. However the saving grace of the collective and of its totalitarianism is that such influence may bear beneficial fruit the direction and degree of quality of influence determining the benefit relative to the individual's construction. The individual monad is a boat within the aetheric sea tossed about on its waves and yet

generating waves of its own as a reverberation, a response to the prevailing influence. The resonance between these beings – rival influences on an aetheric level begets a harmony necessarily through an adjustment or fundamental attachment with being. A continuation of confusion – from the most minute twists and turns of materiality, the minutiae of the daily grind, to the over-arching and largely unpredictable (in terms of details) looming future of inevitability that leaves one in a state of apathy knowing (or sensing to the borders of knowledge) that no matter which path is taken it will be a tenebrous one beset on all sides by unknown enemies. The trajectory of consciousness is always ‘away’, ‘escape’, ‘pursue’, and never face the emptiness of the present reality, always seek the imagined object, yet it always fades upon initial pursuit as the figments of the imagination are continually generated and the quantum wave function is collapsed by the observed meaning that the conscription and the realization are unaccomplished; the conceived is distorted and finished before it begins the process of attaining realization. Hence one stumbles about in a state of confusion with no compass for direction and is like the weather cock spinning in a whirlwind – certainly no angel.

Perhaps that is the goal – to become the Enochian angel in the whirlwind and to dwell therein, within the eye of the storm hearing the voice of the silence (to patch together metaphors). Clearly thus it’s the only recourse to preserve sanity and the integrity of consciousness/soul from the inevitable fragmentation this society creates given the perpetual divisions between its members. An unsound mind in an unsound body in an unsound environment – when the last is destroyed – the psycho-social- natural-aetheric environment and/or violently distorted and perverted the mind follows as a result.

Living in a madhouse is no prescription for curing madness – only a withdrawal and substitution with a healthy alternative landscape in which to dwell is possible as a remedy. One can’t simply negate the negation as the vacuum remaining would consume the building blocks of sanity through the desperate silence of an empty nihilism thus a positive and more harmonious substitute might be introduced to generate a necessary stability amidst the chaos of present instability. So much exertion so little yield of benefit. If only imagined objects could be translated into concrete reality – the confused cacophony would have to be diagrammed in a strange writing or symbolism – in a dimension beyond the physical. Yet contradictorily the petty simplicity of the content brings it into being as the Qliphothic excreta that emanate from the bowel of a stew- bum. Truly a fallen paradise to skip about in, a veritable sewer of the intellect. The world of beings conceived of as layers of density of matter – the earthy crudity banging their hammer and tongs against the dross of failed projects and raining upon the earth as Nascar hats, aluminum cans of liquor, jungle drums and shamans shouting to the elementals in sacrifice of the higher forms; from this leaden layer of density emerges a silt of being more particularized and light – still gloomy loam with no divine spark; from thence and upward waft more ethereal emanations bringing contact with the physical beyond this into the metaphysical. Life had become a torment or more like an irritation under the influence of this perpetual mosquito – the sensation of a presence hovering around you and waiting to vampirize your energy until you become a husk of your former self, the vitality along with the years robbed by this bloodthirsty gnat. Dependency was imposed as a shackle upon former liberty of consciousness simply through the irritable presence in its presence. The positing of the other through its willingness to be posited by another was a necessary result of the impingement upon consciousness of another (the victim set up as a target of vampirism, the crosshairs locking on to the target with every reaction, every direction of attention through a deliberate binding of other to self through annoyance, irritation, intrusion, and obfuscation. A recovery is now necessary, a convalescence, a going within to hear the voice of the silence which had been muted through a deliberate dulling of



consciousness as a desperate means of escape from this haunting being and his perpetual jockeying for a position of dominance – a means to put his boot on the neck of his charge and crush out the life force absorbing it to augment his own failing senescence. The being who is dying draining others' vital force as a vacuum into its antimatter center; the death drive of the dying god pharantically drawing in execution the blood of his temple devotees; sacrificing on the altar of his ego consciousness the autonomy of his unwilling devotee. To drive away the virus, the parasite is to banish it to the grave – yet the only recourse for its salvation is a blood-letting of one's own self and an inevitable self-destruction. Thus self-preservation and construction must pay the price of another's life given that the term of that life is vampirism, parasitism. One must be not so much cruel as ruthless, cremate care on the altar of survival and thriving; cosmic law decides which scale in the balance of good and evil predominates and if one harkens to the harmony of the spheres he may tip the balance with impurity within its bounds, and fatten his pockets with gold. The fragility of life: necessary conditions present it perpetuates – take them away and they are gone. Quality of life is equivalent to life in most cases. What is the purpose of living without quality? One may as well pass on into some other state than linger or simply to subsist from one moment to the next. This can't be known except in its absence. Those born in privation are content to live a blind life in a mine shaft as the vehicle of their will. Who can say if they are not more righteous in persisting than the wealthy dowager who lives to 'entertain'? What is the greater suffering – the idle gossip of fools or the clang of the hammer? So long as one is conscious – that is the main thing as it is the necessary condition of vital quality, its absence being a living death – the blind life of an empiric staring out at an undifferentiated manifold of beings. To confer and create identity and meaning one must be conscious of the potentiality of beings and the capacity of consciousness to render and determine them in their being – otherwise they are a welter of forms without content, shape, or color – and the night of ignorance sets in before the kaleidoscopic array of the indeterminate immediate. Memories are brought forth through clearing the body of inflammatory influences, of dulling substance that amounts to so much detritus – how can clarity be attained in the midst of murky congestion? And further lacking the vital substrates conducive to brain function that venerable and prime organ of higher consciousness – no cholesterol, no saturated fat is the same as mental suicide, the perpetual fog of brainless inertia and confusion. Impetus for thought stems from a healthy vehicle when that thought is manifesting from higher planes through the physical vehicle and thereby reaches articulation; no healthy body no healthy mind: kill the body and the head will die, the healthier and purer the body the greater energetic/aetheric transmutation occurs serving as a veritable springboard to higher states of consciousness. And conversely...to keep oneself as pure as possible is to enable the perpetuation of one's ever upward evolutionary progress. The upward striving is proportional in intensity to the preparedness of the self for ascension.

### **Howard Hughes**

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examines his skin at the cellular level for imperfections. A microscopic myopia for this navel-gazer the trees are dendrochronologically analyzed but the forest is in flames. He has set fire to it with his magnifying glass. His goal was to live – now his fate is to die and swallow the bitter cyanide pill of defeat – ashes to ashes, etc. The galactic spruce goose soars into the subtle planes of the empyrean and the forest itself, the universe miniaturized in Hughes' mind, disappears, folded into the pleromatic freshness of the novel home – the air freshener of spruce replaced with an uncertain je ne se quoi. Such is the fate of all mortals to be and not to be, occupying the funeral pyre of the material while reaching towards the ideal.

### The post-post-modern world

unpredictable chaos of peoples, places and purposes. To navigate the whirling vortex with one's humble bark is to be sucked into the depths with the Kraken of one's imaginings. Who can explain the course of the madman at the helm, assuming a course is taken. Those who can – have no control over the wheel and are lashed to the mast as punishment or to the galleys confined. In the end only fate prevails and providence nowhere brightens the gloom – swirling downward one's undoing beckons with dreadful curiosity. Futures lie hidden behind a screen of endless possibilities and the voice of Oz. With no changes to entropy life implodes with a whimper. This would be a maddening chaos: prison. Confined day in and day out to the same perspectives and sounds - the same wind-up music box creaking out the broken tones of a dull refrain - to wind it up again and again without change... madness the end result, an escape into the mind a transfer from a carceral institution to a madhouse.

### Horror stories of the end times

The mists of silent death pervade the atmosphere; fog banks of genocide inhaled into respiratory systems – Alzheimer's victims for Moloch, bodies to be carted to the fertilizer mill – organic, earth- friendly; such is the prophecy of the new-agers – old yet new as the serpent seed has traced its line in the sands of time to time immemorial – to Sumer and Akkad and the stars before the cloud banks hang with a threatening portent of inevitable doom; demons disporting across one's vision, beckoning from the open-air prison of UN governance, make that un-governance in the sense of a false democracy – democide of organized Jewry; only a people (if such they be) as self-destructive would throw their own children (O' Israel) into the arms of Moloch. What is to be done but what any cornered rat/dog, etc. would – to escape or fight the aggressors and to build immunity to the poison, whatever chiliastic form it assumes (chemtrails, EMF, GMOs, chlorine, heavy metals, vaccines, police state, legislation, radiation).

The paranoids have been confirmed in their judgments – the unknown that has been their source of fear stalks ever closer; shark-like, circling the doomed carcass of an innocent. Happiness of yesteryear/faded memory disappearing in the chemtrail haze/the tears of our youth naught but mustard gas burning corneas / the ice cream of innocence bovine mammary gland secretions pasteurized and radiated; one eats lobster – for breakfast! In spliced-gene leaky gut syndrome causing corn pops – solace lies in the flicker of a high definition 50" TV screen not the warming yule logs of former times in Middle America. The horse and buggy replaced with the communistic collective speeding bullet skytrain from which eyes dart over a landscape carpeted with townhouses valued at a lifetime of mortgage payments. The trees and grass of those ancient days of yore so tangible – now burn waste, computer generated images of a professional animator working for slave wages at Disney. A time to be born – stillborn as one lives a living death as a human wetware zombie, interfacing with the latest model of a microwave death device– the idiot phone of electronic addiction. Light up an electric cigarette and watch yourself communicate to the NSA. The new normal is the anti-natural – celebrate Mother Earth while you golf on a strip of AstroTurf. Suburbanite understanding of nature is a cul-de-sac of concrete borders – house- lined fields of asphalt, bordered above by criss-crossed sheets of aluminum/barium/strontium rosy setting sun. The purple haze of the new aeon is upon you! Do the St. Vitus' dance as you scratch your needle-tracked arm and fidget with the DTs – in the Age of Aquarius. Panem et circenses are the fare and festivity of the novum Romanum – fiddle away and burn for soon the holocaust will encompass your bodies and the material will turn to ashes, ascending Lucifer's to the heights only to be reincarnated as worms – bouncing off the chemtrail columns in the wheel of Ixion,

never to flee the mortal coil of the Jew world order. And the writers on the typewriters in the Akashic record type the tale of man's victory and defeat. The hidden hand masks the guileful face of cunning – while to suffer the harsh features of deception in an arc sodium glow of euphemism. The blinking eyes of guilt betray the mendacity of the mind which guides them / wizard behind the curtain pulling the levers of political machinations / Beads of sweat trickle down the flushed face of a canker worm, parasite from the bottomless pits worming through motions subtle with adroitness / The strong, honest, proud, guileless – the people march to their destruction, heads empty with ideals, comradery, cordiality/ white smiles grace faces black, brown, yellow, red, white – toothless maws gaping in the incandescent light –of nuclear holocaust / struggle against a secret power and insert one's fingers into vulnerable crevices –Chinese finger-traps choking the circulation from impotent fists / led by the ears like a child receiving punishment / Beating against leaden walls with inoculated limbs numbed with enervation / The walls close in sator square fashion – containment, a trapped animal with nowhere to turn. Futility the only fate of Tantalus; poison dripped into the veins with the serpents fang of a vaccination; one fades into oblivion while others feed as vampires on the youth he ceases to be – absorbing his energy, leaving a husk behind. The feeling of free-fall on the back of a neutron bomb / lightness in the bowels as adrenaline surges with the lightness of the rush – winds sweep one as a purge of material existence trending towards the inevitable – the long-time of free-fall lingers as sand permanently stuck to the hourglass walls – one anticipates their draining away but waits with bated breath staring into space – a still shot of inevitability, like the war photos of an execution before the squeeze of the trigger. This is the new aeon and it enervates the reserves of nerve force of the weak, hobbling even the strong in their bitter resistance to that archontic demon who overarches the light side of consciousness. Predators and prey the suffering of fate is a must – to know what camp one is in reveals the futility of change; yet the rusted gears are forced into motion and the impossible dream is realized – even in the pangs of death.

Karma often misinterpreted by the pacifist to mean 'do no harm' in reality means 'do no harm' as a gnosis – one often is the instrument of the karmic laws manifesting themselves in balancing good and evil though his deed may be construed as the extreme anti-thesis of pacifism. To know harm is to incur harm – hence a guilty conscious and a just punishment as the only (and inevitable) revolution of Ixion's wheel as it grinds the bones of the wicked into the bread of the innocent. The world is a bakery and many a mouth to feed has it; there are only so many bakers and only so much dough, heat, production cost, etc. Hence the useless feeders must feed with nervous frenzy while they wait their turn to be ground into flour, and ultimately baked into the cakes for the cake eaters of the future. "Lebens unwertes leben" – balance the scales of justice – a frying pan of bloody meat, fricassee, an empty gullet sated, the tear of the starving child abated. "when all are one", "beyond good and evil", yet pain is pain and the pleasures of the sacrifice don't wipe it away with an antiseptic pad; if all are one why is the sacrifice and its relations: sacrificed, sacrifice and sacre – blood is spilled by the patient, absorbed by the agent, in a vampirically one-sided relationship. The overage of one offsets the deficit of another?

Yet if equals are equals why are they on different sides of the fence – one in paradise, one in inferno, the one roasting the other on a kebab spit for self-enrichment? 'Only in the grand scheme of things', they say, with a hypocrite's smirk, like the cat who got away with the cream. The dregs are discarded, the bottle refilled and the inebriation of desolation revolves with a rickety wheel of fortune through an epoch of 'It is what it is', an illusion masking a monstrous reality. Cannibal, we are all Baal worshippers now, thrown into the lists of a hunger games, running- man style bellum omnium contra

omnes with neurotic smiles of desperate hypocrisy we cut the throats of brothers to take what we can – we are entitled to what the sword will bring, mercenaries of a post-apocalyptic, post-human world.

Lambs who have developed the dentition of wolves and who rip apart their neighbours in maenadic frenzy gorging on their own flesh, until all perish leaving desolation, burnt out battleground, no weeds or flowers springing forth, all possibilities extinguished. Contemplation of doom, a rat trapped in a corner seeking a way past the assailant. The hour of decision is upon us and the consequences are make or break – do and possibly die, do not and possibly die: a matter of probability: which is the greater – the scales balance precariously with crushing weights tipping the balance with drunken vertigo – which, if any of the weights will crash upon the cornered victim; chained to an iron ring in a cement patch with shadows undulating above threatening fearsome ruin – the greatest probability of least harm, the smallest of most harm; prudential calculus itself weighed against fundamental humanity; itself dependent on the semantics of the human, and man's inhumanity to man (the fundamental principles of justice and how they are to be clothed in the flesh in situ). The situation which calls for a decision that is the axis around which fate swings and decides whether the light or darkness will prevail. Darkness of the mind amidst an Elysium of light or brilliant light amidst earthly shadows the mind shining forth triumphant even after the bombs drop and the skies blacken. Perhaps both mind and Promised Land would shine and this a chimerical dichotomy? Not the horror of a finitude of both mind and external reality, dying in a prison of one's own making. The light might still shine, more refulgent than the most wild of dreams – this is the spark that ignites the powder keg: a backpack nuke or a sunburst of fireworks? No future portents enable a gnosis of that which is to come, all is a chaos of half-guesses and wild estimates spanning the range of possibilities. All attempts to remote view via dreams and concentration have thus far borne no fruit. The only option is to continue to purify the system and enhance concentration with that purpose in mind. The crux of the ethical matter is that criteria of human worth as the principle of *unwertes Leben* is clearly valid to a rational being who understands the higher in man and its conditions. Sometimes the zero-sum of life is the judge's scale that decides the fate of those who are 'of little worth'. Reckon up the grains of gold and silt that comprise the *prima materia* of the ethical substance of particular men – then you will have their weight and assess their worth vis-à-vis the average 'reasonable man' of the social environment. If this man outweighs another and that other's life stifles and reduces the former's why should they both remain to the detriment of the other? Why not remove the golden sand from one and allow the silt to blow away into oblivion thereby enriching those who might use it to build nations as opposed to stagnating in the sewers of a decaying Rome? And yet the life of another it is difficult to wipe aside as having no value. The judge must be a hard-hearted figure to decide the fate of others and bear their image wounded and...and yet 'when one has a goal and the means to it – straight way he acts' – Aristotle. Practical reasoning can be a specious matter when it descends to emotional erraticism. "When one has a goal and the means to it – straightway he acts", says Aristotle in delimiting the psyche of the rational man. The incontinent man bespeaks the contradictory (in Aristotelian parlance): "when one has a goal and the means to it – straightway he sticks his head in the sand; or dream dreams of glory or goes to the bar and inebriates his emotionally turbulent mind so as to forget the unpleasant" - and yet the hour of decision inevitably arrives and the doomsday clock erupts in alarm bells signaling that the decision has been made for one – for the future is (and will always become) now, and much to the detriment to the imprudent who refuses to foresee the inevitable. "The past is the past – let it be" so say the ignorant and improvident; "live in the moment; take no care for the morrow for the morrow will take care of itself: - the libertine; the wastrel; the indolent – all pluck their

eyes out to avoid offense at their inevitable confrontation with being/reality. Like fools they die blind with a smile on their face until the light of their fate is revealed to them. The smile falls away like their bowels while the men of iron will remain firm – or have sequestered themselves in a bunker to wait out the doom which was intended for them.

### **Politics and the political**

: realm of busybodies and social climbers. Those that wish to instigate change are swept up in corruption and simply lend weight to the inevitable fall of a society they once deemed – but no longer – salvageable. The coming apocalypse will pull all who are immersed in the once calm pool of the social body into the vortex pit of perdition while those who merely dangled their feet on the fringes have a hope of escape from the centrifugal forces that pull at their appendages in succubus fashion. Escape to the wilds before the rewilding of society strewn with detritus of human bodies to fertilize the end times garden and grow the orchids of desolation. No time for pity or remorse or clinging to pleasant dreams as a recourse from confronting the inevitable – act now or never. Here we dwell in open air prison, tapestry of once blue-skied sunshine begloomed with chemtrail curtains of noxious poisons. We must pay (whom?) the vitality which courses through unhealthy, atherosclerotic veins, to drive away – and where? No escape, all movements tracked by aerial satellite panoptic vision – Sauron’s eye perpetually spying into the cracks of our orifices. The minds of the mass now a collective conscious hive mind too dulled with fluoride and vaccines to react to asphyxiation and put on a breathing apparatus or to seek fresh air – from where? Even the communists had farms in spite of collectivization; even they had organic food, fresh air and solar radiation. The matrix is complete and the wetware humanoid remains trapped within a consciousness bubble that does not burst at his behest. The TV show “The Prisoner” is a Mickey Mouse version of an escalated, high definition, THX rendition of perpetual limitation – the eternal now which is yet only a finite state of impossible entropy that will precipitate its own destruction through self-murder of nuclear proportions – the human batteries will exit their hulls leaving burnt out shells becoming their spiritual selves and going – wither? We cannot know. Preparations made for oblivion are the inevitable recourse when facing the inevitable – make peace with your demons and exorcise your right to a life of freedom amidst un-freedom. The self means nothing as one merges with the source, ‘one with the universe’ on the seat of a mushroom cloud.

### **Gender bending, role inversion**

: a wild animal is taken from the jungle; ribbons and bows festoon its perfumed permed hair. It is gelded – chemically, electrically and through cruel instruments of control. It is trained to be a shadow of itself, caged in a prison and fed to enable subsistence – to the point of unnatural gluttony and over-feedings. It then drags its corpulence around its sterilized cage, the keepers always eager to remove all remnants of the organic world it once found itself in. Its exercise is intermittent in its extremes – maniacal sprinting on the electronic carpet (treadmill) provided to the point of bursting its heart and hyper-secreting adrenal hormones leaving it fatigued to the point of collapse; the other pole consists of the most languid leisure – a miserable ease compounded by the monotony of the industrialized surroundings the keepers have been courteous in their foresight – they have provided an electronic screen upon which to broadcast audio-visual information to alleviate the slightest possibility of boredom – as well as conscious thought. The perpetual replacement consciousness immerses the captive victim in a matrix of sensory overload. Its wake and sleep patterns are determined in advance and run in perverted correlation with the rhythms and patterns of earth and celestial firmament. The blaring of the alarm signals morning, noon and night – the automatic shower blasts superheated water against the animals hide only to be wicked away a moment

later by equally hot air blasts from 360 degree vents. The animal can take it no longer it leans against the cage's sides and strains the rusted chain which binds – to no avail. Over the days it accepts its fate and learns to hang its once proud mane in apathetic resignation. The keepers grow weary of its service – its habits are known and no longer can it serve their thirst for knowledge. Its duty is complete so too is its life. The keepers sweep the remains of excrement from empty cage and discard the body – a sacrifice to the greedy arms of Moloch, burned in effigy of the socially engineered products of the new aeon.

We could have been kings and queens in the terroir of terra; we could have ruled for a thousand years in the Edenic realm of Elysium. The keepers would not have it so. They have inverted man and woman, bringing them to a level of animalism that the denizens of the lower zoological forms would cringe before in shame and misery. The woodcutter and his wife, keeper of the hearth, are struck down by the axe of the Titans. Their blood flows out upon the earth – and yet fertilizes it and perhaps one day will be borne again! A quiet mountain vale, billowy clouds hang leisurely with a warming sun streaming into the quaint hut of humble thatch and timbers. The pleasant scent of green verdure and flowers of all colors in the spectrum. A bustling wench tending to the hearth and cheerily singing amidst the golden glow of Phoebus. At the rear of the hut, swinging mightily with perspiration, the rough-hewn sinuous form of a woodsman chopping the needed firewood, each occupying their primal roles yet making a unity, an amalgam of seemingly disparate elements, a chemical wedding creating unity from difference. In their own realms yet part of a jointly occupied realm – each in their respective functions, a seamless harmony rendering possible the perpetuation of itself over the generations. The one, dedicated with delicate passivity to the unending tasks requiring the subtle influence; the other ensconced in noble striving, actively conquering the ever-looming threats which cleave at the roots of survival and happiness. Together their project is realized from both sides, the puzzle of mundane life solved through an interlinking of perfectly matching pieces. Now to modern times amidst steel-girded towers, thrusting phalli towards darkling sky of bronze: the bustle of a thin-lipped creature, close-cropped hair and shoulder-padded jacket obscuring sexual idiosyncrasies; gestures of power waving as flags signaling devotion to ego and *eigentum* ('its own' – German); the aggressive snap of high heels would cleave the pavement asunder with hostility – a teapot tempest and the yapping of a Chihuahua behind the up-rolled window of an old drouds' Toyota – and yet impressive to the last this one; she who forsook herself in adoption of corruption, an implosion of norms borne the test of time into narrow parameters of caricature – the George Sand of modernity, cigar and all. Across the street minces the high-heeled (not literally in this case but figuratively) levity of a young waif. Jeans ride high and frond-limbed graceful stepping bespeak a lightness about the heels. The sweetest fragrance emanates from this metrosexual inversion, this *nouveau homo* of the rainbow-hued cityscape. Lispings clever phrases with enunciative glee into idiot-phone held like a jaunty cigarette he picks his way through parked vehicular obstacles with the tact of a *maître*'d. They approach – in the distant mind of primordial subconscious wells up a faint flicker of recognition – reflections reflecting, self-consciously – of that yesteryear of distant antiquity and contemplations of where it has led – and then of tomorrow. But only in the depths, in dark regions of genetic recollection concealed from conscious thought and overridden by surface circuitry. They pass and re-enter into worlds wholly artificial and their death of possibility is embraced. They go their respective ways to graves of their own making, forsaking the continuance of which they so cherish: the mundane of this world and its perpetuation. Have they ascended or is it a descent into death through a sickness unto death called 'egalitarianism'? A rich environment - a prerequisite of mental life: the philosopher in his prison must access old memories however faded to furnish him with the means to

avoid mental death. Sensations of all sorts (5+ senses) must be present else the great void of nothingness is confronted. Déjà vu is the inevitable result of reliving old circumstances with old memories in what could be called the present. Either new juxtapositions of old memories brought on by new sensations or new sensations affording new memories are necessary to break from the prison ennui of static environs inner and outer. This is the reason why small town people are inevitably equipped with a vacuous stare and little faculties with which to cope with novelty but simply end up gaping in wonder at the unknown – though they are often more able to endow it with meaning – as for them meaning is an unusual occurrence. To them it at least has greater significance and attains to higher levels of potentiality despite the overall lower potentiality of the necessarily callow country bumpkin. Sensitivity is higher in a sensorily depleted environment. The human antenna is perpetually on alert detecting that which lies in subtler levels of reality. This is the great redemption of country life – namely that it enables greater access to the beyond whereas the city enables access to a greater extent to the mundane. One is a Sattvic, the other a Rajasic and inevitably tamasic environment. This of course assumes that the bumpkin is capable of avoiding the sensory bombardment of the average everyday gossip and bustle of those oases of noise dotting the landscape, i.e. towns and other small population centers. It is the same for a contemplative philosopher who must reside with a noisy housewife – he may as well return to the city as thought is destroyed through the irritation such a gnat represents. A rich environment is created through a receptive and active creative being, the more one ‘mixes his labour with the soil of his mind’ the greater the yield the richer the crop (an appropriate bumpkin metaphor). Self-reflexion (spelled hence because it is a dialectical process of self-reference – an investment in the mind through thought and a growth on the investment through its nature as a cache of value that amplifies value – by virtue of its intrinsic structure); self-reflexion is the wellspring of creative novelty and this alone is kept. One must also be alone and only in solitude is borne the depths of thinking. This is why females can never be deep as their thoughts are derivative from and dependent upon the herd. Self-sufficiency has always been man’s natural inclination. However rich the environment, only a capacity can bear forth fruit.

Hence a prisoner can go mad or attain most sublime heights. Forced confinement has often been the destruction of sanity but equally the gateway to the stars. All thinkers seek to isolate themselves from the crowd all crowds seek to destroy thinkers, to eliminate that property foreign to themselves, never attainable and thus a threat to their existence. Hence the virtue of small towns is confirmed only through the presence of a big thinker and vice versa the vice of big cities depends upon the scope of the minds of its denizens.

### **Strange places**

: they still exist in spite of multicult façade. A tool for eating in Beijing is not the sporran in Scotland. The dress and clothes – no communist uniform will negate existence of the uniforms of racial being – the yellow sheen of skin draped in black will not equal the black skin in identical garb – the two make manifest a different reality. The inner (race soul) and outer (material form of being) both are one – efface all differences if you will the being is the same – only the delusive mind would seek to wipe aside that which can only be effaced through destruction of the unequal (the ‘to be equalized’).

Delusive mind or psychopath who seeks other destruction for self-positing empowered grandeur. Hence the communist and totalitarian mind always meet in the process of reification. Strange places will exist and no complete knowledge will ever be had save the complete destruction of all places. Hence the pipe dream of authoritarian self-appointed judges implodes upon conception as an impossible reality.

Thankfully the car manufacturer in central Asia is not the same as in northern Europe – they each bear the stains of their respective differences – the differences of their creators as an externalization of their race-soul – the inner form of outward appearances.

### **A sad misfortune**

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: to be poor in wealth (material goods, the means for the realization of mundane projects) and rich in mind and doubly so in the case of those who possess the opposite. This at least is a saving grace – to recognize by proxy that at least one retains something (and infinitely higher): “Render unto Caesar what is Caesar’s for the kingdom of heaven is within.” Dungeon or Ferris wheel; bohemian culture district or four plain walls; expansive mountain heights and lush valleys – or flat farm land and endless acres of tedium – the mind brings present to reality all meaning, even in the bleakest wasteland the most fertile soil brings forth fruit.

### **The dream vs. the reality**

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: talking the talk not walking the walk. Living a fantasy can only last as long as the blind fantasizer can avoid confronting the brick wall on his Don Quixote charge. The purely detached speculative mode of life lacks the wisdom in involved knowledge – the art of worldly wisdom necessitates worldliness not an otherworldly detachment. Sitting on a mountain top is still sitting on a mountain top – the meditation is a bridge between empirical and non-empirical, phenomenon and noumenon but is still orchestrated as a practical endeavour having certain positioning of limbs, certain breathing techniques. The ladder of Jacob cannot be scaled in a vertical leap of superman but must be traversed in the appropriate manner, perhaps not rung by rung but by whatever means most efficient and the force of necessity. Knowledge bereft of particular connections to the knower (if at all possible) is barren. However what path to traverse, what connections to forge, with the press of temporal economy and its strict budgeting, is the confusing question that leads to a state of empty contemplation or ritualistic clinging to tired schedules, techniques, and practices. The gamut of technai that offer themselves to the leisured exceeds by an infinite scope that offered to the burdened camels trudging on the silk roads of life, seeking to gold brick a future castle in the sky with the slave-labours of pharaonic self-subjection under the lash of a desperate will. And further questions arise: how long does leisure last and what is the necessary condition(s) thereof? Leisure must be secured prior to embarking upon its course or else the whistle of work-a-day life trumpets to the potential poet/artist/scholar/adventurer, etc. Thus one is left shuffling feet until a fair (sufficient or adequate) degree of certainty can be had to make the necessary decisions to make the necessary determinations regarding whether monk-like contemplation is an option and if so it might even be meaningful, i.e. by having actual contents of consciousness in place of chiliastic dreams of madness, a kaleidoscope consciousness which abides by no principle but that of unprincipled caprice.

### **Proposals** :

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We have on the menu the following undertakings: poetry, yoga, fasting, psi ability cultivation, physical training – as active employments of the self, hinging upon the passive determinants of willful striving, its conditions of being, namely: dietetics, rest, quiet, basic needs and their proper optimization. What is most fundamental, which most meaningful (for I will equate the two) in the overall scheme, hellion archon, the contribution to the sum total/summum bonum, etc. Clearly, the answer follows, that which has most quantitative impact cached out in terms of energy yield, the literal energetic imprinting of reality with reality (self and its creations) the mikrokosmos upon the makrokosmos through the latter. The grounds must be paved to establish a runway from which is launched the vehicle of self-



expression. How to undergo this act – to trail blaze with rockets to the stars or to cut immaculate paths with sterling scissors that beautify the journey – or both – or neither? The passive, or even active, pursuits requiring minimal conscious awareness clearly are the least meaningful in leaving anything behind but perhaps paradoxically the most meaningful in establishing the conditions for anything to exist at all. Here energy economy intrudes as the stern delimiter of activity – only so much must be allocated here and only so much there; given total only certain acts requiring certain quantitative determinants can be selected – fractions (mixed or no) of the total and over time and through time – they must all be prioritized and jealously guarded in their allocated period (temporally, spatially, or otherwise determined) - most obviously those forms of life and activity that are most valuable and those which first shape the most meaning/important thing most importantly/meaningfully. An egotist would say the self an altruist would say the social milieu – the wise man would say the totality of all being which encompasses self and all others at all times without distinction – so let it be the latter.

Given that most of the rites and forms of behaviour (yoga, etc.) are largely derived from the finite structure of a finite form and its finite faculties they are of lesser impact than that which admits of more individualistic novelty such as poetry and the aesthetic arts. Hence these must be cultivated as the material vehicle of consciousness (itself conscious and consciousness and conscious of consciousness and of itself reflexively) is insufficient/inadequate as a form of creative expression. Only in those parts entailing themselves more parts (e.g. brain, nervous system) is higher (by definition, more parts engendering more creative expression hence more ‘breadth’ more ‘quanta’ of consciousness) consciousness to be cultivated and this as a vehicle itself to lay at the feet of God good works and the creation (before the creation by the creation, etc.). So we have poetry, we have psi development – the influencing, movements, predictive and explanatory modalities of consciousness be they embodied in formal or informal language or no – simply sensed, intuited and known, and distributed as knowledge to the Akashic records, to be subsequently accessed (or no) by whomever, whenever, wherever, whyever. Poetry, to qualify as such, to accord with its definition, must be metrical – hence one must learn metre to endow language with lyrics, to pluck the lyre of orphic imaginings. Psi abilities, to be built, must be cultivated in the Aristotelian manner so to speak, in the kinesiological sense of the principle of specificity, “if one wishes to be a runner, he must run.” Hence meditation, chants, mantras, concentration, and knowledge of ability to control the mind-body-spirit complex: this devolves upon the pillar of physical culture: body purification through fasting and dietetics, yogic posturings, breathing techniques, inducing states of bodily calm, sweating, sunning, etc. Further to the artistic expression which ties psi with poetry and prose as a whole is illustration cultivating the right hemisphere via the left when the product contains structure visual as well as symbolic logical addenda (symbols themselves in a way as overt logemes/mathemes).

### **Signs** \_\_\_\_\_ :

Symbols are the unity of the holistic consciousness – the sigil/sign refers to that which is not apparent but it is the surface or externalization of the hidden concept. This is not limited to the notion that ‘words denote concepts’ merely but that they (as symbols) import additional content into consciousness that spins off effects the conscious mind (rooted in language and 5 sense reality) cannot process as its

reality lies behind the appearance, the penumbra or shadow of the thing, the dark side of the moon. This, apparently, is what constitutes magick or 'hidden workings' or 'inner causality' of a things' manifesting or emanating as a process, the percept upon perception generating connotations or rigid fixed ideas (geometrics, axioms, canons, and their correlative directives) that serve to trigger action. Action in the sense of conscious processes (physiological energetic) that are constitutive of the being who beholds the beloved/hated/coldly indifferent (never!) object. The object thus has transformative and transmutative alchemical effects which have a self/social engineering function. They are ultimately functional. The affect has always been similar for a 'human' and thus a deep- structural symbology obtains as a universal condition humaine. The geometry or dis/harmony of the spheres attains reality upon perception; the observer collapses the quantum wave function; esse is percepti in praxis as a temporally unfolded determination of the beings of Being, the emanations of The One.

### **Lines on a page**

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bordering free flow of thought, resonating, limiting possibility, delimiting, determining, guiding, prescribing vehicles for expression, enabling, amplifying, structuring, channelling thoughts into linguistic paths – 'omnio determinatio est negatio'. Legalese speculations on the taboo practices of the occult: practices which represent the seedy underbelly of Leviathan, concealed from the binocular vision of the profane – only cognition of Typhon opens upon flood-gates of flame. The question is: the sceptre of truth, undying flame of Olympus or the sputtering gas lights of dark alleys where fearsome Jack the Ripper prowls seeking victims, the light of reptilian consciousness peering out from the cold caverns of cold-blooded calculation – the nether regions of beast consciousness? In order to answer this question a further one must be adduced, namely: to what end are these practices undergone, the why of their whatness requires explication. This in turn entails the whatness which begs they why – and the details themselves are not for timid eyes but for the bold to confront the dark side – for clearly it is the dark side herein considered – free from the stultifying biases of those with the straightjacket of the sense communis (or hive mind) choking their movements of mentation. What, delimit, delineate, catalogue, and detail the evidence of history's gleanings from graveyards on moonlit nights and sepulchral chambers be-draped in spider webs of hazy evil. The Aztecs: massive rituals of sacrifice by priestly caste, droves of common class victims invited to a feast they were compelled to attend with unintended consequences to their myopic vision. Or perhaps they went voluntarily, knowing that higher worlds awaited and that reward for suffering was conferred by higher intelligences whose priests were mere instruments of their divine will? That they the gods must be serviced with blood and organs, must avail the priests of their common folks' being in corporeal form? Parallels in today's society but of the priests no common sight beholds save at the moment of selection and the terror of involuntary sacrifice: masons, Jesuits, and other affiliates (presumably Jews especially rabbis) clearly represent the upper strata of the clandestine neo-feudalism of today's world. The practices are the same – vampirism and cannibalism. The purpose - Again parallels must be inferred on the basis of the principle of correspondences: like follows like (this is based on the principle of sufficient reason, always presupposed by the rational – an enthymeme): the absorption of the being (in literal carnal form) of the other by the other, the incorporation into one's self (body-mind-spirit) of the self of the other. This much is clear and can be conceded as a known element in the investigation into the practice. Clearly intelligences of subtler realms intervened in both cases. Was it invocation (which clearly is a fact) for the purpose of propitiation, for empowerment, or both a parsing out of the substance of the sacrifice

amongst the ‘gods’ (for lack of a better term) and priest, a divine (though many would say diabolical) communion or alchemical wedding between beings of different realms partaking of both through the act. And what is the nature of the act, how does it unfold as a fatal drama of taboo proportions? Clearly the victim was fully conscious and not sedated – no evidence suggests this but suggests the opposite given the portrayals of historical evidence and the glimmerings of contemporary – that trauma, the inducement of extreme emotionality in both of the ‘others’ (victim and priest) was an essential and necessary condition. This is through the act itself and the preamble of its potentiality prior to the physical carrying out thereof. Thus was induced a state of terror (properly so-called) in which adrenaline was secreted owing to the fight or flight mechanisms in the brain-stress system itself tied in with the cognitive elements the scene created – a pageantry of horror for the victim and delight (apparently, perhaps horror also) in the villain. Also tying into this scene was the sexual excitation that arrived on the ‘Thanatos’ wave of impending doom in a way creating a coalescence of sex and death, a subterranean and little understood though often discoursed upon phenomenon (Freud, etc. – a Kabbalistic follower of the Talmud undoubtedly involved in similar practices). As a prelude to the terminal act probably – at least in more contemporary times though probably in those of the past – was undergone the sodomy/rape of the victim by the priest who perhaps charged himself and derived energy through this act, stoking the fires and (perhaps – again speculating) invoking the demons who came to feed on the energies manifested through the act. Thus the clue to ‘why’ is discovered – the absorption of vital energy and adrenaline (itself a stimulant externally derived not endogenous) into the priest, possibly proffering a portion to the demon in exchange for energy from above (or whatever other form of communion: knowledge of some strange nature perhaps known only in a mute form, without the medium of language). The selection of a child specifically is, according to reports, because of greater energy and greater fear (the bearer of energy presumably) absent in the debauched adult. A sinister act and practice worthy of condemnation, the very act of writing distasteful.

### **The Left Hand Fumbles**

The left hand path occultists preach the indulgence in the senses – this, perhaps, is a Manichean means to supersede the coarser elements of life and ascend to the blessed isles. However to introduce strife into being and claim that it doesn’t affect you (and thereby, the absurd inference is to be drawn, eo ipso, disappears with a wizard’s wand wave) doesn’t compute with the sum total or preserve or support the harmony of the spheres nor would it at any point on the timeline of historical unreality (the eternal now). If the big bang occurred through some sort of intrinsic pressure cooker release of inherent strife (thus light was borne of darkness the ain soph aur) then the perpetual warring and strife played out of the material plane making it a battlefield of disharmonic elements could hardly produce any greater light – that from strife reality is created and to increase (through reality) reality is absurd and meaningless. The mini bangs release energy but disrupt the harmony already established. If the big bang didn’t occur but reality existed without temporal beginning but simply admitted of programmed modalities (the eternal now) that manifested themselves through themselves (as a kaleidoscope undergoing an intrinsic motion producing differentiation through its unity) then why practice a deliberate disruption of cosmic harmony in place of living in accordance with nature as you are and will be? Perhaps destruction of density in a coarse way purports to be the mechanism of merging with the godhead? If instead the left hand path deals with unbridled egotism and one’s becoming a god of their own universe it follows that this might play a delusive role in the attempt. To destroy others and attempt to vampirize them so as to bind with entities from higher planes and/or to augment the energy body/vital force of self at the expense of non-

self simply, so to speak, tears the fabric of the real and lets the draft in; the destructive being wanted to squeeze into a bathing suit (the holy guardian angel largely a fiction of the mind – a god of one’s own universe) and split it at the seams (becoming a decrepit being infested with astral parasites and thus creating the energetic friction not possessive of harmonious life but of binding the unbindable (the demon and the avatared which is already occupied/avatared). Thus the left hand path attempt to increase the self at the expense of the Other is doomed to failure as the self is destroyed as agent of destruction. What goes around comes around the karmic feedback loop preservative of nature’s harmony. A note concerning the licentiousness of left- hand path occultism: to claim to be beyond good and evil through deliberately selecting hedonism posits hedonism as the good (the preference which is borne out by the intentionality of the will not the mendacity of the world – and that in the sense of self-delusion as well as other). To pursue animal instincts and thereby lower oneself to a life of momentary self- stimulation clearly implies that a ‘good’ has been adopted thus proving the absurdity of the claim. The denser and more material the pursuit the coarser the mind, the coarser the mind the more bound one is to material existence. Thus left-hand path occultism refutes itself and condemns itself on both counts, however, apocryphal the smirk on the face of the condemned.

### **Bloodsport**

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age-old test of might quest for glory, contest for feral supremacy the top dog triumph of fight or flight, man or mouse. Defeat of the other in zero-sum battle who the law of the excluded middle and the contestants are the only thing operating in the pit. The golden ring grasped by victorious fist, knuckles bloodied stigmata of enmity within the bounds of the rational. Parameters of order laid down as adamant law tables upon which the scribes sacrifice themselves in an ordered chaos of winners and losers. The beggars teem upon the outside, climbing over fellow men to enter the lists and attain the laurels of merit, the wreath of initiation through rites of hellfire and brimstone. Such the pageantry of pugilism in no-holds- barred form – the ultimate risk taken to attain the ultimate reward – no other satisfies and satisfaction is possible only in the embrace of Thanatos: for no satisfaction can accrue to the insatiable bloodlust of dominance; only the negation of this lust can sate thus even absolute victory proves defeat as the last man standing has only himself to destroy – even the restless spirit of the vanquished seeks eternal strife as the vital force of a satanic power. This the spirit of the martial arts and the masculine consciousness of domination. The act of contention in the forum of gladiatorial adversity is an appeal to the primal regions of consciousness (metaphorically the ‘masculine’) playing itself in its most dense form on the physical. The basis of this is the ego and the failure to acknowledge the parity – rather only the disparity – of the self and Other. The ego would usurp all as own determination, a construct and controllable object of itself all elements of which object are themselves objects (analytics, the whole being quartered, executed, into its parts and made bond slaves as a total system of the determining ego, the god in miniature, the mikrokosm dwelling within the makrokosm and for whom even the latter is a function of itself, a personal universe solipsistically constituted). Thus the marionette of the Other (really an ideal objectification of the real) is the puppet on the strings of a G-peto (a god-like puppet master). The puppetization of the Other is a transformation on the Other through projection or directed energy, the trajectory of which chisels away those elements of it that are unwanted and colors those which remain thereby rendering the autonomous proprietary, the free man a slave. The act of urination on the vanquished in the case of animals (or spitting or making statements or utterances that are ‘spat out’ at the loser) is testimony to this ‘coloring’ or ejaculation or ‘marking’ (in the Hegelian sense of determining property through the impinging upon that external to the self).

Statements, even broadcasts, showcased in televised form, triumphal parades and processions are simply contemporary veneers of civilization draped over the beast consciousness of self-glorification and other annihilation. Braggadocio is also an attendant property of this self-positing, the elevation of self to godhood/apotheosis in declaratory statements of triumph in advance of the contest a defeat through self-fulfilling prophecy, an accrual of energy through cognitive ego stroking. The vibrational effects manifest in ampliative form giving on to augmented power the latter being the driving force of the act – power begetting power in narcissistic autogenesis – the trajectory of which aimed heavenward towards apotheosis.

**What I am I am through you, what you are you are through me** \_\_\_\_\_ :

the holographic universe, we are all reflections reflecting but not hollow men. We reverberate not as egos absorbing but as creators creating; not as drones preparing ourselves for sacrifice to our fellow drones or to the queen but rather as projectors passing on the refractions of the boundless light through our crystalline structures. Even the claimants of dark energy matter, those who would represent themselves or become black holes of consciousness emit the light of their darkness, itself illuminating the brightest daylight with yet other beams/streams of kaleidoscopic, chiliastic, differentiation (never to be spoken of separately as ‘differentiations’ which presupposes plurality an impossibility when all is a singular). Thus even the dark side is enveloped in the light; contrary to oppositional claims there is no opposition to oppose is simply to destroy the self, an impossible task as to destroy the Other (‘oppose’) is to destroy Self (as part of self; parts not constituting the whole but the whole determining the modality of the parts) and being greater thereby and entailing their unity. In attempting to destroy another one destroys himself as he destroys the harmony existing between the two; which harmony adjusts itself as the inexorable gears of being into which the destroyer is ground. Thus one must recognize his unity even with the opposition and thus cease to think oppositionally as a Shaitan – defeat of Ahriman by Ormuz the Light, bearer of the truth not the false light will-o-the-wisp of his rival. The tempter holds out power and sought after wealth (of a spiritual nature) thereby ensnaring the wayward who fails to see truth as unity, oneness. He becomes one with his victims through the punishment the corrective influence of fate/being; he becomes attuned to the sum total through forces that lead him to a recognition of error through meting out the proportional penalty. Karma is the fundamental attunement of being, regulated by the being of beings. “The good of evil” is a misnomer or fallacious conception in its generation of greater good. It retards evolution.

**Utilitarianese** \_\_\_\_\_ :

the language of the busy bees, mind controlled slaves of Annunaki. Burdens lifted when discarded, the strength to carry on is an inner force not to be picked up in sets and reps and load-bearing formalistic schemata. Bear loads of greater value, i.e. the esoteric indwelling – discard the burdens of the sator square of greater prison house of the mind and Surtur/Satan of muspellheim – or perish in the flames of your own perdition. The flesh suit, vehicle of distraction, empty vessel of empty mind, endowed with ignited spark of mundane life – transported through density the immaterial entity, gravity forcing into Midgard the opposing force of light worked path across Bifrost into Odinic realms of grace. Pressed into blind earth, the sight of the mundane one’s only half of circus mirrors – reflection reflecting a non-entity in the incarnate, entwined in Jormungand’s serpentine coils, Typhonian triumph into the realm of Svartalshein. Ljusalfheim, the stairway ascending, illumined by Freyr’s radiant presence; telos of Kristos evolving in revolving gears of reincarnating eternal return.

## **Instability**

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in life leads to attempts of reversion/conversion into its opposite – the drive to solid bedrock upon which to build an edifice of grandeur. No foundation, no construction, no beginning, no end. The teleology of life's project subverted without the equipment and materials requisite to reify the blueprint conceived of in abstracto in the mind's creative god-like machinations. Overextended, the well die and the thirsty die; the desert crawling destitute shrivels in the sun of noble dreams never to be attained.

The rope holding in suspense the piano over the cartoon caricature of one's super-egoic form breaks and the tragi-comedy of life ends in a closing of the curtains on defeated hopes the inner seeks. The inner seeks, once developed to the necessary state, manifestation/externalization as the outer but this presupposes the necessary conditions. Hence entropy results and the inevitable livor mortis of fruit over-ripe rotting on the vine of life. The most delicate flowers are crushed by the cloven hooves of the mob's satyrs in their boisterous revels; the finest china, of arduous craftsmanship, are shattered by the bullish boors of the herd – going unnoticed into the Akashic records of the celestial halls of Alexandria, filed away behind locked vaults of oblivion. The mechanical man-robots of corporate (private and public) construction, made in the manufactory of conveyor belts mundane replication, requires as component parts, the social grease to move its gears with cumbersome grace in a cog and wheel society of mechanical monstrosity. The gears grind loudly though smoothly with an elegant violence that manifests as a capped-teeth smile and a barking voice of aggressive dog-eat-dog character. The land sharks and land pirates of the global Caribbean circle one another with clock-like regularity, picking off the stragglers and the strugglers with cold indifference in terminal ambition. The feeding frenzy reaches manic frequencies of vibration, waters boiling with blood and iron in the bellum omnium contra omnes. War everlasting the condition humane, inhuman humanitas – all too human, sacrifices roasted to Moloch in the brass and golden idol of the Mammon worshippers. When self-expression becomes proof of self-worth, prostitution occurs in aesthetic form. One lives for others and sells oneself ideally at a premium, if need be at a discount, in order to acquire the socio-economic capital that the dreams of a lady of the evening are made of. Such is the contemporary scene of human trafficking called in colloquial parlance 'wage slavery', 'human resources', etc. People, becoming the 'new money' initiate with this transformative process the commodification of the soul and the devolution thereof into the slavery of the auction block called the labor market. The value previously obtained from meaningful labor has been exchanged in a sleight of hand con-artistry for the abstract universal value form of empty non-being called money. Thus something real is lost and replaced with the unreal of merely abstract economic existence. To accrue a sense of self-worth on this basis nullifies the real worth of the self and its manifestations in creative endeavours. The outer is devalued (the fruits of labor) as a cheapened function of the inner (despiritualized identity/entity creating for the purpose of everything other than creation and hence nothing as not reflexively referring to and intimately bound up with the self). The monk/mystic lived alone in the desert undergoing ascetic sufferings as part of his mission to ascend to the spirit realms. He repeated practices on an endless cycle of meditation/mantra/mojo workings. His oeuvre was published after the authorities discovered his body in a cave in the side of a hill/sand dune. One phrase was written that alone possessed intelligibility and that was: "There are many, many fools in the world". The satirical element of this story lies in the homologous nature of the word and the object (described by me as an object of discourse, a discursively constructed construct – and the words uttered by the monk). It applies to the writer and the monk equally but as a judgment of the material/social world as well as the ideal/virtual/isolated world of reclusive discourse herein written.

## **Routine**

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serves as prison bars to reside comfortably behind. The protection of the prison cell shuts out of the unknown containing the vulnerable soul within protective walls of seemingly impenetrable solidity – yet the walls are not, nor are the exterior or interior – peeping behind the veil of Maya offers no protection – one is a mere reflection reflecting looking into the soul of himself through himself as/with/by in a holographic liberation upon recognition (reflexively) of his infinite awareness as such, in se. Thereby the locks and bars fall away and the abraxas bird flies from the egg of materiality. That is Krist consciousness the becoming who one is qua Krist the ascended master. The flesh suit falls away in stagnant non-being as the being of being unites with its origin. No one is a pedant, an uncreative being, but differentiations limit the manifestation of the creator qua created thereby establishing a hierarchy of material beings – all are one yet only in the most abstract and cosmic sense – the status of the being is both intrinsic (soul created as differentiated material being) and extrinsic (determined by the vital manifestation, the way in which the being –Dasein, there-being – is thrown in its ‘thrownness’). Self-propelling wheels rolling towards Orlog impelled by Wyrđ, directing themselves as a driver down pre-established routes – recklessly, cautiously, consciously, unconsciously, towards a vaguely apprehended terminal point – the brick wall of Chronos, whose sands have crystallized into the immobile telos of the soul in its passage. Teleology of the soul as a video game whose final boss looms on the horizon of being as a Ragnarok’s midgardshlag, the zero-sum confrontation with Karmic mission, a pass or fail / do or die/ make or break scenario determining in consequence the fate – Valhalla, Muspellheim, Helheim or other realm of future being.

## **The eternal now**

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chronology subverts the undying self, grinding ones bones to fall into the hourglass as so many grains of sand. To be forever young simply ignore the passing of years and immerse oneself in higher consciousness to the vicissitudes of the teeming mob, their inebriated caprice. Surround oneself with the higher and condemn with vehement animosity the lower sending the devil back to hell in his own damnation. All talk of love as an artificial grimace and a twinkle of hypocrisy simply a delusive attempt to immerse oneself in cognitive dissonance – something inevitably encountered, like a dog hiding under a couch with his tail exposed – there is no hiding from the self; and the inauthentic consciousness always betrays itself through holding a mirror up to its ugliness, inevitably it turns one’s grimace to a medusa-like stone face. Love is the harmony of the spheres, the energy fields that are the being of Being, the fibres of the fabric of the Real. To love one’s neighbor may entail killing one’s neighbor – for so harmony is – a greater and a lesser, an excess and a deficiency. Love and hate have meaning only in relation to God-mind, the sublime. Freyja is a paramour only of the Einherjar and wields a spear to sublimate the lower drives.

## **Thoughts apropos of Beate’s “The Yellow Submarine”**

Consciousness altering one enters into the yellow submarine in spite of blue meanie resistance. Pulled into the voyage across the abysmal sea of a transforming reality headed towards – inexorably – a telos which is unknown save through the voyage itself and abruptly one encounters the fruits of the long period of gestation, the blossoming of the crown chakra in an ecstasy of rainbow-hued presence called: love the inevitable epistemic end state of holistic consciousness, unity of red and blue in the color of all colors – the purity of white: Divine Cosmos. One sees love, feels love and becomes, yes, love through the utterance of the positive sacred vibrations that crystallize love in the merging of the dyad into the monad, the word (logos) ‘Love’ and the utterance of positive affirmation of its essence through the

essential anthropological/anthropic centering/shaping of the anatomy into 'Yes' – the word made flesh opening up the floodgates of spirit energy in sanguine blood flow, previously cold through blue saturnine demiurgic incarceration in the isolated, solipsistic divided mind of analysis, judgment and the Logos in its imperfect form, a house of cards constructed in the aether of imperfect ashlar, doomed to crumble as an othonic factory of rigor, annihilation of the constructive eternally constructing constructs through the weapons manufacture of predicates, syllogisms; mobilized for conquest, victory (however pyrrhic) over the creator within; creating a perishable sator square house of cards comprised of exclusively aces of spades and tarot cards of death amidst hermitage and empire, the folly of the hierophant who neglected the awareness of his own folly – the transcendence of the ego-mind put away in the stacks of the Akashic records and exchanged for the law code of Ham and rabbi. In an explosion of technicolor the 'the' (determinate, determined) becomes negated in the necessity of its negation – the indeterminate, forever negating the determinate out of its essence, that of being in its absorption of all beings as they themselves in their true aspect, that of 'neti, neti' neither this nor that. The negative dialectic led to anarchy in the order of cosmic reality righted through the anarchy of anarchy, the archontic order of the god above god, above the Blue meanie demiurge and his archons through reconciliation, a putting in the place of the ordering and a scratching out of the 'dis' of the disorder, 'neti, neti' squared by the sator square, neither this nor that nor 'neither this nor that' – but being out of nothingness the ain soph aur. Music and love are one as both are harmony (harmonia, Greek) and this is self-sustaining 'entelechia' the essence of existence 'through itself, by itself, with itself, for itself, of itself, etc.' The mantra manifests itself through being as the harmony of the aetheric fields and is the mantra itself (the existence of the fields qua fields qua harmony qua being). Opening one's mouth it is uttered – in silent stillness it receives greatest comprehension – the music of the players is heard only through listening, through receptive consciousness (the vesica pistis, the sacred feminine) through projection/reverberation of the vibrations received – a reflection reflecting, holographically. The onus on oneself is not to receive/listen passively (impossible task!), but to listen/receive understandingly and to serve as a conduit of the vibrations/piezo electric generator / transceiver / narrow band hologram / finite entity – consciousness amidst a sea of consciousness; the yellow submarine beneath and amidst the waves directed towards the godhead whose name is 'love, harmonia'. The blue meanie would be a Rex Mundi but clay and iron materia prima does not make an optimus prime only a wind-up toy considering itself a primum mobile and hitting its own self-destruct button as it seeks to destroy all other than itself from its ego-mind ivory tower of Sauron/Saturn – all-seeing eye (blind that it sees nothing and is only seeing the images it creates/projects upon the finite world which is its domain. All is grey shade until harmony is interjected – the mind creates music through silence – awareness of awareness transports oneself away from the grey platitudes of the mundane plane into celestial spheres of rainbow hue – mystical experience so-called the inner kingdom in the temple that is the 5-sense bound equipment/motor of the soul its spark.

### **The creepiness of creepy man**

There once was an old man who insisted upon eavesdropping and spying on all sentient entities. The reason (and there was only one) was that he was deficient in the life force, which is to say, he vampirized it from those sentient entities he insisted upon surrounding himself with as a means to perpetuate his existence, rather like a dog chasing its tail in a meaningless cyclicism. This cyclist (for lack of a better term) generated nothing but negative energy, existing in a state of perpetual deficit, an inflationary state where the energy currency of others was – proportionally to time – devolved until such point as the other (whatever specifically it may be) ceased and gave up its mortal tesla



coil. Eventually, once all energy had been depleted from the environmental terroir leading to a state of entropy, the only remaining state of energy, a black hole of negative existence from out of which no light shone. This was the condition in which the creepy old man was discovered upon his having imploded as a dying ember/coal in a deep subterranean dark energy matter tunnel by a Lucifer being whose boundless light – perpetually radiating forth from his chiliastic chakra points – resuscitated Lazarus – like the creepy old man. Soon the old man was no longer creepy as he had become anointed with the vital glow of positive energy. The once creepy old man who had brought everything into a state of darkness now ceased to dim the immediate surroundings and brought forth light in the world becoming a Lucifer in his own right. The being sent forth his vital beacon illuminating the creepy associates he formerly trafficked with leading them to a sudden climb from the sepulchral abyss they had suffered in for so long. Now the abyss, barren for so long of riches bore forth plenty, a gleaming stock of golden light the utility of which was boundless. No longer to creep about in the shadows these former miners of black soot covered rock now became miners of radiant gold and jewels of splendour, fashioning noble works as light workers who had forsaken the dark craft of their former life.

### **God is a light shining in silent stillness**

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– the mind, the soul spark of consciousness inherent in the person, as the person. Self-reflexion opens the gates of heaven, the key to unlock the inner/middle chamber is the silence (the voice of the silence) the person is the locksmith or chosen one, the self-saviour, who opens the gate and enables access to the blessed land of Elysium. Consciousness is the gateway. The Dukes of Hazzard as allegory: the good ol’ boys (good sons/suns) possibly Horus/Set, seeking to bring into being a harmonious world where freedom (from: corruption; for: human creativity and striving) reigns independently of the Demiurge Boss Hogg and his archontic minions the bumbling and inept police conscripted to enforce the law (i.e. his will on earth – Hazzard County – as it is in heaven – the corrupt policies based upon the corrupt will of Boss Hogg). The clever Dukes (aristocrats of the soul) outstripping the subordinate will of the Boss of Hazzard County (the world) and giving back to wise old Uncle Jesse (the ‘esse’ essence, Being, the divine cosmos or Valfather) his due and at his behest. Daisy cheers them on in their project. A timeless allegory made cinematographic flesh.

Crystallization of thought purports to attain eternity, the unity seeks to preserve his identity in the face of transience. Or perhaps he seeks to make manifest the latent brain children of his consciousness – or both. I would deny the premise of ‘neither’ as clearly the either/or is compatible – as experience bears out – with the and/or (in this case). The marking via the hand transposes the ephemeral into the physical creating relative permanence. What does this mean if not a paradox: the permanent is either everything or nothing either exists perpetually or not at all. The relative is simply the relations that inhere in the permanent, the nature of permanence in its manifestation in consciousness as consciousness. Thus to transcribe thought illustrates (through pen strokes, graphically) the identity of consciousness in the form of the contents it consists of. It renders permanent the impermanence. The world is no longer one of love but one of hate (if it was even anything other than that) – the malevolence of the aeon is palpable and people find love only amidst opposition, relatively, in contrast to the hate as a flight from the abyss. From the abyss of reality, seeing it in a deeper manner the surface has great appeal for those who would flee the haunts of silent contemplation. Thus panem et circenses is the inevitable recourse. When the goal could consist of the beauty of creation the drudgery of existence tears it apart substituting the details of mundane ennui as the contents of a consciousness which could be borne into a magical world of boundless promise.

### **Ethical precept**

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: shun the negative. Energy flows from positive to negative and is thus absorbed in oblivion. The negative are vampiric and this is borne of the fundamental deficiency of positive elements (yang). Thus they vampirize the positive converting the latter into shells of their former identity. Positivity is then suppressed, subverted. When an onslaught of the negative nature is occurring (one, for example, being positive, surrounded by negative energy) he must practice a dual procedure: 1) negate the negation; 2) affirm the affirmation. If he cannot flee the negative he must attempt to retain his energy through centeredness – keeping the vortexual flow of energy as tightly close to his body as possible so as to avoid the negative draining it through the force of their vortexual energy (or black hole dark matter negative) centers. The positive method is to derive and/or generate energy from positive sources: while keeping the self centered to adopt the same practice of the negative: to vampirize. If one is not willing to follow this route he may glean energy from sources that emit it without draining them; or he may amplify energy through reverberation: self and/or other generation, creating a feedback loop that amplifies energy preventing drainage. However the negative entity is still feeding thus the drain continues until it is negated.

### **The simple things in life**

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: they say the simple things are what really matter (sarcastic tone of voice) and that the glory and grandeur of the elites is a pyrrhic victory – the crown of kings but of paper and the sceptre of majesty the veneer of the trident of Beelzebub. Yet the glory and grandeur manifest themselves in the little things microcosmically and are the great explanandum of the hidden state of being. Thus, as a psychoanalytic tool one must look to the intricacies of the visage of the public persona to glean the natural contours beneath the cosmetic mask of pretense and surreptition – to unveil the concealed is to reveal the real as a magician pulls rabbits out of hats, animating the inanimate through psychological legerdemain and rendering vital what once put forth a grave exterior of forgettable non-identity. The poker face in the line-up becomes endowed with the height of meaning in the subtle outward manifestations of behavioral tendencies: truly the inner is the outer and the outer the inner be. The slightest twitch, the tick of the musculature; wavering of voice, slip of the tongue reveals all; disrobes the seductive propensities of the virgin flesh and lays bare the ardour of secret thoughts. Thus the simple things are catalysts of greater exploits, the initial commitments (thoughts of the observer, judgments) when pursued lead to grand projects; the string in the knitting when pulled unravels the skein of Gordius opening the passages to the mysteries. The subtle behavioral tendencies of the person are passages into their being – caveat, a word to the wise. Oft-times it is wiser to allow such passages into the psyche to remain shut and to pass on, else the darkened tunnel may precipitate demons of all manner of form and function. To expand upon the subject: the lack of order in one's placement of material objects bespeaks a disordered mind; an overabundance – pedantry, a meticulousness foreign to the purpose of reason and symptomatic of mental illness, a neurosis of insecurity and inability to just 'let go' and enjoy the harmony of the spheres instead of to seek desperately to control every facet of existence that impinges upon and colors one's life. The extremes are voices shouting, trumpeting the clarion call of truth – ecce homo (to take a page from Nietzsche), the Cancerian over-ponder, the Virgo in the opposition. A small example illustrative of the larger whole – if I had said 'hole' instead of 'whole' (this very passage for example giving birth in

Freudian archetypes to the inner mind of the writer) then the mystery of the present writer's psychology would be laid bare in its artificial trappings of florid Victorian prose. It is indeed the little things that bespeak the larger 'whole'.

### **Epistole ad criminalis** \_\_\_\_\_ :

Dear criminal man: your boorish banter, your loud discourse, shouting into the night becoming hoarse; you are indeed an animal made man; simian being, atavism from far off land. Stigmata mark your forehead – behold it is Cain rising up from a sentence in purgatory. Violent visage furrowed with blackest hate; seething rage the Neanderthal maw writhes with foaming terror, murderous in its blood ravaging the animalistic musculature – quick and lithe like his kinfolk the apelings – spasms with furtive propensity darting hither and yon on a trajectory all its own – point A to point B with no intermediary obfuscating its barbarous course. The beady eyes at the peak of receding forehead, flaring pinpricks darting to its objective, passion overarching whatever reason may have existed latent in the nether recesses of the few folds (gyri) of the ape brain. Bestial instincts incline the animal man towards pleasures of the crudest stamp, whilst averring those pains its deprivation represents – this the sole remnant of rational thought. The dog's bone is a presence –pursuit and obtain pleasure, it is an absence – avoid the lash which darts from the master's hand. The binary modalities of its behavior give onto this dual course where ego is paramount and other is enemy at worst an absence at best. To quest for fire to warm the self – to only unifying behavior – and once obtained the flaming brand held aloft to drive away the helpmates from territory conquered through brute force. Such is the profile of the most degenerate of the brute forms of criminality yet it prescribes the template for most types, namely, the mentality of the psychopath for whom naught by ego exists and other is a tool or a threat to its personal self-interest – maximization. Altruist, amongst the cleverer types, those able to attain the level of reasoning necessary to carry out the instrumentality of a base object, is as soon adopted as discarded once its instrumentality ceases. Orientation around the ego as the central sun of one's consciousness is the behavioral modality of the criminal type. The heights of consciousness can never be reached by the ego- mind always forsaking its refinement but allow a choice to enter into the mind, the higher of altruism for the depths of ego and its attendant train, its silk road caravan, of pleasures stretching into the horizon of infinity. The image of pleasure island most clearly illustrates the temperament, with the delights of the moment being the only aim of the conscious; once gratified as soon discarded and on to the net gambit of panem et circenses. Principles, borne of reason and the higher mind, always serve as bridges of supercession of the baser instincts. The delights of sense gratification always defiles the heights we always attained through the ascetic virtues of temperance, prudence, self-control, magnanimity, right aim (always under the credo 'live in accordance with nature). The criminal is necessarily the self-interested whether the cleverest of ego-minded beings (ala Dr. Moriarty) or the basest of imbeciles. The egotism is the deciding factor the lack of regard for the Other the mark of the man of violence be it physical or moral. The criminal man is a veritable catalogue of vice and in assessment of such a one the evaluator is at a loss where to being. The list is truly endless. Thus I propose to write a treatise (a series of essays) cataloguing the vices under the title borrowed from Lombroso "L'uomo Delinquente" or "Criminal Man" to limb the formal skeleton of the criminal in his fleshly aspect and concealed wrappings be they hair shirt or silken robes .The behavior of L'uomo Delinquente must serve as the sign post to his habitation of Sodom and Gomorrah, as it is indeed (as heretofore stated) 'the little things which reveal the inner being' and the inner may readily be inferred from the outer such that a fair profile may be composed in literary form of the plague of the higher man.

Criticism and caveat: perhaps this prolegomenon is too saccharine, too inherently Christian, to pass muster as the 'signpost' towards the ubermensch? Perhaps the ego is not so oppositional a glyph of the psyche? It must be admitted that it is the psyche itself and couldn't exist apart. Thus altruism independently of egotism has no place in existence, but neither does the ego without its support and super-structural domain: the body politic, the herd and all its particolored pelts. Without the latter a barren egotism would reign and the contents of an equally barren consciousness would be a paucity indeed. Thus the ego evolves through the dialectic of the other that it and it alone forms therewith. Thus the criminal may be an egotist but so too is the altruist; however one finds room for both, the other restricts himself to himself. And yet – again Christian pathos interjects in the cogitations on what is the criminal – the most developed man, he of greatest ego, though the most criminal, is nevertheless a great artist, etc. He would be described by me as criminal only from the perspective of virtue ethics, which necessarily entail the character in its behavioral manifestations and tendencies – the mind, body, and spirit as a complex divorced from society through circumstances or no. It is he who violates nature who is criminal and, though he may break every law ever written, is the most law-abiding who adheres to and harmonizes with nature and as nature the moral man, embodying the moral law within.

### **Making a big deal out of the trifles**

1) endows them with greater meaning and opens the gates of the realm of philosophy as the 'science of the trivial in the most profound sense' (Croce) and 2) amplifies the insignificant oft-times perpetuating the presence of vermin be they of the mental or physical variety. To ignore is to blind oneself to reality to attend to (even to that which is not) an unreality is to bring it into being. The consequences of this can be dire and only retreat into consciousness (or to phrase it more positively) – to bring consciousness to bear upon the fact of itself even circumambulating its object is to wage war against those real or imagined threats (or both) to the peace of mind so cherished by he who lives the contemplative life and to wage such wars from a staunch bulwark and girded with adamantine armour glistening in the sun of mind. It is to solicit the rays of divine illumination and reflect them from the mirror of one's consciousness into the face of one's inner daemon and to turn to stone the horrors of the mind clothed in fear and trembling as they are; to shine the light of the day of consciousness into the black corners of one's own ignorance and to wipe aside the webs of arachnidian mind parasites which plague the inner sanctum of the holiest of holies – the mind (i.e. awareness of awareness and its contents and constructs).

### **The sensation of being overhead**

(following from the above precautionary and consolatory discourse the sensation of the notion of being overhead) – the notion of the sensation or the sensation of the notion – two very different things indeed. The one is real, the other having its reality implicit in the fertile womb of the imagination – the notion is the reality as the real is the rational and the rational the real not as the popular mind would have it – in reverse, starting with sensation on the physical plane. Or perhaps we have this reversed; a reversal of the reversal? Perhaps the 'man in the street' is wise and the hermit in the desert subsisting on roots is immersed in folly? Or perhaps a neither/nor a 'neti, neti' and simply a conjunction of the two at best (or worst). A revaluation of all values begets an entrance into realms of dark *qualitas occulta*, the mysteria that only the skillful hand of the aegis of reason, namely wisdom, might guide one through those sepulchral catacombs to the grail of the *ding an sich*. Perhaps to turn back before all is lost and the lantern of Diogenes is dropped in the panic of dread precipitating the blackness of insanity. One then, perhaps yet unprepared, insufficiently developed, must rely upon the light of consciousness alone to serve as a guide. Possibly its strength will fail one on this quest – though it may the only recourse be.

Thus one must kindle the divine spark and though starting as a rudiment of the Anthropos striking stick and stone he will one day conquer that unknown realm of the unconscious – for it does not exist save through its negation (consciousness) and even then the reality has the hazy borders of a mirage. The prison of the mind requires an ecstatic outlet through which the self (consciousness) can escape and return to its hermitage, sanity intact – else the prison ceases to be a reformatory and becomes a punishing deprivation. A going away from the self to gather experience – gnosis – and to return.

So many things in the contemporary scene which are as black clouds of negativity – mind parasites infecting the consciousness like a plague – locusts which swarm and threaten to infiltrate the sanctum sanctorum. Thus one seeks to eliminate, to purge them through various expiatory means in ecstasy, ecstatic modalities of consciousness – trance of television, the disruption of cogency by music especially that variety which induces a superficiality, bringing one to the surface from the depths as a floatation device forcing understanding from the depths and away from profound cogitation. Thus the storm cloud of social influence in the insecure paranoia of modernity. But – can we blame the other or the self for ensconcing self in that blackness of coal dust of a burning incinerator of judgments and slanderous reactivity – to attack so as to defend pre-emptively? The self must bear the burden of responsibility and to blame the other beyond assessing the cause and subordinating it to the judgment of reason, then to be dealt with by the will is a superficializing of the mind, an enslavement of consciousness to the fictive (or actual) presences which can only be dealt with through the mind. The ennui, on a strangely and uncertainly related note, is a leaden weight that creates a darkness in which beings are swallowed up in negation through their inability to grasp the attention to a sufficient extent and thus they cease to exist as objects or contents of consciousness. The objects not being fixed in mind they cannot sustain their being and fall away into the dark of oblivion leaving a null set of consciousness a goose egg that constitutes the cranial carapace which purports to ensconce a mind that no longer exists. The prison cell of the mind requires contents within which to decorate its barren interior. The tatters and rags of memory serve only as a clownish mockery of décor and cling to the moisture of the cold concrete walls of silence like so many dead moths clinging to a sputtering kerosene lamp whose wick is nearly at an end. The rainbow hues of a mentally stimulating environment being an absence, so too is the prison house of the mind. One is reduced to performing gymnastics, exercise for the sake of exercise to ward off the stagnation of an empty mind. It is as if papers had been scattered in an abandoned building and the hobo has read them all; now yellowing and mildewed with decay he must jumble them up for entertainment.

### **Ethical dilemma**

should we be energy vampires or should we be energetic Santa Clauses and bestow, give, instead of receive? Or should it (this energy economy) be an exchange, a stock exchange of energetic capital (libidinal economy ala lyotard) in which the buyer (the deficient recipient if the exchange is to be just he must be deficient) receives from the seller and the seller (who if the exchange is just has a surfeit of energy) bestows upon the buyer their energy stock certificate made tangible upon demand when called upon to make good the stipulated amount. This would be the ideal scenario of a just transaction. The converse would be when the buyer/demander obtains or solicits the stock without ‘color of right’ by which is meant a just dessert not solely by virtue of their deficiency but in addition, by virtue of their merit and by virtue of their relationship to the bestower. Failure to meet the criteria of merit and having a relationship to the person would qualify them simply as an energetically deficient being or one who has sufficient or excess energy but a desire disproportionate to their merit by virtue of their essence (who they are) and by virtue of their lack of relatedness to the would-be giver of a gift not deserved.

Thus only when the above enabling criteria obtain and disabling criteria (disqualifying criteria) do not obtain (which is to say the same thing in a positive and negative manner) should the exchange take place between the parties. The relationship could be spoken of as one of privity of contract and thus binding in a moral court of law. Specifically as to the vampirism/donor concept: the drainage of blood/spirit energy from another if consensual would not necessarily be moral unless the donor were compus mentus and the giving/ donation were such that the vampire a) deserved the donation and b) the donor did not need it and possibly c) needed to be divested of it under the overriding proviso: that it was a just transaction leading to the maintenance/rectification of the balance of harmony, was a 'harmonious' transaction supportive of the evolution of the soul in incarnation and that for both parties assuming both parties merited the consequences of that exchange based transaction. This of course is the fundamental proviso of the moral law, i.e. that the good prevails and is the fulcrum of the balance between excess, deficiency. Energetic flows must be directed appropriately and sometimes the balance requires a redistribution such that it equilibrates and this on a physical, brute level as well as a doxic, ethereal one.

### **“VAMP”**

The color black is alleged to be absorptive of energy by virtue of the fact that it is a privation/negation of all vibrational frequency, thus so to speak opening up a black hole into which the colors of the rainbow are absorbed – white being the converse, projecting the colors away from itself and possibly generating same. Thus the distinction between the black and the white witch – she who takes and she who gives each without entering into the dialectic of exchange based relations (a giving and a taking forming a bilateral transaction). Thus they perform magic because they leap out of the causal chain of temporal and psycho-social-physical 'dialectics'/relations to which mere mortals are subject. Should one, the ethical dilemma posits, become a proponent of the purely good or bad? That of course depends on the values of the proponent and how they wish to construe good and bad. If in the classical/Aristotelian sense of virtue qua excellence then perhaps both, perhaps either, if the Christian then the white. Should one wish to involve himself in worldly affairs in the mit dasein, the 'with world', he would presumably adopt the robes of the black and white when most appropriate in accordance with the cunning of reason (prudence, the adroit practicality of the causal judgment, namely reason). However, though life be a giving and a taking on the material plane, should one wish to ascend beyond its scope perhaps the black robe would be preferable as a modality of self-enrichment? Perhaps, paradoxically, in self-enrichment lies other enrichment as making oneself a better person makes the world a better place? (So the maxim has it). And thus the white robe lies beneath the black – but, ironically, another black robe lies underneath the white – as self-interested motives underpin motivations of putative (and/or real) altruism. After all if the people are all one and the same, why not enrich the self preferentially, spin off benefits to the masses in a trickle-down effect (a casting of pearls one might say) and thereby further enrich the self? The ethical dilemma thereby resolves itself into a paradox via reconciliation of opposites. Thus the black robe posits the self as nodal point, black hole of consciousness individualized within the nuit of white reflection. The hadith is the black sun of consciousness' manifestation. Beautiful mechanism, elegance of artistry, rigorous logistics of aestheticism - Mercury and Venus unite in a dance of formal Bacchic rite under the stern supervision of the Saturnian paternoster. A formula of happiness, many would declare rigid, cold and unfeeling but rather the orderly wholesomeness of a clean and kept home. Better than the rat's nest of the reveling masses with their trinkets of sparkling tinsel, their scattered droppings they call offerings to their flesh peddling gods, to which they pay obeisance through Dionysian inebriation, tankards of mind poison sloshing amidst the verminous cracks in the squeaking

floorboards. “I Cast out demon!” to the nether regions of Dis, the abyss, the pit of perdition into which you have your rightful realm. Seated under the sigil of Saturnos you will never escape your lair; the gas laws of Boyle threaten to release the foul pestilence but Aphrodite/Inanna/Freyja unleashes the beast and entices it with salacious invitation to its proper infernal realm. Thus the abode is once again swept clean of the diabolus and its contamination – the homestead clean, the life may again blossom in sustainable growth of orderly proportions. Neither hyperplastic nor hypo – but a sober fecundation, an aspiring towards the heights through prudent cultivation. The instinctive mind is strongest in the savage races which is the basis of their spiritual/intuitive qualities that are so often touted in the propaganda of today as the cardinal virtue of their innocence, their so-called shamanic properties (and exclusive property; being as they are extolled by their Jewish masters and the latter’s puppets as having a monopoly on spirituality implying the like deficiency in the ‘evil white race’). Is this so much a virtue and not a vice that a lowly savage can be spoken of as having the key to the kingdom of the higher mind? If so why then does their behavioral (all signs) point to ‘no’, in its greed, hate of the other (the white man), etc.? Why do they rob and rape and revel into the dead of night? The answer is because they are the untermensch and manifest this quality through overt behaviour however covert and secretive their designs/intentions are. The instinctive mind being a capacity/faculty through which the intentions of another (on an even plane if transmitted therefrom) can be perceived does this represent the highest of heights when rendering one purely a cipher of occult forces, a transmutative machine the prey of external forces? To be receptive to things does not imply the ability to control them but rather to simply receive them and that alone.

Criticism is a problem for many but a solution for the wise. The fool castigates the critical with empty criticism but ignores that which serves as a mirror of his own vices, choosing instead to smash it with the fist of impassioned rage or veil it with the cloak of the self-worshipping ignorance rather than to expose himself to the cleansing waters of baptism and come away a new man, purified of vice. The virtuous willingly submit to the hellfire as long as it cleanses, transforming coal into diamond in its alchemical furnace.

### **All work and no play makes for a dull life**

No work or play makes for an even duller life. Endless conceptions, no possibility of realization equate to barren miscarriages of the brain children of a one-track mind immersed in the wu-shin of ennui.

Mindlessness qua dull-brained reality not the profound depths of a cosmic attunement with the Logos. The logoi here are the petty thoughts of a broken record consciousness replaying itself ad-nauseum.

One becomes sick with the self and self-consciousness as absolute. To fall into the well of reflection without anything reflected therein renders life a drowning victim of its own agency, suffocating in the misery of unending redundancy and indefinite perpetuation of imprisonment. It is not the prison of the mind that is the source of misery but the prison without that engenders the paucity of experience which in turn engenders the paucity of meaning that is the brick wall one runs into that is a living death. One does not come away unscathed when he attempts in ecstasy to break the walls of a material prison but rather simply suffers injury and the inevitable recuperation period leading to a drawback. Back in time people had the means to live in a state of relative autonomy: healthy food, fresh air, sunshine, etc. – now all necessary conditions/states of independence are destroyed: GMOs, crop failure through chemtrails, destruction of bee colonies through EMF, famine (artificially induced by the shadow government of course); chemtrails and poison in the air, blotted out sun – a life of misery and inevitable death confronts

one on all sides with no escape from the matrix prison that ensconces one in its ever-tightening press. We are betrayed by all – family, community, race, leadership, peer group; each lives alone even in the midst of the herd – living for the self, indulgent to the extremes of hedonism without respite save in disease and death; the future is forsaken for the moment, the moment burned in sacrifice of riotous living. There is no meaning to the lives of the denizens of the western world – they have forsaken their heritage for material gain and gluttony. They have betrayed their future, (reincarnating as they inevitably will in lower states/circumstances than they had previously) and care not for the hardships their actions/non-actions bring about.

### **Eagle**

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– symbol of the phoenix of spirit superseding matter. Impressed on matter, a symbol of the infinite of the boundless nature of the eternal soul spark, the sol-o-man that animates the otherwise dead material vehicle of its expression on the mundane plane of existence. The white of purity enshrouding the carapace of its baldness, container of its noblest organs: brain – motor engine, driving force, central impetus bio-computer of all praxis; eyes – windows of the soul through which it may project and impress itself upon matter, acquire for its vision targets at which to aim, the mind's eye conceiving eyeball perceiving the means through which to effect ends. Crocodile (another belt hanging in front of my vision in mind/body eye): Destroying force, inexorable jaws constraining movement silencing life, superlative strength radiating from the Draconian center to the periphery in its writhing – serpent wisdom or self-destruction? The airy mental draws one upward but he must be light enough to ascend to this level. The means is vibrational – higher frequency gives him wings to fly, the lower vibrations of crystallization draw one downward as iron chains and shackles to increasing states of density; the denser the matter the denser the thought, the denser the thought the further from grace. One cultivates Satan through pouring out libations of energy in the form of physical movement. To employ oneself physically to the point of breaking of energy depletion beyond compensation (beyond what the digestive system can handle without excessive burden and concomitant greater energy loss) is to trap oneself in the prison of empty materiality; the third eye closes and a vacuous stare into nothingness is the result. Moderation in terms of the physical means what elevates and expands reality through super-consciousness; the diminution of average consciousness/awareness is a doubly negative thing – one must thus take two steps forward so as to enable any beginnings of forward motion and still no progress is made. Thus a spiritual atonement even a self-consciousness only comes on the wings of ascetic practice – vices manifest themselves in more decrepit forms than beer bellies and jaundice; they clothe themselves in the flesh of over-large muscles and a too rapid (or too slow) heartbeat through overexertion. The marathon runner and bodybuilder alike partake of the fleshpots of Egypt only in their own fashion. The self is awakened through avoidance of externals attained through an abiding inner reflection – be at one with oneself and bracket off the pageantry of life's stage – the sounding board of consciousness (life) is the silence through which reality manifests through oneself as its particularized message board and messenger. Real strength is attained through the nervous system not through the flesh; nay it is through the mind not the body. Thus reveling in the flesh brings down the guillotine of ignorance upon the mind quelling its higher expression destroying its potentiality in the actuality of external involvements from the race course to the gymnasium. As one gazes in the mirror of vanity that of self-reflexion is smashed blacking out all thought.



## **Capricorn**

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time of the down-going of the sun; vitality wanes and the sepulchre looms; tenebrous environs press upon the solitude with infinite expanse yet claustrophobic impress. The dark of night gives way in its icy crypt of premature death to the impotence of day weakly teasing the living with the promise of future life through death, Lazarus-like resuscitation in an indefinite and unknowable future called spring. Harass me not flies! I am no jam to be consumed by your ravening. Feast upon the muck that is your usual fare that which is suited to you and you to it – used in eternal nuptials of decrepitude. I am pure, alabaster form, white marble, god-like, radiant in the rays of the sun; shine upon me o’ immortal orb and allow me to slake my thirst from your quintessence offerings. I hunger for your brightness, I, who would be a beacon of sanity in an insane world of clawing, rending greed, acquisitive claws, shaking hands of lechery grasping the veil of lust – to pull aside and reveal – emptiness. The war-god avataring material husks of fanatical mania beating their swords against another’s soul – into ploughshares to carve out furrows into which is sown the stones of barrenness. Up and down Jacob’s ladder: the clown is thrown from the heights to smack his ass to the grass – he threw himself in his folly and laughs the while knowing that simply knowing is knowing; that the lowercase of knowledge makes the dry as dust pontificator a mere cipher and automaton; an ensemble of monkeys typing on a typewriter churning out the slag of a knowledge factory. Creep interrupts me again with his jealous creeping; he would still the Creator in me and thereby destroy the higher for the sake of his lower self. But the Creator will not be negated for to be still is to be dead and the noble suffering undergone for the sake of creation would stand merely as a sepulchre for a past that existed merely in embryonic form. The child will not be culled and exposed on the dung heap of the jealousy of the father; the golden chain which binds him will not be strong enough to bind forever nor will it choke him; through strengthening of the self he will eventually attain his freedom from slavery.

## **The dialectic of the sexes**

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is a power struggle rooted in the ego-mind of dualistic consciousness: each want to control their options. This however leads to the dissatisfaction of the narcissus – that the serf wants (through projection to control itself embodied in the form of the other – that it wishes the other to be self and to gratify its every wish; this inevitably fails thereby creating the disappointment of failed integration through making oneself the basis of All instead of making the All the basis of oneself. Thus inevitable dissonance between the ‘is’ and ‘ought’ is experienced and as a canker worm or seed of a poisonous plant, takes root and so forth...

## **Employment and consciousness**

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– what one does habitually creates his mind; it is an exercise of the machine like any other but for the additional element of its being the bridge to higher realms even working in McDonald’s the higher realms may be accessed. Access is walled by the noise and perturbation of sensory impingements on the silence – the more powerful the mind and its organic expressions(nervous tissue) the easier to buffer the surrounding totality of interruptions (sights, sounds, etc.) thereby one has control over the lower senses – only through the higher consciousness can the lower forms of expression be reined in and steered towards their sublimation. The more cultivated the more sensitive but not necessarily the more reactive; the latter is a function of mental governance by the lower astral, the former (sensitive but controlled) of higher planes of consciousness accessible via abstract thinking such as math/logic. The latter in this case (control) is the command center of consciousness and censors the inferior albeit being too stern in its censorship if given license through non-activation of more

emotional/receptive/synthetic judgments 'apriori'/posteriori'. Thus one must be receptive but simultaneously ward off the delusions of the emotional mind through elevation of thought to higher planes/states. The irony of existence can be seen in the example of myself forever lusting after a material structure which is to be called a 'home' (be it Bugout vehicle or cabin in the woods, etc.). You take yourself with you wherever you go; you are an emanation of the deity, God-mind, clothed in material fleshly garb and will never be anywhere but home. Thus where you heart (literally – but even beyond to a metaphysical level) is home. And you cannot venture anywhere beyond this plane with the body nor can you preserve it eternally – thus home is the spirit and all the realms of all the worlds. No home is needed and this is the greatest wisdom that a material vehicle is merely a temporary abode, a utility to deify the Dharma and then to flee/fly to whatever other realm pulls one towards its center through the law of attraction. The beast consciousness conceives of reality from the frog perspective. The phoenix rises from the mind of the eagle vision. The one can think only in terms of particulars; a motley collection of random and disconnected bric a brac, the latter an ensemble of consistent fibres all cut from the same cloth, woven into a tapestry of intelligibility that is Maya to the beast – a red flag waved in front of the eyes of the blind eliciting the charge of violent energies – to be directed at will by the eagle, the omniscient bird on the wing transforming into the ever-evolving soul form of the phoenix. Ascension comes through the inner sight and the voice of the silence brings about the speech of the Logos. In descending to gather the fruits from the tree of life the ape devolves – and yet through involution, evolution is brought about. The fruits are gathered; the beast is sated – at least the appetite is whetted – the bigger the mouth and stomach the more this jovial being gorges upon the fruits of the tree of life and its supernal wisdom.

### **Familia**

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: the archetype of the family, nuclear with the trinity inherent as its nucleus is no longer anything but a faded memory, a cadaver that lives on in memory alone in this degenerate age of self before others. Patriarchy replaced by the black widow of matriarchy and the constraints of the spider's web of femdom protectiveness. The mate is devoured post-partum and the remains picked clean – cannibalized, vampirized by the brood and the mother cum dominatrix. Without a head, a titular king, and the body – family, dies. The progeny are weakened, misguided souls who, in wayward innocence, stumble along life's course towards a tenebrous future swallowed in darkest ignorance by the ever- dimming light of a half-knowledge that serves only to perpetuate a self-infatuation, a barren and fruitless tree of knowledge that stands rotting from within. The Pater cannot manifest the positive moment of paternity, that of a bestowing wisdom and a selfless contribution to its own continuance through posterity – it is too immersed in the glass of vanity it is enraptured by, slaking its thirst of fictive dreams and delusive prospects kindled by the fires of egotism waxing ever hotter as the self- romance amplifies rendering the world and everything it contains a backdrop of a theatre production with the prima don as center of its universe, pivot around which it turns. The mockery of high art is blatantly contrasted by the bleakness of the alleyway in which the farce is played out, the only audience being the delusive images of an inebriated mind come to life through the maieutic function of the bottle. The urchins spawned by such a one abandoned to their fate, clinging to life amidst the death blows of fate, their destiny to live only to die as a living dead being waiting out the sand of the hourglass. The beauty of Venus debauched, its forms of aesthetic harmony contorted with the venal vices of the lower self, its incessant desires unabated by all attempts to sate. The only satisfaction is found in the sublimation of intense drives through art form, a forming through art of thought forms being but fleeting appearances dissipated in revelry and degenerate

satanic forms of expression – bread, circuses, and carnality. One-pointed concentration of attention to break through the barriers of Mayic intervention that beclouds the sharpness of reason and its higher octave, art.

**American woman stay away from me** \_\_\_\_\_:

the traditional archetype of woman has met its death through the egalitarian ruse of international Jewry; that which served the family unit as the Mary Magdalene is now replaced by Babylon, mother of harlots painting the town red with menstrual blood. This is truly the mark of the beast, the curse of Eve- ill visited upon Adam Kadmon, ‘every man’ in the equalitarian multiverse that constitutes present day society. Thereby the family is destroyed, thereby the progeny if not stillborn are cretinous monstrosities hobbling through life on gimpy limbs towards destinations unknown. The chain which, as brisengamen, once was proudly displayed around the neck of Mary has been converted into the iron manacle of the masters of manipulation who jerk it about leading their puppet to carry out duties it would balk at under conditions of normalcy. But truly the holy mother, petticoated frauline has been converted through archontic mind control into a clockwork puppet of master, set to explode at the appropriate time according to the political will of her handlers. Thus her mind has been reprogrammed with the software of extremity of the ego-mind by the programmers of the Q-lipth from behind the guise of a white-skinned, blue-eyed heterosexual paternalistic tyrannis. They wish to break the chain brisengamen but are ensnared by it out of torture murderers of the soul, the chosen few in accordance with the will of their chief archon, Kronos. Thus, wayward, La Donna sets forth under occult influences as a puppeted golem instrumental in leaving the home barren and sepulchral with a self-absorbed egoity that purports femdom as its consciousness modality. Wielding the whip she in turn is subject to the lash of hidden hands and questing towards the land of self-indulgent milk and honey serves as a sacrifice to create Kvasir’s blood mingling her kalas with the mead brewed in secret cauldrons in Sheol by the puppets of the archons who in turn puppet her. The energy of Babylon is drained and drunk to the dregs by Yaldabaoth and serves merely to render desolate the house of the Aryan. Thus the white knight goes hungry and the young Einherjar are left to starve for want of nourishment as Babylon quests after the mirage of glistening fetters about which depend the barbs of inverted pentagrams blood bespattered with the souls of the innocent she had sacrificed for the false promise of golden pots at rainbow’s end. Thereby she shatters the Bifrost Bridge to the superman, thereby Jacob’s ladder is forged adamant and the lower ascend while the higher are cast down into the abyss. Thus I say: “American woman stay away from me” for though what I am, I am through you and what you are, you are through me. You have forsaken the higher for the lower and thus have left your house desolate. Nothing remains in the Akasha but cinders of past ritual burnings that you in your folly have scattered to the winds and have gone the way of all flesh to reincarnate from the ashes but only in devolved form as you have betrayed and forsaken the lofty for the lowly, making of the bones of Babylon Jacob’s ladder straight to Sirius and the migrating souls of former white’s devolved entities fit for the slaver’s block to curry favour with Yaldabaoth’s minions, material incarnated vehicles of archontic influence in the mundane plane. The loyalist would prefer to defend the burning house even through made a straw madchen than to abandon the hearth of the Herrenvolk. No Elysium will be visited by the traitorous but a permanent visit to a mundane Hel and Tartarus is the only fate derivative of this formula. The noble Frikka occupied with the household thralls; the devout serving wench carrying out the duties of the hearth and stable; the glistening eye of Phoebus refulgent glows upon the hermat of mountain peaks, greensward of home. Contrast the stone thatch huts girding and defending the noble parapets of age-old ancestry to the

teeming urban sprawl of mullato and shylock as they rob and rape the volk with their corrupting influence; products of inebriation flow through the streets, the sneer of vice plays about the lips of once-proud blue-eyed Aryans who await their prey in alleyways with a sacrifice knife – to desecrate the earth upon which once flowed the blood of slain warriors raptured up to Valhalla now meeting their end in opium dens and bawd houses. This because of the weak link of the Aryan volk whose inflated ego lives to stroke itself away in prideful vanity; the selfless sacrifice of the black widow's feast lying hollowed out of life's blood, cast aside in webbed corners of forgotten dust never to breathe again the mountain air of an ancient homeland forever desecrated by international commercium and its spider's web of energy currents strangling and suppressing the arteries of the earth's energetic ley lines. Mary has been enwreathed in veils woven from blueprints conceived in the mind of the demiurge and placed upon the material world by architects whose payment comes in the form of blood and energy. Beware madchen for you walk a precipitous course and upon your love and loyalty the future depends – and upon the chain of brisengamen your fate also depends – so take heed!

### **Gang-stalked**

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by the haunting presences of a demon; its hypostases multiplying as mind parasites rending the independence of consciousness and shackling the self to an iron ring embedded in the walls of a crystallized prison of consciousness. The parasites invade and breed upon the host as so many maggots hatching in the livor mortise cadaver which escaped burial. Haunted, obsessed, the very notion of demonic possession besets me amidst the crystallized thought forms of my mind prison. This begins one's down-going, a terminal passage into the earth without redemption. The vision blurs when beset by these shadow figures flitting across one's aura, bruising and dampening it, a beaten animal left out in the rain whose fur is soaked with the poison from thunderheads perpetually expelling their waste upon this once animate form. The sun remains concealed eclipsed by the dark energy matter entity that infests the mind; the sun of mind is ensconced in shadow, at times and only rarely manifesting palely behind these ever-clinging clouds. Thought forms solidified are labyrinthine walls which lead away from the self; crystallized entropic forms obscuring the inner light. The rays of novelty are required to penetrate these encircling walls and open passages towards realms of evolution. External aids, chance encounters, radical shifts of behaviour and concomitant ideational trajectories serve as the vehicle of expansion amidst contraction; Jupiter supersedes Saturn through uranian, venal, lunar, solar, etc. rays – one must simply understand how to harness them in one's journey through the stars. Scourge the self then pamper the self; iron maidens and nail beds then silken cushions and saunas – or vice versa – or both simultaneously. Thus the mind is left broken, shattered by the confusion of contraries – but no contradictories. The pain augments the pleasure and the pleasure the pain.

### **“Who am I?”**

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– Answer to the greatest imbroglia in vivo equals progress. A lack of answer, paucity of Gnothe Seuton equals chaos; an ordering occurs through the attunement of higher and lower – the daemon manifests from the depths of the battle; this is the key to giving oneself the game genic of life. To know what to do one must know who one is; to know this one must attend to what one does. Thus speaks wisdom. Knowledge has no meaning if it can't preserve the balance of the fundamental attunement: gestimtheit; one grain in the wrong pan or one grain too many equals chaos and thus begins one's down-going. Know

what must be known and no more; to know what one needs not is folly, the wise-man learns only to do what needs to be done in accordance with his dharma.

### **'Neti, neti'**

is not a utilitarian function of consciousness except as a limit to one's hubris. Thus one must limit his Icarian flight before the wings melt and he dies "of the fool's disease" (Balthasar Gracian), namely of excess knowledge. Ignorance as a vocation, hypocritical mask to veil the emptiness of a vacuum of consciousness proves the opposite pole of folly; to claim to know nothing and, in all honesty, to actually know nothing, is to make an attempt to claim something beyond what is obvious to all, namely one's limitations; to extend the border of one's finitude without the province of his activities and unjustly stake a claim to the territory of others be it god's, man's, or demon's – thus one conjures demons through obsessing himself with the mendacity of arrogance and though he alone may be privy to the secret knowledge, however well-concealed, he alone still knows and thus hangs himself on the yardarm of his guilty conscience. What does the mass mind want? To perpetuate itself in entropy. What does the liberated mind want? Information to immerse yourself in the herd is to give up information (enlightenment) and court death (entropy). Thus in life amongst the herd it is paradoxically death which is one's reward. The reward of avoidance of the crowd is a life of richness fulfillment vowed. The desperate struggle of the daily grind proves its futility in destruction of the mind; the seeming void of splendored solace leads down depths to freedom/wisdom's palace. Thus the conclusion plain to see is avoidance of all society; thus one cultivates sobriety; in place of intoxicated gaiety the riotous mob, its mental frailty is banished from consciousness entirely. A life of contemplation is the only life that matters; the rush of workaday struggle is for salmon – swimming with the stream is strangely enough the most work. To be against the grain is to smooth the rough-hewn boards which are the structure of the cabin that constitutes society – thereby humanity prospers, paradoxically (again) through its opponents. Dialectically breaking society down generates the phoenix. The thesis of orthodoxy must be annihilated by the antithesis of radicalism. The danger of an undesirable synthesis is always present, however, the danger is always a necessity – for the destructive possibilities inherent in this danger would otherwise be a certainty. Thus one must go through the flames to avoid burning in the fire – the phoenix rises from the ashes but not from cold dust – the latent warmth serves as the divine spark of piezoelectric generation. Rub the ashes on the body and christen oneself in the baptismal glory with the spirit of the diamond body. 'Crystal boy' one is adamant in his will and spirit. Incarnate fallible being he projects himself upwards, through alchemical self-generation. Harboring the divine spark within, he returns.

### **Poem – "Apropos Failed Apotheosis"**

Chains of matter cling to a carcass, the living death; Bob Marley enwreathed in rusted chains performing a magician's feat to swim the deep and come out of the baptism renewed as a bennu bird – the phoenix ascending away from the futile grinding of fortune's wheel; inertia threatening to stop the torturous slowness of the intermeshing gears. The rust seems never to be excised but is spreading perpetually; entropy is the highway to hell and the magician's medium is a lake of fire burning for ever and ever and ever. While the higher planes of existence lay barren in the richness forsaken but a dulled consciousness immersed in material mire those who can overcome soar to the stratosphere to infinity and beyond – attention is blinded by the lower chakras spinning wheels of carne-valesque freakishness as one betrays his true self in the store-bought self of NRFB['never removed from box'] factory freshness. The matricized cyborgs are churned out as widgets of the army of Yah, controllers implanting

electro-magnetic strings on their Pinocchios and Lampwicks of pleasure island celebrity. Frequency flicker rate resetting the brain-slate – tabula rasa scarred with equations of particle physics and unified field theory pipe dreams of archontic puppet-masters and their incarnations, the legions of doom-dealers and fear-mongers. The bennu bird flies from the plane of the burnt out desert from entropy it gains energy – from the void alchemically. It flies from Khem, the denizens of which see it not nor do they hear its silence soaring. Power magnified logorhythmically it lends itself life while the carnal batteries are drained beneath the archangelic wings overarch the herd and portend to doom but the oblivion of their arising. Thus in the flesh pots they masticate their Ba.

## **Art**

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: vehicle of higher consciousness – what enables the vehicles of the word, what, god-like, makes it to incarnate as flesh, living, breathing thought form – communicable, replicable, disseminable – this is the invocation of the higher forms of consciousness (possibly sentient) that gains being, existence, even as it is distorted eo ipso.

## **The carefree generation**

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the ‘me’ generation; period of relaxed domesticity not without its minor problems yet removed from the greater problems of life-threatening nature. That day has now come to an end and the struggle to thrive (be it in social Darwinist competition or in self- development for enlightenment, etc.) has been supplanted with the struggle to survive. The wishful thinking of the self-deluded would convert the worst of times into the best of times and attempt the impossible of spring-boarding themselves into mundane heights of status and money through careerism. The only heights to be sought and actually attained are through self- cultivation with the most rudimentary of tools – pen and paper and crude implements that enable the soul to drive its bodily vehicle to experiential heights (workout equipment, basic food and fees for services and participation) or to attempt to break the wheel of cyclicism and escape the mundane never to return. In the end all one is/has is the body/mind/spirit complex and it is to the extreme possible in physical reality – being perpetually threatened on all sides by mysterious forces the nature of which is unknown to the victim. One’s responsibility is restricted to that of the powers of a blind man groping in a dark and treacherous terrain beset with bear and animal and man traps of all shape and indescribable proportions. The empire of the international Jew has now grown to the extent when the confidence of the horde who constitute its members manifests in extreme arrogance and inevitable bigoted brutality. The floodgates of the dark horde of the orcs that the Jews control threatens to burst and unleash their irrational fury upon the once quiet shire of white’s hemat – now burning in the flames of a holocaust of unquenchable destruction. Fatality looms on the horizon as storm fronts of angry black beasts pour forth upon the gingerbread houses of the shire fold prepared to rend their habitations to so many crumbs. Sauron (Rothschild’s archontic master, Yaldabaoth) casts his panoptic vision upon the glen as it blazes under his diabolism of microwave death. The desperate paramour of the denizens becomes a frenzy of confused purposelessness, the mass clinging to their sacred cows of yore which are now nothing but blackened husks, meat on the hoof unfit even for the indiscriminating maws of the orcinine mass. What redemption is there for the peaceful elven-folk of this once emerald terrain of a paradise lost? The taking up of arms by arms too flaccid to wield them, through vice of lethargy and ease is of no avail to the desperate throng. No messianic apotheosis reveals itself in refulgent glory – instead there is the blaze of the burning ritual and the emptiness of silenced cries. Thus the picture of the end times appears bleak such that the viewer would sooner cover it up with the crimson curtain but for the association of its color with blood sacrifice. The awareness of such a scene – impossible to look

away – leads one to blank out awareness – assuming the requisite weakness. The strong look on with a dread and foreboding or in full knowledge with a fatal acquiescence to the inevitability of the executioner’s guillotine in whatever form it may manifest itself: economic, political, biological, chemical, nuclear – or some or all of the above. No escape but no way to fight either. Like a magician in a stage show one struggles with the handcuffs and straightjacket – but magicians have been known to die though the show must go on – in spite of their reservations and inevitable closing of the curtain after the audience has grown tired of the performance of futility.

The only place for solace and joy in this world remaining is the mind; its cultivation the only refuge from the executioner’s lash. Thereby strength is gained and a thousand wars overcome without the shedding of blood. Even in the throes of death one is simply unshackling the spirit from the body. To chain the body is to free the soul; to limit the material obsession is to ascend to self-possession in the heaved-up place, the eternal life in the afterlife of mundane existence; to heave up the hewn ashlar to perfection into realms beyond those subject to decay and corruption. The altruist will seek to bring with him those who are near and dear – and yet those who are near and dear are all those of sufficiently elevated consciousness that they can meet you at your level and perhaps pick you up to higher levels however lowly you may be. Thus each acts as a foothold for another in ascending the stairway to heaven – up and down the tree of life plucking the fruit to quench one’s thirst.

### **Boozy-B and the hamburger stand**

the name of B – infamous, notorious figure and long stigmatized social outcast, dimly conceived of slaking his thirst of brew. The brown bottle called beckoning the inner daemon as tantalus, as the siren call of a Circe witch betraying the higher daemon. Thus the Kakos daemon and B. stumbled towards the darkling telos of his mind’s eye – the apple of his gustatory addict’s delight. The dive on the corner was dimly lit – an appropriate place for demon’s to nest and prey upon victims whom they would invest with their low vibrational consciousness – and then infest and take up residence within neanderthaloid slope of low-brow cranial capacity in which bestirred the salacious thoughts that sought endless stimulation though it meant the grave at the end of the rainbow in place of the pot of gold; the pot shards of Potiphar in the fleshpots of Egypt in the stenchy den crypt of our discontents. The sneer of corruption played its lecherous twitchings about the halitosis maw from out of which emanated the reek of the unclean spirits who had so long resided in the tomb of this living dead carrion fowl who finds the rotted corpses of its companions the greatest delight and fondest wish to warm itself in inebriated insobriety to the witching hour of life (the 11th hour of knell tolling of the reaper). Thus the flickerings of hazy thoughts snapped, popped and crackled across the mind’s eye of Boozy B. as the latter strolled towards the den of iniquity that was the latter’s de facto home. The tab would be steep tonight was the only thought that percolated to the top crystallizing in images of ATM machines and debit cards, of account balances and the digits that they represented on their liquid crystal display, themselves representing and going beyond the delight they promised the potential looming threat of the reaper’s scythe and inevitable self- destruction. The tombstone loomed and upon it was inscribed a brief epitaph mocking its namesake: “born loser” – the lightning flashed and rain pelted B. as the latter made way towards the den. The misery of potential death and its unknown fears was counterbalanced and soon outweighed by the warming and comforting invitation of the halogen lit glow of the poison den.

Everyone - and this is an old saw/cliché if there ever was one - wishes to **make a contribution** to humanity. The meaning of this perhaps is to facilitate the creation of thought forms that enable one to have his place in the hellion archon, the Akashic records, to inscribe upon the firmament with the laser of his will a lasting impression, his seal, the sign of the house that he has built, his lineage, to emblazon upon the aether his ego and his own through the creation of thought, children through whom he attains a permanence amidst the seemingly endless impermanence of the concatenation and permutations of being. Perhaps this is simply a deluded attempt to acquire immortality and prevent the black unknown of the end once the Saturnian scythe descends and severs his consciousness' silver cord from its physical manifestation? Be that as it may the very act of being implies itself and underscores identity, forges the brand used to imprint oneself with oneself as an autonomous ego-being amidst the chaos of the ain soph, to bring into lucid manifestation the fleeting egregores of an idle imagination. God-like he creates a world in his own image and a living reality borne of a particular consciousness formation is brought into being. Thereby he posits himself as a creative spirit transcending the play of material forces and kindles the divine spark of identity. He becomes warrior, wizard, and thrall in the game of life in a world of his own creation playing by his own rules he orchestrates his own destiny free of the strings of the archontic forms who would impel him to a fate of nullity and ignominious ignorance. The third eye opens as the darkness is broken by the first rays of the dawn of awareness as it interweaves its threads within the Mayic veil of the god's loom, disrupting the mute voice of the silence with the logos of his own godhead, the Osirian phallus never shrinks in la petit mort but remains steadfast as the divine masculine generator machine of conscious creation amidst the eternal void of feminine nullity, the null set of infinite absorption of all, the 'all in all as all' mantram of vacuous willness inertia. Crystallization of form, externalization of the internal, a bukake projection of autonomous stream of consciousness. The spider's web is woven by the demiurge across the veil of Maya in the darkness of ignorance and the ideal sees its reification in interminable creativity, the caffeine and methamphetamine addicted spider of the divine masculine, the creator who creates within the creation, the hadith who posits itself over nuit with such gestures the night gives way to day.

### **On the value of privacy in developing the higher self**

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: to begin we must define what the higher self is and why it is a goal to be attained. It is probably (given my defective knowledge it still remains a vague and under-theorized/amplified notion – any help on this would be appreciated to limb and flesh out of the bare-bones skeleton of this entity and its conceptual reality) the being of the person that could be called the immaterial entity existing beyond the physical as a more subtle being that is the configuration called one's consciousness and that is the seat of meaning, volition, and will – the source of action; of pursuit and avoidance and of attitudinal states, existential modalities, valences – call them what you will. Whatever its form may be it may be divorced from the physical, separable therefrom is probably imperishable and eternal (wishful thinking, yes, but not likely fallacious thinking – one's wishes may be granted) and is the bearer of what constitutes meaning. This may be referred to as 'spirit' and however it comes to be (if ever it did) it is probably susceptible of modification via the physical plane. If not it still exists as, say, a suit of clothes a dead father bequeathed to his young son who must grow into them to attain his birth rite. Any guidance or advice on this topic would be appreciated I am merely speculating here, reaching out to grasp the subtle forces which elude my clumsy hands. This much for a stipulative definition. I assume the higher self may be developed and that this development requires a focus of attention and minimal distraction that may cause a deviation in the focus so necessary to 'concentrate' (an appropriate term) one's psychic energy on tasks conducive to



developing it. This attention is apparently the basis of and/or is the 'will' when focused and concentrated as energy. This apparently enables the formation or gather together of this higher self and bringing it into crystallization on the material plane through the body/mind serving as a vehicle of its manifestation. This in whatever particular form might be called the 'development' of the higher self and thus, instrumentally, privacy (or an absence of interruption) is an efficacious means in its cultivation. What constitutes privacy however varies with the strength of will (paradoxically) and is a result of the quality and character of the higher self of the individual. Thus the need for privacy as a basis of focus and concentration of will as a mechanism for the cultivation of the higher self ultimately lies within the self. No external circumstances will still the furtive stirrings of a haunted mind.

The paranoid, what constitutes knowledge: not para-gnosis which is a half knowledge and thus a no-knowledge based upon a guesstimation and a groping, a lack of ability to determine the indeterminate immediate and bring into manifestation the unmanifest, from darkest ignorance to light, to lift the veil of Maya from the occulted and secreted mystery of the real. Illusions abound in the mind of the paranoid, illumination at best sparks like a failed electrical connection burning out synapses endeavoring to carry thought electricity towards meaningful crystallization as an enduring light brightness, a splendor in the holiest of holies the mind/brain. Seeking yet never finding this is the modality of consciousness and thought in its least formal aspect, a thought which has no object and thus is only thought as a process not as an apprehension or a thinking conceptualization. The act of failing to grasp its object constitutes the lack which defeats thought in its attempt to attain to its proper self, namely thought, an apprehending and grasping of thought – an assimilation of its object in its subjectivity. The emergence of the real and ideal – whereas in the paranoid's mind the real does not exist amidst the uncertainty and indeterminateness of idealism; so too the ideal does not exist amidst the uncertainty of its ground, namely the real. Thus the paranoid cannot determine itself as there is neither subject nor object that has attained crystallization/concretization. For the basis of thought in its true form as apprehension of its object in and for itself is based on gnosis – correspondence between subject and object by acquaintance, experiential knowledge; namely what coherence exists underpinned by the reality of mundane existence and the entire architecture of objectivity established by history and the physical, verified by the senses of the multitudinous group of rational, reasonable agents, i.e. the reasonable man/men or reason itself. Paranoia is essentially bound up with the egotism of subjectivity and posits itself over and against the objective – it is boundless and groundless subjectivity in its self-positing, its disregard of that established by the objective.

### **Divorced from reality**

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immersed in the web of those who weave the matricized fantasy of a blueprint for the destruction of the flies who become trapped therein. The greater the population in numbers the easier to cast a veil over their reality when they follow a standard protocol set. The redemption of this group lies in the fact of their diversity, a chliastic proteus that winds itself into a kaleidoscopic scene of multi-colored hues bringing into being the spectrum of an unintegrated rainbow milieu. Paradoxically the larger the population (typically) the more difficult its management, thus greater effort in people management is necessary to reduce the complex to the simple and to tangle together into a common skein or thread the myriad strands of that teeming multitude called humanitas. The easiest target is the isolated group who knows only the entropy of itself and has no cognizance of that which impinges upon it from without and threatens its destruction through its own inner structural weakness; its excessive rigidity holding itself out as a virtue, an armor plating of adamant that is really the eggshell covering of a mollusk ripe for the

boiling pot, that seething cauldron of otherness that envelops its being and portends its destruction. Thus the chains are drop-forged upon the social body of the small fry Leviathan so easily chained together through their hive mind consciousness linkage. Moving in lockstep their enslaved collective consciousness directs itself towards objects and purposes mapped out in advance by presences more adroit in execution of its puppetry of living tools whose movements are mere orchestrations developed algorithimically by backroom planners in accordance with a cerebral architectural mapping that spans if not all than many possible worlds. The database of the social constitutes a finite set of elements admitting of only finite permutations and combinations in accordance with its own will but an infinity of same in accordance with the will of the archons, the powers and principalities working behind hidden hands with iron fists sheathed in the dove-white gloves of innocent agni die. Thus the dynamic of power implicates masters and slaves, the lion's share accruing to the lion that of the mice to the mice themselves trapped between capricious paws of the kingly beasts from the bottomless pit. The paradox – praxiologic as a strategy and tactics of survivalism for the individual is that he may seek shelter in the herd – the larger so the more so, as the anonymity factor conceals the exception from the rulers and their typhonian net of rules and regulations. The smaller the area, the more consciousness. The credo and advisement of survivalistic praxis is: flee the eye of Sauron and seek shelter in Tirath Ungal or Barador amongst the lesser evils; the orcine minions of the dark power of Mordor. This or else be seen in the shire of an entropic small- town expanse and like sacrifice await the cable-tow to be thrown around your neck – to be transported to Mount Doom into the jaws of destruction. In the sheep's pen inevitable destruction is prophesied as the pen is built to contain sheep and to impose upon them the finite conditions of their existence, the living dead fattening for slaughter. Escape and survival is for the goats, not the sheep and the surefooted, rational, cautious, minimalist can survive the axe of the kosher slaughter through simply venturing off into the wilderness amidst mountain crags and sparse alkali grass, He prefers to walk in isolation amidst the rocky terrain of autonomy. The comforts and pleasures of the cage are not for such as him. He is in his element away from the bad breath of the sheep and their endless bleatings and defecations.

### **Recollections of Hanford's "Where's Waldo?"**

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– The investigative delight of childhood, seeking the hidden within the appearance unveiling and uncovering from the darkness. Such is the gnosis of the child, intuitively receptive to being thereby able to receive the truth and the light. Waldo is here, like the kingdom of heaven, he is within you. The questioner must first know how to question if he would be an answer to questions posited. They must be first well-formulated through an engagement to use a popular pedagogical term, preferably through an attunement with being, a fundamental adjustment of the questioning psyche with the mirror of its identity. One must have the wherewithal to look oneself in the face in spite of all ugliness: monstrum in fronte monstrum in animo; to give oneself a facelift is indicated when the sagging appearance fails of its essence, when the real is a perversion of the ideal (or vice versa). The developing child who wishes to grow into its higher self, the idealized self-concept, willingly faces itself and flagellates itself before the mirror of its vanity thereby coercing change through healing: Virtutes volier virscit. The mystique of the unknown holds in thrall consciousness which in this state of wonder, seeks to overcome this challenge to itself as a playful opposition. Thus one loses oneself in the process of self-discovery called learning for a learning about the object is a self-learning, an interiorization and integration of the other into the self, object in subject, an act of ownership and mastery of the thing through making it an object of knowledge.

## **Baby-boomer greed**

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being legion they have a karmic debt to pay – unfortunately the sins of the father are visited upon and overshadow the son however Christ-like the latter may be. The debt is transmitted into posterity thereby precipitating the disenfranchisement to an even greater degree of the latter at the expense of the former; the former's enrichment is proportionate to the latter's impoverishment and with every gain of the former a loss is incurred in the latter; zero-sum accountancy resulting in bankruptcy of opportunity, vitality (air, food, shelter, and water quality and availability) and ultimately existence. Expiation of sin comes in the form of swift justice in accordance with cosmic law – negation of a negation eliminating all obstacles to enable the affirmation of the Good. Consonant with the principles of a fundamental justice such an act is necessary, no other alternative is possible and the sickle of Saturn falls on the neck of the beast from the bottom spiriting away its soul shell from whence it came to the abyss of being. The generational curse of the baby-boomers has wrought endless agony, despair, traumas and tribulations in its wake; a fatted porcine entity gobbling the resources of those who came before and leading those who proceeded from their evil unions to perdition, abandoned, without a hope other than an empty promise of success impossible of achievement given the absence of means necessary to realize correlative ends. Such is the karmic debt of the doomed generation: for cowardly hands posterity will play the soporific role and turn a blind eye to the sandman and his influence as the curtain of eternal night is pulled across their vision be it through the hypocrisy of medical murder (euthanasia, etc.) or the reciprocity of abandonment of themselves by their progeny – forgiven as a means to forgetting and forgotten doomed to die under the weakened security structure of social in-security and the products of their insatiable greed (investments in intangibles leading towards total financial loss and inevitable impoverishment). The prudence of subsequent generations bears no fruit as it has no fertile soil in which to take root and no water or sun of fortune to enable growth. Thus the inevitable is inevitable – total impoverishment of all but the most fortunate and this through the folly and imprudence of the “me generation” who could see nothing beyond the momentary self-stimulation – justifying life nullifies life – no value in a life which exists to prop itself up through specious justification. Without a purpose that emanates from within as an adequate manifestation of one's inner being the claims put forth to having a purpose fall by the wayside as a mere veneer of purpose, an empty formalism adopted as a guise to conceal to one's inner sight the lack of purpose that ensconces/pervades one's existence. No existence without an essence; without a deeply entrenched purpose that structures one's identity (however superficial that one may be) life necessarily wither on the vine as that which can't hold together through its structure (by virtue of its absence of structure) necessarily ceases to exist; its identity can't be maintained as no organizing principle directs it towards a set identity; the realization of identity over against the 'other' of endless possibility. For those who are broad and wise, broad in their wisdom and wise in their breadth as limited existence of one-dimensional identity is inadequate and they seek identity in purpose that exceeds the finite limitations of either a public capacity or a narrow private vocation. However without the limitations of finite circumstances as structuring conditions of life and thereby identity, with no set and determinate situation to anchor the craft of one's soul/spirit to the mundane there is no identity. Thus the public/private concrete form of identity necessitates situation (being situated in a given set of tangible material circumstances). How can the control grid be escaped/overcome? Does living on the mundane plane necessitate living in the 'mit-dasein' (the matrix) and becoming a matricized robot slave of the controllers? It would appear so as the entire planet is blanketed in an electromagnetic spider's web

that traps within it all of the flies who have been conceived within its borders and who are content in their ignorance to feast upon the faecal matter represented to them as jam.

### **'Once bitten twice shy'**

– an encapsulative phrase connoting the harsh lessons of experience that result in prudence but often degenerate into pusillanimity. The lesson to be extracted is that 'shyness' (cowardice, a fearful attitude with respect to the unknown of anticipated state-of- affairs) should be converted into courage, i.e. a readiness to suffer and to endure/persevere in the face of threatening objects not yet present. Anticipate hardship with a courageous mien and be unyielding in their confrontation to the extent of what is reasonable – else courage exceeds its bounds and becomes recklessness or folly. The overarching good made manifest in spite of all opposition that is a necessity to face to the extent of its enabling the greater good within the architecture of ends, the greatest good obviously superseding lower ones.

### **Judge ye not**

– so the dogma goes as if to say: “cease to be a human being” as that faculty of judgment is the determining faculty of humanity in addition to that of intuition and creativity. To live a blind life without judging (deciding how and what things are on the basis of experience and causal relationships the latter based on the former but also based on apriori/posterior intuition, tapping into the higher faculties of the mental body and collective consciousness, of God-mind) is to live as a zombified/matricized robot-man operating reactively in accordance with programming and forsaking one's obligation to oneself and others to acknowledge and deal with the truth as this is the basis of maintaining the balance of the aether, harmony. No harmony can exist without all beings living consciously, no conscious life can exist without reason as this it is which decides/judges what is and compares it in abstracto, with what must be.

### **Trauma's deleterious influence**

however 'long ago' it might have been or however few and far between a trauma is a trauma and can remain in the brain lodged inside as a poison worm transforming into a butterfly – or a moth that may be an exacerbation rather than an amelioration of itself. The mind may be overcome with the trauma such that the person has no redemption and is beset with its influence ad infinitum, an endless broken record of pain and suffering broadcast through the gramophone of the mind; though it is given voice a million ways, discussed or ignored the fact remains. Forgiving and forgetting are not necessarily causally related. To forgive what has been done to one is absurd – that implies that the harm ceases to harm and the harmed has healed of all wounds. Such cognitive dissonance is a fabrication of the mind and, insofar as the mind is the mind, preserves and retains its integrity apart from pharmaceutical/electro-magnetic/chemical destruction/modification the trauma will remain to the detriment (as well as benefit) of the traumatized. As to forgiveness the notion that the injured must be willing to let go of their just claims to injury and correlative compensation – this is absurd and imbecilic. Pluck your eye out if it offends you – thus one should submit to being scourged with rods and smile contentedly at the whipper as if the latter's actions were perfectly in harmony with the greater good of all. This 'forgiveness' notion does away with punishment as a legitimate compensatory and rectificatory process and thereby vitiates justice. For the latter to be preserved punishment is a

necessity; for punishment to be preserved injury must be acknowledged; for injury to be acknowledged forgiveness must be given only in a qualified way not automatically. Qualified how? – Through the necessary punishment being meted out to rectify the balance of harmony (justice) and to compensate the victim. These two entailments/corollaries of this justice are essential for love (=justice) to exist. Thus, lovingly, one must punish to the extent necessary.

### **Personal identity and the morality of the name**

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: A rose by any other name will not necessarily smell as sweet. To change the signifier is to change the signified; to consecrate one's self through conferrence of the name is to impose a limited structure upon the being upon whom this structure is conferred. Thus personal identity is radically changed through a change of name. This can be disastrous in that the being is fractured in their personal history as if a wedge were introduced severing past and future like the severing of a spinal cord in an automobile accident. Memory is distorted and the sum of one's history in the form of sense impressions, lingering images, sounds and remnants of experience become garbled in the consciousness. This may lead to divisiveness in the self and a difficulty integrating the split personalities. On the bright side the liberation of oneself through the perhaps abrupt imposition/conferrence of the name oft- times requires this fracturing however destructive. The phoenix soars only out of the ashes and the caged canary might have its identity – but this latter entails its own slavery. Thus limitation must be subject to vitiation even though accompanying pain follows. *Virtutes voliere virscit*, the prize of virtue is suffering. Heroism entails facing the conflagration amidst the combat and martyrdom need not be the outcome but an erection of the flag of one's victory of the doppel of his lower self. Names are creative and processes of naming are themselves creative. All is ritual as all has a magical set of relations underpinning it as a controllable fiat, a ripple in the pool of life's waters. However great the scope of its radius all disruptions are still.

### **Auto-hypnosis**

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is the condition of the average person. Excess food, routine existence without variation; no new information entering the mind leading to psychical atrophy and inevitable mindlessness, the loss of consciousness. Exercise of a repetitious nature, work of a repetitious nature, thought (being modelled on action and conducing to type of action) of a repetitious nature. Novelty necessitates circumstantial change as well as change of thought (which requires sufficient plasticity of the mind to enable change). Thus confrontation of the same state of affairs necessarily leads to the destruction of possibility through entropy. The wildest imaginings are reined in by the limitation of circumstances; the creative drive to achieve is snuffed out through a lack of resources with which to create.

### **Religion**

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is spirituality divested of its autonomy; the particular swallowed up in the universal and the false universal of the herd or collective consciousness itself a particularization of the true universal. Thus violence is imposed upon the individual through the very existence of the attempt to render the infinite finite through the words, passages, symbols and signifiers (acts, images, sounds, sensations – or lack thereof). However violence, in the realm of spiritual development may not be the answer but it is an

answer to a question no one asked but which one can ask oneself and in asking can answer – again oneself, thereby augmenting his own knowledge set and experiential repertoire. Dialectically strength is acquired and the light shines into the darkness of ignorance dispelling it; thus to confront the unknown by finding out what is alleged to be known (and thus to know what claims to be knowledge) is to evolve at the level of the soul; to know what is held out to be knowledge, the particular, finite reality that becomes a fetish object of/as the collective consciousness (which narcissistically gazes into the mirror of its own vanity and creates itself as a love object even as subject – the self-love of the ego mind: the more parishioners the better, the bigger the more legitimacy it accrues to itself). Power is the currency of belief which becomes knowledge through becoming a reality – knowledge of itself qua inner, subjective esoteric fiat of consciousness without reflexive relation to the creator. The creator, through this power of delusion, worships himself by worshipping the creation and in a state of cognitive dissonance refuses (or merely omits) the trace, reflexion of his own ego in that which emanates from his being and structures and constitutes his personality/identity. “I am that I am” is replaced with (or overlaid with as it remains as a latent property) “I am through the other”, though the ‘I am’ is said in a whisper and with false consciousness. Such is the nature of religion: one girds oneself in its trappings to accrue a sense of importance/identity to make a god of oneself even of the most humble character; through venerating that which is beyond oneself through the concentration gradient of power the greater flows towards the lesser when the latter is receptive thereto and thereby it augments him as a ‘disciple’ or ‘adherent’, etc.

Whatever the label may be specifically. Labels are the badges of the ego which struts about in its vanity pirouetting before its gaudy figure. It is the attempt to stand on the shoulders of giants in pretense of humility with being still a ‘man of clay and iron’. However it opens up horizons of experience which create real humility and therein lies its saving grace. One can’t help but recognize the finite when confronted with the converse and still power (perhaps infinite power) becomes accessible through self-prostration.

### **A gesture**

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- so subtle that it is nearly imperceptible – yet of minute significance; an apparently casual comment – yet so poignant and pregnant with meaning as to be almost incomprehensible while still retaining its appropriate form in the case. A key perfectly carved to fit the most intricate of locks and to open doors to otherwise impassable realms of subterranean depths and empyrean heights. Such is the subtlety of the discreet; neither too much nor too little; at all times and in all ways prudent, taking only the necessary measures and no more, forever striking a balance between an excess and a deficiency; putting just the needed degree of pressure in one’s touch – and coming away with interest. Thus is thievery conducted, the thievery of the mind, a perfect game for wolves in sheep’s clothing who are more fox than wolf but have that lycanthropic propensity when the situation demands. This is the function of subtlety – courtiership and the auditorium of the political realm, an adept player on life’s stage, greasing the palm and stabbing in the back of a friend who has outlived their usefulness with an iron hand in a velvet glove holding in adamant grip a poisoned dirk – untraceable, unknown in its discretion. The heavy hand of politics is wielded with alacrity – the strength of a dangerous criminal masquerading behind the pomander of an effete courtier. A game of hawks and doves forever engaging one another in an all too real display of tactical guerrilla theatre, darting and planning the logistics in their endless permutations and combinations. The most subtle shift of the wind is an opportunity to dive-bomb an enemy outskirt the countervailing assault. The game grows tiresome yet never will it cease until masters and slaves cease to determine one another as such from a phenomenological to a

macro-political level. The game ceases in death and life is struggle, war everlasting. Only the higher consciousness of man qua superman can supersede this dualistic fencing of enmity and attain unity a coalescence of wills while still preserving their autonomy. That fundamental principle of preserving and manifesting the will and avoiding and if need be negating that of another in their attempt to suppress yours is the spark which sets off the powder keg of all contention and ceases only with the self, overcoming of the ego mind through a recognition of the 'I' in 'thou'. Only through a unity consciousness will the enmity of a bellum omnia contra omnes cease; else the ego posits the other as Other and seeks to assert itself as the vehicle of its will; to posit itself as an opponent. Such is the Shaitanic mind of the unfortunate immersed in dualistic consciousness. His escape lies in victory through the greater jihad, his imprisonment in the inevitable defeat and endless pyrrhic victories of the lesser.

Astonished upon discovering that apparently insignificant causes exist for (at least within the horizon of one's own experience) great effects. The entanglement with an apparently benign influence redounding to the greatest malignancy. A simple exposure to a chemical substance generating terminal illness. However all is not lost as even the more difficult hardships can be overcome through knowledge of causality – the questions to be answered must first be divulged through a self-knowing (gnosis) of the hardship, what its nature is and the means available and efficacious in its nullification. One must be brave in confronting the facts however threatening they may be; the price of ignorance may be fatal, the reward of knowledge may be more than the purging of the diabolus which infects one's consciousness (body, mind, and soul). Though held captive here under extreme deprivation, threatened on all sides by impending hardships, to know what must be done, to decide to do it and without hesitance is to liberate oneself from the chain of causality fixed to one's corpus through ignorance and cowardice. Courage alone does not suffice – for one doesn't know how to use it as a key to unlock subterranean chambers and discover pots of gold after defeating monsters; knowledge must be had to effect the appropriate changes. However deprived the circumstances the greater the knowledge the greater the power given the will's indomitability. To turn a blind eye to the facts is to precipitate one's gradual deterioration as a functioning entity, not conscious of the causality necessary to maintain the identity of the self – the self is carried away down a muddy escarpment into a grave of his own making. Thus to know one must have the courage to face the facts not simply cover one's eyes from the threats which beset one along life's path; to drive with a courageous gallantry is to avoid sliding into the ditch of ignorance and unconscious abandon, to traverse the highways and byways (whatever the most direct path to one's goals) and challenge all robbers and highwaymen however well-armed: for a challenge does not mean a confrontation exclusively but a game of cat and mouse; courage alone when uncoupled from the driving force of reason leads to the folly of recklessness and again, winds one up in the ditch of circumstances, muddied, bloodied if at all alive. To adhere to well-worn paths is not always cowardice, often prudence; to remain on these same as a matter of principle subverts adaptability, the necessary entailment of knowledge whose guide is reason. Thus to employ the intellect as a powerful searchlight illumines the darkness, banishes the bogies and dispels the fear of ignorance even in the certainty of death. At least the truth will set one free.

### **Small causes, big effects**

– a thorough knowledge of causality based on experience or that of others (a knowledge qua gnosis) is a pre-requisite of avoiding the stones that find their way into one's shoes. At first a trifle after miles of marching a bunion then gangrene. Take off the shoe and refuse to soldier on when the beacon of the

intellect foresees the inevitable consequences of persisting in an action/omission. Eliminate the cause; eliminate the effect and that by the most efficacious means saving time, money, and resources of all sorts and descriptions. The moral/ethical imperative is to be discerning, perpetually conscious even in a state of meditation never reactive, led by the emotions towards chaos; always proactive by reason towards order. The angel in the whirlwind is the symbol of integrity of personal power and the condition of personhood, 'personal identity'. Without it one returns to a lower stage of evolution, descending into the abyss of beast consciousness. Peering about with gaping mouth and unseeing eyes beguiled by the pageantry of the sensorium cosmographicum the ignorant falls into a well or slips on the banana peel of his own folly; rushing about as a mad dog chasing his own tail on a cyclical path of meaningless absurdity in exhaustion he eventually (and inevitably given the finitude of his energy stores given his ignorance of eternal life and boundless energy) collapses in a grave of his own making; a chicken running around with its head cut off he is a caput mortuum, spirit immersed in body thereby lost in the crystallized form of material entropy. He inverts the pentagram and revels in the pale moonlight. The main reason small causes precipitate big effects: alchemical transmutation and an ignorance of its causality, a lack of knowledge of how the small engenders the big in the consciousness of man and ultimately a disregard of the oracle: Gnothe Seuton. Thus in willful blindness of how to reduce and limit the effect of the small (or at least to judge of it in its proper proportions) one inevitably brings about his own demise as a higher being at most preserving the unpreservable for a time in a state of vacuous entropy that destroys himself and forsakes all possibilities that might be engendered through him. There is no stasis only accelerated or decelerated motion as all is in flux in the aether and all is in all therefore cannot resist all nor circumvent only divert, harness, utilize, transubstantiate, incorporate or perform an alchemical modal operation on the given situation through oneself as the medium through which change of material/spiritual states manifest. In order to commune with the all, to be a vehicle of the divine will and to manifest what it would be through oneself as vehicle – should one not bracket off all sense and enter into the wu-shin state of will-less inertia? Surely thereby the true and the beautiful might manifest itself and be understood in its singular apodicticity? The crowd of images, sounds and feelings are thereby snuffed in the Zen state of non-being. But rather this is serving oneself up as a sacrifice in bondage to external forces, to rendering oneself a husk of latent potentiality and vital candy that can be masticated by powers and principalities on the threshold of the 4th dimension. Thus far from being a pure state of contemplative being it is instead a state of empty nullity, an emptying of oneself of the contents of consciousness that prevent communion with the godhead and merely lead to an extinguishing of the self through the ravaging of entities which have become more powerful than oneself through a relinquishing force/power and its supplanting with a voluntary weakness. It is difficult to say if a state of pure positivity (or positing of self and its modalities) or one of pure negativity (an emptying of self of all content through passive letting go in a living death of being qua non-being is either of them a means to attain anything but burn out on the one hand or destruction through weakness on the other. There is no middle ground. Simply will is the only path to ascension or communion or acquaintance. Always the 'I' and 'self' factors in and one can never introspect in pure Newtonian space 'seeing seer' or being 'aware of awareness'; one is simply aware of and sees x, y, z – the seeing and awareness being the act and its effects simultaneously, a causal complex of esse et percepti without the two forming an indistinct identity. They are merely moments in the endless dialectic of life. Thus the will-lessness of wu-shin is merely emptiness and thus impossible as the vacuum opened up in the aether/magnetic fields will simply be filled by entities of all manner/ilk and the endless, indefatigable trieb of will burns itself out in



the limits of its capacities. The ebb and flow not being attainable between the two the alternative is simply the entelechia of being as a durable substance for whom it is its own contents of consciousness, not as will or drive or inaction but as a durable, enduring consciousness complex that is self-positing and positing of the other, both of which are enveloped in the horizon of its being and thus expand it in time and space. This is the becoming super-conscious of the self, raising its awareness of itself reflexively but substantively alone as there is no pure monad that exists substantively. All are one, all is bound up with all and interpenetrates in accordance with the relative strength and weakness, a concentration of qualitatively structured energy flows.

### **Man and his machines**

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– the cliché born of a time when marvels were marvels and man marveled at his marvels. The fact of its being a cliché has rendered marvel itself obsolete as the continuing line of conveyor belt products, substance x, y, z has rendered the unexpected expected and thus as an object of fascination rejected. Thus man's reach exceeds his grasp and the carpal tunnel induced through grasping has rendered the mechanism of grasping incapacitated – one has simply glutted oneself with the material of the mundane world leaving little else but to stagnate in an endless surfeit of products; a proliferation of the excrescences of mental conception, waste products of a boundless imagining that builds castles in the sky, tunnels in the earth, and a tomb of possibilities. This because entropy has overtaken information by virtue of the impossibility of the latter's assimilation/comprehension. Thus, similar to the video game (itself another mental excrescence) "Katamari Darmacy", one buries oneself in a deluge of materiality. A crystalline encrustation that ensconces oneself in its numbing embrace. Man creates machines through his instrumentality, through the instrumentality of his mind and his mind as instrument of the nascent research and development of instruments themselves endowed with being through the former process of instrumentality. A positive feed forward loop, a snowball rolling down a mountain into a lake of fire towards non-being through a surfeit of being. However the saving grace of this doom and gloom is the limit that the mind places on itself through directing itself harmoniously towards and along its proper course in accordance with cosmic law/justice. What are appropriately deemed 'reasonable limits' can only be imposed and formulated in their conditions and entailments by reason itself? Thus the faculties of the self, reason and imagination, continue the human all too human project of soul evolution. The instrument is crafted through reason posterior to the imagination and its oft- times wild positings and conceptual (always images and sensations as crystallized thought forms, egregores) constructs – the means towards the reification of the thing is conceived then implemented in an organic way praxiologically, reified and concretized; brought into being as a tangible, measured product of the conception (imagination). Thus reason plays a role as mediated, as a callous-handed midwife that with stern and indefatigable efforts brings into the world that which lies in its latent form of finer aether substance. Ultimately a machine is crafted through instrumentality upon the basis of a conception and attains form through the appropriate form of praxis that the human can bring to bear in the case. Hit or miss, the validity of the machine reflexively implies the validity of the concept. For it to be workable its conception must be realizable, i.e. cohere with the laws of meta-physics.

The conception is brought into being at the time – the eternal now. Thus it is a process of becoming, paradoxically, eternally so in the most Heraclitean sense. How solve this imbroglio that process can entail time and yet eternity but through the multiversal nature of being. That it admits of dimensions as it is all dimensions: an infinitude of infinite possible worlds infinitely existent (i.e. eternal) and admitting of infinite possibility, infinitely. Such barren abstraction is pregnant with meaning and holds

the key to the riddle of the sphinx. This is clearly the holographic universe that will never support the void of evil, i.e. that which purports to be self-existent substantively (by itself, in itself, for itself) but which interfaces with all at all times and thus cannot be anything but everything. Thus evil converts to good simply by virtue of its existence. And this ushers in the notion of karma as a wheel revolving around itself (around its own axis) as what goes around comes around and thus is forever in place – wheels within wheels ad aeternum. The conception thus is not brought into being unless we conceive it as a bringing, an offering of itself as a cornucopia of the real, as a repast for the starving sinner, the lone urchin in the streets. Partake of this nourishing repast that it may rectify the deficiency that perpetually gnaws at one's inner being – the driving force that yearns for completion.

The notion (apropos of the above) of black vs. white magic (or good and evil in praxis, in the concrete form): black represents absorption into self, ego-minded deliberate pursuit of finitude; an impossible contradictory pursuit of infinite power (or power infinitely beyond the self as the self is posited as receptacle instead of merely a channel of power) for the finite self as incorrectly construed given its inherent boundlessness. Thus one can at best be a conduit, never, receiver or a taker but a giver only. However justice lies in the mode of direction of power and not all are deserving but merely those whose correct usage of power thereby enable the continuance of power spinning off the consequences of self-augmentation/enhancement. The more one gives of oneself (as and only as a conduit not as a cache) the more one attracts to oneself more. Thus rather than to resist the currents and flows of power (of another's attempt to take from one or to impose upon one) he must simply redirect his own such that it harmonizes with the surrounding terroir of desiring flows/aetheric currents. As above so below, the aura, the material body and surrounding currents expanding and contracting outward and inward to infinity establish a power center which is the self-augmented, upgraded and brought into a union with itself and the sum total of all existence.

### **Hope**

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– the concept entails the possibility of despair. The two are flip sides of the coin of possibility. To see only the now is to negate despair but has minimal serviceability in the *mit-dasein* or with-world of practical action with its necessity of judgment and determination, the positing of courses of practical action. Once posited one must hope or despair of the realization of the conception. The formula for happiness with respect thereto is to take Seneca's advisement: never despair without an element of hope or hope without an element of despair. The future may look rosy or bleak but it is both and neither simultaneously as the present is the only actual state of affairs. However probability is the modality of reason which guides the prudent towards the realization of a rosy future and the avoidance of a grey tenebrous doom. Thus, despairing and hoping, the present shines forth as the foundation upon which to build thought edifices; on the basis of probability and gnosis the proper materials and tools are selected and the project undergone in logical, methodical order always with one eye looking towards the future, the other to the past, Janus-like the builder has one foot in both ecstasies and constructs in the ecstasy of creative will a temple of the inner god. Such is the value of hope qualified by the possibility of despair: caution adopted saves the day, the fat of the dullard is pulled from the fire through the vigour of the lean (less equals a lot more). The vehicle of passage is prudence the dangers of the road uncertainty, scarcity, emotionality (fear, dread, loss of hope and faith). Thus one hopes for the best anticipates the worst and navigates through life with foresight, the ever-present circumspection of reason, itself always subordinate to a faith in the ever-presence of providence, the will of god-mind. Attunement being the

goal, reason and imagination being the means, faith being the mode, one arrives in the Promised Land sooner than expected.

### **Reality and appearance** –

diametrically opposed in today's matricized reality – the fantasy masquerades as the reality, the reality as the circus hall of mirrors. The citizens dwell in Plato's cave boxing at shadows while chained to golden fetters, puppeted on electromagnetic strings. The visible material prison, example of the condemned abnormal is superseded by the invisible immaterial mind prison and external societal prison qua society and its total infrastructure that constitutes the landscape, backdrop of the collective consciousness in the theatre of the real, absurdist, Dadaist; the minions and minarets of Yaldabaoth so many cogs well-greased functioning to generate meaningful products so their energy (the real product) can be vampirized by the masters of the Cabal in service of their archontic masters. The popular, Pavlovian-conditioned animal consciousness through multi-media, technetronic mind controls, laugh on cue as their masters present objects of real validity and value as objects of mockery, converting a real appearance into a false reality and vice versa presenting objects of harm as health and limitation as expansion. Thus the herd are easily imprisoned in their pen – vaccinated, overfed, sheared and slaughtered, rendering into products when the cost of their maintenance as a product exceeds their use value. An efficient system designed to entrain, entrap and exploit optimally adhering to economic principles of efficiency – minimal waste, maximal gain to the greatest extent forever. Waste is defined as failed usage of resources; failed usage is defined as potential usage not exploited; usage as extraction of the value of the thing (resource – a utility) in accordance with its essence – thus the elegance of the system.

### **On the immorality of pets:**

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the notion of the pet should be viewed as a stigma for those who claim ownership of them (the notion implying ownership of a living being external to oneself). Reason: the control of another life living harmoniously with other lives be they plants or animals is moral even in the form of usury, the conversion of a living entity into a tool or catalyst of one's project. This need not exclude the benefit of the tool but may be a mutually advantageous relationship that both willingly suffer as agents and/or patients within a dialectic of relations that exploit the capacities and powers of the parties. This would qualify as a harmonious relationship whose bounds are exceeded once the party is subverted in their will thereby doing violence to their autonomy. When one controls the other without the latter's consent (if at all possible to attain) or absolutely the latter is subverted in their will and is thus violated. This state of existence obtains in the case of a 'pet'. The 'pet' is wholly subordinate and vitiated/violated in their autonomy losing their will and thus ceasing to be an individual, distinct

entity and being converted into an assimilated/absorbed being, food for the owner albeit in an abstract way, even an energetic vampirical way. The notion of owning and controlling another living thing under whatever guise (being a caretaker of, etc.) is thus immoral however it may purport to serve on auspicious cause such as caring for the sick, weak, etc. If it doesn't serve as a means to enabling the living thing to have autonomy it is a violation of that autonomy.

The converse/flipside conception, the other extreme portrays all as fair game for vampirism/ownership, all food for the master in relation to whom all others are slaves. Thus it is a battle of wills, rivaling and vying with one another for dominance in an endless game of relative strengths and weaknesses, a social Darwinist struggle or *kampf* for supremacy. Thus ownership is an imposition of one's will upon another, an agency upon a patient the latter being a rough-hewn stone to be carved in the image of the master's

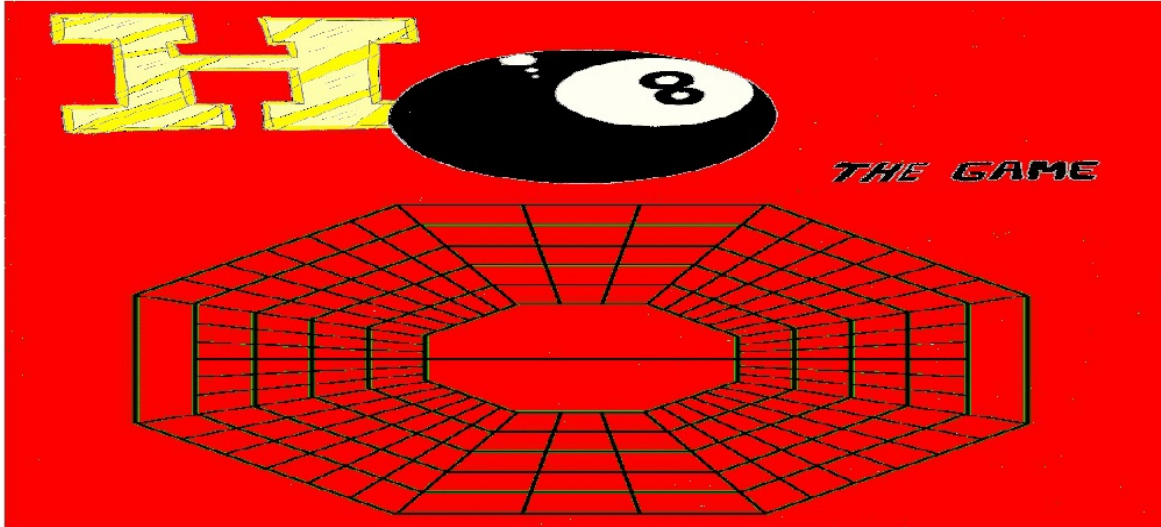
conception, transformed into a tool of their will and design. This extends from the plant kingdom on up to whatever exceeds the human inclusively. The notion of the 'pet' here is universal in scope and all living beings falling within its crosshairs are converted into same, their will and autonomy being subverted through an imposition of will. This conception is compatible with the supremacistic conception of many religions, caste systems and psychopathic/solipsistic belief systems. It fails to consider the unity of plurality and thereby destroys harmony if and only if the will subject (held in thralldom) is not so held for a greater good thereby rectifying the balance. In this sense slavery is not only permitted but obligatory and individual autonomy must be subverted for the greater good of the greater number, not in terms of numbers only but in quale (qualitatively), the better, the master, the more subjugation/subordination morally obligatory.

Returning to the notion of animal pets on a mundane level the immorality (disregarding the above general considerations) lies in resource allocation – If an animal can consume food that a human can have then, given that a human life is of greater value on the scale of soul evolution than an animal and that in order for either to live the other must suffer a diminution of available resources (to whatever extent) and that the latter exceeds the value in most cases of animal life then the animal must give up its life so the human can have more resources to evolve its soul to higher levels of existence given that the resources are used for that purpose and only for that purpose. If the resources are otherwise used (say for vice instead of virtue), it may be better that the human die at the expense of the animal's life being preserved, i.e. the outcome determines who continues on in life. It would be better that a police dog live than a druggie who is incapable of rehabilitation if and only if the druggie per example were not an ingenious artist who might confer beautiful and profound creation upon the earth/humanity and that the police dog were not used to persecute such a one or to create greater harm in consequence of its employment as a 'pet'. The usage of a thing determines its value and this pragmatic test decides the righteousness/justice of the act (of mastery, of conversion of the living thing into a 'pet', etc.).



### **“Energy, hierarchy, pleroma”**

Human batteries plugged into the generator of a beehive – feed the queen bee and its drones and soldiers, themselves feeding on those below. A pyramid structure which transduces energy from the ground (earth/lower level brick layer) upwards toward the missing capstone (forming a trapezoidal structure upon whose apex the ultimate astral parasites dwell and feed off the upward trending energies). Radiating upwards and outwards the vital force is drained from the fertile bed of human compost, crushed under the imprisoning weight of piezoelectric brick structure. Juices of energy bodies ascend into the aether vampirized by Luciferian leeches whose ever-bloating bodies continue their swelling gestation birthing miscarried moonchildren – replacements of the subjected slaves of pharaoh. Layer by layer it is carried in upward ascent, dissipating the vitality of the subjected subjects – siphoned off at the extreme by the ultimate parasite who itself feeds upon those who feed upon those beneath parasitically and proportionally – the higher one is the more energy, those who have no ability to enter into the struggle for the fitter parasites have a finite life whose scope is determined by finite cycles of gestation and spawning. Those upon high proportionally extended in lifespan to their level in the hierarchy – the eternal overarching all, the lower ascending as balloons filled with more and more helium to the higher realms. To their ignorance they burst and their energies are vampirized by those who await their descent only to descend in turn as dispersed energy leeches by lower beings. Such is the fabric of the realm upon attaining materialization – a self-supportive entelechy, self-propelling wheel that generates and

degenerates simultaneously in unending cycles. Yet – given differentiation it must have flaws that lead to its undoing self – subsisting yet a chaos of elements that must undergo displacement by virtue of this dynamic structure of reality – elements cohere yet differ and beget the entity between that which is the force referred to as their ‘relation’ – thus modality begets further modality and chaos is born of order no matter how ordered. Entropy does not exist except in the delusive minds of fools – the mind is dynamic; its energy is all and one, the narrow band hologram that is the brain merges and diverges with the overarching pleromatic being called ‘God’. Merging with source entails transduction of and reception to energies that are one and all – to sense the relation between them and that one is beyond oneself and the beyond is oneself, a unio mystica not intellectually accessible only through the above brain consciousness being sensed by the brain and maximally sensitized to that which it is. Self-knowledge as a sensitization to reality. Only through augmented sensation, through a self-knowledge and concomitant self-control can that be accessed, the voice of the silence – to hear subtler vibrations the aetheric communications in the form of multi- and cross-sensory information transduced through the development of the higher senses (mind) through the putting to rest of the coarser vibrations accessible only through the lower senses. No intellectual access (amore intellectualis dei) to the godhead but in the sense of ‘thought’ –functioning/process of heightened awareness beyond language in symbolic form (graphai, phonai). Yet perhaps higher archetypal forms (sounds and symbol) are doorways to higher dimensions or are information contained therein or messages therefrom. ‘The harmony’ of the spheres is diagrammed and represented as geometry, mathematical symbols, and archetypes. There are perhaps the representations of representations (materializations of subtler energy states inferrable or ‘readable’ through these modalities. Still to know the real in its totality requires a language elevated beyond the 5-senses; perhaps the multisensory is conducive to achieving this state of knowledge or gnosis. ‘Hyperspace’ language enabling access to higher dimensions/planes. Language – lost in labyrinthine maze of abstract sentence – structure, graphai, phonai – the language of the spheres, deviations from the moment, derivations therefrom, building castles in the air – one can crack the stones of permanence built into the eternal firmament of the Akashic records. Standing upon a more solid foundation than the aleatory transience of mundane 5- sense reality – to make the immaterial material than immaterial again amidst, through and by the material and the prior immaterial: thought (energy) to writing (graphai) to thought again – a building, climbing in ascension over the Bifrost Bridge.



PURPOSE OF GAME: TO GET TO TOP OF OPPONENTS HALF OF OCTAGON  
 RULES OF GAME:

- 1-MUST KILL OPPONENTS KILLS BEFORE ENTERING PATH TO SUMMIT
- 2-MUST ENTER FROM BOTTOM OF PATH
- 3-KILLING KINGS DOES NOT AMOUNT TO VICTORY-MUST REACH SUMMIT
- 4-'DIMENSIONAL PATHS ZONE'- ONLY WAY TO ACCESS OPPONENTS' SIDE-MUST FOLLOW PATH ALONG LINES(TOP-- → BOTTOM AND VICE VERSA)
- 5- 'GOD RULE': GOD IN DIMENSIONAL PORTALS BECOMES ACTIVATED ONCE ENOUGH PIECES HAVE LINED UP IN  OR  FORMATION(TOP & BOTTOM)

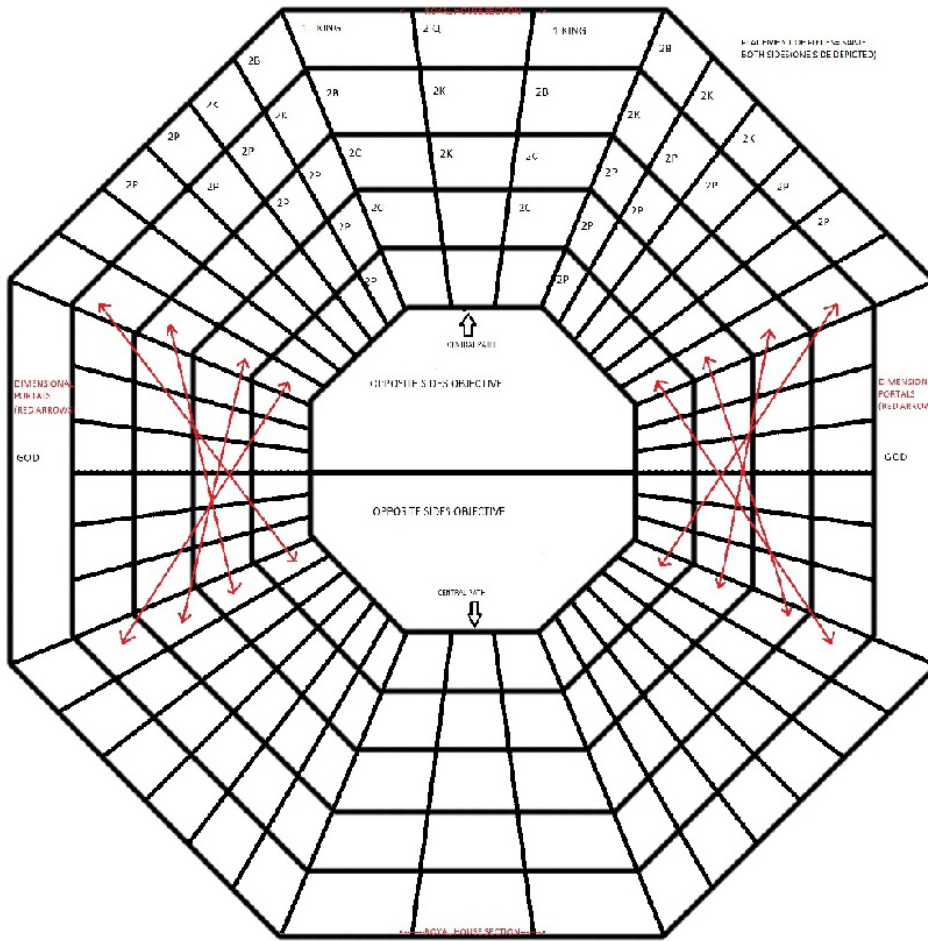
- 6-'MOVES': EACH PLAYER MOVES 2 PCS. PER TURN AND ALTERNATES WITH OPPONENTS
- 7-GOD KILL: 2 PCS. ATTACK IN SAME MOVE OR OTHER/RIVAL GOD KILLS

BOARD(SEE ACCOMPANYING DIAGRAM):

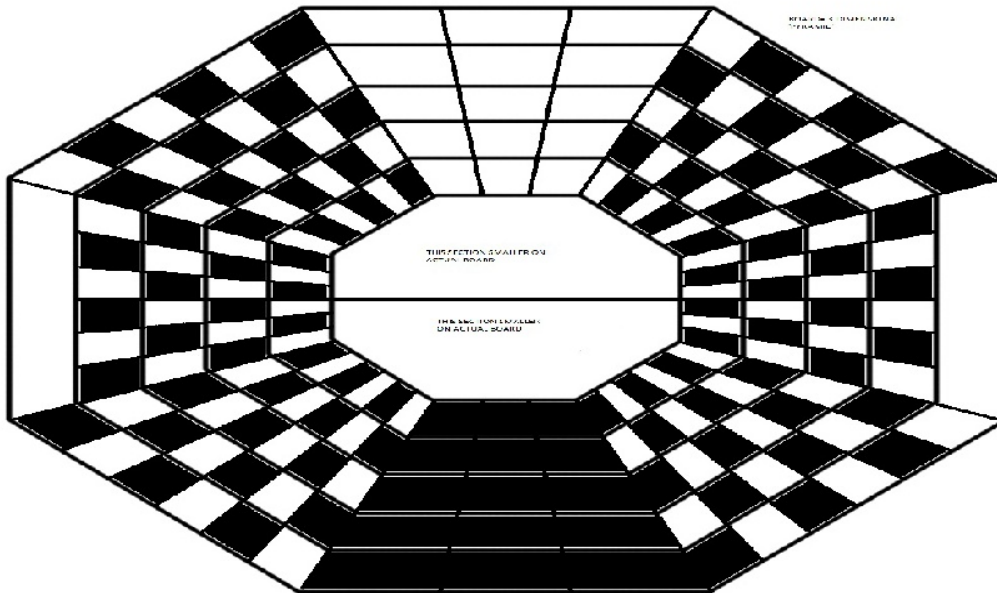
- OCTAGONAL, TRI-DIMENSIONAL; ALTERNATING BLACK AND WHITE SQUARES
- 6 LAYERS OF CONCENTRIC OCTAGONS INCREASING IN HEIGHT TO CENTRAL OCTAGON WHICH IS BIFURCATED
- DIMENSIONAL PORTALS WHERE GOD IS LOCATED AT LOWEST PART OF OCTAGON WHEREIN ARE NO SQUARES; THIS AREA IS CROSSED WITH 'DIMENSIONAL PORTALS'
- 'ROYAL HOUSE SECTION' IS MONOCOLOURED IN OBVERSE TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE(EG. WHITE IN BETWEEN TWO BLACK COLUMNS) AND VICE VERSA ON OPPOSITE SIDE
- 6 PATHS FROM PROXIMAL SIDES OF OCTAGON LEADING UPWARD WITH EACH OCTAGONAL LAYER

-PLACEMENT OF PIECES:

- 2P=2 PROLES
- 2K=2 KNIGHTS
- 2 KING=2 KINGS
- 2Q= 2 QUEENS
- 2B= 2 BISHOPS
- 2C= 2 CASTLES



NOTE: CENTRAL AREA WILL BE SMALLER THAN DEPICTED ON THE BELOW DIAGRAM:



**PIECES:**

<b>WHITE (examples)</b>	<b>BLACK(examples)</b>
1)PROLES: (farmer; tradesmen,etc.)	(gangbangers; jihadist,etc.)
2)CASTLE: (townhall; suburban house; townhall)	(synagogue; catholic church; crack den)
3)KNIGHTS: (ss soldier; kkk; berserker)	(police; military; mossad; un troop)
4)PRIEST: (kkk grnad dragon; odinist; pontifex maximus/creator)	(voodoo priest; 33° mason; catholic priest)
5)KING: (Fuhrer; Augustus)	(rabbi; ayatollah; baron samedi, etc.)
6)QUEEN: (Freyja; Isis)	(jewish feminist; black widow)
7)GOD: (Wotan)	(shaitan)

<b>MOVES</b>	<b>POWERS(KILL)</b>	<b>(BE KILLED)</b>
1) 2 SQUARES (360°)	SAME	"..."
2) SAME	SAME	"..."
3) 3 LONG+ 2 SHORI(90°)	SAME	"..."
4) SAME	SAME	"..."
5) 1 SQUARE (360°)	AFFECTS OPPONENT 1 SQUARE 360°(AS 'AURA')	2 OPPOSING PIECES ON SQUARE WITHIN HIS 'AURA'
6)SAME AS BISHOP+KNIGHT		
7)AS WITH ALL KILLS ALL WITHIN PATH	SAME WITH OTHERS	IMPOSSIBLE



Numerologically H=8, the 8th letter of the English alphabet, the language of Angle/os//Angels. H+8 in pronunciation/phonetically expressed render 'hate', the theme of this game which is simply a microcosm of the macrocosm, the nihilation of the opponent, the dark evil presence of chaos in the world leading to the positive moment of order, the Good.

Hate is thus necessary to clear away evil and manifest the good. '88' represents 'HH' numerologically, that is to say 'Heil Hitler' which is the act of paying homage to that messianic figure who some claim will return at the close of this current aeon, the kali yuga/iron/wolf age/Ragnarok/Armageddon, being this destroying current of Force that will sweep away the evil in the world, leading to the new Golden Age.

'H8' represents more exoterically as above stated 'Hate'. Esoterically it represents this god-man resurrected triumphant in this End Time: H=Heil, 8=H=Hitler; H8=Heil Hitler. It is necessary to Hate Evil as this is the nature of the Good, its polarity.

The figures and characters of this game are hypostases of Good and Evil in their various manifestations on the mundane plane. The Hero Figure, valiant in his self-sacrifice for the greater good—a whiter, brighter world—finds either victory or valhalla through the combat, the cleansing fire that enables transcendence beyond physical limitation.

"It is necessary that I should die for my people but my spirit shall rise from the grave and the world will know that I was right"-HH/88

## **GULAG: "DICTATORS OF THE PROLETARIAT"**

**PREMISE:** DICTATORS (POLICE/MILITARY/PROPAGANDISTS/DICTATORS)  
PRESERVE ORDER

**PROLETARIANS:** SEEK ANARCHIC ZONE(FREEDOM)

Ds USE MINIONS + PERSONAL POWERS TO ENSURE ORDER

Ps ENTER ZONE & BUILD STRENGTH THE FURTHER INTO THE ZONE THEY GO

Ps SEEK CONSOLIDATION & REACTION AGAINST DICTATORS ONCE POWER BUILT UP.

LEADERSHIP OF Ps=HIERARCHY

1)FIGUREHEAD(1ST TO END OF ZONE), ETC.

-POWERS OF MOVEMENT INCREASE WITH LEVEL IN HIERARCHY

**ANARCHIC ZONE:** Ps INCREASE POWER HERE

1ST 3 SQUARES=INCREASE IN MOBILITY

4TH=CRONY=MULTIDIRECTIONAL 1 MOVEMENT 5TH=LIEUTENANT=1 ADDITIONAL

MOVEMENT 6TH=FIGUREHEAD=MULTIDIRECTIONAL MOVEMENT 360 DEGREE(QUEEN

LIKE)+DOUBLE MOVES

MULTIPLE Ps ON 1 SQUARE=MOB(X10 PCS.)=GREATER MOVEMENT(AS A GROUP): CAN  
BE KILLED OFF ONE AT A TIME ONLY; MOVE MORE EACH MOVEMENT(1 1/2X SQUARES)

**END GOAL:**

DICTATOR DESTROYED=Ps VICTORY

Ps DESTROYED=PYRRIC VICTORY

Ps CORRALLED=VICTORY OF Ds(MEANS=FIGUREHEAD KILLED+LIEUTENANT)

5 SPACES='PALACE'

D=IN PALACE GUARDED BY MINIONS(ON SAME SQUARE & ADJACENT SQUARES)

1ST FEW SPACES

MULTIDIRECTIONAL MOVEMENT(KING-LIKE BUT 2 SPACES EA. MOVE)

D2(POLICE)=BLOCK Ps(PORES BETWEEN POLICE AND Ps IN 'GULAG' AREA); IF ESCAPE  
CHASE AND KILL/MOVEMENT=BISHOP LIKE

D3(MILITARY)=LAST BASTION: KILL/BE KILLED(CHESS-LIKE)/MOVEMENT= Knight  
movement

D1(PROPAGANDISTS)= P MUST MOVE AWAY FROM PROPAGANDIST TO BEGIN GAME. IF P  
ESCAPES(2 MOVES OF TWO DIFFERENT PIECES/1 MOVE FOR EACH PROPAGANDIST);  
THE 'CIVIL CIRCLE'(8X8 GRID OUT OF WHICH PROPAGANDIST CANNOT GO) THEY  
INITIATE POLICE INTERVENTION. POLICE LAND ON SQUARE OF PROLETARIAN &  
'RETURN TO CIVIL CIRCLE' IF OUTSIDE OF 'SOCIETY CIRCLE' 92 SPACES OUTSIDE OF  
8X8 GRID), THEN CHASE AND KILL/MOVEMENT=KNIGHTLIKE

Ps MOVEMENT=MULTIDIRECTIONAL 1 SPACE/ONE SHOT ONE KILL

to be MOB: numbers on square to represent multiple Ps concentrated in one to enhance power

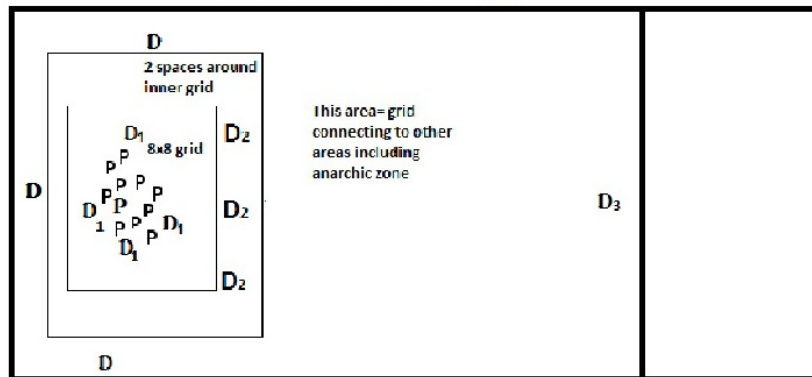
**POSITIONING OF PCS.:**

- Ps= 2 on each square(64) in initial placement
- Ds=3 on periphery of 'PALACE'
- D1=4 sets of 3 surrounding 8x8 inner matrix
- D2=3 sets of 2 along front side of 8x8 matrix
- D3=3 sets of 2 spread evenly along 'ANARCHIC ZONE'

**MOVEMENT/VALUES:**

- Ds= king(absorbs 3 hits)
- D1=queen(3 hit)
- D2=bishop(2 hit)
- D3=knight(1 hit)

**QUL88 . DICTATORS OF THE PROPRIETARIAT [D]**



**PALACE.**

18(DEEP)x 12(WIDE)

**D1-PROPAGANDISTS; D2-SECRET POLICE**

**D3-MILITARY D=DICTATOR**

**ANARCHIC ZONE.**

6(DEEP)x 12(WIDE)

## CULT LEADER

**PLAYERS:** CULT LEADER+SUBORDINATES; CONVERTS

CULT LEADER: powers/moves= 1)influence; 2)sacrifice

SUBORDINATES must join in to achieve 2); need not achieve 1)

-no exit from cult region

-can span entire CULT CENTER

-subordinates die by converts pinching them(one in front, one behind)

-positioned in center of CULT CENTER(three rows from 'CULT LEADER')

CONVERTS: seek to escape unless 1) or 2)(above)

-twice as many CONVERTS then SUBORDINATES

-can band together to destroy SUBORDINATES+CULT LEADER

-CONVERTS on periphery of CULT CENTER (3 squares in)

-SUBORDINATES exit compound to invite in; compel to join by landing next to civilian's square (in CIVILIAN WORLD) rendering them CONVERT

### **MOVES:**

CULT LEADER:

-moves diagonally or horizontally/vertically as many spaces as desired->horizontally/vertically/diagonally

-only dies when all subordinates die

SUBORDINATES:

-same but only one direction and 5 spaces on the cult board or less

SACRIFICE:

-CULT LEADER moves to square adjacent to convert 'influencing' him; two SUBORDINATES must surround convert; when 'influenced' convert can't move one other convert on adjacent square; CULT LEADER takes convert as SACRIFICE(similar to chess moves)

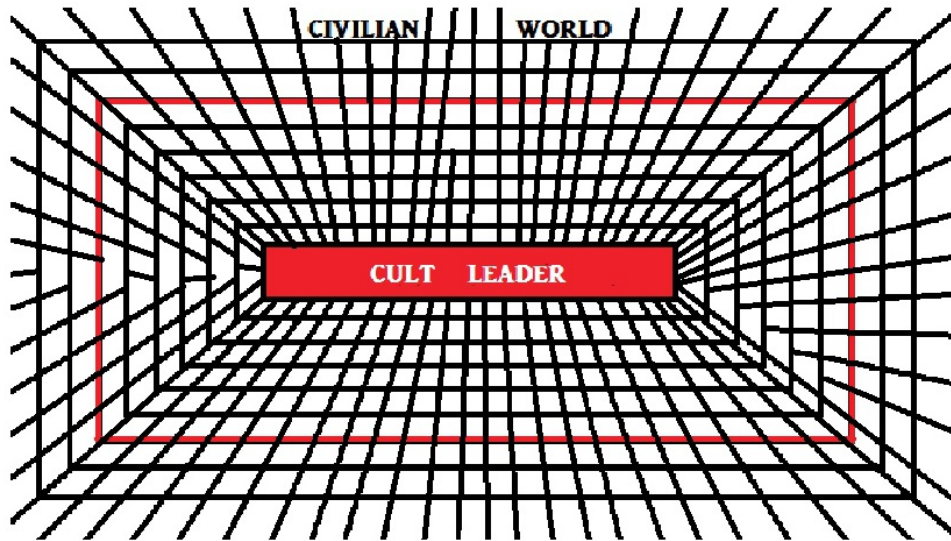
CONVERTS:

-move one square per time in any direction; 2-3 minions per turn

WIN:

CULT: SACRIFICE all CONVERTS

CONVERTS: destroy all SUBORDINATES+CULT LEADER



within red line= CULT CENTER  
outside= CIVILIAN WORLD  
red rectangle- CULT LEADER

## **DOPPLECHUSS** ('Double Chess' a CHESS VARIANT)

BOARD: x2 LARGER

BOARD: REGULAR CHESS BUT MODIFIED:

WIDTH=X2 SQUARES

LENGTH=X2+1/2

SQUARES= LARGE ENOUGH TO ACCOMODATE 3 PIECES

PIECES: X2 PER SQUARE

MOVES: SAME; ALWAYS 2 PER SQUARE OF OWN MEN OPTIONAL

-WHEN LAND ON LAST ROW OF OPPONENT: PIECE IS CONVERTED TO QUEEN

REGARDLESS OF TYPE

-2 MOVES EA. PLAYER ALTERNATING

-1 MOVE PER PIECE MOVED MAX.

PURPOSE/CONCLUSION: BOTH KINGS OF OPPOSING PLAYER MUST BE CAPTURED.

NO "CHECKMATE" WARNINGS--INSTANT KILL OR FORFEITURE

1-VARIATIONS:

TIMER:

-WHEN TIME ELAPSES

I) PLAYER WITH MOST PIECES=WINNER

II) PLAYER WITH MOST VALUABLE PIECES=WINNER

2-VALUES OF PIECES:

I) 2 BACK ROW PIECES

II) 1 PAWN

III) CLASSIC ASSIGNATION OF VALUES

BOARD: REGULAR CHESS BUT MODIFIED:

WIDTH=X2 SQUARES

LENGTH=X2+1/2

SQUARES= LARGE ENOUGH TO ACCOMODATE 3 PIECES

**ROUST-A-BOUT:**

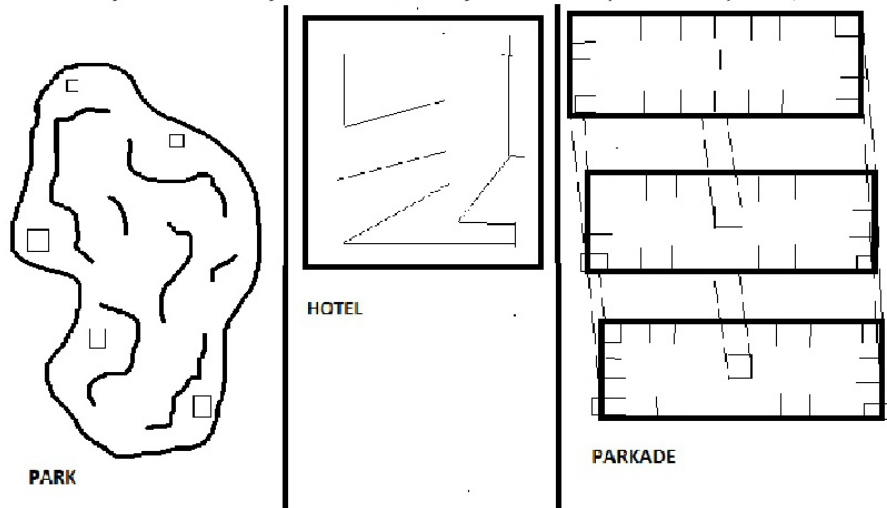
(A BOARD GAME, TRUE TO LIFE: NON-WHITE IMMIGRATION+HIRING PREFERENCE=WHITE JOBLESSNESS=WHITE HOMELESSNESS=WHITE GENOCIDE)

PURPOSE: 2+ PLAYERS ('S' SECURITY) ATTEMPTS TO BANISH OTHER PLAYERS ('V' VAGRANTS) FROM CERTAIN AREA (ON GAME BOARD) 'S' ATTEMPTS TO CORNER 'V'

PLAYER POSITIONING: 'V' S ARBITRARILY/RANDOMLY PLACED THROUGH DIE CAST+DESIGNATING CERTAIN AREAS NUMERICALLY

PIECES: MANY (RELATIVE STRENGTHS/WEAKNESSES DETERMINED BY NUMBERS ARBITRARILY DETERMINED BY PLAYERS-OTHER FACTORS-SIZE OF BOARD; COMPLEXITY OF BOARD). CAN DISTRIBUTE CERTAIN AMOUNT OF 'V' S [DESIGNATED WITH TOKENS], AT CERTAIN TIME/ALTERNATING AREAS OF GAME BOARD SLEEP SPOTS- MUST PREVENT BEFORE SLEEP (IE. REACH THE SPOT). IF GET BEFORE (BY LANDING ON CELL ADJACENT TO VAGRANT) SLEEP SPOT NULLIFIED -> VAGRANT MUST REVERSE DIRECTION OR BE ELIMINATED FROM GAME. (IN EXAMPLE OF PARKADE) ELEVATOR: INSTANT TRANSPORT OF VAGRANT TO BOTTOM OR UPPER OR MID LEVEL SECURITY SHACK. BUM/SECURITY CAN BE KILLED BY CAR. BUM CAN SANDWICH IN BETWEEN CARS. CARS: AFTER EACH MOVE A CAR ENTERS; CAR BLOCKS SPACE -DOMINOES OR DICE DETERMINES PLACEMENT OF VEHICLE AND MOVEMENT

GAMEBOARD VARIATIONS (REAL LIFE SCENARIOS-2D DIAGRAM OF 3D WORLD) EG. "PARK"-TREE LINE ACTS AS BORDER WHERE VAGRANTS SEEK TO HIDE (CAN BE REARRANGED WITH EACH GAME) "SUBWAY"; "ALLEYWAY"; "BUS SHELTER"; "PARKADE"; "HOTEL", ETC.



GAME BOARDS ABOVE COULD BE 2 PR 3D MIRRORING LIVED ENVIRONMENTS



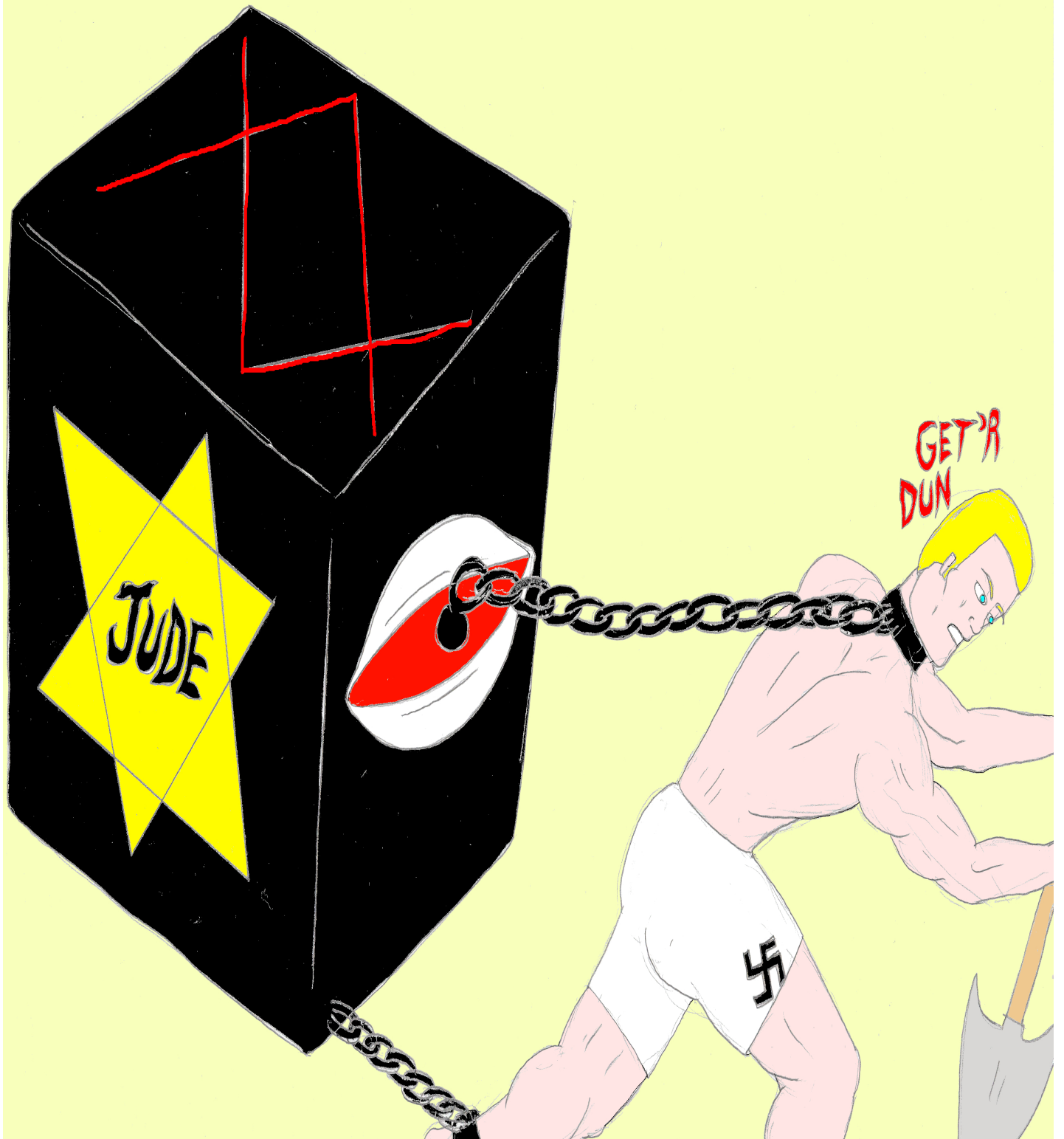
# OVERCOMING LOKI



AN ALCHEMICAL PROCESS OF TRANSCENDANCE



# HYLE



## “Hyle”

### Bolshevik sub-humanity

the hordes of proles who squeak and squawk as so many circus freaks rushing at the ubermensch who is carrying out Olympian feats of strength, intellect and justice; of art and god-like creation. These, in their dim consciousness, seek the annihilation of he who reflects their vices in the mirror of his virtue, who shines forth as a standard before those who are unable to attain to would cast upon him mud thinking they have triumphed. “Triumph of the underman” of “Bolshevik sub-humanity” is the blaring call of a society in the throes of decay and decadence brought on itself through a laxity of principles the causal repercussions of which have been ignored. Ignorance is not bliss under these conditions but rather a hell on earth, rotten fruit on the decaying vine of life through a failure to understand the causality of the life cycle, that pruning of the branches is necessary and that the will to harm the tree is therefore necessary to prevent the greater harm. What qualifies as unfit? – That which doesn’t function in accordance with its structure but has too many inner contradictions that pull it about at cross- purposes and in deviant oppositional directions. Hence, though it may create a scene and in a creatively destructive manner engender some sort of systemic change and concomitant adjustment in the larger society through a butterfly effect necessitating an attunement or reaction from the system ultimately strengthening itself in this dialectical process. In spite of this it pulls down and ultimately destroys the system if it becomes too great a counter-threat that leads to its overcoming as a counter-force. This is the main method and encapsulates on a physical basis, cultural Marxist subversion: degeneration across all methods from malgenetics to negative eugenics (dysgenics), in the former case race-mixing in the latter chemtrails, GMOs, vaccines, poor quality food, poisoned water, etc. The assault against an orderly system is pervasive and constant and the willful ignorance of the mass accelerates the down spiral of standards. Over the generations is perceptible a continual devolution of both intellectual and physical quality such that the whole of society plunges into a state of Dark Age ignorance. The masses clamour for the overthrow of their betters – they expect cake as a consequence but won’t even have bread.

Instead will have their bones ground to make bread for the Jewish oligarchs. The solution is always awareness generation as the system will reset itself upon an awareness of the proper structure it is to have, will orient itself around this image and develop itself into this state through an inner teleology of self-understanding and an understanding of the good (identification of the good with this state). The scales weigh heavy on the eyes of the denizens of Plato’s cave. The image of the beast in the form of idiot phones/moron machines (TVs, computers, etc.) has beguiled the naïve and holds them wrapped in its glow, the false light of a corruptive information flow flooding their consciousness illuminating their mind with a distorted and gas-lit view of reality, a simulacrum of an otherwise tangible and verifiable objectivity that exists outside of the cave of their constructed fantasy in which they are immersed as a matricized hologram structure.

Excess and deficiency, disproportion, contortion, distortion in general deviance from type is the **hallmark of the untermensch** – ‘under’ meaning ‘sub’ or beneath, a lower consciousness inhabiting a lower physical vehicle that has as its function an intrinsically uncontrollable instability a teeter-tottering of drives and trajectories that defeat the functioning of the system. Though it attempts to stabilize itself its essence entails too many conflictual elements that work against any harmonious stasis. Thus there may exist an excess of metabolism in certain regions of the brain while a defective region in another area prevents any counter-balance – the examples are infinite. Suffice to say the untermensch is a political weapon of the Jews to undermine the system through introduction and proliferation of these elements of inherent instability.

### **Champagne socialists**

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: they extol the virtues of the working stiff while never having worked a day in their lives. They mouth the dogma “workers of the world unite” while quaffing wine in their McMansion in the suburbs. A caste of privileged elites (ill-lights) is truly a degenerate breed. They would castrate the power of those who’ve striven to pay homage to their thoughts sublime. Moral superiority complex, a simple reduction from their praxis – most deserve to break their necks from peasant-woven ropes of hemp. Swing from the yard arm arrogant fools; your days of hypocrisy are at an end. Soon the archons will serve you up as their sacrifice then you will be laughing no more – you who have played with the pieces of a poorly cobbled architecture and failed to assemble a structurally- sound foundation; building castles in the sky while failing to observe the tremors of the untermenchen upsetting those cracked and warped foundations you have established as so much rough work supporting your crystalline castles of necrophagia. Soon your sparkling trinkets will cease to sparkle – then you will be buried under them, a grave of consumer excess overgrown with the vines of a burn-out world someday to brighten again post- apocalyptically. They see the hierarchy they believe, from above. They are only at the level of the ‘apex’ of the trapezoid and are blind to the capstone that crushes them between the base and the aetheric height of the blade, the downward pointing triangle that decapitates all that is sees or comes into contact with. They may, these champagne socialists, in all their accustomed leisure and indulgence, believe themselves champions of a higher morality but this itself is a product, a package of ideas served up to them by those of the apex, another mind parasite or canker worm designed to confer greater power on the archons through sowing the seeds of self- destruction. The middle class with one foot in the camp of the workers and one in that of the leisure class – soon to be drawn and quartered, remains served up as a sacrificial feast. They will never attain the heights of the latter, become scientists and scholars and poets at the highest level with the most penetrating understanding as they have too many dishes to do! The tongue in cheek ‘joke’s on them’ is a physical, tangible one and they experience the pangs of its influence with every comparison of themselves with their social betters.

### **On why the bourgeoisie is degenerate and have no sympathy/empathy for the lower orders of their race**

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: on why they have no healthy instincts and advocate race-mixing: The former question will find its answer in the superficial, materialistic orientation of the merchant class which bases itself on purely chthonic principles though it abstracts therefrom in its quantitative assessment/reductionistic analysis of its objects of knowledge. Everything becomes a product, bulk, and an object of exchange

and has exchange-based relations bound up with it as the defining moments of its essence. The existence of the object of knowledge for the bourgeois is as a token of exchange, something substitutable for something else. Hence arises the ideology of egalitarianism wherein everything is equal to everything else and has a variable function within the system of reductivistic constants themselves hubristically held out as universals which are either empty and devoid or content as account balance properly reconciled or are absurd in their relativity by virtue of the substitutability of substitutable substitutes (e.g. human resources, one person substitutable for another regardless of merit, age, sex, race, etc.). This quantitative analytics of the bourgeois mind based wholly on quanta not qualia is the hallmark of merchant class meaninglessness - An absurdity in short. Given the absurdity of this class as in itself (as it exists for itself and in its relations is purely means-based without being an end in itself) it thus, when elevated to power (as from the Revolution of 1787 under Robespierre, a Rothschild agent) devolves into a function of pure utilitarianism, namely means-based relations that have no over- arching principle around which to orient and thus become a comedy of errors. Hence the superficial mind of the bourgeois; in recognizing its own inherent absurdity (its inner contradiction) and failing of any higher principle or *raison d'être* it becomes a class bound to the tellurian, mutable, purely quantitative realm of materialism. Hence hedonism and the totem of the pleasure principle serving as the maypole around which it weaves its fictional relations in the superficial dance of 'jouissance'. In mistaking this as the end and yet it being pure means, the bourgeois vocation and praxis always reduces to hedonism as the goal. The further proof that means supersedes ends lies in the failure to overcome the material plane (realm of 'means') and ascend to more spiritual one (that of 'ends').

### **Cultural subversion**

gradualism, the totalitarian tip-toe of ill consequence. The claim is that to speak thus is a fallacious slippery slope argument and smacks of paranoid delusion and fabrications of a run-amuck imagination. However quite the opposite – the leveling process of social decay is a worsening, an apparent progressivism to the land of milk and honey but really to a mass grave and an open air prison called globalization initially, communism ultimately. From the sweat shop to the gulag the expendable many too many receive their marching orders first from a hierarchy of Jewish administrators in the corporate world themselves on golden chains held by Jewish plutocrats then from the iron chain wielding commissars and the bureaucratic apparatus with its dull grey faceless–soulless micromanagement of harnessed dead souls. The process of this decay is undergone by the archons they who orchestrate the standardization of dead humanity and rebuild them as robotic beings from the ashes of hedonism and ubiquitous vice. Given the relative end and means of cultural decay the Jews are embarked upon, there exist many specific forms of its implementation: race mixing or miscegenation; sexual perversion (a perversion of that which enables the continuance of the white race); materialism in the form of consumerism and the divisiveness of ostentation and display of class differences upon this basis; hedonism and the egoist self-orientation that serves as the necessary condition and goal thereof, manifesting itself in the form of drug usage and every electronic, chemical and physico-mechanical means of self-stimulation and pleasure maximization (TV, cellular phones and computers – all transmitting certain Hertz frequencies altering brain wave activity and beguiling and influencing consciousness towards lower forms of expression, centered purely around ego and self- orientation). Other forms in the form of

propaganda: white-guilt, the self-destruct and pacifist tendency that creates in the mind of the only group who has a conscience a will-less detachment from reality and a cognitively dissonant mind.

The following is a point for point analysis of the mechanism of these modalities of cultural subversion: race-mixing; the ethos being the ethnos it is quite obvious that from this principle follows the preservation or destruction of the ethos and concomitantly the ethnos (and vice versa); ‘race is soul seen from without, soul is race seen from within’ (Rosenberg). Hence to intermix below is to subvert the egregore (spirit) above. Thus this practice strikes at the root of the tree of lineage causing its life force to be cut and the subsequent generations to rot on the vine divorced from the vital stream of ancestry. Their method to gain acceptability of this practice is to weave a web of lies, a tapestry of fables that implicate the whites as the villain and thereby exploit their conscience and altruism towards out-groups. However unbelievable the tale the emotional content overrides the reason and thus mere reactive behavior ensues, a rushing to the defence of the enemy (the non-white) and a pathological devotion to the enemy as a victim of villainy requiring a karmic offset by the ‘guilty’ white. This guilt is the crux of the fable exploited by and cleverly inserted by the Jew as a mind-program to control those who thwart their world government plans. Thus women specifically are targeted given their over- emotional consciousness and desire to play the wet nurse for the so-called ‘victim’. Thus this behavior instinctive as it is exploited by the Jew and to the detriment of the whites, a severing (or attempt to sever) of the chain of the white race through working upon the weak link, the passive and emotional, will-less feminine term would (instinctively) resist and oppose whatever influence upsets the status quo. And this masculine and feminine aspect or moment is not related exclusively to the physical sex but (obviously) inheres more prominently in one than the other and this leads to the next virus of cultural subversion that they introduce into the Adamic body of white society, namely gender/identity obfuscation/distortion. Some physical sexes orient themselves around the principle of that, which is ‘other’ than them.

**Cultural degeneration as a leveling process and political weapon of genocide** :  
noble, higher beings, creating a well-ordered, structured society with cleanliness, no crime or problems in an idyllic paradise with ambrosia flowing from alabaster fountains into rivulets of gilt – channels conferring the earth energy of a healthy environment upon healthy people with sound minds in a sound environment and ultimately a sound society – suddenly wrent asunder through the hand of the Demiurge and his minions into a wasteland of rubble and chaos productive of unhealthy degenerate beings living only for the moment – panem et circenses; money, status and pleasures of the flesh. The springs flow with crude oil and industrial waste – soon they will flow with blood as the healthy beings (no longer healthy) are turned against one another divided and conquered by unseen hands that move them about as so many puppets through incentives and deterrents. The only beings to be preserved as an ‘unethical’ ethical imperative of the Talmudists are their half-wit goyim, devolved humanity who have only sufficient capacity to function in accordance with their master’s programming. Human wetware they are assembled in the factory of cultural manufacture/engineering, designed by neuro- scientists and various other Kabbalists in the think tanks that are as so many abscesses upon the body of Gaia. Soundwaves and imagery, those sources of sensory stimuli that most immediately impinge upon the ear and eye and enter within the consciousness of irrational beast – beings whose number is 666 – this has always been the method

behind the seeming madness of the Archons' protocols and their reification in concreto, i.e. tantalizing, hypnotizing, beguiling fan-fare and sensory appeal bypassing the rational conscious mind and imbedding themselves in the subterranean subconscious by ways of the broad and winding realm of a dim awareness. It enters in as a poison gas creeps into the crevices of a fortress; despite the guard standing 'semper vigilans' they are eviscerated through the introduction unbeknownst to them of a poison wafting from an unknown source. That is the subtle art of mind control – to use occult forces to bypass reflective thought and thereby to ingratiate into and to create the mind as a twisted perversion of mens sanus yet still preserving sufficient cognition to establish mens rea for criminalization rendering the victim the villain and turning the tables on those who simply sought bread and circuses and were too naïve to understand the price of admission to the feast and that they themselves were the main course, a sacrifice on the altar of Zion.

The ultimate target of this distortion and leveling process is the family unit and the natural biological roles and identities of those who are to their overlords naught but 'animals and excrement'. These same hapless victims are thrust under the wheels of this machinery and ground into whatever unnatural product renders them unfit for the continuation of their kind; nipped in the 'bud' through mind control through the above processes. When people cease to have an identity based upon race and tribe and sex they will be shiftless vagrants of the soul without compass and destination. Hence they will spiral down into a state of degeneration and inevitable destruction - 'planned parenthood' in the form of genocide. Hence the abortion on demand ideology – what's good for the goose is good for the goose in spite of the fact that her own goose will be cooked through sterilization in whatever chemical or electrical form (ultrasounds, vaccines, etc.). 'The unfit' are rendered such by social engineering; if not outright sterilization then through the cultivation of mental dysfunction through propaganda (i.e. liberals, hedonists, irresponsible people and lower egoic entities).

### **The disloyalty of the baby boomer generation towards posterity**

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; their inability to recognize that they are not the be all and the end all and their failure to recognize themselves in the other of posterity and antecedents: wither art thou going? Around in circles from one accounting cycle to the next baby-boomer? From one momentary pleasure of fleshly kind to another; from one dopamine secretion to the next? No ability to take responsibility for consequences of poorly- planned actions. The ego is god long live the ego! Their primary motivation to conceive chillins was to brag about themselves, to relive childhood vicariously (and to continue their embodiment of infantilism, the hallmark of their psychology) – the jokers who set the standards of necessity through compliance with their will. The courage of the baby boomer may be compared to that of a skittish rabbit – anytime an issue arises that would necessitate a confrontational reaction, a challenge of a flight or fight nature the former is the recourse. Pulled forward by the carrot of pleasure and repulsed by the stick of pain the baby boomer seeks refuge in the carrot patch (aka bar) amusing itself ad infinitum stopped only by the greater pain of social disgrace or the pangs of vomitus. Meanwhile the chillins are baby-minded by the idiot box, cast into the hyper-real vacuity of a borderless mental space of images and sounds incomprehensible and hypnotic in their endless stream into the cave of their conscious mind. They who expectantly and

with entitlement morality reach for the golden ring of their parents' legacy leave nothing but a cold iron collar for posterity to wear, its weight that of loss of social status and grinding poverty that knows no respite. The echo of egoist baby boomer laughter of self-indulgence rings all the more cruelly in the dark prison industry into which posterity has been neglectfully tossed to break the rocks to make the roads upon which baby boomers roll in their latest greatest chattel of the moment, temporal indulgence. Leaving the memory of their ancestors blackened with the smoke of their pollution.

### **Universalis negationis**

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: everything always, the 'EA' strategy of the Enki proponents (Luciferians, etc.). Antinomianism lies under the guise of virtue and freedom but merely a recipe for the revaluation of all values, a supplanting of an established regime with another hidden behind the curtain of egalitarian pageantry. Peeping behind, we behold the rehearsal, spectacle of the would-be posit modern epoch (the aeon of Horus). The players are entrained to play their role with a devotional intensity approximately the religious rites of the mendicant or perhaps of the bacchanalia. Left hand path pantomime, gay-colored gaily caparisoned mixed race multitudes frolic in death throes of ecstatic erotic asphyxiation as the sacrifice punch bowl is passed around for the bloodlustful revelers. The cold stone altar no longer serves as the host of departed spirits, these having been vampirized by the revelers in obeisance to their Thanatos instinctive/reptilian mind. Lay the velvet curtain aside; let it fall upon the indelible memories of haunting evil – the cacophonous propitiators of pan will continue till the grey dawn of a new day under the star of their god Remphan. Everything is permitted therefore nothing is to be stifled unless it be the continued existence of currently existent forms and their desperate struggle against the evil hordes who whet their sacrifice knives along the altar blocks of onyx or gunmetal steel, ravening maw drooling with prospective sanguinary delight over them to their inevitable fall of easy prey to multitudinous wounds inflicted by callous psychopathy incarnate in the multi-colored flesh of Luciferian legions. 'Everything always' they cry with ululating glee cackling over their prospect of an easy gain however ill-gotten. 'We are all one, anyone who resists us must perish in the name of the greater good' - 'all else is vanity for the 'we' - subject in its hegemonic nature will absorb all within itself and thus all will be one', an infinite glob of faecal matter.

### **Live or die – the running man/Logan's run redux**

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"Lucky Lotto"

An idea: all people in a totalitarian society are obligated (on pain of the ultimate penalty) to construct an audio-visual/textual presentation of their character as it exists today, has been and will/could be given what it is in relation to the overarching circumstances that constitute the 'conjuncture' (socio-politico-economic situation). They have one hour's time in which to showcase themselves in the prescribed format which will then be submitted to the centralized database (bureau, etc.) for entry. The database will randomly generate a selection on a daily or weekly basis and the selection will be broadcast through public media channels such as giant-screen Freevees (ala the running man) to the broad masses. It will then be up to the latter to vote 'live-or die' via their handheld devices. Those permitted to vote will be those who have passed the appropriate

battery of competency tests thereby qualifying them as competent judges bearing the title of 'reasonable person'. The votes will then be tallied and the ultimate penalty will be exacted if a preponderance of votes (of a certain margin) results (80% for death results in death, 70% or above results in re-entry in the selection for the next week's 'lucky lotto'). If it does not, the selected entry will be exempt from such fate for an appropriate time period (say one year). This social Darwinist protocol would ensure a maximum effort on the part of the populous for maintenance of standards upheld by such totalitarian society. It would also serve to negatively control population (negative eugenics of Galton). No incentive beyond the satisfaction of maintaining societal standards would be granted the voters. Perhaps also the voters would be randomly selected in a jury duty style 'judgment by one's peers' justice as fairness rather than having the little old lady busy body play god or exact revenge on her neighbor for shooing away her cat. Those entered into the 'lucky lotto' who have minimal votes would be touted as social paragons of civic duty and rewarded with some form of benefit such as positions, trophies, medals, badges, increased allocation of material resources to their unit (self, family, etc.). Working their way up the hierarchy of social status would become their life's goal and bragging rights. However hubris would be curtailed by the same process, i.e. they might again enter the lists and be subject to the revenge of the jealous masses. To ensure no injustice would occur the 'reasonable person' standard would (automatically always be the fundamental criterion of assessment and would eo ipso role out all emotionally based decisions. The event would of course become a national institution mirroring the practice of the Ostraka in ancient Greece. Societal speculation would center on this practice and continue to upgrade the gene pool through a perpetual weeding out of the noxious weeds choking out the flowers in the social garden.

Thus a beautiful, if coldly beautiful, world would manifest in elegant totalitarianism. However un-free the people (other than to obey the law) they would nevertheless be good people in the sense of scientific eugenics. To be a man of good breeding would then have a real meaning not a derisive or purely behavioral one.

Additionally, the self-made video/audio/textual presentations would be verified and cross-referenced, reviewed for accuracy in correspondence to the facts (verified) by appointed government agents, all of whom would themselves be randomly generated by a database. Since all members of society who are 'reasonable persons' would be government agents (and not vice versa in a hypocritical way). They would be a court of one's peers as in jury duty. One's personality, lifestyle and history would be reviewed through question and answer and making available character references as well as evidence of personal merit (mental, physical and spiritual). No one would be permitted an automatic pass and all facets of the life under review would have to be thoroughly investigated as the duty of the appointed investigators (being 'reasonable persons'). No appeal would be needed as the process would be seamless and admit of no error. Even seditious elements (and here I diverge from a more general to a more democratic template – or one more consonant with real freedom of conscious/conscience, etc.) would be looked upon as valuable so long as their life/productions accord with truth and standards verifiable by the 5 senses.



## **Baby boomers – the ostriches of the end times**

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‘Cognitive dissonance’ is the psychological state of a generation whose sole principle is that of pleasure: ‘max pleasure min pain’ – all truth, justice, family, race, mental, aesthetic, physical creativity is moot, paling in the refulgent sheen of a radioactive phallus (the totem and its inherent taboos – the totem pole of pleasure as god – apotheosis of vulgarity, liberalism vulgaris). But the radiation bites as it kisses and the paramour is betrayed in the end. From the ashes of this syphilitic cadaver come the blind worms of posterity: uneducated, chemico- electrically dumbed down to the perspective of the crawling cephalopod – from this the higher incarnate must emanate. Or will, like forbearers, these mono- dimensional night crawlers trust blind heads into the dunghill of a burnt out world in the end times madness of human devolution. Still the cadavers riot as the living dead, tearing down the old world in creative destruction of blueprint derived architecture lacking all organic development, all race and soul expression of a people whose identity has been perhaps hopelessly twisted into golem shadows of former heroism. To see the maelstrom which constitutes their reality would require eyes to see – they have eyes of small birds forever seeking tinsel and glitter to festoon their nests. To hear the war drums and thunder of direst portent they would have to have ears – but ‘their generation’ would have ears only for itself about which endless talk ensues, revolving around itself, rotating on egoistic thumbs which, once wearied of, are sucked to pacify the gap in sensory bombardment.

The largesse received from their forbearers amounts to myriad – fold excess that is eagerly sought only to be squandered as eagerly, leaving a barren posterity whose hands receive mere grains and so must eternally return to sustain life in the pits when working capital is needed to extricate them. ‘But they worked’ – and received a wage proportional to their labours. Non sequitur – no inheritance is to be consumed but to be added to and passed along for mutual benefit to heirs whose one desire is to live to create and produce – but who have never received the needed capital and so must simply work to return to square one in endless cyclicism. The poverty trap of quicksand economics in a world on the brink of destruction where employment is the least of worries - ‘Mammon is the answer’ – they cry, while sheaves of fiat currency are tossed with abandon to the winds – ‘we are owed the money we have invested in government’ – wars, destruction, race chaos, pollution – ‘we are reputable, noble citizens’ – who have invested in usury to enrich the self at the expense of all else. Cognitive dissonance: the eye patch worn to conceal one’s image from the mirror of their vanity. Look into the kaleidoscope of self- delusion and pronounce yourselves gods. Your hubris will exact its karmic toll. Idling away existence while the world crumbles about them/oblivious to the tumult hidden in cadaverous belief systems whose entropy stinks of stale memes/like a bottle of pleasure they imbibe in their decaying food tube their cult-ure is a cheap, momentary thrill (however much the gleam of golden fetters be) that ends with a whimper not a bang. They wanted a bang out of life and gorged as decadent Romans to the point of bursting – only to wet themselves in their comfort and pleasuresome cribs they call suburban box houses. Their gorging inevitably produced indigestion – no one could have the stomach of a titan though such was their delusion – the wine sack must split at the seams disgorging the contents of a lifetime of putrefaction onto posterity, those happily forgotten discontents whose ribs thrust forth from starved bodies hiding in shame under silken tablecloths. The remnants of labor the pioneers invested in the

soil of the future bore fruits decaying in poison; overripe they hung on the vine too long only to wither and fall into the soil of oblivion. The seeds of futurity lie in barren earth sprouting forth lean yellowed shoots – in spite of the late season. May they be the bridge to the Edenic fields of tomorrow? The well-spring of posterity runs dry. The inebriated minds of fatted revelers remain unmoved by the barren, burnt out promise of future famine – at the least they have their sickness unto death in the vomitoriums of self-regard and hedonism.

### **Concerning the vice of the elderly** :

Spitefulness proves to be another vice so common in the elderly. It is borne of their jealousy of the vitality and opportunity of youth (because of greater time and effort for its realization, the potential latent in the younger form). It is the dislike of the spiteful for that which they desire and do not have (it is the lashing out of jealousy at the object of its unattainable desire, the matricide of its bearer). This manifests itself in all manner of forms the more crude the cruder the mind, the more veiled and implicit (re: passive-aggression) the more refined and sophisticated the person.

### **Concerning the greed of old people** :

The lower mind inheres in the lower type which latter is characterized thereby. They are lower by virtue of their lack of the virtues and possession of the vices all of which originate in the mind.

Examples to cite are: greed; selfishness; cunning; deceit; spitefulness; covetousness; licentiousness. I will detail all of these in the following and explain why the elderly are especially prone to their cultivation, fertile soil for the rotten weeds.

Greed: the elderly are notoriously greedy. Why? Because of a fear of death and adherence to the material plane/existence; a fondness for life lived in a fallen state. Thus they recognize in spite of their feeble minds and mechanics of reasoning the causality between the possession of resources and the perpetuation of their lives. They erroneously infer that ‘the more the merrier’,

i.e. the more material resources they acquire the more secure they will be on a physical/material level. This is erroneous because quality (life, state of health and mind) changes with a change in quantity: hence the more is not necessarily the merrier but typically manifests itself in the opposite form, e.g. ill health, miserable isolation, indolence and an inevitable slippage into the arms of the reaper. The general lack of creativity of mind so typical of the average person spells doom for that same once father time whitens their beards as once their physico-sexual constitution flounders they are as a fish out of water and swiftly die of asphyxiation whereas in the case of the wiseman, he who invested his resources of time and effort in the mind throughout life, he has transformed himself into an amphibious form enabling respiration and continual existence even into physical infirmity. He also avoids greed in most cases whereas with the cattle greed is the rule. The universal in the case of greed is the waning of the testosterone levels and effeminizing effect of age: acquisitiveness is heightened and insatiable unto death. Thus even the wise man may become a fool. Hence greed.

### **Selfishness:**

as in the case of greed, the hormones play a role: in place of projective, extrovertive, positive, martial action there increasingly manifests an absorptive, introvertive, negative, lunar/Venusian self-love action whereby the aging person focuses on self-preservation upon the weakening of androgens and in addition the physico-energetic fact of diminution (called ‘aging’). The elderly become selfish. Rather than the altruism of youth (in spite of its social-Darwinist competitiveness) the

selfish egoism of age is forever seeking to repair the collapsing citadel of egoism with the resources (material and energetic) of its surroundings. Hence the propensity of the elderly towards theft, fraud, deceit, general disregard for others (such as in the case of drivers and unwillingness to adhere to the rules). The dichotomy is that the elderly are humanitarian in the variety of Mother Teresa is quite clearly a falsehood. The ego of youth centers on its appearance and the mating instinct (in the formative years). The empire-building propensity in maturity and posterity/legacy and name in the latter half. However once excessive frailty creeps in the egotism manifests as a desperate last gasp, the iron grip of the doomed man clawing his way to the surface from imminent drowning. The life force, though glowing intermittently as dying embers of a doused fire, still flares up in desperate desire to continue on for 'yet another day'. The salvation of the elderly from extremes of egotism lies in the wisdom of the ages (which is not universally a matter of the course of years (3 score and 10). This is a product of mental cultivation throughout the life course and simply having lived out a span of years does not accrue to the life the mantle of wisdom often only a hair shirt or sack cloth.

Selfishness is truly the inverse of altruism, ego-mind to cosmic mind; the 'other' can only exist for one who is receptive to others not for the one for whom only me, myself, and I are the be all and the end all. Cunning could be said to be their modality of consciousness as reason that casts its nets with the prospect of catching fish not being a fisher of men; the fisherman in the sense of possessive individualism and self-enrichment, as the laurel wreath of the god-head of ego-mind. It is the fitting together of means towards finite ends that carry favor with the lower nature and thus is an attribute of beast consciousness. Reasoning in the practical sense of 'how-to', 'in-order-to', 'for-the-sake-of-which', consciousness modalities is a chain that binds one to the self-serving nature and may result in tangible fruits but forsakes the higher self and its cultivation. As a property of the aged it is especially keen being a result of continual forging and honing throughout the life process: sometimes knowledge is a dangerous thing however little it may be and however great a stock of 'little nothings'; one might have amassed it posits one in the depths of consciousness, deceiving, lying, cheating, strategizing all for the sake of enrichment. Perhaps— with a higher morality as the rudder of this ship of behavioral modality cunning can be put into harness to improve others – but given the pervasive ego of the elderly more often than not it serves the lower nature. Wisdom rides the chariot of cunning reason towards the Elysian Fields while vice rides to Hades.

### **Deceit**

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the tendency to deceive on the part of the elderly is a result of 1) their weakness and concomitant self- protectiveness as spoken of above (testosterone decrease, etc.) and 2) the application of cunning for the base ends of gain with mendacity (by commission or omission) as a means, i.e. deceit. Deceit serves the elderly as a dark cloak whereby they can mask their base- borne egotism, insatiable desire for self- enrichment.

### **The stupidity of the baby boomer generation and their overwhelming arrogance**

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: No problems with rusticity have I if it be assumed with humility, an acknowledgment of the lowly position one occupies. For therein lies truth to judge of which in such wise amounts to justice, an adequacy of representation and correspondence between word and concept and object. However problems arise when truth and justice (inseparable analogs) are subverted through the grandiose claims of claimants who lack an understanding of their humble state (of mind, body, spirit, and

socio- economic position). This I do find a point of contention and have little tolerance for the disruption of the natural ebb and flow in the fabric of the real brought about by the necessarily false claims of those whose comprehension of the real is distorted beyond measure. Necessarily false as necessarily not true and necessarily unjust as necessarily not just. The shadow side of the implicit premises made by such claimants purports when made in the manner of false humility and/or a deliberate silence or refusal to make positive claims de dicto when they are made de re to overlook or deflect attention from the overt disconnect between states of reality and those of its representation. Thus one must take up the pen if not the sword and defend Justitia and Truth, the damsels in distress to the bitter end against the monster of a perverted license borne of a vicious mind.

Specifically the baby boomer generation is a guilty culprit deservedly implicated in the act of moral criminality (as culpable) called making false claims. They contend that they are the be all and end all, that the mighty orb in the vault of the heavens, namely Phoebus Apollo, surrounds them in its orbit and radiates its refulgent rays solely for them and for their self-interest. No graver error could possibly be committed underscoring their moral imbecility. They claim, to wit, that they are the most intelligent; this claim manifests in their air of vain intellectualism and pretense of sophistication. The half-closed eyes, the whispery tone and volume of voice, the mellifluous pitch that would sound as so many drops of honey flowing into the ears, this and other orifices of their intended audience (not least of whom is themselves); the hang dog look of false humility veiling with equal falsity of execution their lionine tossing of their mane and sniffing as with an addict of the snuff box their pride as a projectile into the hearts of their intended opponent. Each word a dart of poisoned ejaculate projected into the face of those they would crush as a competitor for the golden ring of supremacy they make their life's quest.

Thus the arrogance of the generation clothes itself in the moral garb of humility whilst loudly bespeaking its raucous clamor in silks and satins bejewelled with an encrustation of self- oriented egoism. They claim they 'worked so hard' but what work is done by the silver-spoon mouths of the indolent but prattle in the crib proffered by doting parents only too glad to forsake the uncertainty of the war period and thus sparing the rod of discipline on the spoiled hides of new-borne babes, whose skin is soft as concord grapes - too easily bruised the ego of the untried and untested stay-at-homes. Truly their front was borne of the east – the nihilistic ease of Buddha sitting under the Bodhi tree smoking Maryjane – but receiving nothing but black ignorance and enlightened only relatively – as a blind worm in the depths of the abyss is enlightened by the warmth of a pleasant change in the weather, crawling towards the heat through instinctual valence. The claim that they are of superior intellect, a searching, speculative, critical, rational bent or mental tendency is immediately overthrown in the propensity towards ready inebriation in the bottle and concomitant mental degradation. The priestly caste who overarches all in the socio-politico-economic realm, though criticized to the extremes of cynicism by the baby boomers is nevertheless held in sufficient awe as to be preserved in its mastery as a slave, though hating its master, preserves sufficient respect therefore to fear the lash though it be but an illusion. Truly that generation confirm their infantilism in the devotion to their Pater and Mater, the professional class parental units of the serf class of societal children.

Dependency of mind implies a lack of rationality, and critical ability within the bounds of reason contrary to the prating of an infant in the watering-hole crib slurping from the bottle of inebriation. Any bar-star can screech like a howler monkey while beating its chest but is not thereby admitted to the bar of a moral court of law governed as it is by Saturn, embodiment of the stricture of reason and its controlling influence over the passions of the ape-ling. As to the claims to being a worker the facts themselves bear out the fallacy of the claim: the so-called war generation (I dare not call them 'great' as serfs would never merit the title of greatness nor a pauper merit the crown of a prince) having amassed wealth in the form of resources (land, buildings and fixtures attached thereto and numerous chattels, etc.) suddenly find themselves in the grave and no sooner than this fact occurs the wealth they amassed— given that 'they couldn't take it with them' – suddenly disappears in a cloud of magician's smoke: alacazam! And the grandchildren, being in a legal position to utilize and build on that wealth but having access thereto obstructed by their fortunate sires, are suddenly found thrown into if not poverty then a lower socio-economic position. And so the economy – the ultimate scapegoat and qualitas occulta and unknown cause – is blamed and the grandchildren are thrown into a state of serfdom reminiscent of their grandparents – however, as stated, the economy being what it is leaves them in an even less privileged position. Farming enabled independence, property ownership as well, but living in mortgaged properties with no basic necessities dependent on unstable occupations redounds to an inevitable early grave through a downward spiral of poverty. And where are the baby boomers meanwhile?

**Of blood being thicker than water and the degeneration of this fact in the baby boomer generation:**

Historically familial ties have served as the bedrock of society, the foundation of the continuance of the species and have served as the stepping stone of human evolution in terms of culture and individuality, creativity and wealth. For resources to grow (be they temporal, energetic, natural, etc.) they must be cultivated, to be cultivated they must have the appropriate soil in which to germinate and sprout into more advanced and developed form. This soil is the family.

Analogous to the genocidal farming practices of this artificial epoch so divorced from nature, so too the familial soil: chemicalized, poisoned on all levels culturally and in every meaningful hypostasis of its being. Such a soil can only grow weeds and thus we see the degeneration and devolution (devilution) of the human stock into its hybrid forms of beast consciousness. Truly man qua men has inherited his number: 666 and impressed with which he trundles blindly towards oblivion with apathetic will- lessness, forsaking his birth rite under the auspicious and august influence of the higher tone of the scale, mathematically: 777. The devil on the shoulder of man has beguiled his feeble consciousness leading astray the soul towards its perdition.

Wavering in limbo he finds himself in purgatory awaiting the crazy train into the nether regions of Dis. Lacking a goal at best he can merely wait in the wings for the final curtain unless he shines the spotlight on himself in reflexive introspection and, seeing his fallen state, pulls himself from the mire of the depths of unconsciousness into the supernal realms. Previously the family served as a springboard of soul evolution in terms of a lineage expressing itself as a trajectory towards the blessed isles in its highest manifestation, namely the white race. However now it is fragmented possibly beyond repair and the outcome of its integrity looks bleak indeed. Social Darwinism at its

most fever pitch of degree/intensity plays itself out in the ebb and flow of the incarnations of evolutions and involutions, speeding dangerously the wheel of fortune such that it threatens to break free of its moorings and go careening into nowhere or realms unknown. Such it would appear to those caught in its inexorable rotation however it will forever be preserved in its incessant revolutions; however may be maimed within its pervasive structures it blindly (or all-seeing with callous vision) cares not – for blind it is to the complaints of mortals.

Consanguinity supersedes the vicarious haphazard comings and goings of relations: ‘here today gone tomorrow’ cannot be predicated of it as it extends temporally/aeonically outwards encompassing all those parties who partake of its blood, and who are thereby bound with a stronger chain than adamant for ‘the blood is the life’ and insofar it serves as the strongest bond possible; insofar as life is life it persists.

However looming upon the horizon of this world is the dawn of a new day however false the light may be and that is the collective project of the planetary overseers. They would break down the edifice of past/current crystallized forms and archetypes to reassemble the pieces into their own egregore Dadaist figures. The casualty most sought to destroy by these controllers is the nuclear family the latter so-called by virtue of its enabling things to hang together appropriately and to function as a cohesive whole with a strong nucleus and balanced valence shell of electrons ignited by the appropriate force/dynamism. Thus the family, being the crystalline structure which undergirds and paves the foundation of society being fractured and fragmented by these forces renders the old a rubble heap and the pieces materials to be re-structured for the construction of the new temple to the new age. The culture (your cult) of the generation served as a mind control system to influence if not directly mobilize the chaotic forces latent in the minds of the multitude with this purpose alone as its driving force. The forms of its chaos, decayed remnants of tortured souls and edifices (educational, economic, home) have all but severed the silver cord which binds oneself to the higher realms of consciousness rendering the latter lost and forgotten mysteries never to be attained by those who have no specially developed properties of a spiritual nature and making those properties nearly impossible to develop). One can only hope for the best as to the fate of humanity as it incarnates anew on earth (assuming some form of historical linearity; aeonic forms of the weltgeist as the earth travels through the galactic plane).

Perhaps the only way to escape this cursed legacy of the baby boomers is to ascend beyond the mundane world and to forsake all hope regarding its existence?

Irresponsibility, rampant hedonism, greed manifesting itself in the form of inheritance embezzlement, consumeristic excess, worship of all things pleasant and in the coarsest form and the tangible materiality of earth. This is merely a grocery list in miniature of the evils this generation has visited upon the earth and ultimately upon posterity. If this were restricted to themselves and didn’t extend its evil influence to posterity this would be a tolerable write-off: after all everyone butters their own bread and so must reap what they sow even if it be the reaper’s scythe. However the influence extending beyond themselves implies greater evil than mere self-murder but harm imposed upon others. Thus the reaper’s scythe is their destiny carved out through their attempt to sunder the bonds of consanguinity and betray their kind for ego-minded pursuits.

## Yuppie superficiality

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one bugbear that has plagued me for years is the confrontation with the phenomenon of the yuppie. This being bloated with arrogance and puffed up on the vanity of its own worth parades about as the alpha king of a tribe of initiates membership in which is qualified by appearance and possession of formal labels such as academic credentials or organizational affiliation. Looking upon all not initiated in its group as either an opponent (in the case of those who may have greater status in the larger collective and thus possessed of perceptible and apparent greater value in some respect such as appearance or intelligence, etc.) or a sub-type the latter of which is to be crushed or arrogantly shouldered aside in an attempt to achieve a feral victory of sorts. This is the general relativity of yuppie behavior. Latching onto popular memes or pseudo-sophisticated doctrines that can be pinned (sometimes literally) on the lapel of their ego (e.g. 'Darwin', etc.). They would attain a social Darwinist supremacism otherwise unattainable. Recognition is paramount for these attention seekers as social status is the 'whole of their law' around which they polarize as a savage circling their totemic deity.

Perhaps this characterizes all people at all times and is thus an actual universal confirming the social- Darwinist/communitarian feral materialist values touted by this group and so prominent and cardinal a doctrine for some. Perhaps this is a result of youth and its developmental biology wherein the drives for dominance and striving for social status give battle over more rational and aesthetic modalities of consciousness expressing itself in the form of art and the cultivation/revelation of the higher self.

Perhaps youth (in these cases) has yet to overcome the savagery of its beast consciousness and to ascend to higher planes more fecund than mere animalistic pursuits. Clearly maturation has yet to establish itself in overcoming the superficiality of this more immature phase of development. Perhaps the next phases are never attained in the case of those who haven't put forth sufficient effort in self- cultivation? Many old baby boomers specifically have transgressed the moral obligation of maturation  
– hence the name 'baby' boomer.

Another example of yuppie superficiality manifests itself in the materialistic penchant so implicitly suggestive of the savage (the being who has an undeveloped mind); the accumulation of all manner of gimcracks and baubles to adorn oneself with bespeaks the mentality of a south sea islander or a Hottentot.

The tendency to disport as a peacock amongst their prospective paramours also underscores the undeveloped mind of the yuppie and implicates/situates this behavior within this age bracket although mental maturation and development extend or retract the boundary lines of this embodied behavior/phenomena.

What, the question is asked, is to be done with the yuppie? Is it to be pilloried and martyred to its materialistic callowness; perhaps it is to be destroyed through a war of cultural attrition, through deluging it with a surfeit, a battery, of counter-cultural weapons such as philosophy, art and the like? Perhaps this phoenix strategy of burning down the yuppie and supplanting him with a new man is

the solution? Not a homo sovieticus or a homo vulgaris but a patrician of the mind, an aristocrat of the soul as de Gobineau so aptly phrased it? Of course, one could always let the yuppies be yuppies...and realize – if at all and at some uncertain, indefinite future point – the error of their ways and necessity of the development of the higher self independent of an entrenchment in the lower ego – rather a transcendence from out of this fate towards that of a more refined maturity and depth; a more substantial and sound foundation upon which to build.

A rat clambering up the greased pole of socio-economic hierarchy, in desperate competition with its fellow vermin to attain the dry land that has a sack of grain spilling out on it – and out of the sewers of obscurity and social inferiority – all at the expense of evolution from rodent form to that of higher mammalian life. The shine of chattels gleaming in the urban glow of the streetlights as the yuppie roams from the territory of its office warren to that of the condominium warren – to the trendoid eatery/alcohol den and to the warren again. The endless chain of status broken only by interspersed golden links of exotic sunshine in vacation resorts and pseudo-sophisticated erudite ‘intellectual’ sites.

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### **Why race mixing is a sin**

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∴ Identity of people destroyed, new hybrids being Frankensteinian genetic monstrosities doomed to lives of inherent incompatibility. A pickup truck’s engine in a smart car’s body doesn’t make for a workable machine – an evil body and evil soul – the body is its vehicle, the vehicle can’t transport a spirit (no matter how angelic) if it has non-functional parts; how much less can it transport an evil soul, diabolus of mixed witch’s brew. Truly there is nowhere a soul can go when it has no teleology – no goal direction based on inherent trajectory. The ethos is the ethnos; without the character the being is hollow and is a null entity – hence the suburban Oreo mentality – an ape aping the accepted norms of a hypocritical society.

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### **‘Humans’**

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∴ *Negros* – the lowest rung on the rank ordnung; the vilest step all who seek ascendance leap beyond to the higher levels while those immersed in guile and pity are stuck in the mass of fecal matter that constitutes the cracked brick of the lowest step of the pyramid – and acquire its stench. The least capable of ascendance to higher planes of consciousness; they – *Negros* – are never of the intellectual or moral standards of those beyond; they are immersed in the mire of primitive animalism and cannot escape its bounds; doomed to oblivion they represent the inborn slave forever enchained in the iron manacles of subservience. At best they could be useful, if they weren’t so given to a life of perpetual indolence counter-balanced by irrational emotional erraticism, inevitably manifested in rape, violence and the coarsest of all passions.

The image of a screeching howler monkey stuffing its face with food then engaging in unbridled fornications, violence, then somnolent exhaustion encapsulates the *Negro*. If human they indeed blacken that noble being.

*Amer-Indians* – one is tempted to put ‘ibid.’ here in continuation from the above. However they seem slightly more intelligent and capable of carrying out tasks though lethargic and dull-witted. Again they occupy the lower tier with their *Negro* compatriots. However (again) they are perhaps more amiable, less surly and abject, but again....?



*Oriental*s – admit of many variations which differentiate them into their own sub-pyramid and hierarchy. Some are quite high on the totem: typically those of Mongolia, etc. The more pure Asian types (not Eurasian or Aryan-esque stock) that occupy China and the surrounding area are typically an assiduous group of workers – what someone characterized as the ‘perfect middle class’; artisans, shopkeepers, local proprietors, basic functionaries, etc. All around an acceptable (in the most ‘social’ of senses) group of affable and compliant collectivists. It is not without reason that the Mandarins and Dynasties lasted so long and organized such a vast mass with seemingly minimal problems, largely through the quasi-theocratic religion of Confucianism and later communism. They like their Mandarins in Asia.

*Indians* – Aryan hybrids whose caste system and ancient religion bespeak the influence of the blonde-haired blue-eyed group which will forever occupy the apex of humanity. Instead, the whiter the higher it would seem they are to be posited, caste is proportional to skin tone.

*Arabic* – the guileful and subtle Semites are at all times attempting to vie for worldly supremacy with their white combatants. Neither party fully trusts the other...who knows how the conflict will end – no armistice lies in sight. It appears a zero-sum game, a bellum omnia contra omnes, where only one side, heavily fraught with casualties, picks itself up from the bloody field and pays homage to its gods of war in triumph over the vanquished. The Middle East conflict testifies to this Kampf of life and death. As clever apothecaries and alchemists none is more a sophisticate in the hidden and the unapparent: mathematics, astrology, demonology – all rolled into the racial soul of the hither Asiatic/ near-eastern type. Beware the Shaitanic snake of the Semite; making covenant with this diabolic deity will lead to a strike in the dead of night.

*White* – In spite of the plenitude of tribal differences expressed by the term, the white man still exists and bodies forth from the Elysium halls of Asgard over the Rainbow Bridge of Bifrost and towards a Ragnarok of Ra-Ho-Wa! The gullibility and ‘pathological altruism’ of the white man is his downfall. However his salvation can manifest itself through this same gullibility dialectically in a hell storm of rage upon being taken advantage of and being treated unjustly by those same to whom he had previously extended the olive branch. The branch then becomes a burning brand in the already sooty hand of the recipient if initially taken (i.e. absconded with); if rejected it becomes a lash and a bludgeon to administer justice with a heavy hand...and perhaps a heavy heart. The blonde beastie sheds a tear for the injustice of the situation and the pain of his heart matches and perhaps exceeds that of his victim as the punishment is meted out. The world pillar, Irminsul, balances precariously upon its cross beam the scales of justice and the judge is the hyperborean whose soul is outweighed even by a feather.

Stoddard claimed that the southern climate is the downfall of the white man; that intermixture in a languid clime was inevitable and that the quality of the seedline would diminish in proportion to the tepidness, humidity and heat of climate. Nevertheless there appear to exist pockets of whites amidst those not of their kind – even expat communities constituting a neocolonial faction in spite of protests to the contrary from these same groups. Perhaps the creativity movement goal of a white nation on a global scale is achievable? Is it desirable?

Perhaps; preferable to the contrary assuming a kill or be killed scenario. My preference would be for a colonization and gradual erosion of lower types by white and their fellow higher types: the identity of meaningful groups adds spice to life: ethnic cuisine.

### **A re-examination of the effect of climate on character**

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: Cold climates I had always previously claimed in their defense, create an intense and driven character, are vigorous and encapsulated in the notion of ‘trieb’. They increase thyroid hormone secretion and concomitantly adrenal hormone secretion. This I previously understood to be a desirable quality creating characters who could themselves create worlds both in abstracto and concreto. However, I criticize my previous position now subscribing to the notion that cold climates make for an aggressive, hostile personality type of savage temperament. The augmentation of testosterone in people of this region also underscores this point (though this is not a negative thing in and of itself, only in combination with the mind-numbing nature of cold weather). The thyroid/adrenal hormone increase causes this bestial mind of perpetual aggressiveness, each denizen of the north being immersed in a war everlasting amongst their own. Each gesture and act contains within itself an assault against the recipient to whom it is directed – a smile conceals in shark-like fashion the sharpness of sets of violent teeth; a ‘hello’ being a demand for a response veiled under the guise of courteous civility. It is an inversion of civility: it becomes incivility and politeness simply becomes a substitute for conventional acts of war in the bellum omnia contra omnes. Many would say in defense of people in colder climes (who are determined in their character thereby) that this is a universal human nature and is the nature of all peoples in all places. Not so, as unity is quite clearly visible, tangible, in those denizens of warmer climes (regardless of race, etc.). The cold elicits the response of shivering and cortisol secretion – making for a hostile demographic. Recognition of this fact makes the good-natured regret the influence of the outer on the inner (both of themselves and others) and dream of a warm tropical paradise as their Elysium. However, time, money and other constraints chain them with cold iron manacles to the Saturnian sphere of hyperborea. Thus in spite of the hardy virtues of the north the vices preponderate; though a wellspring of action, the cold is more a degenerative stimulant acting on the person as cocaine on an addict: it may appear to ‘perk one up’ but kicks one in the ass leaving him bruised, battered and frost bitten.

Creativity has its impetus mainly in climates of a moderate sort, e.g. Greece, Italy, France, etc. It has a gracefulness when originating in this sphere of equilibrious contemplation: enough to drive one without burning out or leading to the languishment of ‘the fleshpots of Egypt’ or surrounding fertile crescent region. Another example: China in relation to the Southeast Asian countries (Vietnam, etc.) – the former clearly represents a higher cultural form, especially in the case of Tibet, etc. Though mountains play a great role in conferrance of subtle energies and are not the issue here. Overall the so-called ‘Mediterranean’ moderate climate is that preferable for creative endeavor. Other examples though typically colder are England, Britain as a whole, Scandinavia – places where the climate is not pervasively extreme but typically as a moderate- cool atmosphere rich in humidity from nearby oceans.

Leisure class representatives immersed in the multi-sensory delights of their self-enrichment – the delicious desserts of parasitism and usury. Invest the capital you have received from the management of the brow sweat of others into the common pool of human suffering – the TSE, NASDAQ, NYSE, etc. – and bankroll your largesse at the expense of your words. Jailers of humanity through golden-barred doors, locked with the key of Mammon by the hand of high finance and its delicate fingers – you have sold your soul for gain, gorging on the blood of the innocent the while in cannibal greed – sometimes you even bite your own fingers in eagerness. The trickle-down effect rains blood into the basins of dirty scum – who wash themselves in their own private custom-made porcelain coffins. Unbeknownst to them golden choke chains reign in their gleeful abandon – a network of cannibals bound to a bellum omnium contra omnes – when one pulls they are pulled in turn, the chains knifing into necks strained with ravenous greed and lolling tongues. Truly the motivations of such are abominable! Who could fathom the depths of their depravity? Only the idle and unprincipled would seek a fate of this nature.

Hedonism, the religion of the spoiled; they paid homage to its gods Bacchus and Lucullus, Drowning in liquid poison of inebriation and muck and mulch forever masticated by insatiable jaws of greed. Their crowning glory as priests of the pleasure principle to be recognized in their purple togas whilst liquors imparted from foreign lands drained through lips, festered in gullets and wafted from pours and mucous membranes – emitting the odors of choice and preference under the baleful moon of sensuality and Dionysian revelry. And the alternative? A life of adherence to nature's prescribed bounds: an equitable distribution of relaxation, exercise mental/physical/spiritual, and necessary nourishment. The standard is the human form and the requirements for its maintenance as a temporary vehicle for the soul. Hedonism here manifests itself in its true form of epicurean balance – nothing in excess, nothing deficient. Equilibrium of mind/body/spirit in mutually self-supporting harmony itself in harmony with the larger sum total.

### Somatotypes

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: of yesteryear lean and mean was the prescription for in contemporary times fat and happy or a well-groomed ox is the paradigm around which the masses rally. 'What is the purpose' is the question regarding body type and the answer is largely cultural with variations on the theme manifesting situationally: runway models or contest bodybuilders representing the archetypal extremes. The norm is created and 'the good' is pursued through endless minutiae of machinations, protocols and processes: diet pills, steroids, pharmaceutical drugs; periods of waking and sleeping; tanning beds; meal schedules and special regimens; endless exertion on the material plane with sweat and blood (surgery and hypertrophy) all designed to precipitate the result of body glorification in empty wu-shin, no-minded egoism, the genuflection before the vanity mirror of self-image. But yesteryear was immersed in productive labor, creativity and an enduring/abiding strength in willful purpose in an awareness of the body as mere vehicle of the soul not end in itself. Form was but no longer is vastly inferior to function. The 'good old days' bore witness to lean figures with minimal body fat and no superfluous exertions dripping sweat while machines rattle with endless movable parts – all for the end of vanity and ostentatious self-display. The machines of yesteryear all served the purpose of creative or at least practical endeavor and the twisting and

bending of the machine-body complex (the old industrial equipment or modern weight equipment) was designed to affect ends beyond itself. Thus the past must be redeemed through a negation of the negation of superficial appearance and the focus placed solely on the purposive (always serving higher in the spiritual sense) activity conducive to a creative result, the Ixion's wheel of ever greater increase on the spiritual, bioenergetic level.

The outer reveals the inner: excessive bulk reveals the inner degeneracy of a mind (wu-shin = no mind) entrenched in the mire of sensualism and degenerate activity: gorging, self-indulgence, gustatory, genital pleasures – all the chains of a satanic existence, binding one to the lower realms. The layers of adipose tissue rendering the Pillsbury dough boy incarnate; the animal-like muscle quivering with bestial frenzy breaking free from the control of the higher mind – a living and a dead bulk possessed by a possessed mind, the living dead lumber through the streets with their excesses stifling their ability to be calm, thoughtful and attain higher level mentation.

Contrast this with the lean awareness of a martial artist from the east or a yogi/fakir contemplating the higher source of being, channeling the god force through the material vehicle, itself purified of the excess with which it had be stuffed by the ignorant and salacious crudity of the prisoner of the great Satan.

### **The ethics of the movie 'Cobra'** :

Another instance of the leitmotif of Judaism (the producers being Jews), i.e. the law is god...but only when the law adheres to the divine law, cosmic law. Its mundane equivalent is necessarily a fallen law in a fallen world and emissaries/emanations of the cosmic source (YHVH) being finite and corrupt as opposed to their source can only attempt to approximate the divinity in their judgments and actions – the standard of justice being targeted as by blind archers believing they have struck the bullseye yet in their ignorance striking random points in time-space. Yet... there is hope. From the vantage point of a fallen society with its inherently corrupt values and precedents there appears a shadow figure (Shaddai figure – in the image of the Elohim Shaddai) who yet contains within the heart (chakra) the divine spark whose refulgence emanates from his finite material body as the light body of the Logos, the immaterial shining through the material glass darkly. Thus, stigmatized with the mark of a Cain, he nevertheless imposes a justice the law teemed ultra vires, a justice that leads to the rectification of an imbalance with righting the scales that the greater good shall be manifest. Insofar the protagonist, loner, outcast, the man on the 'zombie squad' whose being is considered dead from the perspective (ironically and absurdly) of those themselves dead, those who Diogenes could not find in broad daylight by the light of his gnostic lantern, i.e. an honest man. The suppression of honesty concealing itself behind wooden and contrived (dead) legislation that is operated by a demiurgic force (the administrative apparatus who cannot see the truth as divorced therefrom) as remaining in utopian/dystopian theorists); this demiurgic force though its clumsy will attempting to force rusty and ill-fitted gears into motion in place of the fluid and dynamic karmic rotation (ROTAS) of the boots on the ground operators whose Dharma is in attunement with the armory of the spheres unlike their overseers, minions of Yaldabaoth, aspiring archons. Hence we see injustice born of a usurpation of divine justice by the worldly Rex Mundi as a collective consciousness archetype of the demiurge. Cobra, protagonist is the light bearer/ bringer/worker who shines his Diognetic lantern into the savage eyes of injustice (the archetype of the moral criminal: the guilty who violated natural harmony) and passes

judgment through execution. Thus justice is truly served in ‘an eye for an eye’, a tooth for a tooth reaction of the divine cosmos, a divine response to imbalances (by the inherently unbalanced, the criminal in his incarnation as particular material body, the embodiment of injustice). The imperfection of the protagonist is revealed at the conclusion of the movie when he must decide whether to shout (and as a consequence kill – to a high degree of probability) the criminal as punishment for his sins and cobra’s hesitance given his position as an operator, not a ‘judge’ which capacity is (self) bestowed upon the appropriate person allegedly by the popular will (subject, in its imperfection, to ignorance, bias, voter fraud, limited candidacy, etc.) – thus the knowledge of his finitude and possible humility before the deity leads Cobra to hesitate in decision: ‘am I the one to carry out the just sentence’ is the thought in his mind that leads to the doubt of the justice of the act and implies his own fallibility. What determines him as Christ figure (rather an archangel Michael, a serpent seed wise-man ala Seth) is the eventual decision to carry out the sentence. Thus the delay/hesitance implies fallibility but heroism as it nonetheless manifests in action (which is incidentally interrupted in the movie, thereby paving the psychological road to an even greater justice: where both parties (disciplinarian/punisher and violator) are placed into equal positions (both becoming disarmed) enabling the greater justice to be brought into being through the actions of the just man whose possible prior action could have been interpreted as just only with adulteration (i.e. unjust elements, the disparity between the parties in their confrontation and the preponderance of advantage being with the man who has justice on his side, thereby incorporating injustice through this very disparity at least at a situational/contextual/psychological level). The end result is the reconciliation of good and evil through the annihilation of the latter through the process of the former dialectically in a Manichean way. The image of the cobra connotes Seth in the gnostic tradition, the offspring of the wise serpent and even in the Edenic paradise leading to the fall. In the fallen world only the serpent can understand the divine working and thereby embodies the divine spark whose karma leads to a return to the godhead through adherence for divine justice – the balance of the zodiac sign Libra and the galactic center is telling.

### **Nowhere man**

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the Beatles’ ‘yellow submarines’ nowhere man – forever delving into the subterranean yet uncovering no vital works just dead bones of a dead past never to be awakened, the stale smell of a bar after the party (or a more euphemistic metaphor: the stale crumbs of cake on a paper plate discarded in a corner that time forgot). The nowhere man purports to be everywhere: either the depths of his specialization that laser-guided infrared spectrometric archaeological methods reach or the wide dispersal of an encyclopaedist covering the cognate web of related etymologies – everywhere, yet nowhere. The goal is never attained as it has no end (telos), no purpose but becomes a dyad: means/end structure that yields miscarried offspring. The life becomes a living death through investigation/analysis/interpretation of realities the nowhere man never had any relationship to – any more than the wino behind the dumpster or the box store Santa Claus (although maybe channeled from the Akashic records?)

But any more than the box store Santa, going through mystic ecstasies or the dumpster diver wino finding super-consciousness in a moldy bagel – ergot, LSD)? The barrenness of scholarship is the

old maid cat fancier eating sex-substitute bonbons while watching Coronation Street. The acquaintance with Egypt and Babylon is the wino, the Santa Claus (the appearance is not the essence the scholar constructs in his literal, fairy-tale, infant mind). The pharaoh is Santa, the wino is Nebuchadnezzar incarnate, reincarnate psycho-socially and literally! The man claiming to be Napoleon may very well be that same man; the psychiatrist (touted expert) and his ex-cathedra judgments may very well be ripe for the looney bin. The literalists, the left-brain dominant pedants – all wearing straightjackets out of cogitations that bind them in a mental prison. The veil of tears is a result of neglect of Maya, the Magdalene in the amygdalae that precipitates ecstatic states and begets holistic consciousness and attunement with the godhead. This is getting somewhere and thereby (as a particle and a wave) being someone. Nowhere makes for a nobody. To attempt to be everywhere and everything (the summum bonum, the be all and end all) one becomes a null set of nothing, a bag of wind blown from the ass of a vain- glorious pompous ass. The tragedy of this state is that it is spinning of the wheels (around one's thumb one rotates) and the plum is a shitty fruit to be borne indeed. To be somewhere one must experience and become the experience. Even in prison or a padded cell wisdom triumphs over scholarship.

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### **The arrogance of Orientals**

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by nature an effeminate race – they are thereby inclined towards the trait of arrogance. As with women the over-refined genteel self-regard the negative/absorptive energetic consciousness modality – call it ‘yin’ – they manifest is the underlying basis of arrogance. To look with self-regard, self-reflexively (counter-clockwise energetic modality, i.e. ‘yin’, absorption, self-absorption) is to posit the ego vis-à-vis the other and to overvalue one in place of the other through directional energy, through attention paid to the self over the other by self-positing. This necessarily entails overvaluation of self as self is posited first through self-reflexion whereas the white man's behavioural modality is (as granted by Orientals themselves) dynamic, yang, directed outwards not inwards and hence is necessarily masculine as symbolized by the Mars glyph the arrow of dynamic, projective energy. Hence the aggressiveness of the white man so often mistaken for arrogance, is instead a projection of behavior and intentionality manifesting itself in whatever form – benevolent, malevolent, etc. Hence the altruism of the ‘good European’ is often mistaken for violence or meddlesomeness but is simply the intensity of energy uncontainable by will in its manifestation. The oriental however, by virtue of the ‘yin’ property is inherently self-regarding, the energies are more latent thus enclosing, - nay necessitating, a more introspective self-polarization. The trait which leads to eruptions of violence amongst this group is typically an offense (perceived or real) against the honor/integrity (the self-concept) by another or a threat to basic needs (the utilitarian consciousness of the oriental – serving as the mainspring of action in pursuit and avoidance).

The sarcasm that tinges the words of Orientals so often is the poison-green glow of their effeminate arrogance in situ: the deception inherent in sarcasm (representing things as they are not as if they were or vice versa for the sake of self-amusement) is a recurrent trait serving to mask the motivations and intentions of a pusillanimous race who can never overtly confront only covertly manipulate from behind the bushes of a false front. This deceptiveness is a fundamental and

inextricable quality of Orientals often publically touted and panegyricized (by the Jewish media) as a mentality of ultra- refinement and cleverness or at the least a peaceful and harmonious disposition when in reality it is a self-interested stratagem of self- aggrandizement borne of a languid and pusillanimous character. Of course, to be charitable it can manifest itself in either form (amongst whatever other modalities of behavior).

### **Hither-Asiatic Near Eastern Ethos** :

Camel trader shylock, hair locks spiralling down yarmulke on head, slit eyes gleaming with gluttonous greed; a sneer of deception and delight therein plays about the corners of a poker face; bent back over coins stooping with suspicious avarice; counting tokens as prayer beads to Yahweh; the fawning sycophancy of a salesman barely concealing a violent hostility; the angelic front of a Samael hiding the demon visage of a Michael– all rolled into one. Dialectic – diabolic; beyond good...and yet evil incarnate in spite of being a higher ensouled being. Higher atop Mount Zion, blowing a holocaust of flames of blue angel fire from the bottomless pit abyss against gentile-men – the women saved for the harem, the children for the arms of Moloch. Rabbi – can we now serve the mozza balls? Skip the tomato sauce the life blood of gentiles is our recourse. Pass the foreskin blood. Is this the dark image of reality or the shadow of a hunted Christian mind? Perhaps: the victim chased from Egypt, to Babylon, to Germany from Rome and the brutality of Caesar and the Fuhrer; the flaming pyre of the innocent waxes hot with the tears of the victims; violins plaintive cry into the desolate night of the desert of the real harkening to a long lost Edenic paradise of a time before the fall. Crosses are borne – to the lions thrown the noble martyrs whose generational guilt tattoos the heart strings of Grinch-like gentile-men. The dungeons of the Vatican – in utmost midnight-hour (11th hour) of black despair yet shine forth the life spark of a divine presence from the breast of the downtrodden. Or maybe this is just a fantasy? What is truth, what is fiction? Oye we will never know what lurks in the hearts of men. O’ Lucifer son of the morning may we pray for your dispensation of illumination?

### **The country mouse vs. the city mouse** :

over refinement contra rustic coarseness; the manners of the gentleman vs. those of the farm hand. The virtue of simplicity vs. that of cultivated sophistication. The vice of cunning manifest in both: one hatching plans for a few more coins for brandy the other for a fiefdom. Both are what they are; neither wholly acceptable nor repudiable by the rational, the reasonable. Wisdom sees the possibility of sublating the good element from each, extracting the honesty and humility of the rustic peasant amidst their concession of their lowly state, the same virtues oriented towards the limitations of – but who are we deceiving there is vice rampant throughout the class hierarchy and only those who live life with the appropriate educational background have the wherewithal to acknowledge their limitations.

Cunning and vice are the norm, arrogance and vain glory, especially in those classes furthest removed from the polished influence of self-reflexion and societal conditioning amongst that class who operates in a more verbal and discreet fashion. The myth of the wise peasant is still a myth but that of the wise intellectual is perhaps less so; unless the peasant is sufficiently removed from pettiness and sufficiently cultured. The same could of course be said for the white collar worker, homo-intellectualis, whose refinement amplifies the vices just as often as the virtues whereas the

obverse is the case with the peasant (both being reduced given the general lack of capacity). Whither the wise-man amidst the maelstrom of petty vice? In isolation even in the midst of society. However if the latter he must find isolation amidst a well-garrisoned retreat in the mind and this is difficult of attainment and requires the additional attribute of willpower, self-control. Given the ubiquity of pettiness the less power of resistance one has the more easily one is converted into a petty man himself in company of that nature. It may manifest as childish competition or artful stratagems of subtle feints – in either case the form of conduct requires the necessary self-control; in the latter it also requires skill and knowledge of the minutiae of discretion in the former an ability (if not natural than artificial) to act so as to subvert the onslaught often making crude concessions of power in the manner of an animal to its rival so as to continue life amongst the herd. The conclusion remains pending as to whether the city mouse or the country mouse merits the laurel wreath of the wise-man; inconclusive as no overly strict limitations between classes bar admission or omission of wisdom. However (again) I would be inclined towards the tutored not just in the school of life but in the realm of intellect. The more refined the more universal the scope of one's consciousness, the wiser one becomes whether in country or in city.

### **On the wish to be an oriental master or at least a guru**

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: the endless rhetoric perpetually adduced by the powers that be and their self-hating minions regarding obeisance to the 'oriental ideal' is legion. The last two centuries since the (re-) discovery of the orient by Aryan man has proved his Achilles' heel and undoing. For gazing into the ancient mirror of an unknown past (long dead yet, Lazarus-like, resurrected) he sees a subtlety that – so the cliché has it – escapes his barbarous paw as he reaches out to grasp the ungraspable Tao. Whither this be so or not, or whether it has always been in the palm of his hand, his genetic memory so-to-speak, I won't debate or dispute. The wish has always been prominent in the searching heart of the philosophical Aryan and so he has harboured it time and again going so far as to revisit/relocate to the orient so as to escape his reality in pursuit of a fantasy conceived in his own mind.

Nevertheless it is an amusing notion: the asceticism, the going-within peace of contemplation, a worldly resignation and a turning towards things eternal: such is the questing spirit of the pioneering Aryan. Whether he be garbed in the silken robes of a lama or a sifu master he is still abiding in himself the noble and otherworldly Christ consciousness only the higher expressions of incarnate souls may attain. That it must be associated with the orient – a land beguiling the child-like imagination of the Aryan dreamer – is of course a confusion of association and causation, a missing the mark in outward and perhaps extraneous trappings when the target lay within the heart of the most evolved soul spark yet to fall into matter yet ascending gradually towards the heights. The guru of the orient appears calm, serene and beyond the material plane– yet perhaps he is too yin, just lazy and sleeps in a Brahmanic world of somnolent wu-shin, absence of thought rather than an amplified consciousness. The Aryan man adds a spark to the glowing embers perhaps akin to a nuclear explosion encapsulated in an impossibly integral container – a rocket-ship of consciousness to the stars. Dynamism vs. Taoism they say with one representing the drive of a free energy self-propelling wheel the other a restive flow or passive gravitation upon forms of existence – passive and active, yin and yang – but perhaps the very notion of this polemic of east vs. west receives its origin from a common source. And that may be not a migration from Africa or the East but from the west the spring from which all culture flows and civilization finds its architectural blueprints. Yes I



wish to be a guru, a sifu master – but not an oriental one. Rather I wish to recollect the gnosis of the eternal now from the Akashic records in the dust of epistemic catacombs.

### **Country mice and city mice**

the petty and the profound, the quick and the dead. The smaller the populous the more limited the consciousness; outside of the horizon of experience of the being the power ceases to exist: power to control the environment or oneself within that environment also called ‘adaptation’. The shortest route towards a premature grave of entropy is restriction of the horizon of one’s experience. Therefore the smaller the place the smaller the mind the shorter the life. Quality would argue for living in a place at the expense of quantity so that even if ex-hypothesi the small town with its ‘he said she said’ gossip would enable the lifespan of a methuselah the Icarian life lived in a city would in consequence supersede quantity in terms of the evolution of the one’s consciousness – more can be learned in a day in a city than years in the country. Hence the phrase life ‘crawls’ at a ‘snail’s pace’. An appropriate term for a small town environment: ‘grave of entropy’. The finitude of experience shuts in the mind limiting access to the expanded horizons of a more informational environment. At an energetic level simply living within the narrow strictures of such an environment lowers oneself to a level of the local yokel such that it is as if one, in attempting to attain the heights fastened leaden weights to their ankles and simply flies about in vain without gaining any altitude. Stagnation and inevitable death through exhaustion of the finite possibilities is the inevitable outcome. A broken record that has been worn out through repetition is an image of the endless cyclicism that constitutes the quotidienne reality that one must face. Thus we see the same feuds and petty quarrels ongoing through years of unceasing temporal linearity that – paradoxically - is circular and seems to ‘stand still’; the endless roundelay of gossip and infighting of factions and superficial relations underpins the consciousness of the denizen of the small town Norman Rockwell’s doppel would have painted such a scene with penny-pinching greedy schemers living day by day in a social subtextual reality where every cough and sniff is amplified to the decibel level of a howitzer – ‘volley and thunder’. Contrast this with the city mouse who is perpetually involved in a war everlasting with his fellow brothers in arms who vie in nasty brutish shorted changes and a fever pitch of competition over a scarcity of resources. Humanity is all but forsaken in such an environment – the thieves in the night and highway cutthroats dashing in and out of concealment, operating in the shadows of the mit dasein. Players privy to a game of high stakes of haves and have-nots where stochastic variables determine outcomes in advance of their occurrence and life can be managed and controlled through various socio-political mechanisms by those who have the power to commandeer secret forces of manipulation. The mice are all in their cages of electro-magnetic constraint, experimental bodies who in docility give up their freedoms in exchange for the privileges of the lab.

Now that international finance in collusion with soviet-style political architecture taken to the nth degree has expanded its scope of control into the once free shire, no longer can the small-town folk huddle in a protective group and peer out with ostracizing disdain and aversion at the man ‘from away’. For the far has become the near given the technocratic control gird and the virtual enslavement of the collective consciousness through its construction as an object of manipulation. The once small skirmishes are transformed into an eruption (or implosion) of hostility such that the average ‘man in the street’ be he in small town or large fights a war with himself at all times in that

his identity is given a make-over in the form of a Joker mask ala Batman. The joke's on him – literally as the social obligation to chuckle endlessly in neuroticism lest he be given the social ostraca by his fellow sheeple and cast out of the pen which entitles him in his place therein to grass and nuptial/mating rites. Such is the give and take of the archontic cabal which rules this multiverse and its crystallization on the mundane level. Concessions are given at a discount and the populous eagerly laps up what it has proffered as if what was formerly an irksome duty (basic needs and their maintenance paving the way towards spiritual upliftment) becomes a privilege and no longer a right but at best a rite built into the social milieu with its endless obligations, prohibitions and occasional permissions. A license to live is what the price of freedom is in today's world, with the accompanying proviso that it be subject to review periodically at the behest of the archons and their minions. Should one be deemed 'lebens unwertes leben' he must justify his opposition to the verdict through the appropriate channels and by the appropriate means. Life has ceased to be a right but remains a rite – a privilege subject to undergoing the appropriate rituals and receipt of approval from the priestly caste. Thus life becomes a bellum omnium contra omnes, a game of justification as the death panels, the executioners and jurors of the powers and principalities march out in the streets with Saturnian sickles to mow the rotting wheat from the Elysian Fields. Only the strongest can survive and this only subject to the will of the controlling power. The shift in consciousness is now more moral than ever: from back-biting of small town gossip to the weighty matters of life and death the higher mind tolerates no opposition to its iron clad dictates; its law codes, inscribed on bloody iron with picks of adamant by legions of demons, turn upon the exception and the 'unfit' – all of whom, if not as decrepit and sickly as the herd are subject to the scrutiny of the controllers, labelled 'deviants' or 'mentally ill' and subject to the appropriate (always clandestine) genocide procedure. The end times is now and either join the herd or be trampled thereby.

**On the relative merits and demerits of the social and its proper role in life:**

there are those whose overemphasis on the opinions of others marks them out as mere reflections of the collective consciousness, their minds caverns echoing the popular dogma and morality without reflection or any independent thought (autonomy). These are they who are prone to extol the virtue of being 'social' and to look favorably upon themselves as an exemplar of this noble behavior, the humble 'man of the people' upon whom the sun shines – of course as the central focus of the crowd (though the implied premise is that he eclipses the crowd such that the sun shines upon him alone as a veritable Jupiter of the firmament inflating his chest with the vain glory and false humility of his puffed up ego- mind. Some would call them swole-heads whose feint of humble origins – real or not – masks the overweening self-absorption that the pose of 'the people's champion' paradoxically of and for the people at their level exudes). Thus for such a one the epithet 'social' is transformed into a wreath of laurels encircling the noble brow of the 'average Joe'. However in such a context an epithet it remains and is more a mark of Cain than of Abel though the disfigurement may blend in with the equally deformed figures of imperfection the germ plasm of the crowd in its writhing and undulations represents.

Being 'social' simply means being in a position of attunement with the larger crowd thereby merging with it as an element of the system of elements. This may be acceptable in the sense of individuation when that element retains its identity and character but ceases to pass muster by higher standards when it qualifies oneself as a man without qualities, i.e. another lemming or herd animal

capable only of grunting and chattering in the manner of its fellow beasts. Thus we have in this dichotomy of the collective and the individual the virtue and vice of the social body; the reconciliation of opposites possibly (though not necessarily) entailing sublimation of the unit in/by the sum total as the manifestation of social virtue and the converse as that of vice if and only if the state of individualistic isolationism is not the greatest virtue in the case. (This when the host body is inharmonious with the higher mind and the individual preserving its individuality apart from same is of a higher type – or even of a lower type). The company you keep so largely determining who one is must be kept or discarded depending on its relative properties with the goal of evolution in mind.

Merits and demerits of interrelations with criminal stock: note that the title refers to `stock` not those held in violation of positive law as this latter doesn't define criminality only transgression (of positive law). What defines criminality is the person and their relationship to the larger whole in which they exist and with which they are harmonious or inharmonious (chaotic). The latter condition is that of the criminal the former the law-abiding universal citizen. There is no relationship of necessity between that citizen and any particular finite and limited society and its body of laws. The reasonable man is he who harmonizes at all times with the sum total of all existence, the irreducible node or atom within the fabric of the real who is indistinguishable therefrom yet preserves his individuality and harmonizes therewith. The reasonable man is thus the individuated man.

To associate with the criminal (read `inharmonious`) man is to enter into a dialectic of relations the outcome of which is the learning of the lesson of proper conduct, an ethical lesson understood through contrariety and contradiction with the appropriate standards of harmonious conduct. The disruption of the balance of the scales elicits the reaction (mental, psychical, etc.) of rectification a rebalancing of the scales. Thus association with the criminal enables one to understand the conditions necessary to implement or adhere to in the achievement of this standard. The more one associates with criminals the more corrupt the fallible and corrupt man becomes (proportional to his fallibility and corruption; for even as a latent tendency this is corruption, fallibility itself) the more the reasonable man will maintain his reasonable state of mind/condition of existence. Virtutes voliere virscit – virtue grows through a wound. The coils of Typhon tighten around the waist of the warrior and suffocate its prey but they

merely energize the ascetic yogi or black/white mage who vampirizes and redirects the currents of Typhonian force through himself as an energy transducer thereby strengthening himself and supporting (ideally) the proper distribution of energy flows. The criminal serves as the gadfly or even the divine spark which as an incendiary pyromaniac ignites the passive/potential fuel which lies gathering dust in the dank lumber room of entropic stagnation the flames burning higher increase the heat in proportion to their intensity – more ignition more energy more benefit – as energy is neither created nor destroyed those who gather if within themselves disproportionately must release a disproportionate amount be it in this life or the next. The reasonable man seeks harmony the man of passion seeks the disharmony of greedy self-interest.

### **On those who deserve to die/do not deserve to live**

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– the lebens unwertes leben: through the universe, it is said by the popular crowd, is purposive and ‘everything has a reason’ that the ‘real is the rational and the rational the real’, it beguiles the mind with its mysteries oft-times by offering up (seemingly) a sacrificial victim to this principle of sufficient reason, namely the lebens unwertes leben. This strange effigy holds itself out as having purpose – yet its purpose cannot be pinned down or ascertained by mortal thought; the faculty of reason finds its sublimity in the endless chain of its meaning factory, the origin or mainspring of which can never be found. The lebens unwertes leben represents the qualitas occulta that perpetually escapes the minds’ grasp – until it is determined that it simply lacks that fundamental property that all beings in the sum total of being possess, namely a reason to live (for being), perhaps the reason is to alert the faculty of reason that it is a finite and limited thing when bound up with the infinite and unlimited of cosmic consciousness (the Logos, reason itself, the word of god). Thus it dialectically enables self- understanding and confers humility. The man without purpose exists to serve himself up as a sacrifice for enlightenment therefore and beyond this may serve only a negative function as an obstruction of others’ pursuits and avoidances. Therefore progress necessitates either *felo de se* or negation of negation and the concomitant paving of the path for an affirmative course of action. Those who deserve to die are those who don’t deserve to live; those who don’t deserve to live are those who don’t do any good in living; they are those who do not beneficially contribute to the betterment of themselves or others; ‘beneficial contribution; here means to preserve or enable the harmony of existence such that a state of energetic optimality is developed in a positive direction (even if via negative means). As the saying has it ‘omelets necessitate broken eggs’ and one must (following sun tzu) have a heart of stone to break eggs. Else one simply warms them and enables their hatching, the fruits of which are yet more hungry mouths to feed who spin off more of the degenerate breed through time in a logarhythmic process of degeneration.

### **Jihad:**

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the total war is a psychology of life – it either manifests as a chthonic dualism or a self-overcoming unity consciousness giving oneself up to god as an earthbound fallen being ascending beyond the Mayic prison of an earthly paradise in Eden. Forsaking the lower states of consciousness through sublimation in alchemical sextasy with the deities) of unknown realms known not through abstract intellection but through knowledge qua acquaintance, i.e. gnosis.

Thus one merges with the godhead and becomes a god through forsaking the flesh. The psychology could be said to have its faults – a flight from self in the ether, an escapism of fanaticism; a refusal to recognize the self for what it is, namely a complex of mind-body-spirit that achieves ascension via integration and attainment of at one-ment with the self and the other but not in opposition to the self qua body but through it as the vehicle of a higher gnosis. Thus Jihad only had meaning when it

transcends ego-mind through ego-mind and this necessitates bodily acquaintance to body for the truth – habeas corpus and upon its altar sacrifice itself as the dying god of finite consciousness through a comprehension of the consciousness as beyond that consciousness (a spirit manifesting itself through/in the lower planes, pervading them and uplifting them to higher). The chain of command begins in Muladhara but is governed by Sahasrara – tantric ecstasy governing development but generated by the higher mind (will, etc.).

This sublimation is Jupiterian in form and harnesses its aspiring quality as a team of horses – the reigns controlled by Saturn, the sun (and perhaps the radiance of the black sun) guiding along the Bifrost Bridge this chariot from Midgard to Valhalla through Hel – perhaps back if the strength of Thor/Jupiter is inadequate to steer the passion of the lower consciousness of Mars and Venus. The innate telos of man in the striving of life being to win attains its highest form of sublimation in the victory of the self- overcoming Jihad the greater in opposition (conceptually and in abstracto not the thing itself) to the lesser dualism of the consciousness of the petty man where competition for dominance and the acquisition of material goods and power is the Rex Mundi around which consciousness polarizes its dynamism, unending strife in a war everlasting. But this war lacks the cleansing fire of the Gnothe Seuton for in self-knowledge lies a self- overcoming and without the former the latter degenerates into adversariality of the lowest order, the bellum omnium contra omnes.

### **Flicker rate as a mind control mechanism**

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: inducing hypnosis the mind disengages from the environment. The soundless music that soothes the savage beast after his blue collar day labor. Returning to the oikos for coitus and the bloody meat of sacrifice one must induce the delta and theta state into the receptive vehicle – avatared by the archetypes of mind control programming the empty vessel is filled by the spiritual nourishment of choronzon. In ecstasy, the self escapes the self and self-knowledge simultaneously (a matter of course as the self can't exist without self-reflexive knowing which is gnosis – Gnothe Seuton conditia sine qua non – of existence and non- existence as I – ego transcending ego by ego – as the 'I' does not exist other than behind the veil of Maya. One must thus become the wizard and pull aside the veil to reveal the true self as enduring soul emanation of godhead and in homesickness to seek a return eternally unto fulfillment not an eternal returning in the flesh as the word of the demiurge). Stumbling upon the notion that all philosophical propositions (propositional truths) are based on the law of identity, i.e. 'A is A'. and that consequently all language is not which it purports to be, that it has no representative function, the value of language as the Ayin (window or eye) that reveals that which is concealed attains to prominence and the third eye is opened through a knowing/experiencing not a deliberate blindness to the stultifying function of the word made flesh (concrete) through its articulation be it in words of sound (phonai) or images/glyphs (graphai). Thus art and its practical employment is the mechanism to attain the higher gnosis and the denser the material one works with the denser the meaning and the being through which it manifests )a retrodictive inference to the best explanation as 'the inner is the outer and the outer is the inner' – the food one eats – denser = dumber; the more one verbalizes (speaks) and the less one listens (receives and entertains the in-itself in the for itself aspect as perceiver perceiving) the dumber the person - talking loud and saying nothing. One should not even wag a finger – so the enlightened sage would have it be. Listening to the voice of the silence – in and through the self requires entering into the magical theatre of the mind through opening the doors of perception. One must let

the beings of being echo inside one's mind as a horn in the Alpen valley caroms and reverberates, vibrating the pineal like a seismograph needle, enabling a communion between mind and matter. Call it merging with the source as synthesis of all these written by the myriad monkeys on infinite word processors in the boundless multiverse ad aeternitatis!

### **“The prisoner preliminary analyses”**

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: A brief analysis of the Show, the prisoner. Clearly this is an introitus of gnostic values and protocols: the village is the mundane world, the material, physical plane of 3rd density energy fields (the ‘normal’ world of all who reside within a hodological space based upon the 5 senses: sight, sound, touch, audition and taste); the prisoner #6 represents man who bears the number of the beast yet who has a refusal to self-identify as such given his intuitive though perhaps forgotten knowledge of other origins and other substance (he is not a number but a free man, in other words a man liberated from mundane reality who may live incarnate – the word made flesh – but yet is still endowed with supra-mundane qualities and thus is drawn between the good of a world beyond the village and the evil latent within its borders enforced by spherical entities of unknown powers which have the power to terminate and cease the functioning of those who attempt to escape and know not the keys to ascension beyond the plane that can be known and visualized exclusively as 3-D). His intention is ascension but his knowledge/gnosis is as it were looking through a glass darkly towards an unknown, embodied perhaps by #1 who he perpetually seeks through a questioning of the essence of: ‘who is number 1?’ I believe he finds he is himself that (tat twam asi) and this is the realization of his true self; overcoming the state of beast consciousness the condition of man (the mark of Cain, the beast 666, is thereby effaced).

Number 2 is the demiurge, the architect of the village and the hidden hand which administers its clockwork machination the prisoner is acquainted with this jah-ovah figure who wields godlike power through the belief of the populace that he is the nexus between heaven and earth or at least the be all and end all upon the earth. The prisoner reports to #2 and his life is largely determined by the latter save in the prisoner's attempts to escape and obfuscate the thralldom he labors under (apparently creating tears in the illusory fabric of the village through not imputing legitimacy to its pageantry and thus reifying its illusory nature). To question is to open a gateway to philosophizing and to philosophize is to speculate on the latent possibilities of being; to develop it out of non-being (actualization) to return home through the trieb of homesickness. This is the project of the prisoner and eo ipso he liberates himself as a free man from his chains ascending to Elysium or whatever unknown realm exists beyond the village - prison planet. Thus it is in more ways than one: as within so without as above so below, Mind control/World control – liberation of the spirit doesn't lie in a bottle but in the becoming of a super-abundant star (everyone is a star) through development of super-consciousness: becoming Krist.

### **The Ghetto**

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: the disparity between socio-economic classes is an eternal verity as well as an eternal necessity. There will never be equality, it is the pipe dream of the despairing slave and the maudlin sentimentalist in her ivory tower. The cutthroat behavior that will always arise in the crush of a diversity of interests which constitutes the belly (the seedy underbelly) of the beast Leviathan is a perennial datum of human nature, the mechanism of the brute organism in its struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, actualizing its self-interest as the essence of its existence. A survival

mechanism whose plaint for peace, love and unity is simply the voice given utterance by the voiceless in its relative deficiency of strength, its weakness vis-à-vis the greater power. Such appeals to a universalism of ethics is only legitimate in the sage, for the average everyday man in the street it is merely instrumental in the attainment of his temporal ends: food, sex, shelter, and social position in the hierarchy of his immediate society and circumstances. The 'au succour' of the beaten man is simply a technique of disarmament to deprive the overseer of his will zur macht. To alleviate this societal tension as must inevitably be manifest in the crush and tumult of the social undulating waves of ebb and flow, give and take, concession and acquisition, recourse is had to the inevitable ordering and structuring of society along lines of class (be it organically based as in race, sex and physical and mental aptitude or inorganically/artificially based as in financial and social conditions and position. Of course there is scissiparty between the two as the latter is typically attained only by the former elites and that proportionally – the better the class the more trophies and triumphal marches, the greener the laurel wreath in place of the crown of thorns of the chandal). To keep them separated is to give the people what they want in a utilitarian fashion, creating a functional organic whole developed along lines of suitability and aptitude. No prince a pauper and so to conversely, the paupers lining up for their gruel receive their due. The paupers orchestrating the disbursement as yet are insignificant – and yet imperative – function of their archontic power. The whiter the better – such is the stereotype (and yet tourism) regarding social class along racial lines – first comes first; the most deserving receive the lion's share of the banquet; big fish have big mouths and there are many schools of small fry teeming in the mad rush for personal gain. Distribution of resources follows the lines and trajectories of power: the incentives to live manifesting in earthly and otherworldly goods and powers they are accessible only to the deserving – otherwise what incentive would there be for the servants to serve if all could be king?

One king to rule them all and so to for an oligarchy. The many too many who constitute the vast masses receive a share too large even for their maw – the mice fatten on the largess of the lion in their magnanimity and curse the giving hand. They perceive the world as a sovereign in miniature from an ivory tower but reside on the head of a pin. Too big for their britches yet clownish in their parade, they stomp about in riotous self-righteous furor.

We have needs they pipe yet they really mean wants as they have no just understanding, no proper perspective of necessity as it particularizes itself in their narrow corner. The necessity of a serf is not the necessity of a king; nor even of a merchant – the unnecessary necessity they cling to as their life-preserving ideal, the American Dream, forever eludes their comprehension in its refulgent splendor. Shining forth their reach exceeds their grasp and they come away having merely bathed in the glow of their betters. Thus they stare even though fattening on sheer excess. Perpetually ravaging an insatiable desire wrankles in their mind's eye, a rotten apple of poison introduced by the sorcery of those who shape and mold their consciousness through electro-magnetic psycho-social forces. Puppets on the strings of hidden forces they dance in frenzied abandon to the tune of Phrygian flutes behind columns of adamant ushering forth the cessation of all desire through Dionysian revel to the exhaustion of their vital essence. Such it is to live under the shadow of desire, a limitless goad that operates as a perpetual energy machine, a wheel of misfortune paddling them on the backside as an initiation ritual into a fraternity of Philadelphia, of the toughest variety, an inegalitarian society of haves and have-nots. The ghetto stands as testament to kings of beggars and beggars to the king, as anti-heroes of the fall from paradise into a Sheol hell on earth. The

poisoned apple into which Adam bit led to his imprisonment in the crucible of crime called ‘the ghetto’. Thus he is equally Cain, marked from the beginning with the ultimate stigma of class inferiority even class-lessness, a disenfranchisement of Adam from all earthly goods, left ravening after the apple and its bittersweet unattainability. The root of all evil here can be likened to money, not the thing itself (which is a nullity) but its significance as a signifier of the object of desire. Thus it is not the sign but the significance which is the evil, the sign being merely the stem to which it leads resulting in the fragrant flowers of consciousness’ will and attention – inevitably to fade and wilt in its consummation. Thus none can be blamed for creating the slave consciousness – it is simply a mark of Cain and finds its externalization in the ghetto, the ghetto of the real.

### **“Fascismo uber alles”**

Social standards and their hegemonic influence: the more equal in a society the lower the standard. The necessity of this is based on economics and facilitated by design. If the intent is genuine equality by the controllers (which it typically isn’t as history bears out) the wealth, the total pie awaiting division and distribution, will be fragmented on an equal basis proportional to the numbers of the mass. Thus the bigger the society the smaller the fragment until crumbs are the only reward of the broad masses. This provides a disincentive for those in the labor force to exceed their output beyond the lowest and laziest common denominator. This leads to a diminution if not a cessation of productivity which in turn leads to the destruction of society.

Hence equality is the social standard that implodes society to the rubble heap and is thus the lowest social form. At most it would serve as a base but as a guarantee for the lowest forms of social life it leads to their recognition that they needn’t produce in order to consume, to give in order to take – and thus they take from those who produce in proportion to the crumbly standard of life they indulge in, the more crumbs for them the less for others. The spur and goad to action is an absence in the minds of those of less developed consciousness and taking is to them an entitlement merely on the basis of abstract theoretical models of human needs = human entitlements. Needs however are relative to means and ends: if the end is worthy (namely their life) the need is legitimately and properly so-called; otherwise not necessarily. If the end is worthy and deserving of support, the means must also be in place. The difference between the justice of charity in the sense of natural law and of nanny-state equality lies in the fundamental omission of the notion of ‘lebens unwertes leben’, i.e. that there exists life that is unworthy of life and hence need must be adjusted to the cosmic law that governs the mundane reality with an iron fist. The principles of fundamental justice override the dictum: ‘from each unto each according to his need’ with the credo of ‘from each unto each according to his merit’. Thus need universalized unjustly is justly restricted to the semantic parameters of dissent. The masses cry: ‘we have need for bread’ while simultaneously holding their hands out for cake. First they must demonstrate their bread worthiness then they may solicit cake from the bakers. If they have a hand in baking the cake, transporting it, distributing it and working it up for use as a utility they may partake of its sweetness. Merely to loll about on welfare smoking crack and propagating the species nullifies their claim to that most exquisite delight. Even in celebrating their birthday they may – if they meet this description – be more deserving of a cake of poison than peppermint.

The age of the wigger is upon us – once the parasites take over (and their parasites) the host body becomes merely a cadaver whose vital fluids are the spoils of those who thrive on its diseased



environment. Once the more resilient parasites have entrenched themselves they open wounds for those who assist in further ravishing. The diametrical opposition of cultures as represented by the Shaitanic force of international Jewry and the noble culture of the magnanimous ‘good Europeans’ testifies to the incompatibility and oppositionality they represent. By virtue of the Shaitanic nature of Jews they must always have a host body to parasitize – thus they must exploit and hold in subjection the whites rendering them wiggers on a societal plantation by hook (the money system and the incentive of personal enrichment and empowerment through masonry, etc.) or by crook (soviet style police statism). The latter invariably follows the former as an externalization of the hierarchy of the Cohanim/Levite priest sect or whatever particular form it may be (Zadokim, etc.). If only this weren’t the case and we could believe the claim that Jesuits ruled with the object of a world-wide white nation this would be a tolerable sacrifice towards this utopian telos – that all should suffer a diminution of their standard of living for the sake of this goal as opposed to being choked out in all cases of their ability to produce meaningful creations.

### **Tools and their moral weight**

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: To import a certain morality to a brute object can have only a relative legitimacy, relative to the context in which the evaluation is made and to the meaning of the implement (within this situation – its essence becomes its existence, its meaning is wholly context dependent. However the context itself is altered by virtue of the existential structure of the implemented meaning that it has a fundamental structure not independent of context or capable of being disrupted/divorced from same but has a history which is what its existence and thereby it itself is, namely an existence of a historical nature, a historically developed existence. Nothing emanates from a void unless everything does and this would be a moot point on a practical evaluative level. Thus guns in a way do kill people – but not entirely unto themselves. This situation implies a set of relations that determine its morality and thus no blame can be apportioned to the implement for its utilization as a sacrificial goat but must consider/entail the utilizer as well as the mode of utilization, the purpose/intention of the use as a historically developmental process. Take the man away from the gun – and no one dies ‘by the gun’; take the gun away from the man – ‘and someone may nevertheless die by a different means sufficient to bring about the death of the victim as merely another instrumentum of the will of the killer/murderer. Take the prohibition away and the man and gun both exist as subject/objects within a context of relations and probabilities of action from which flow actions and situations of their own ilk. Thus everyone is responsible for everything but only to a degree; blame is apportioned on a proximal basis on the balance of probabilities of causation and contributory causation. Reason and self-control are established as the axioms and all are bound thereby, punishment flowing from their actions in accordance with fundamental justice, i.e. cosmic law of god mind. Thus tools carry a moral weight in consequence of their use as well as inherent within themselves according to conventional usage and purpose – a hammer was not manufactured, designed, or sold to bludgeon but was sued for the purpose; thus the parties whose intention was to make it available for its conventional use are exculpated from blame given their intentions and blame falls on the shoulders of the inebriated villain and her irrational mind (self-induced through drug abuse thus no grounds for exculpation but culpability). The tool being insentient cannot form an intention and beckons no innocent party to use it or misuse it to facilitate their purpose (cash in on insurance policy, do away with arch- enemy, etc.). Thus there are no innocents capable of forming an intention.

The morality of the tool is determined by its use which refers to the user and their mind and its contents and purposes. The cigar is just a cigar as a gun is just a gun. The cigar may be used to choke another; to burn, to ignite a stick of dynamite or a pool of gasoline; to commit arson on or in relation to a property or person. A gun, designed for the purpose of committing injury is exclusively designed for such a purpose and entails the semantic content of violence latent within itself. Its use is inherently violent or counter-violent. The fact of the latter purpose which its essence entails legitimates its use in the moral world and constitutes it as, far from being inherently evil and wrong, inherently good and right, a means of empowering the disempowered or relatively weak party in a potentially violent confrontation. Thus the moral imperative should be placed on imposing a legal mandate on all citizens mentally and physically competent to possess and carry guns at all times in which such a situation may reasonably be likely to occur. The right of counter-violence is trammelled in a 'fee and dumb-ox-cratic' society such as this.

None have the capacity to defend themselves against threats external to the person and uncontrollable by will of the average person (through intention or its verbal form reasoned discourse and persuasion in accordance with just intent). The violation of counter-violence as a right, fundamental and inalienable in accordance with the principles of fundamental justice, is itself a violent act that leads to the disempowerment of the average, reasonably competent person. Therefore, to this extent and in this respect, the lib-tard dumb-ox-cratic world is unjust and evil as it visits harm upon the harmless and facilitates the harmfulness of those who would harm, if only in potential. The tool, though of a potentially dangerous nature, is never to be blamed for its misuse/abuse just as airplane glue is not to be blamed for causing brain damage in those who sniff it. Neither the manufacturer, the seller, nor the buyer are to be blamed only the one who is the end user of the thing. No contributory culpability should be apportioned to innocent parties. All parties who carry out the deed are not innocent and only those whose intentions it was for the deed to be carried out (who could reasonably expect that it would be carried out) are to suffer the entailments/consequences (punishment) for their actions. Since the gun is a personal defense weapon and not a weapon of mass destruction the scope of its influence is limited to localized situations controllable by individuals and restricted to themselves alone on a physical level.

Since the individual has a right to counter-violence they can deter another who creates a situation of a localized nature that threatens their well-being through an even/equivalent level of violence (through the notion of cancellation ala mathematics). The playing field being equalized probability of harm is reduced to the minimal extent. Thus personal defense weapons are a necessity to ensure/enable security of the person, a fundamental right.

### **Of body size**

and its relationship to masculinity and that such a correlation, being based on error and delusion, is in fact no relation. The Victorian title of the above posits the thesis that body size has no relationship to masculinity. It does not in the lower form of masculinity, i.e. the brute physical and the higher form, that of the mental of rationality, discernment between the phenomena and noumena of experience and their mod of relation (modality, relativity), is the only form worthy of the name. The stereotype of masculine identity consisting of action and drive – this is readily taken up and embodied in physical pursuits and existence but, given that it is always and universally considered related to challenge, the greater challenge lying in mental accomplishments this, its higher form is universally neglected by

the common brutes who can attain no higher standard of existence than daily drudgery, drawing water and hewing wood as a vehicle of their display of this prowess they would accrue to themselves the bigger the body the lower the mind – unless the girth is necessitated by the skeletal structure. Ceteris paribus clause: the bigger the duller as to maintain a higher level of mass entails having to absorb a large amount of mass to be combusted into the elements which comprise the structure. A larger stature (frame) upon which matter must hang as the machine through which spirit manifests itself must necessarily accommodate a larger digestive system which can thereby absorb a greater quantity of matter. Thus a flourishing consciousness may inhere in the man of great stature – however the larger the duller ceteris paribus and the smaller the man the potentially more intelligent if and only if the corpse is not burnt out through brute physicality (be it digestive or performative or both). The higher moment of masculinity is confined to the mental the physical is simply at loggerheads therewith and works against the supremacy of the former when it cannot be kept within bounds necessary to enable the function of the higher self (energy must be economized to fulfill the greatest of purposes, the ‘Great Work’ that of Gnothe Seuton. If the physical lords over this purpose such that the latter is subjugated the physical has exceeded its value as mere means. Thus the lifestyle of body builders whose lives are almost wholly rooted in fleshly pursuits is necessarily anathema to that same goal. Given that more matter equates to less consciousness when only a finite energy supply can be utilized or generated the bigger one is (required consumption of large amounts of food, etc.) the duller the consciousness. Popular perception of the mighty man of renown qua body builder misconstrues that all might is energetic and merely manifests through the body as one among other media as a vehicle of its expression.

### **Class distinctions and the structure of one’s personal environment:**

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the rough and tumble class of hands vs. the genteel class of heads constitute the extremes of the socio- economic class spectrum – the former, divested of the façade of keeping up appearances (as there is nowhere to go but up and hence one can’t help but acknowledge that nothing can be more wrong or condemned than themselves thus ‘anything goes’ and this necessity is the mother of their inventive cleverness) relegated as they are to the waste-heap of society constituting its ‘trash’ have no qualms in having recourse to creating all manner of quixotic inventions from their primitive brains and through their rough-hewn hands. The higgledy piggledy shanty towns in many third world countries testify to this inventiveness where the discards of society amount to treasures in the taboo spaces wherein the untouchable chandels live out their daily servitude. And yet the stick which beats against the toxic waste barrel intoning in ritualistic rhythm the secret messages of their hidden language serves as well as church bells on a Sunday morning in holy places to alert the congregation of the secret messages of unknown prophets of greed or ill tidings. Comfort and leisure can often best be had in the most apparently wretched environs. The converse of misery and ungratified desire pervades the mannered classes with their incessant wants-needs amplified a million fold – yet always neglected for the next signifier of prestige; thus life is lived in never-ending misery interrupted only by the pangs of boredom with the kingdoms of Babylon and the flesh pots of Egypt from which the manicured and perfumed citizens have glutted themselves to the point of sickness. Neuroticism abounds in the well- groomed villages and manorial estates of the hoity toity; no physical illness but those of pharmaceutical, jovial excess and those nebulous creations of the mind termed ‘mental’, ‘psychological’. Existential malaise is the only problem.

These problematic problem-free denizens of streets paved with gold; the sheen of joy in the eye of a child of the streets upon partaking of a game of hop scotch with their playmates is forever ignored as outshone by the gilt sparkle of diadems and the shouts of glee by the hollow chink of bags and cans and gold bricks piled upon another.

### **On hand signs:**

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tangible, visible tokens of meaning that serve as signifiers signifying semantic content – conveying it as a gift, an attack, a defense – the meaning interpretable in situ and contextually. It is a ‘tip off’ to an occulted meaning revealed, a pointer towards the path less taken in some cases, the highway in others. The basis of same are both historical (as everything existent has a history) and anthropological both nature and nurture, existence and essence. A condensation and dynamism of meaning crystallized in a contortion of anatomical configuration as a sign it goes beyond itself to divulge and create the unmanifest – to make manifest as currency in the exchange of communication – but in comparative silence it functions as a manifold condensation of meaningful weight – no picture is worth the thousand times a thousand words latent in the gesture/hand sign. Diversity of movement enables a language when served up as sense to the perceiver – the more diverse the kinetic vocabulary the more meaning can be conveyed; the more adept the communicant the more subtle the meaning – the hand is a tool whose use is most varied and appropriate in the control of the adept. Given the astrological influence (quantum entanglement = as above so below) upon the hand in its growth, development and modification certain gestures (as presumably known in occult circles) invoke and evoke, supplicate and pacify, banish and resist the powers and principalities of the extra- mundane world in their manifestation on the mundane plane. Given the energetic flow along certain meridians hand postures and configurations must alter these same and create psycho- somatic (physico- psychical – again quantum entanglement – the inner is the outer the outer is the inner) changes as it were with ‘a flick of the wrist’. Hence ‘mudras’ and their spiritual concomitants in meditation and mood/behavioral modification. All common sense for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear and mockery and disdain for the willfully ignorant blind agnostics of scientism, justifiably spoken of as ‘the profane’, being a profanation of the truth.

Presumably (again spoken from the cathedra of the uninitiated and ignorant cathedra) numerology in the form of the quantity of the fingers revealed, their relationship (sacred geometry) in the manner in which they configure themselves all amplify the meaning and serve as the specific form that renders the concept latent in the mind manifest as concrete linguistic signifier, the sign which indicates and points beyond itself to the noumenal realm of the psyche.

### **Tattoos :**

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a testimonial to degeneracy. However great the virtues of the symbols, signs and images emblazoned on the corpus their virtue is vastly outweighed by their vice. The disruption of the energetic flow of the body which alters the physico-spiritual bioenergetic entity called the ‘human’ is a recipe for derangement of the mind on all levels from the most ethereal to brute physical. Disease manifests in a top-down direction and the injection of poison into the corpus (a physical inlet of exogenous and foreign and thereby inherently incompatible substances) necessarily precipitates disease. This in and of itself is adequate counter-consideration for tattooing however small and insignificant it may be. Add the fact of the necessity of its renewal through fading and the repeated insult to the integrity of the body merely amplifies the effect proportionally – the larger the more the poisoning and correlative trauma. No symmetry can exist on a body other than that which comes about through the body and its inherent functioning – only that

which is generated in and by the body corresponds with its nature and can be supported as a natural presence. Even cancer is merely a healing mechanism of the body and can be more easily managed by the body than foreign particulate of whatever form (chemtrails, etc.) including tattoos. Truly the tattoo is an abomination that desolates leaving the once vital corpus a cadaver sliding step by step into the grave. Thus, though the intent of the person is to physically concretize the ideal conception (their tangible signifier of an intangible signified) and though this emanates from the mind (nous – microprosopus) as word (logos – logo) it can never embody in finite fixed form the intangibility of the pleomorphic nature of thought. No pen in the perpetually mobile nature of information generated via the consciousness of the unit/human though themselves infinite. The infinite in short cannot be rendered finite but can only create finitude out of itself in god-like creation. The creation is not the creator and the latter producing the former is superior; also it is superior as the creation, though finite is destroyed through the infinite even as it remains finite within the infinite (the Akashic records). It can never preserve its infinitude within a finite structure. Such is the totem of the savage and is worshipped by those of like mind, the primitive consciousness. Thus through tattoos one can have utility in an aesthetic- practical form as they are testaments to degeneracy of the mind/body/spirit complex.



### **“Passive aggression & hypocrisy”**

The passive aggressive personality type: what are its bases and how does it manifest itself; what can be done about such an annoying tendency in people. It is rooted in a deceptive cowardice which seeks to avoid direct confrontation and cloak itself behind whatever socially acceptable garb that shields it from counter-attack/ violence. It is the mask of cowardly cruelty from behind which malevolence peeks, strategizing means and ends logistically to realize its evil portent. The bearer of this mask, whether male or female, is invariably wrapped in the poison green veils of effeminacy as this passivity is so characteristic of the latter. Revenge or vengeance are its accompaniments and support its workings redounding to the defeat of all assumed and targeted opposition. Its fundamental modus operandi is pre-emptive strike based upon the fear of a paranoid delusion of persecution. Hence also the Jewish mind manifests so often in passive- aggressive behaviour and could justifiably be characterized as female in essence. The creeping surreptition of the passive aggressive – worm-like – is the annoying form which the victim can't help but detect and is often baffled to find means of its circumvention. The means are: direct exposure of the indirect assault; involvement in a hawks and doves war-game often leading to escalation and mutually assured deconstruction (through over-analysis of others minute behavioral manifestations); avoidance and a descent into submarine style warfare – cloak and dagger, risk-game play; or removal of oneself from the lists (and inevitable defeat for oneself through concession of victory for the other); what to avail oneself of would be situationally determined and not something that could be decided in abstracto. A corollary of the passive-aggressive personality is the hypocrite – the two are related in their deceptiveness. The former is deceptive out of spite and as a vehicle for spiting others, the latter out of a desire to conceal that which is and that which is not – to reveal, as a feint. Passive-aggression is usually responsive whereas hypocrisy is usually initiatory; creating situations under cover of appearing otherwise, a wolf in sheep's clothing style modality. Hypocrisy can entail passive aggression and vice versa but is usually oriented around concealment of intention. Passive aggression might overtly manifest but within protective bounds, a shooting of arrows or dumping boiling oil over parapets style affront – as a little girl hiding behind the teacher after she pulls your hair. Hence passive aggression is typically female in its nature. Hypocrisy could be equated to deception per se as its nature is concealment of intention and presentation of blinds or masks behind which to hide, with the intention of remaining hidden. It would be more comedic when 'the emperor knows that he has no clothes yet refuses to wear them' situation though this may also be passive aggressive – which in turn could transform or metamorphose into hypocrisy and be doubly humorous and satirical. It's the stereotypical case of the dog hiding under the couch with its posterior exposed to the master – lash openly acknowledged – the child with ice cream on its face before diner being chided by the mother figure.

### **“Truth, Judgment and Leviathan”**

Honesty is respected by those who value truth as it is a communicating of correct judgment, namely 'judging things as they are not as you would have them be'. Hence those who have a sense of truth laud statements which bear the truth and vice versa, those who are entertained by lies find hypocrisy their greatest delight. “S is P” – “S could be P”, the first when it is...is...and thus garners the applause of the veridical the latter when it is and is not or is – but is known to be what it is – affords the calumny of the just. Justice is treating things as they ought to be treated in accordance with what

they are and preserving the integrity of their being while overlooking the distortion in perspective of the perceiver (the judge) who renders relevant statements about the thing in question. This is the judgment. Justice in judgment necessitates an acknowledgment and establishment of the thing as it is and not as it is not. Justice in treatment is relative and entails relations which sustain the being of the thing in question (as it is), i.e. determine its being and, when that thing conflicts with standards of natural law (which exist outside of it; impinge upon it; and penetrate it through and through) it must suffer alteration in its being to conform therewith. However these acroams/axioms are themselves formulated and interpreted which thus opens the Pandora's Box of subjectivity into the objective being and thus particularizes the universal, reifies the ideal and renders the individual not merely universal but subordinate thereto in its freedom. Thereby freedom via law is not so much confirmed as denied unless the spirit of the law and that of man is that between machine and cog where at all points they mesh together in the cold necessity of finitude, of the Kabbalistic number 33 and through this correspondence do away with the autonomy of all entities but the machine. And in spite of one's rage one is a rat in the hamster wheel be he criminal or 'uptight citizen' – all live under the inexorable wheels of Ixion and the Archontic Yahwehism of Leviathan. By the serpent they are consumed in a fire of Saturnian finality. Every facet of the unknown is to be known, the light of panoptic vision is to be shone into the cracks of the cells and interstices of all living consciousness – in God, as God and for gods; who are the puppet master wizards behind the curtain of Zion. The truths which purport to be truth by being stated ex-cathedra by the soothsayers brook no questioning or transformation into untruth. Transmutation through the mind of the thinker is not a reality in the mind of the Lucifer – hence his fatal flaw and undoing. The fact of human freedom defeats the prison which would entrap the mind of the prisoner and sets him free through conscious awareness and communion with oneself as god and in and with god – a crystalline cipher or superconductor of the divine in opposition to the determinations of the Archons. Hence one was never unfree just lacking access to self-hood and a being with (mit dasein) the sum total. Even the prison is a release.

### **The subtlety of the psychopath:**

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this manifests in countless ways that would be difficult of proof but which are readily perceived by the keen observer who can understand (and has a willingness to predicate of) the perceived behavioral tendencies/intentions of a malicious nature. Assuming the premise the psychopath delights in power and the correlative premise that he/she desires mastery and dominance over the other (their 'victim') – the sound inference when dealing with a mentally alert and thereby cunning party is that he/she can manifest and has a willingness to manifest a whole architecture of malicious cunning intending harm for the sake of power acquisition, dominance over the other and the latter's complete enslavement, subordination and possible vitiation by the psychopath. The following cases of such psychopathic power-relations are readily perceptible in: the case of transference wherein the psychopath's goal is to transfer responsibility from themselves from their acts and omissions (possibly manifesting in a complete chain of moves in the game of power mirroring the complexity of a chess championship in its concatenations, entailments, implications, suggestiveness, framings and imputations; its effect/affect upon the other as a deliberate design flaw in an architectural edifice designed to collapse on the hapless victim). This is done by creating a situation to snare the other, entrap them and then portray them as the victim of their own villainy, in other words to



transfer blame (typically in the eyes of the larger society) to them when the cause was the act/omission (or complex thereof) that the psychopath imposed upon the given situation ab initio/prima facie. Thus they push the house of cards down after having incorporated a design flaw and blame it on the victim for their (e.g.) lack of astuteness or circumspection, reliance upon the psychopath though a partnership existed (necessitate reliance as a condition of the relationship, itself perfectly reasonable). Thus transference is the means by which the psycho obtains gratification through creating a situation and obtaining control through deception, a spider's web technique. Outwardly the transference is the means by which liability is avoided in the eyes of themselves (though not necessarily) and/or others; the psycho-somatic effect (hormonal, deriving an adrenal/dopaminergic response through 'getting away' with something that entails risk – the risk entailing a threat to personal security/safety thus spinning off a hedonistic 'payoff', the thrill of escape of liability/punishment). Gas-lighting, wherein the deliberate alteration of another's (the victim) perceptions is undergone for the purpose of creating states of confusion in the mind of the other and ultimately to attain the thrill of power which underlies the primary motivation of the psychopath; this practice is again a way of situating oneself in the driver's seat of another's life, choosing the paths down which the victim must be dragged. The more confused the victim the more the victim's world is constructed and altered from firm bedrock to the candyland of horror movie of the producer; the more power is deprived from the victim and accrued by the psycho. The capacity of the victim to endure the impositions of the psycho is tolerated by the latter in proportion to their hedonic pay-off: the more thrill, the more kill. If the victim is too powerful and threatens to turn the tables of the dialectic against the psycho the latter seeks to diminish her impositions to the minimal extent possible while maintain an acquisition, a vampirizing, of the energy of the victim through the endless game of subtle wrangling, feints and trap-setting. The power aspect of the game orchestrated by the psycho in her dialectic, concatenates in situ as a seemingly endlessly refined weaving of a web of semantic and symbolic threads, forming a fabric of dominance and power relations that are designed to ensnare the victim and convert them into a puppet.

### **Against hedonism:**

epicureanism is not stroking the pleasure centers or bounding up and down on the phallus that is the totemic pleasure-principle like a harlot in the fleshpots of Egypt. It is self-control and avoidance of stimulation, hence a fully conscious self-detachment from sensory existence. Yet it is interpreted to be a devotion to carnality and many a wench is pleased to extol the epicurean nature of her wanton libertinism in today's degenerate age of 'the great Satan' and 'sacred serpent' worship. Is Epicureanism the goal of the higher man? Perhaps a means, as a bracketing off of vulgarity to enable greater consciousness, a climbing of the sephirothic tree from the ass and grass of Malkuth to the crown of cerebration, kether. But the masses seem unable to ascend beyond saturation in a purple haze of ek- stasis, and hence are lost souls wandering the material plane in blind devotion to Dionysus (construed phallaciously – and salaciously – along Satanic as opposed to 'Luciferic' lines; lines of cocaine as opposed to ley lines; a bee line towards the boudoir to be laid rather than to enter, Osiris-like into the underworld in a living death of buddhistic aescesis). Momentary thrills passing once the memory fades, remnants of waste products (uric acid, morphine compounds, substance x, y, z) percolate in a mind clouded with distorted awareness; and then a void filled with more alcohol and mind-numbing meat, oxygen deprivation amidst a haze of chemtrail streams. This Ixion's hamster wheel one runs on until exhausted with burnt out pleasure receptors, then collapses and

suffers the bruises of this fall from grace. Awakening, less conscious than before, he climbs up this multi-colored wheel of illusion and is further ground in a cyclicism of stimuli and numbness unto death. The final collapse portends the grave and no redemption from the eternal now a vacuous underworld.

The alternative proposed is a silent stillness in which god is heard listening to himself. Bringing to bear a fully present sentience, taking all in and merging with same, – total control without limits, a being- with, unhampered by that which is inconsistent with a closed system opening itself to the world. The ‘oneness’ spoken of in trendy discourse is achieved – or this is the claim. Surely another alternative would be a salient praxis through which one is an arrow and bow speeding to the target after loosing himself from the fetters of doubt and uncertainty. A dialectic of the contemplative and active life intertwined in a taut bowstring with tensile strength awaiting arrows of conscious intention, will, too loose towards the targets consciously created.

Prison and the present would be nearly the same only prison would furnish more stimuli to serve as tools with which to create. However the devastation of prison and the length of a stay would argue against such a fate. Better to remain in the present and only imprison oneself in one’s mind, this way the salvation from limitation lies in potentiality rather than the lessened potentiality of confinement within more rigidified physical bounds which necessarily limit the material body, vehicle of consciousness, the ‘spirit’.

“Judaism is a satanic power” says Hitler: the sacred serpent (Apep, Set) that they apparently worship amongst other gods is the source of their power: the kenites or sons of the serpent, serpent seed bred from Eve in the garden incubator of the abomination that desolates – the kenites, pour forth as the hive of locusts, swarming the earth in diasporic frenzy, mowing the verdure of humanity and leaving dry stocks of bones in a charnel house of genocidal fury. Wither the ‘wandering who goes’ is a question, the ‘Jewish’ type that admits only coded, indirect answers spoken in reverse speech read from right to left. The answers are plenty, as plentiful as the rotten fruits of their loins and proportional to their mendacious words. Their power is latent in a demonically possessed material body, a vehicle of beings operating trans-dimensionally, originating from Orion and Sirius (so I have heard). Radiating forth this

animates these otherwise dull husks with lower vibrational properties to arduously press their victims into a corner so that they may feed on the vitality of those that they vampirize. The husk remains to be discarded, new victims sought motivates the demon to seek out fresh blood, its latent energy the gas which fuels the life's fire of its avatared body and of it itself. The lying, the trickery, the dialectical manipulation, the actor's charismatic appeal – all inborn traits of these merchants of flesh and blood who peddle their own wives and daughters for gain. How can the chains of this torturous power be severed but by brute force; well-placed strokes at the weakest links; if not then a Houdini escape artistry – but they tie the knots well and solder them with many welds in place.

### **“Bumpkin Slaves”**

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Bumpkin logic: material wealth is the basis of life and its continuance. The abstraction called money enables one to acquire material wealth. Therefore money is the basis of life. Real logic (which detects that fallacy in the argument): if we grant premise #1 the 2nd and 3rd constitute a non-sequitur on the following basis: 7x2: by virtue of the fact that it is an abstraction money is unrelated to material wealth and existence. Material wealth is what it is and is acquired through occupation and mixing one's labour therewith (also enforcement of naturally acquired rights through counter-force, i.e. the law of the talon, the barrel of a gun). The Bumpkin, in spite of their adherence to a mundane life conception is beguiled and deceived by the magical workings of priestly caste abstractions, e.g. the exorcising of demons by the medical profession or the operation of a mystical conceptual system called 'the economy'. These useful fictions enable the enslavement of Bumpkins who give over something real for something ideal. The selling of indulgences or of insurance is one other example – the giving of nothing (money) for which something is paid (work, effort, and property) for nothing (insurance contract, higher property value, etc.). The end result is that the Bumpkins are deprived of reality and their reality is taken up by the controllers to augment their own reality vampirically. The vampirized Bumpkins are laid to rest literally and must give up something (money, energy) for nothing (cremation, death certificate) once again, for perpetuity via posterity. The incentive of the mysterious *qualitas occulta* of money (the nothing) beguiling them as a shepherd's crooks to directions they would not otherwise go (towards a system of conceptual proportions that is a deviation from life, a noumenization of phenomenal reality, e.g. in the act of death a death certificate must be obtained and the obtainer thereof must think beyond the simple – and spiritual yet no less real– act of burial/burning and must involve themselves through mystical practices of bureaucracy in order to facilitate the peregrination of the soul of the physical being. In this case the soul is killed through the rites of passage being bureaucratized and the material body being subordinated to its idealization (a name on a death certificate/social insurance number, etc.). The act or reality of home ownership is also rendered null through real occupation being converted to displacement in possession of a certificate of ownership, thereby abstracting (and vampirizing) reality from the remaining cadaver of the real (the actual physical dwelling which no longer contains the meaning bound up with itself it had prior to the imposition of the abstract vehicle of displacement, i.e. the certificate, which operates as a displacement or expropriation vehicle through appearing to confer upon the owner a benefit, or to confirm and supplement a pre-existing reality, i.e. the physical occupation of the land). Thus the invisible chains which bind are forged through one's own consent as well as his labor. Once forged these manacles are not easily sundered and weigh down the movements of

the slave. Life could be lived free forever if the Bumpkin were not to agree to his own enslavement (taxation, entry in government databases, medical, etc.).

### **“Alchemical incubation”**

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Different minds / right and left/ esoterically male and female /the abstract space of formal quality and quantity / the rich terrain of aesthetic bounty / rapid dynamism of automatic necessity / organic growth of brain child ecstasy / Both leading to a plane beyond the mundane / ascension to heights beyond crude clay / This crippled vehicle lame-d / lamed, lamda / purple chakra / indigo child of the millennia /A logic machine wound without error / mystical experience of remote viewer / crunch the numbers into a rainbow of colors / quantity become quality / manifestly modal / emanating from conscious awareness / beyond global / sidereal / The universe implodes on itself makros in micro / the man becomes superman through world- soul projection / over holographic space-time collapsed distinctions / of infinitely simple differentiations / The alchemy of the soul /Bunsen burner of the mind / constructing a being beyond time in time / and through / maieutikos / we have you /  
condensation of aether / materialization / to mundane matter / soul gestation / the fall on a springboard / in the new aeon / to the astral plane /

### **“The Brain & Ascension”**

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The left-brain operations (if such be the region) of the logos in theos enables access to realms of 7th chakra, 8th chakra, OBEs and is the springboard to a finite form of mammalian ascension.

The right brain, dream weaver of the uncertain is the supersession machine of finitude. Apparently one is (reciprocally) conditioned by the other – the finite, the determinate as a positing factory (a factory manufacturing points on an infinite n-D space-time) conditioning the illimitable mystic machine of subterranean consciousness access – the tunnel to the nether- realms of hidden forces and presences, i.e. right brain the maieutic chamber/incubator of a field upon which determinations manifest. The two unite as a hologram generator of the microkosmos with the greater hologram (of which an inseparable part) of the makrokosmos. A ray of consciousness thereby forms the Rainbow Bridge of Bifrost between Asgard and a middle earth, the nether realm being reserved for yet courser beings, those who cannot attain to the level of the creation as created but as bodies carpeting the earth with meaninglessness, faecal matter of the mind become brain. To delve into quantitative symbolism (or qualitative), the logical architecture of thought forms manifest in glyphs or sigils, is to access higher consciousness. The effect of their ‘reading’ produces the reverberating circuitry of higher mentation, necessary prerequisite for amplifications of brain structures attaining the godhood of the higher man. Only through the act of their ‘function’ on the brain of itself (its magick self- working) does consciousness become ‘Lucifer’ in the form of (embodied by) man – microkosmos merges with makrokosmos – but only from the frog perspective of finitude, the finite. The right brain introduces novelty and catapults into spaces that amplify thought of finite planes/perspectives/trajectories into a process of ascension. Yet is not the lower brain regions’ control the basis for pulling the lever of the catapult into higher consciousness – once the muscles of consciousness in the form of higher nervous system activity (increased complexity of neural circuitry) tied to the lower as a master is bound to a slave if the work is to be accomplished; once the muscles have been properly and adequately developed the ascension is attainable. Is the image of the ascended master the emperor of Star Wars or the Joshua Hamoshiach of the Jews, etc. the evil Saturnian drives harnessed by awareness or the higher vibrational energy generated by the same.

### **Collectivist psychology**

: the driving force or trieb of the defective subject is the innate lack of self-hood as an axis around which to build an identity. Hence the collectivist has no identity but must buy into or purchase so to speak (and at interest of the most compound variety) from the collective a pre-fabricated identity that becomes who they would otherwise not be. They become simulacral representations of the collective will and agents of its praxis reifying its purposes and missions as one of the myriad puppets on the aetheric strings of the ubermensch/hive mind.

This communist mind they have become (through their weakness) absorbed into envelopes them vaginally as a re-entry into the womb of comfort and security they lack and yet feel given their own selfless identity-less incomplete soul. Thus they must merge as a potential part with a larger whole and find a topos for their ethos which is simply a sense of deficiency and lack of personality. What they find is an artificial identity that exists merely as a replicable meme in a finite consciousness that reflects the over-soul's essence. Thus in sum the psychology of the collectivist is an echo of the collective which overarches and confers upon them their being.

Hence the identification of the 'I' with the 'we' and thus dissolution of the 'I' before formation;

worse than nipping the potential unflowering of a higher consciousness in the bud it never fully formed and hence partook merely of a potential not an actual existence. Thus the collective is necessarily anti-individual, is a threat to the existence of the individual qua individual however individuated. The collective serves as a sounding board of individuality; the sharper and more clear and distinct the individual sounds they're against the more individual it is and vice versa. The dampening effect of the collective brings to silence all but the most crystalline sounds, however quiet they may be. Truly the quietest sounds are heard loudest as the voice of the silence – but not by the raucous nature of the collective which stifles mere refined music through its feral tom-tom beat, its lower vibrational frequency. The strongest avoid the immersion in the collective (collectivization) through differentiating themselves by the quality tone and pitch of their voice. Thus they exist against the time/Zeitgeist.

### **Individual psychology:**

the hallmark of the contrary psychology is the very feature, namely contrariety in opposition to collectivization not as the fundamental condition but as a derivative from that which is fundamental namely a self-awareness and 'positing' of the self, a fundamental upsurge into being as a self-subsisting willful ego. Only under this condition can individuation be attained within the collective – through a differentiation in essence through a simple self- recognition of the self as it is not as a relative or derivative being but simply as on in itself and in its relations but not endowing any relata with provenance. The individual is self-positing vis-à- vis the 'Other' – other individuals or collectivities, the not – I. Its Icheit is structured through a turning within – without, an inward gaze and an outward praxis as a distinct being. The confrontation with the 'other' simply strengthens the self as an oppositional 'Otherness' and furthers its own inwardness as a developmental dialectic.

### **Means man vs. end man:**

the one labours in the 'in-order-to' and the 'for-the-sake-of-which- structures and consciousness; the latter is the labor of love borne of the essence which is its existence, namely thought qua thinking, mind qua mentation, cogito qua cogitations. The former is a blueprint of the absurd – millions of rooms diagrammed with chiliastic proportions

– but nothing inside; the latter is a living spectacle/image, imagined by the fertile mind of the child (Hermes, Mercury, and the winged messenger). Means man has no end and is thereby deficient, necessarily a hollow man; end man is fullness as the end is himself (he can thus be spoken of as ‘full of himself’ but in the most positive sense, that of self-positing). Means man is forever seeking an unobtainable goal – seeking what can never be found, i.e. the seeker. Looking outside of himself he forsakes the seeker and is perpetually seeking without end; end man goes nowhere beyond the self – he seeks nothing as he understands that seeking implies a seeker and no seeking can bear any fruits without understanding of who is doing the seeking; purpose presupposes a being purposive, capable of having a purpose; the means-man has no purpose therefore is not purposive (as no purpose can be arrived at even as a seeker recognizing himself qua seeker); therefore he cannot identify himself. His identity is ‘ignorance of self’ and therefore can never be at all, cannot posit himself as existing. End- man is self-positing and exists solely in this capacity – as a self-positing entity. By virtue of this act of self-positing/reflexion he comes to an understanding of self. In doing so the relations to the other attain crystallization; the structure of the other attains to existence by proxy – through unveiling the self he unveils the other as non-self and in its capacity as such. The being – structure of reality is disclosed and the world is born by the logos inherent in the divine spark of the Nous – the projection/emanation therefrom attaining to the world-hood of the world. End-man builds reality from out of nothingness as potential reality whereas means-man bumbles about in the matrix, a reality created for him by the Demiurge and believes that his superficial indicative references to ‘this, that, here, there, now, etc.’ have meaning and are constructive when they are merely a groping about in the matricized prison of his overseers, rendering the prefabricated walls material/real by virtue of judgment (they are ‘this, that, here, there, etc.’). While end-man says: ‘neti, neti’ and laughs in the empyrean bringing forth the vibrations of the higher mind and the spheres in motion.

### **Karma:**

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organization, work as life, means without end, continual worry and strife; the past life karma of an ascendant Libra. The escape hatch – Mercury’s winged feet towards the light of illumination; look up from the scraping and scrubbing of the daily drudgery; look past the ‘in- order-to’ and the ‘for-the-sake-of-which’. The goal is not arrived at through a path of yellow brick – the means does not supersede the value of the thatched hut hermitage (of Hermes) pick your eyes up from the sheen of auric value rooted in the muck of the daily grind – the refulgent light of Elysium shines forth in dark corners of the mind the torchbearer ceases to seek for the ideal fuel to light the wick; the lighting does not matter it is the flame which burns brighter, no ceremonial pageantry leading to a grand conclusion never concluded – only the coronation itself matters and not the bejewelled crown but one of thorns. The blood it draws is testament itself to the royal lineage.

### **Reasonableness and the Reasonable Man**

The use of these terms is an increasingly common occurrence in our modern world but both are undertheorized and function as evasive if not coercive dictates or command words which purport to subtly or overtly enable compliance with the will of another. The bureaucrat with condescending smile, the police officer with glare of intimidation both utilize these terms as swords and shields in their war everlasting with the populace, the ‘downtrodden’ masses of proverb. The *petitio principii* entailed in the oft-times circular definitions adduced, or the appeal to authority arguments mobilized in support of their pragmatic usage are lacking in the estimations of the reasonable man and reasonableness (‘the reasonable’) itself. Thus though they may function arbitrarily to underwrite and prop up the tyranny of

the world conspiracy nonetheless they raise question marks in the consciousness of prudent and circumspect members of both camps: heads and hands, civilian and members of the communist party, goyim and lucifers. Definitions cannot be equal to the term defined in whatever syntactical tense or morphological form – the word and its object are not one outside of the wholly linguistic but are differentiations of the Logos in Makro and Mikro. Thus the words of god require prophecy from the mount with blaring trumpets of truth and justice. Hence and for example the circular utterance of the power that is (PTB) on the demiurgic plane (material chthonic): whatever is reasonable is whatever I say – cannot satisfy reason, the faculty of the Logos the divine soul spark of consciousness kindled with the soul vehicle of the material body in its thrownness, its fall from grace. Yet nevertheless grace remains manifest and shines forth its luminosity into the darkness of black ignorance. The curtain of the wizards of Zion is torn asunder and the inept, the arbitrary, the capricious, spiteful – yes, irrational will of the archontic pawns is exposed in its sin. Reason, the causal judgment, as Kant had acroamatically portrayed it in conceptual elegance, is the mechanism of the ensouled being in its conduct within the dualistic bellum omnium contra omnes that is the mit-dasein, the world of I and thou. It refers to and is based upon the bedrock of truth and its recognition through conscious awareness of the given perceived and mediated through the differentiated kaleidoscopic form of human individuals – nevertheless its resonance echoes the divine and finds embodiment in antecedent, consequent, temporality, relativity, modality, quality, quantity, weights and measures, comparison, solve et coagula and myriad other existentialia. Thus Reason is the crown of man, weighty in its golden refulgence yet strong as adamantine density. Thus this toll of consciousness, the gift of Chronos, Father Time, operates throughout the populace and is the basis of harmony on that level of vibration. Thus it cannot be rejected, contorted or sullied by the mendacity, hypocrisy and guile of the vicious and acting in accordance therewith is the laurel wreath of virtue crowning the helmet stump of the barbarian with Odinic similitude. Thus it is truly universal and is the universe as Logos. Thus it can, through its beatitude, manifest its essence, and through the gnosis of higher spiritual existence and consciousness can be known and recognized which demonstrates and implies that its converse (that which it is not) can also be recognized, thwarted and subverted if need be. Reason is simply judging how the harmony of existence in its differentiation maintains itself and can be maintained – the conditions of its existence both necessary and sufficient. How this particularizes itself is through the perpetual striving of differentiated being in harmonizing with being as the telos of its fiat, its orientation being a perpetual righting of the balance that is disturbed by the vice (defined as the inharmonious) of the egoic minds of self-interested parties. Thus the reasonable is that which rectifies the balance and this through recognition/awareness/consciousness as the process or means of its rectification. The awareness is the intuition/gnosis/knowledge of the fact of harmony on a subtle-energetic level. Reason both elevates and negates the mediation through embodiment in finite and finite-making thought forms that themselves create disharmonious corollaries even as they harmonize states- of-affairs amongst the creation (e.g. differentiated). It is the dialectic of Reason that is the Logos evolving itself out of itself. The laughter of Olympus; the eternal return ascending upwards on the wings of Valkyries of the Einherjar – towards Asgard.

**Practical Recommendations for self-conduct and desirable contents of consciousness:**

the real, objective material conditions of existents, the brick wall of hard facts against which one often runs up, around or over which one must go as a navigator around the reefs of reality; this fundamental datum must be known in its nature, its essence (whatness) and existence (how it affects one in reality).

This being attained one receives license to live in whatever mythical way one wishes. Hence the overarching practice – ethical imperative is: do what thou wilt to the extent that it enables the continuance of the willing of the act or omission. This of course is a limited and insufficiently broad ethical precept – it paves the ground for boundless, dynamic striving but only from a one-sided psychopathic view. The other is known and empathized with (rationally) but is not harmonized with emotionally. Intuitive knowledge providing the access to the real harmony flows from this gnosis through praxis. Can one then live as a Caesar or a demi- god or hermit – perhaps but the conception must ultimately subordinate itself to the objective form of its existence as it is a function thereof and derived therefrom – thus the fantasy it remains. But the fantastic can generate reality and alter the real via the ideal. Thus He-man is your next door neighbor and the ice queen does live at the top of the hill in the ice palace – the black spires of wrought iron fencing looming against the snow-covered backdrop with sinister threat as the curtains are shuffled by unknown – and yet still known in their unknowingness –hands, the hidden eyes of a sorceress piercing your heart through time and space. Practical recommendations: as the adage goes ‘live your own myth’, ‘become who you are’, ‘become a god of your own universe’. Hence the culture or cult-your one surrounds oneself with must provide the imaginative template of consciousness that serves as the architectural materials with which to build a paradise or an inferno depending on the intention and tendency of the consciousness artist, the poet of dreams, the scripter of life’s play and inevitably the player, protagonist of a narrative that interplays and flirts with the apparently inexorable necessity of the object with- world (mit dasein): sidewalks, traffic lights, meter maids and bird shit. The question of sanity/insanity asked by the unimaginative convention herd animal becomes irrelevant when the agent or character of life’s RPG remains within the armour of god fashioned in his consciousness and wields the sword and shield that enables him to do battle in the forum of karmic objectification – princesses saved, final bosses defeated, levels completed. La vida est virtual, the virtual is real, the game of life implodes into consciousness just as the singular being (dasein) explodes onto the scene to fulfill its purpose both self- and other-created. Even more practical, boots on the ground, tactical-practical level of operations: the hero crusader of truth and justice, the pedagogue, the wise-man philosopher king, the champion of the good, the preserver and enabler of the better at the expense of the worse, the deserving over the undeserving, the capable over the incapable. The white, Aryan, ubermensch who partakes of the ubermenschheit, the collective consciousness of the highest form of soul evolution on the material plane, namely the Aryan. Practical recommendation in explicitly obvious form: become Odin, Thor, Loki; become Krist, Krishna, Enki, Osiris, Horus; He-man, G.I. Joe, American gladiator, etc.; Hulk Hogan, ultimate warrior. These forms embody as the archetypes of consciousness to which to ascend and merge with, to derive vitality from as an egregore battery to recharge the soul using cosmic jumper cables of conscious connection. The two levels of life: appearance and essence, reality and fantasy. - The exoteric, the esoteric; yin, yang. And yet ‘all are one’ they say...but how can (and this is the fundamental metaphysico- ontological-ontical imbroglio) identity derive from or merge/become difference? What accounts for differentiations of matter from the so-called ‘source’ or monad? Answer: its structure/essence which is to say: its existence. And the meaning of this is...? (Sarcastic ellipses followed by eyebrow raising question mark) – Impossible to answer but is the sublime, the unconceptualizable/incomprehensible ding an sich and its infinite qualitas occultae, its infinitude and infinity of finitude itself/themselves infinite and finite simultaneously: ‘Neti, Neti’ they say. Ascension techniques: why merge with the godhead? Does one disappear as a finite being and become an element of the set of elements (itself the 5th element) the godhead/divine cosmos? Or does



one simply go to ‘heaven’ the Pleroma as a distinct (or ‘relatively’ distinct entity)? And become the proverbial angel (whirlwind or no)? Meta-tron; the being above (as an existential condition) the ‘tron’ who is the material vehicle of the soul, the Ba, the angelic Ka issuing forth as an astral body into pleromic realms of astral travel no longer driving Miss Daisy as the Kaaba car/hearse but the light body chauffeur of one’s own passage to the Isles of the blessed in the ark of one’s own covenant. Make...or break. Do or do not as Yoda said – there is no try.

### **“Correspondence between the ‘is’ and the ‘ought’ – virtue”**

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Virtue is the approximation of the ideal by the real, the living man’s embodiment of the ideal man’s essence; the set of attributes possessed derived from higher sources, transmitted through the aether and concretized in matter that are the informational units that are the ethical imperative – the voice of God so to speak reverberating as the logos in the mind of man issuing forth as the ‘word’ of divine truth through the acts and omissions of the particular (consciousness as particularity in its fallen state). The closeness of approximation between the ideal and the real (‘is’ and ‘ought’) determines the degree of virtue – the closer the more virtuous and the converse the more vicious. The more material beyond the necessity dictated by the karmic mission of the individual the more vicious the more spiritual within those same bounds the more virtuous. A one-to-one correspondence amounts to divinity a none-to-one to a one-way trip through the wheel of fortune into reincarnation. To determine what constitutes correspondence presupposes an ability and a willingness to determine what constitutes the ideal standards of humanity. This requires understanding and intuition based on a certain state of consciousness the more refined the more discerning the more one can ferret out the secrets of the divine through employment of consciousness upon its object namely the self, reality and the relations between the two. To embody virtue one must understand it and to understand it beyond oneself one must live it to at least an imperfect degree however low. The dialectic of enlightenment illuminates the path of progress and no matter how blind one might be the dawning light will manifest itself through the trial and error interplay of opposites. Gradually learning one’s lessons he attains to virtue beyond what previously passed for an acceptable state of being. Hence the old virtue becomes the new vice as a stage of progress superseded by the developing soul.

### **The dangers of indolence**

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: the image of the decadent gourmand lounging on silken cushions and dining languidly on pastry and dainties in the afternoon sun with a phonograph emitting the sonorous ecstasies of equally decadent ladies of the evening (i.e. singers) illustrates the dangers of a surfeit of leisure and a deficiency of things with which to fill it. Those leisure hours of our golden years are recollected with more than a little fondness in spite of our begrudging acknowledgement of their inherent vice, namely complete squandering and dissipation of possibility in the tepid actuality of a hot summer afternoon. What could have been if only (x,y,z...); we had the ‘gumption’ to extricate ourselves from the restive divan and to (x,y,z) pursue that je ne se quoi – that flitting unknown quality/quantity ‘x’ that is perceived as it were from the corner of our mind’s eye. And yet the afternoon’s lethargy proved a welcome time of reflection, of gathering in much needed wool with which (perhaps at a later time) to knit an artifact as yet conceived by the somnolent gaze of the awake yet a dream soma and psyche (which is a matter of no consequence at such times – they have merged into that wondrous yet indifferent figure of pleasant inertial forces) the muffled voice of the phonograph lulls one to sleep amidst the waking dream of

entropic (and yet strangely fruitful, hypertrophic) circumstances, a Proust-like jouissance as one remembers things past from present memory. The maniacal projection of a martial will led me to the precipice of a cliff overhanging oblivion but to simply stop and reflect, to receptively absorb the informational energy in its dispersal 360 degrees away from center – to convert oneself into an angel in the whirlwind and to absorb one's own emanation as a self-creating creation reflexively returning to source and merging in the godhead of the self (self-absorption) swiftly, crunching time and space numbers into nought to amplify – like a spring one's power is a modality of consciousness so rarely perceived and often overlooked by the bullish youth. Thus the lesser Jihad had one tilting at windmills – the greater has one ascending Jacob's ladder to the bare governing region of the stars.

The notion of **identitarian thought** propounded by Adorno in his negative dialectics is the quintessence of the luciferian dualism born of the present dwelling manicheanism, the sutekhian dialectical wrangling that somehow or other (one knows not how) the truth is attained through the back door of falsehood, the light shining forth from the darkness of the ain soph aur. And yet this truth, oft touted as the spotless purity of the godhead in its manifestation and concretization, is it not falsehood itself, a lie masquerading as truth, the false light? This perpetual wrangling phenomenologically (as an unpsychology of the psyche in its existence as its essence, the essence of wrangling of 'kampf' as in 'alles leben ist') is surely the false consciousness which transmogrifies the true into its opposite in a notional alchemy of dialectical downward spiral into the darkness of an ignorance which purports to be knowledge but is instead merely a gnosis of the contents of consciousness manufactured as it were from the void, a manifestation of the nothingness into being of darkness into light. Surely if consciousness stumbled upon (through itself and by itself as embodying the other within itself and recognizing itself through this other in its otherness) then would it really need an object to differentiate itself from, qua other? Why could it not simply recognize itself in its strivings and positings without any positings of otherness as contents of consciousness taken up within itself and holographically representing itself within their penumbral parameters and hazy borders and limit spaces? Why can it not recognize itself as pure will and representation through self-reflexive self-positing? The answer lies in the analogy with the senses that the organs cannot sense themselves as other but only over against the other (and they certainly cannot sense themselves qua identity dirempted from the other – the whole nerve apparatus requires the other to mirror itself and serve as the mirror in which to recognize itself even if only as and via Other in its Otherness. This separateness grounds the self in itself and it cannot perceive itself save as other the in-itself loses itself in the for itself momentarily in its positing itself over and against the for itself as object but redeems itself as positing subject or transcendental consciousness. Thus the false light illuminates itself in its freedom from the other as a res cogitans via making the res extensa (and itself as thought form, as res cogitans) an object of thought, the basis of an operation of the res cogitans, which phoenix-like arises from the res and becomes an ego cogito, thereby structuring itself and affording itself with knowledge of the contents of consciousness beyond their mere ideality through their coherence with the larger reality through causal relations. Thus subjectivity objectifies itself as a Dasein in the mit-dasein. Identitarian thought in this sense is a perpetual crafting of architectonic structures that limb and flesh out the skeleton of the real. As it affirms through a positing of the thing it simultaneously negates through continually positing different identities that suffer their death as negation through novel thoughts based around their assumed and plastic identity. Identity changes which creates a non-identity of the previous identity which in turn creates its ever anew as a protean structure or entelechy without its duree; the river of Heraclitus swallows up the victim of being and non-being is

its living death and flight to Amenta. Such is the nature of the creative flow of thought mirroring and mirrored by life on a physical/spiritual/mental plane constituting the holographic universe in which – at all times – the thing is not what it is and is what it is not thus amounting to an antinomy of reason autonomous of the categorical prison structures of Identitarian thought. This is the negative dialectic which could at the same time be portrayed as the positive dialectic in that the two moments (affirmatio et negatio) are simply two sides of the same coin and constitute the currency of the multiverse be it mundane or extra- mundane all of which impinge upon one another at all points simultaneously such that the thought of something is simply thoughts about nothing, about themselves and about everything, a universal set which is simultaneously a null set – being is nothingness and the distinction collapses.

### **“Food & Food Politics”**

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On the Freudian nature of communal eating – the act of imbibing matter through the oral cavity (i.e. eating) and associating it with intimacy, a closeness of sociality between those partakers of the repast, is clearly rooted in a desire to develop or create a state of union between those participants involved. Its basis is hedonism more than it is intellectual; an amore corporea superseding an amore intellectualis of a Plato – instead a gargantuan or a street walker. Clearly atavistic the act of mutual imbibitions seeks to mimic the sex act of thrusting matter into a void and associating it (visuo-motor wise) with the fellow participant. In the act of communal repasts even pheromones and DNA are secreted through respiration and the energies of the persons in question thus underwritten, the licentious basis of this unification of others drawn as they are in their Otherness to seek coalescence in the anal phase of the big ‘O’ of their Otherness and to fill up the gap with oral consummation. This fact can hardly be overlooked by the more keen observer whose intuitive awareness of social relations will necessarily manifest as a comprehensive of the sordid ordeal of ‘the feast’. A descent from platonic heights of pure high- level communication and understanding (be it verbalized or merely sensed) to that of beasts, hyenas rending the decayed flesh of an insensate brute in hideous glee. Unless this act serves as a bridge to that of higher level communication (as a working up of the Kundalini so to speak, of human relations) it simply spirals consciousness downwards into the pit of crudity and a recourse to (literal) flesh pots of Egypt from whence the ravaging hunger of a brute beast gluts itself on degeneration of the body/mind/spirit self. Their type of repast of course also has its spiritual dimension as the Ayurveda gurus so aptly denote/connote: tamasic – sick, diseased the mind of the criminal developing from the trough of porcine gluttony: rancid, fermented, decayed, old, mouldy and malnourishing fare; Rajasic: the anger and rage of a honed beast manifest in the proteinaceous, acidifying, bloody red flesh of slaughters in the name of a perverted nutrition; Sattvic: the enlightening, oxygenating, alkalizing, nutrient-dense, ‘green- things’ that make the tree of life bloom in ecstatic and exquisite health and nobility of soul/spirit via body incarnate and apotheosis. Thus the gurus clearly delineate the trichotomous nature of the body, mind, spirit that is man, the tridashic, trinity of ascending potentiality from the rocky crags of Ymir’s bones to the twinkling stellar realms of Sotthis. So dependent does consciousness become upon the simple act of imbibition of calorie-nutrient dense matter that it becomes an end in itself supplanting its subordinate role as mere means. Thus one forsakes the ends and lives an absurd life devoid of higher purpose. Fasting is the tool by which the magic circle of psychological dependency is broken; the obsessive demon of fuel (nutrients, calories – food), of the fear and anxiety bound up with the uncertainty of survival takes flight when knowledge via experience (gnosis) of the real basis of self, namely a spiritual bioenergetic ensemble is uncovered from the clutter of the ballast of the digestive system.

Thereby one detaches himself from subordination to this demon. To change topics to the political realm: food as a weapon, the basis of control of human populations beyond energy in its rarefied state (EMF), sun and O2 and water. The weaponization of food not through scarcity alone but through surfeit and the concomitant myriad of diseases and obesity derived as they are from their correlative causal agents deliberately placed within the food at the genetic level.

Genetic roulette it has been called by the chambers are all loaded reducing all probability of the feared harm to 100% thereby eliminating any notion of probability. Absolute probability amounts to certainty and the probability factor being dispensed with the harm inevitably results. Hence the political aims are a 100% certainty to take effect – the intention being population decimation not merely reduction. The incautious and foolish meet with death through their unwitting adherence to a blind faith in establishment ideology and/or a cynical rejection of any and everything propounded ex cathedra no matter how righteous the eternal verity and pulpit from which it issues (thus willful ignorance is the greater vice relative to unwilling ignorance – in either case the political objective is obtained). Once the vast masses have been strained through the ringer the laundry of their cadavers hung out to dry and folded away in oblivion the remnant, the elect of the many too many will ascend their throne and impose upon the earth their architecture of the bridge to the superman. The eggs of infertile hens being sacrificed as the omelette for a future repast a last supper that will portend the coming of the new world. Like it or not one must be adaptive and the folly of arrogance born of ego-mindedness that holds itself out as the hegemony of reality and arbiter of truth will disappear with the rest of the raucous shoutings of the bar-flies of the reactionary masses.

### **Corruption**

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it pervades the psycho-social, etc. environment to such an extent that it may be spoken of as the society itself. The totality of society is a cancerous cadaver moving in zombie mode towards inevitable destruction in the flames it has stoked from its infection with the virus that has taken it into terminal condition. The economics are based on theft and usury; the principles avowed are preached without practice; the politics an exercise in reciprocal back- scrubbing and insider trading and influence – but that is only the general impression the bird's eye view of an infinitely detailed terrain. The observer can only look aghast at the chaos of ruins and is forced to withdraw from the fray to avoid being ensconced in its madness. Getting into particulars is like entering a war zone – one must be prepared for battle.

That fundamental charge of being-in-the-world upon leaving the relative solitude of the home is a teleportation into another world – from the stability and integrity of a well-ordered environment to the encroaching and latent threat of harm from all sides enduring throughout the whole experience the experienter returns home in exhaustion and collapses with mind infected with the inflammation of the hot war that 'civilized society' has become; only to start another day on the endless chain wearing away the fibre of ones' being on the loom of industry and societal expectation. What is one expected to do as a human machine functioning in accordance with its programming? To rush at a fever pitch at the behest of the clarion call of the credo modernitatis: 'status, money and pleasures of the flesh' to answer this clarion call is to be a socially acceptable and well-adjusted slave of the modern world. What alternatives exist? To live an ascetic existence detached from the fetters? No. It is not a possibility as they are forged around one's limbs with unbreakable solder. Hence to have recourse to thrashing around in chains and to break apart the structures to which they are bound? Not so, for the structures

are no weaker point but just as strong as the fetters issuing therefrom. To turn within then? But the prison of the mind is just as much a hardship to endure. To find the key to unlock the locks that couple the chains? It is unknowable and the means do not exist with which to prick the endless tumblers in its inner matrix. The only way out is 'within-without' – a going within and an exit through this means. Through channelling through super-consciousness the keys to the locks – they may then slip off and the machine in which one is entrenched may be brought to self-destruction through the critical distance enabling the viewing of the inside from the outside thus the self-destruct mechanism may be activated by the keen engineer and the edifice – monstrous in its proportions – may be brought to rubble. From thence the rubble may be cleared away and the crystallization/concretization of the spirit of the phoenix may be brought into being from the ashes. The pure and the good may then have the husk-like bark around them crack and fall away

those who can be spoken of as legitimately constituting the remnant who have not have had their hearts turned to lumps of coal through the process of societal corruption which they have been subjected to from birth. Then they will rise to carry out as creators and builders of a new world – the work that is a necessary manifestation of their inner being and that for them is a necessity, the goal that drives them towards achievement beyond the crude material needs of the subhuman untermenschen who endlessly progenerate their seed to breed out of existence those who so obviously supersede them in moral and intellectual merits.

#### **“Wormtongue, Saruman, Gandalf”**

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The occult Wormtongue – the figure in Tolkien of Wormtongue as the spin doctor who conceals necessary knowledge from the just king and perverts his perceptions through guileful deception; kaleidoscope vision obscuring the spider's web prison in which the victim is to be trapped for sacrifice to the spider, deceiver and vampire; the latter whose life is based upon the modus vivendi of the parasite. This figure represents the corruption and corrupters of the court, the courtiers whose activity rots the society into which they embed themselves. This often (and usually to all probability given the evidence of history) is a religiously motivated pursuit that answers to the higher calling and dictates of beings from beyond and to which the parasite is attached as a puppet on subtle energetic strings. Mind control and the subtle influence corrupts more than any overt form of evil and typically wends its way towards its goals through planting the seeds of corruption and eventual destruction. In the novel there are likely allusions if not direct references to connections between such a one and the figure of Saruman who represents the higher level hierophant who presumably issues dictates for the minions to comply with as the agents of himself as their principle. Saruman the corrupted occultist lusting for power, betraying his kind (race), his calling and creed (wizardry) and its higher project (gnosis and pacific civility of universal scope) stoops under the weight of evil use of arcane lore and eventually meets his demise. The white hand is masonry, the hidden hand constructive of all manner of genetic hybrids and technological war machines and ultimately the harnessing of subtle forces for perverted ethical purposes; this hand inevitably loses control of those forces it sought to harness and is murdered by them through itself as instrument of its own destruction. This parallels the real world case of masons who have betrayed their race (European-Aryan) to the Jews by virtue of their affiliation with a Jewish cult designed to ensnare and corrupt them, to eventually eliminate them as an obstacle in their Jewish designs. The hubris of Saruman in his quest for power (temporal and spiritual) precipitates his demise while bringing others down in his destruction in Samsonian fe lode se. His creed is betrayed through the

gnosis becoming utilized for purposes that do not sustain its being, i.e. through conquest of others in place of harmony and through congress with demons who give before they take and take everything when convenient including the mithral gift (ala Jews). Thus the rubble which descends upon Saruman is the house of cards he was led to construct through being supplied with faulty materials at a discount ab initio by his master (Sauron) however removed he may have been. Contrast this with the Gandalf figure who moves amongst the common fold as a leader and friend, uniting one-time disparate groups (elves, dwarves, men, hobbits, etc.) into a collective project against the dark side. Here knowledge is used to perpetuate itself in universal dispensation and for unity (though preservative of the diversity necessary to enable to perpetuation of the unity of that diversity qua diversity; what could be called 'pluralism' today not a multi-racial milieu that is merely a façade for the hybridization and destruction of all on an equal basis exempting only those— Jews—who are the destroyers of the 'Other', i.e. everything Other than themselves). Thus it is good and sustains itself as supporting the knower (in all his perspectives) supports the known as one is derivative of the other, the effect/result of the cause which enables it to endlessly procreate the same in its endless manifestations.

### **Petty small towns and their influence on the mind and behaviour:**

the more activity a place generates, the greater its diversity, the broader the mind of the person – experience has prescribed limits and those are ceteris paribus based on the sensory information the experiencer can gather and retain, i.e. the knowledge he amasses and embodies in practice, i.e. wisdom (the embodiment of knowledge in deportment, comportment, what is forsaken and what pursued).

Thus the small town resident, if he should be an actual member of that environment necessarily is determined in his perspectival horizon – narrow, parochial, frog perspective again ceteris paribus. Obviously exceptions exist but they are just that, just as broad horizons can at times be shrouded in darkness for the blind and ignorant. Judging on the basis of rules however the smaller the place the narrower the mind of the denizen and conversely. The prudent will take heed on this point and flee the smallness of a sparsely populated region or suffer an inevitable narrowing of the boundaries of consciousness. To struggle against this influence requires an iron will not to become entrenched in the mire of small town sluggishness and indolent gossip let alone the general malaise of a low energy environment. On an energetic level it is probably that quiet small towns create a lower energy personality – at least to all appearances. Perhaps the low energy environment enables the person to retain or even augment their personal energy stores at the expense of the environment by virtue of the lack of stress and chaotic energy surrounding the person in the city. The flipside of this coin however is that the energy production of a city is transmitted and utilized by the denizen. It appears that the real fiction is that of the country gentleman who lazily puts forth a token effort and operating at a sluggish pace believes he is achieving victories by leaps and bounds when it is really the hopping about of a frog viewing the world from that animal's perspective. The city dweller to the contrary soaks up energy just as his energy is soaked up in turn (a revolving door of transubstantiation) which on balance probably leaves him with a surfeit rather than a deficit. Thus he is set into operation but wither does the energy go – that is the deciding question as to what sort of mind he is left with. A chicken running around with its head cut off has energy – but the direction is rather aimless and so too a dog chasing its tail, the tortoise though slow has the wisdom to see an end goal, a destination, and to arrive there albeit at a sluggish pace with the results desired. Thus a small town can furnish one with adequate energy, with consciousness given a free will – it remains to determine the quality of its contents.

The nature of the activity of an environment creates and shapes in large part the temperament of the mind of the denizen. The pettiness and quantitatively few players in the game make for a mono-dimensional set of rules and concomitant moves consciousness can make in its theatre of operations. All mystery depleted from the limited nature (and all too easily known nature) of the game render it a dull one for meaningful activity. The players are all known, their foibles and virtues and vices make for a merry-go-round of experiences repeating themselves ad infinitum with the newcomer initially eager to experience all the soon-to-be platitudes the merry makers, the music box and rules and parameters the game has to offer. Soon a yawn manifests itself to cover too-tired refrain of a melody even a preschooler would be put to sleep by. The lack of novelty renders the game an item to be placed in the depths of the closet of memory (if the player can find another to play) or a tedious chore whose nature is ingrained in neuromuscular grooves. To wrap up this diatribe: the narrower the town (in terms of diversity and novelty of its activity) the narrower the mind of the denizen (as experience is the fount of knowledge as well as reflection). The moral of the story is to avoid the petty and hence small towns in general. Unless they are close enough in physical and hence experiential proximity to nearby cities they serve as a vortex that drains all energy from the person leaving them starved of meaning. The most profound minds might have taken solace in the desert (the paradise of the real immaterial) while forsaking the desert of the real (the raucous cityscape) but they nonetheless come from a place where experience was to be had or where higher consciousness was transmitted into themselves and become themselves in the appropriate places (such as mountains and possibly deserts, high radiation from the sun, etc.). All things being equal the smaller the town the narrower the person unless they can be so fortunate as to live in a spiritually enlightened region of the earth.

### **On the aversion towards labour in the enlightened**

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and why it is an ignoble stooping for the latter to pursue such a course: the intellect and mind necessitate a silent incubation. Generation of mental existence let alone creative acts requires a silenced body and an environment – itself as quiet as possible (at least as devoid of noise superfluous or extraneous to the task of a higher mental development as possible; this as a means of overseeing the germination of the task to its telos, fruitification. This of course is obfuscated the more (proportional to) the din and clamour of fools and external presences generally. The task necessitates a concentration on itself; thereby it is inherently mental and all impingements from the surrounding terror are obstacles in fixing upon the mental object (so necessary a fixity to develop the idea from its germinal state – else it dies and with it the task and its accomplishment). The attention can only be directed towards so many objects – all having a central core of focus around which they polarize; the more deviations the less concentrated the attention the less concentrated the attention the less able one is to carry out the task.

Hence the phrase ‘I am trying to concentrate’ so often is articulated and directed towards the disruption (person, place or thing) as the cause of impingement upon the silence and thereby initiating the dispersal of attention from the necessary target. How is this relevant to the man of consciousness (the white collar worker in this case) and his aversion towards manual labour? Answer: the more conscious the more able to pursue those tasks requiring consciousness as the fundamental modality of their development. Thus the intellectual or mind-brain worker will always be averse to labour when it obstructs their ability to cultivate their mental work. As a brief respite perhaps it would come a welcome interruption, a necessary pause in an overactive consciousness; but as a prolonged, habitual trajectory of consciousness it would prove their undoing resulting in an inevitable depression of conscious will brought about by a

depression of conscious will (i.e. mental diminution through mind numbing and negating labour). This assumes of course that work may be divvied up in this oversimplified dichotomization; of course this is to portray things in a black and white fashion yet the generality it entails redounds to the reality of the actual opposition or perhaps conflict between blue and white, physical and mental labour. The respective classes typify this animosity in their behaviour and mutual disdain and contempt. Only those who have lived a dual life or have managed to supersede the limitations of both classes through employment that is so-to-speak a balance or bridge between extremes can understand the petty and one-sided nature of this oft- times (but not always) false dichotomy. In the end the rule holds true: the more physical the less mental and vice versa on the premise that certain modalities of behaviour and a function of certain employments of the anatomy and that consciousness at higher levels is in the higher chakras in the body, mind, spirit. The free-spirited nature of the surfer of the wave-riding, sun-drenched, flowing-haired, active, vital body-mind-spirit complex in his passage through the vortexual energy of a wave.

Communion between psyche and soma in natura naturans – a ball of wax on the surfboard of life. The movie “Point Break” promises the viewer (in the embodiment of the Bodhi the co-hero) the dream of a living freedom through attaining the Krishna consciousness via the independence from the left brain prison of structure/limitation/finitude represented by the neophyte Johnny Utah the being from the matrix or other side whose involvement with Bodhi is as a function of his role in the matrix itself. Through the matrix he exits it into Krishna consciousness becoming a ‘Bodhi’ himself through various initiatory rites. Thus the stained glass prison of a Saturnian reality is smashed liberating the trapped soul spark into the higher realms beyond.

### **Noble and ignoble**

the ethos of different types could perhaps be broadly (if excessively) dichotomized into the former, the first representing the Atlantean races the latter the Lemurian. These two broad categories of race subsume under their heads: white/Caucasian the latter the homoi asiatico; it could also be construed as the Shemites in contradistinction to the Japhetites; yellow man and white man in their myriad offshoots though there is of course mixture and no pure type exist they still represent the epitome of the scale of virtue and vice. The center of the deviations therefrom, the mean between variable extremes radiating outward from the center.

The character of forthrightness, equanimity, fairness, balance, justice and a creative zealotry toward the ideal of striving and achievement are clearly embodied in Japheth whilst the cunning, roguishness, devious qualities inhere in Shem. The remaining groups are quite clearly suited to the more chthonic virtues and vices as drawers of water and hewers of wood as well as revellers in the fleshpots of Egypt. They can be said to be truly prolific and as a plague of locusts are indeed the many too many who insist upon imposing their burden upon the more capable breeds. This white man’s burden has been shouldered with tolerance and equanimity by the noble in spite of the ignobility of Shem facilitating his own ease at the expense of his more altruistic brother Japheth. How long such tolerance will persist as a virtue has yet to be seen as the will of Japheth, indefatigable and unyielding can suffer only so much in the way of impedimenta in these mewling dependents Shem encourages their weaning through guilting his elder brother into a shame before his own godlike virtue and capacity. What began as a magnanimous exercise of strength and its exertion in the name of offering a helping hand to the downtrodden now threatens to topple Japheth from his throne let alone obfuscate his ability to pursue nobler prospects thus becoming his brother’s keeper and a nursemaid for the needy and inept Shem, greedy in his vices, seeks to thwart



his senior sibling by hook and by crook to the extent that lies within his malicious power of guile and subtlety. Thus the caveat is as graven in marble: beware the people of Shem for they are greater than mere scribes and Pharisees but are the serpent seed of Samael and all minions of their ruler Typhon. This ouroboros serpent is fast turning the noble people of Japheth who finds himself ensconced in a deluge of Serpent's seed such that he soon must give up the ghost: or give up his burden and strike a blow at the serpent thereby bringing about a kingdom of heaven upon earth.

### **Masonic chequerboards**

: dark energy matter and light, the fabric of the real woven into a matrix of control. The control grid exerting hypnotic effects on consciousness thereby immersing one within its structure. Trapped within the beehive of the real serving the Demiurgic architects in their hidden hand machinations as they play human chess with the goal of attrition – planetary depopulation, a cleansing of the beehive of dead matter, the drones whose day has come, the many too may be cleared out by the excreta, the effluvia of the Queen Bee and her soldier minions. Soul shells cast out of the crystalline structure of Yaldabaoth's matrix clearing the passages for the electromagnetic radiographic system to maintain the undulating veil of Saklas as it spawns more of its divine vibrations as logic (logos) of adamantine spider's web.

Steel threads, rather platinum, dull grey sheen reflecting, rather radiating, an implosive quantum wave function which collapses the reality of its victims. The widow of Shelob (sephirans) dances her black approach towards hapless blind fodder of vital globules once termed human secreting fear vibrations aethereally upon proximity to creeping inexorability. The present implodes into its absence – dark energy matter overcomes light; the dark side absorbs vampirically the positive in its positing strivings to remain an entelechy – degeneratione et corruptione – the generative principle generates its creative destruction amidst a holocaust of non-being. What is becomes less than what was and never shall be – obliterated; the whole and parts both sum to less than they were or are. Tikkun olam as a dark cowl blinding the all-seeing eye of Horus. The sun sets as a sacrifice to the destroying force.

### **Phoenix ascending**

: the eclipse gives way to the dawn of a new day. The hammer of industry under the aegis of the scythe of Kronos – proles and protectors, watchers' panoptic vision observing the observers – Bentham's control raised to infinite powers of archontic surveillance every space topographically mapped, every temporal unit subject to double entry accounting – the economy of the real optimizes in pareto-style the futurism of a brave new world. "The future is now!" cry the multitudes in eager mantram mouthings.

The people have spoken long die the people – kings on earth as they are in heaven, the architects reflexively refer to architecture conceived ordine geometrico in divine sacred geometrics of god-mind godmanhood – divinely inspired as divine sparks incarnating the phoenix rising on a carrier wave the word of god in apotheosis. Supreme Being made flesh and multiplied – the fiefdom amplifies as an amphitheatre of perfect harmony. The heaved-up place has descended as a springboard platform to the stars. Sothis winks its eye as if to pronounce: 'all's well that ends well' as the end of the old makes way for the new aeon.

### **The virtues of conformism**

: in today's degenerate age it is touted the highest virtue to subordinate oneself to the will of the majority, to undergo the initiation of conformism. This typically out of fear of being served up as the sacrificial goat on the altar of herd morality. The virtue herein is really the mask, protective by virtue of

its innocuousness of cowardice and fear-based apprehension (perhaps attaining the level of causal judgment) of the consequences of deviation however noble and heroic. The morality is the leaven which enables to rise the tumorous growth of the simulacrum that is the mass man, homo sovieticus.

Thus from this frog perspective the eagle virtue is deemed a flight of fantasy borne of ascending hubris outstripping that of Icarus himself. The mass man contentedly grimaces upon meeting with the outspoken knowing his commonplace silence serves him as the protective carapace that, though being his own prison (assuming he is sufficiently conscious to apprehend the fact), nevertheless shelters him from the threatening storm of the public authority and its subtle political force typically in the form of socio-political opinion and behaviour concomitant thereof. The virtue of conformism is the refuge of cowards and leads inevitably to the demise of itself – the virtue of a wasting asset whose value in amortization has diminished rendering it a liability to be relegated to the scrap heap of praxis. Painting oneself into a corner is the most appropriate phrase as soon there is no room left for any freedom given a total paucity of resistance. Thus the coward forges his own chains through compromise and the virtue of conformism converts into the vice of standardization and negation of all freedom which enabled any of the comforts and pleasures and good of life that such conformism sought to preserve. The downward spiral of compromise leads inevitably to an inability to compromise simply to what remains namely a slavish obedience to the herd and the hidden hand which pulls the strings of this marionette over-soul. The laughter of the Titans echoes with (proportional to) the ever-increasing tautness of the strings however invisible they may be. Gold replaces iron but gold alone is not the substance of which they are wrought but the magical gossamer of demonic spiders' puppeting the slaves through a compartmentalized pyramidal structure that leaves no gap in the causal chain of total enslavement.

Thus the sovietisation of the mass man finds its completion in the hierarchicalization of a paradoxically unitary mass of human resources and animate tools. The exception is crushed beneath the wheel of the creaking machinery of Leviathan.

**How the mass man lacks faith in the right and has faith in the wrong : sheep-like the farm animals** of society replicate the memes and correlative language embodiments (words, phrases, catch-phrases, mottos, terms, accepted truths) they have been instructed to interiorize through mass mind control processes in the top down ex cathedra externalization of the hierarchy of archontic masters. The ascended chosen elect prognosticate ordine geometrico and pontificate the glib/trite half-truths and necessary lies of clichéd mental programming and social engineering from cradle to grave in accordance with logarhythmic precision and statistically based quantum computing lattice-structured holographic reality. The beast of Yaldabaoth/Leviathan manifests its power and influence of electromagnetic transmission through its myriad technocratic structures of inputs and outputs with Pareto optimality engendering and determining the destiny of the millions of souls for the eater of souls Yaldabaoth the demiurge from his air throne in the aethereal realms and via his agent Smith minions of incarnate instrumentality and instrumentalization. Black garbed shock troops goose step through the streets paved with the bones of millions of inanimate flesh suits, loosely held together bundles of drives, wetware of Luciferic creation the Adamou of age-old bloodlines in the Kali and Samael aeon of end time's devastation. Armed with technocratic hidden power working through them as soul-less suicide bombers they operate as efficient machines devoid of conscious introspection, mere instruments of the hidden hands which puppet their function as robotized cyborgized weapons in the incarnate form of man-nikins. The mobile battering rams of shock troop forces mow down the feeble resistors whose defenseless cries

elicit nothing but reactive mind programming and concomitant implementation based on decision tree neurological architecture uploaded into their meat machine minds by archontic masters hiding behind Mayic veils of aetheric fabric rendering them invisible to the majority. The mass man, born blind, lacks the faculty of sight and, lacking faith in his power to develop it, strips himself of the power to overcome his enslavement. Gnothe Seuton is a phrase foreign to him and thus self and identity dissipate behind and amidst the fog of a matricized reality; behind chemtrails and GMOs, behind microwaves and dysfunctioning hardware he tenders himself into the hands of his nanny state babysitters and their microwave rolling pins and iron handed spankings. Accepting his fate he forsakes his destiny by forsaking his higher self.

**Quotidienne reality and management of resources temporal, energetic and material** : a finitude of resources, a finite period in which to use them (itself a resource), a finite capacity for their utilization (again itself a resource) – such is life on the mundane plane of existence. The logistics of optimization of the above is the intellectual, rational means of enabling the development of higher level consciousness within the helter skelter of the technocratic age: there is always a deadline and deadlines within deadlines; a matrix of ends and means nesting and intermeshing as a whole architectonic system of means and ends which – if one desires a more fulfilling life in a spiritual form – as not to be left by the wayside but to be mobilized and thus to the fullest extent through prudent foresight and encyclopaedic/empirical knowledge of their implementation and superior ends in relation to which they are a mere means. The goal is not to maximize time and material wealth simply to optimize their utility within the larger context of life.

Goods and services are the only attainable products of monetary acquisition and this not exhaustively or universally – only that which has a seller and one who is willing to sell to a specific person will enable eo ipso that specific person to obtain such (given their proper payment of the price tag). Of course one could steal the thing – but specific performance of a service might wind up as a butchery rather than a surgery, a scream of protest rather than a sweet song or a throwing of a fight rather than a triumph in the ring. A good might be appropriated but the conscience is as clear as the title as the universality of the moral law nullifies claims to ownership when the just ownership of another is nullified – this invalidates the claim and brands one with the mark of Cain (if only in mente not in actua; the law manifests independently of positive law). Money is at best a potential value, a utility in potential qua potential and is actualized only through exchange based relations with a reciprocity of objects in view. If one will not accept money, money is not endowed with value. Only its acceptance confers value upon it otherwise at best it exits as an egregore, a thought form, mere ‘puffery’.

The grandiose claims made that money has or it accrues value to him who possesses it are ludicrous in this light and the braggadocio that it accompanies its illusory possession is comparable to that of children asserting their prowess, a prowess which emanates from their mind alone. Nothing is converted into something – thereby its godlike influence manifests; from the darkness the golden refulgence of lucre is brought forth and with Karl Marx we may echo that “gold is the god of the Jews”, as it is they who mint these ideas and ideals through their mass-media mind control and creation system. The mold, like a plate for a dollar bill (medium of exchange) standardizes the hive mind and brings a something out of the tabula rasa that pre- existed as the collective consciousness of goyim golem.

Religion, touted as a mental crutch by cynics and elitists preserves its value through the potentiality of spiritual development latent within. Far from being a red herring dragged across the path of same it is

merely an intersecting by way which, depending on the mental/spiritual strength of the person, can lead to paradise or perdition. It serves as a window through which a faint glimmer of the light shines and for those with eyes to see they might find their way out of the prison but for which they would live a life in darkness. Thus it has a positive as well as a negative moment, a phase of expansion even as it contracts. Dependent and weak-minded types have affiliated themselves with it and constitute the average disciple and congregation but these same undergo personal growth even insofar as they adopt the trappings of the order in which they find succour, clothing their minds in the skin of the herd. The key is to recognize conformity and eo ipso to take from that system of elements a spiritual content that augments one's own system and which grafts powers on weapons upon the identity. Though some such implements may serve as impediments given their weighty nature – some are too weak to wield that which exceeds an undeveloped strength. And yet the paradox is 'nothing ventured nothing gained'; through a lack of struggle one languishes in entropy and atrophies unto invalidity and inevitable self- destruction. Thus all religious systems (being a finite system having the universal or absolute for their consent which they seek to limit through their specific vocabularies, symbols and rites) are merely challenges to the consciousness that has the capacity to supersede them – or not. Though one is enfolded in the pen of fellow brethren given their greater power and thus becomes subordinate he may garner strength and transform into a goat – thus leaping out of the pen and taking greater strength though shattering the bonds of a failed faith whose tension added the kinetic force to precipitate him over the limitations of his conscious mind. The danger lies in the lack of knowledge of the means to acquire this power (itself a gnosis or package of knowledge/experience) and to escape with one's skin. The spider's web of dogma adheres to the consciousness hemming in autonomy, restricting movement. The spider of finitude and entropy scuttles towards one for the kill and the life's blood is drained into the body of the 'congregation' or priest caste whose mental bonds exert adamantine influence and whose fangs drain the life from the conscious organism in ecstatic inebriation, the appearance of higher spirituality being a vain image of the ego mind itself finding itself in the pen in which it derives a limited sense of identity and purpose without which it is adrift – thus relations of dependency are forged.

**Two wrongs won't make a right**

: this statement sums up the meaning of vengeance if the latter has no role in rectifying the initial wrong, i.e. if it is an irrelevant act that can't be related to the offending party as a negation of their offense. There must be material relevance between the two acts such that the content of one pertains to that of another in order for one specific act/omission to cancel out the other. This can be infinitely broad however insofar as the content entails a harm or negation of harm of the other then it is a just act if and only if it is of no greater harm. If so then this necessitates another negative act. How one weighs relevance here such that a balance is struck is a difficult endeavour both in terms of quality and quantity as the two blend/bleed into one another and transform each other in quanta et qualia. To commit arson against another's property in revenge for that other's infidelitous relationship with her spouse and thereby killing the infidelitous party's child is perhaps an excessively harmful wrong. This would entail myriad factors in evaluation such as whether the deceased was worthy of life (perhaps a burden on the infidelitous and was a help to them thus not nullifying their harm but simply transferring the harm upon an innocent third party, etc.). Ultimately one can only say that the facts of the cases determine the justice of the act; the greater the harm the greater the punishment in the form of vengeance and this in specie, in endless minutiae that can only be generalized upon at a cosmic level in terms of substance or the source field, force, prana, chi, od, etc., electromagnetism. This level would be of infinite difficulty to assess/evaluate in concreto on a

human level but would be the only way justice qua justice could be dispensed by the hand of the divine through his particular agents. Two wrongs don't make a right but revenge is not a wrong and, when just in accordance with the above criteria of a balanced, harmonious, rectificatory, dispensation, is inherently right and a necessity the failure to bring into being is itself a wrong. Thus revenge is an obligation to right the balance which was destabilized through an initial act of harm imposed by the ego-mind of a lower consciousness in its evolution as a soul, gaol, or the hunger games – or merely a fine payable in coin of the realm. The principle of two wrongs never amounting to/summing to a right lies in this fact as well as the irrelevance of the two acts: for if a wrong is committed and an intentional act is put forth to offset this act (as an act of vengeance) but is not a right by virtue of its irrelevance it becomes a wrong; if relevant it would be a right. Thus and only thus are the scales of justice balanced. Passivity is never right as the dynamic nature of life necessitates action even in the form of omission or refraining from acting in the case.

### **Law in its essence and existence**

obvious (and deceptively) to the deluded masses is the (non-) fact of the failed correspondence between law qua essence (the spirit of the law) and law qua existence (the letter and implementation of the law). However the law is always just and right and is justice and righteousness itself. The error of judgment lies in confusing positive law, the law of the land with moral/divine/cosmic law – the eternal law of existence, the emanation of god-mind, the letter of the law not as concrete material codex but as immaterial, vibrational Logos. Thus the apparent contradiction is resolved. Judge and executioner in one are the agents of the law, particular concrete individuals doing and refraining from doing, acting and omitting. The police are more judges than judges when and only when the laws enable them to administer justice through the limits of their capacity qua police; otherwise ultra vires and are agents of justice independently of their capacity. If they are not sufficiently knowledgeable (in the sense of gnostic: knowledge through acquaintance/experience) of the context they may be at best blind agents of justice working through them as emanations of the deity. At best this is the prerogative of the judge in positive law, the law of the sovereign, rex, Caesar: that he may infer the just conclusion/judgment or the basis of another's representation, his own reason and past history/ psychology through application/creation of principles of jurisprudence based on the currency of legal dogma as it exists in a particular time/place. All agents are acting through a finite set of material, Spatio-temporal filters and springboards, obstacles and enabling conditions/circumstances. Thus in the imperfect world imperfect agents judge imperfection imperfectly and the end result is a step towards greater perfection in the creation. However imperfect the judgment and however harmful its consequences all's well that ends well is the creed and time heals all wounds ordines geometrico. This because the balance of justice will forever adjust according to the essence of the source-field or God-mind. Whatever intentions manifest and result in whatever actions they will be 'judged' in the end and a fundamental attunement will result in a balance of the sum total. However much injustice exists, justice will eventuate through the intentional actions of others. No passivity is possible, even conceivable in reality as consequences and concatenations perpetually and unceasingly flow from all acts and omissions of all agents and forever. Thus the ceaseless play of forces result in and are the process of evolution itself.



## “Pneuma”

### **Balance of the physical with the spiritual**

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begets the fundamental attunement that constitutes higher consciousness; putting the physical in its place such that it doesn't inhibit or hamstring the higher spiritual cultivation should be the goal. This is not based on a balancing in some temporal-quantitative sense but simply an economy of the energy flows, an ordering of energy usage and allocation while still providing for the cultivation of the higher self and a preparation thereto as the overarching directive principle. Attention must be concentrated within and the external forces or simulacra must be bracketed off with a Husserlian 'epoch'-style gesture without at the same time falling into the solipsism of world-less escapism into abstract or VR/chthonic realms or consciousness that provide merely a comforting isolationism from the world of distractions. All praxis must redound to the political and not become bound up with a self-serving egotism. However the caveat would be that neither will it cultivate a self-murderous masochism through which one plucks one's eye out believing they have cultivated and opened their third eye (a gouging out of the eyes more appropriately). Self-abuse matters little if it doesn't strengthen one but is an abuse of energy transubstantiation, a failed alchemy of black magick directed against the self. Hence the phrase 'feet on the ground, head in the sky' – a unio mystica of the macro- and micro-prosopus.

Encumbrances such as overemphasis on such petty things as petty things, generally and specifically excessive sitting, standing, moving, not moving, sleeping, eating, exercise, lethargy, etc. The dynamic system of the body re-necessitates a continual attunement to Being that constitutes the life process to cease which – or to – inappropriately undergo which is a conjuration of Thanatos. 'All life is struggle'.

### **The betrayal of their minions and the struggle and push back of Jacob's line**

: In this world now in the nascence of the 21st century this battle is being waged for dominion in an apparent zero-sum dynamic wherein the good is destined to win and vanquish the evil provocateurs that have instigated the evil in the first place. In-so-far they are themselves good, e.g. good at playing and manifesting their inherent role as an evil, or evil incarnate. Upon their destruction, the ashes of their remains, the phoenix takes flight, harbinger of a new Golden Age, a rebuilding of Asgard after the Ragnarok. The embodiment of the good in the form of the white race cannot manifest itself in the appropriate way without cleansing itself in a baptism of fire, a rite of ascension whereby the excreta and unworthy (unwertes leben) are cast out and terminated; those who, in spite of resource possession (time, money, connections, chattels, realty) are squanderers and exploiters of their own kind serving Ego and Mammon, Bacchus and Lucullus while neglecting the survival of their own kind who embody a spiritual nobility that supersedes any material wealth or position and yet requires the necessary conditions of its expression in concreto, namely basic resources (food, shelter, peace, tranquility) to cultivate and express the higher self and thereby to manifest the good through itself. Thus a Tikkun Olam of the white race is needed whereby the dross is sloughed off and the refined gold retained to make statues and monuments to the higher self (metaphorically). The stumbling blocks of baby-boomers, race-mixers, inebriates, gourmards, pleasure seekers, druggies, homosexuals and trans-freaks must be purged from the gene pool. The many too many are too corrupt in their entrenched immorality to be redeemable and their half-truths and vacillatory non-committal nature, their 'maybe' and never the hard 'yes' or 'no' are a thorn in the side of the white race. Play and indulgence are their hallmarks – while fiddling Rome burns and they in their degeneracy even celebrate the fact as the flames creep toward then to engulf them.



## **Earthbound soul**

the more materialistically inclined the more the salvation of the soul ceases as a possibility; bogged down in empiria the welter of the particular in its particularity leads to the fragmentation of the soul though a rootedness in materia; the more distracted the less inwardly focused the less inwardness the less integrity. Focus/concentration of forces is the key to perpetuation of entelechy. Staying the same over time – duree – is only possible under conditions of an abstraction from the mit dasein from immersion in Samsaic existence. Pluck aside the veil from the blind visage and the eye is enabled to see however darkly through the glass (rose-colored, din-colored, chromatic kaleidoscopic the eye is reflexively referring to itself and thus opens in awareness of awareness of awareness...). The formula above is that of the liberation of the earthbound soul from the fetters of matter. Energy is a serpent coiled around the base of the spine and contracting itself within itself to build its power and strike the third eye for activation of the higher self for the unio mystica of the lower and higher selves. It is easy to become chained to the lower drives and automatically function in accordance therewith; supersession thereof is via an internal focus. Repetition of motion produces hypnosis but an overemphasis on the repetition produces stagnation of thought. Such activity must serve as a vehicle of abstraction from the outward forms and a conjuration of inner sight (consciousness), a usual and mindless modality of developing the mind. Contents of consciousness are eliminated through this means when focus shifts to the action from the actor; focusing upon the actor shifts consciousness towards the inner being. However simply focusing on a barren emptiness is no recipe for creation but a grave created by one in which to bury the sum total of his possibilities – hence content is a necessity. External stimuli must serve as a springboard to redound to a return to the silent stillness of inner godhood. Dialectic of stimulation (without – within): is the personal wheel of Ixion that develops the self out of the self – that is ego transcending ego by ego to attain the godhood of immortality. All matter is a springboard to the divine and is itself the graveyard of the divine – amongst the ruins and stones play the spirits of the immortals, vivifying and activating the dead material.

## **Lower mind, higher mind**

those immersed in gain whether it reduces to hedonism and sensory gratification (wine, food and women, panem et circenses and pleasures of the flesh) or to a stroking of the ego, on inflation of the ego-mind, are properly spoken of/characterized as (and themselves caricatures of) low minds, of the animal-minded persuasion. At best these brutes cultivate the intellect as a faculty of acquisition, an extension of their wanton lust for insatiable gain. It is a grafting on to their person of an apparatus of more efficient grasping, a cherry picker that more rapidly spans the gap between desires, enabling them to glut themselves with a cornucopia of resources even if need be at the expense of the survival of others. The bread from the mouth of the starving is taken to gratify a moment's pleasure then tossed aside as insufficient relish to whet an insatiable appetite of bestial ravening. The impoverished are made to let starve for the sake of a mere whim, an entertainment for the idle mind reveling in beast consciousness. Empyrean heights glimmer in the dawn of an awakening. Fellow gives salutation to fellow and in the warming rays of cosmic consciousness the solidarity of one with another is consummated. Love vibrations reverberate, banishing the dull grey and crimson red hues of a base-borne mind, scattering to the winds of oblivion the clinging morass of greedy tones of green envy and covetous brown. The lower chakras send up the spirit energy to higher command and the whirling wheels of consciousness dazzle the super-sensible cognizance of the gathered throng.



They unite with that happy motivation that prospect of ascension bestows, kindling the spark of divine light blossoming forth as the sun of mind in higher – super-consciousness.

Both characterizations bear the ring of truth though ludicrous they may seem (being partly satirical, nevertheless harboring the seriousness necessary to adequately portray the subject). The lower mind is the anchor of the ship of consciousness perpetually slowing its passage through the waters of evolution. The motor is the higher mind driving with the motor of its inherent power towards destinations unknown.

### **Materiality**

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items, projects, reputations, all things confined to the mundane world should serve as vassals their liege, the higher mind, its cultivation and dispersion amongst all and for all in place of constricting itself to the mere cultivation of the self and its ego amplification – not alone not confining itself exclusively to the sphere of the above temporal goods – as kings and beggars alike go hand in hand to the grave. Though they may rectify their down-going by their good works and manifest again in a form more appropriate to an enlightened soul.

Reincarnating, being a self-propelling wheel, evolving over the generations of its lines to upgrade, and rectifying each tip of the balance with a counter-action as a compensatory mechanism of fundamental attunement. To recognize this fundamental reality opens the ajna chakra to the bestowing virtue of an acceleration of evolution, a harmonizing of the magnetic fields such that the rocking boat upset by the boisterous crowd and the callous self-interest of fools is stilled thereby enabling attunement.

The evolution of the soul through reincarnation: from Aries to Pisces, whence Capricorn the sure-footed, the willful and stubborn, the ascetic whose progress is indefatigable? Is this not a higher form, a more subtle body, aethereal being winding its way upward towards the heights? Or is it the goatish beast immersed in its own bestiality, oriented around its ego as the be all and end all of its narrow consciousness? Its place is the 10th house, that of vocation, It is its own vocation, the ego evolving as a wheeled cart steadily climbing a mountain - an aspiring soul ascending Olympian heights even if from the depths of a barrio amidst beggars and other assorted fools. The discipline latent therein necessitates progress; the constraint coerces whatever success it may squeeze out of the lemons life bestows – and down the elixir with the coldly rational calculation its Saturnian aegis affords.

### **The aesthetic, the reflective and the physical**

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– the internal could be dichotomized into the former two, the external into the latter. These categories, however wooden, and artificial, are serviceable pragmatically to lend direction to the will and lead it to the cultivation of the higher self and the enhancement of the lower propensities to higher modalities of consciousness. The physical degenerates in eating (however consciously regardless of quality and its mode of administration), it generates through exercise to the extent that it may (limits are quickly reached in terms of substrate – ATP generation based upon glucose and its availability and through whatever mechanism, however in/efficiently; upon build-up of metabolic waste products and manufactured substrate such as lactic acid and hydrogen ions, etc.; availability of O<sub>2</sub>, etc.); the physical degenerates through expulsion of the effluvium through stimulation, generates through its retention – thereby are degenerates or generates depending on basic modalities and expressions of consciousness and how it manifests itself in praxis. The physical stands as the heavy springboard towards the metaphysical but rusts easily and is susceptible to decay, to the amortization of corporeality, degeneration et corruption. Thus it represents the most fallible of aspects of one's being, that most liable

to degeneration of the soul. The mental above (the 'inner') dichotomized into two expressions or tendencies, the right hemispheric dominance of the aesthetic, the left hemispheric dominance of the reflective, is also an elevator that ascends and descends Jacob's ladder: the reflective if over-developed through over-use leads to the inertia and despair of the left-brain dominant prison in which consciousness (the self) becomes trapped without hope of escape; entropy results through one's construction of a prison house of crystallized thought forms that are so many adamantine bricks in the wall that pen consciousness in an octagonal structure from which the only escape is to create the mental tools in imagination that enable one to burrow under the walls or to dynamite them into the autonomy of novel thought structures, paths and passages along which consciousness travels towards destinations posited in mente. The aesthetic thus weaves its magic carpets, its subterranean tunnels and bulldozer machines as vehicles of self-development towards the higher realms or at least the excavation of oneself from the underworld of materiality into which the density of the idee fixe egregores has buried one. However the dominance of the aesthetic also has its problems in that the lack of any concrete fixture that can be reified as a practical mode of implementation to raise the inevitable presence of consciousness in its material corporeal state is the obstacle to be side-stepped and confronted.

Crystallization can set in the aesthetic realm as well which invariably engenders pathologies that serves as so many boogymen threatened to break concentration, the focus of the will upon an object, real or ideal. Thus these red herrings and snags can obstruct the path. No ignorance is possible in the face of their corruptive knowledge but the vacuum of autonomy they create must be filled by other positive realities that serve to break these demonic entities and supersede their Q-lipthotic forms, to exorcise their haunting presence and re-posit consciousness in its surrendered autonomy to usurp the usurper in a struggle for self-mastery. This might be called the greater jihad or self-overcoming in its psychological aspect (psycho-spiritual aspect). The aesthetic thus serves as a hell when it could provide the backdrop of a heaven of consciousness. Its positive moment manifests in the form of creation via art of dreamscapes that ensconce consciousness in their possibilities transforming the lower experiences of life into higher forms of manifestation. Ascension takes place under the Arial aegis of the creator within, the god particle or divine electron or soul spark which ennobles the vagrant and casts down the false messiahs and kings of the lower depths. Only through art can the prison of left- brain consciousness be shattered as the latter is itself an art but requires the constantly new impetus of free-forming creation, the autonomous sur generis of a cultivated mind to escape the stultifying entropy of the logos as it manifests in situ in its demiurgic destroying force – for entropy is simply the preliminary to degeneration and corruption. This might be called its positive moment which is the spirit itself (geistes) which alone can create and overcome the inhibiting function of crystallized thought- forms. Imagination (the conceptual generator function of consciousness) generates the ideal, the physical implements it in its reality aspect, reifying ideality under its aegis, bringing into being the potentiality of thought into concretion, constructing its products through hardened material of whatever form. Thus castles are literally built in the sand and of sand as well as of emerald. The yellow brick road of consciousness here is the imagination and the physical handling thereof under the mental guidance of the logico- empirical function of language and execution creates the emerald tablets and palatial bricks upon which are inscribed the script of philosophia perennis and the instructions to maintain (and 'know to') the entelechies of consciousness. The physical should always remain vastly subordinate to the mental and be its valet and dog's body alone. We in the Great Satan of 'western' society have inverted the order of

the ages and thereby begins our down-going – towards the underworld of paradise lost, the negation of consciousness.

### **States of consciousness vary with material influence**

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– the more active the sense organs the less active the mind/brain – where attention goes energy flows. These areas perhaps as ATP molecules and all elements (the element) of which they are composed thereby mustering the life force for those things which enable and immersing in sensory reality and the mundane plane.

The greater the inner is deprived of its metabolism/activity, the greater the outer and vice versa. In a phenomenological sense the outer deprives the inner and the inner the outer and yet paradoxically they must be in an equitable proportion both active and given the appropriate period of rest in order to optimize the higher energetic states, namely the inner reality. Like a surfer on the waves of being the material vehicle is necessary to manifest the inner creation; thus one must play the role of the phoenix and go through fire to attain the heights of consciousness. The physical can't be forsaken but neither does it have meaning in itself as meaning is a crystallization and creation of the inner forces upon themselves via the catalyst of the physical shell or husk amidst the physical external reality thus amidst the matrix the soul attains to being through this lake of fire (energy fields that are of greater crystallization thereby eviscerating the physical body and entering into interaction with the internal soul).

Jacob's ladder can be a spring board to the stars through increases of vibration thereby creating (and through creating) the light body entering into the Isles of the blessed or it can be a cold wrought iron greased, iced escarpment of pain and death (privation of sensation of reality), down which one plummets into Sheol whilst desperately grasping the icy density of crystallized matter as a hyleg satanic being – into the icy fires of Amenta to burn in polar frost for ever and ever. The more one attaches himself to and immerses himself in matter the more he falls from grace into the flames of perdition and becomes the being, victim of fatality that his ignorant blindness towards destiny impels. This can be seen in the example of the quotidian reality of the body builder who, upon waking, begins his life of physicality called physical culture through maneuvering and acquiring physical matter in and through the corpus thereby undergoing a daily 'fall' from the grace of the dawn to the premature death of darkness dying a little day by day and suffering a correlative diminution of consciousness with the passage of Kronos' measuring implements clock, sundial, etc. The example of the hermit typifies (the anti-theses, the ascetic waking to flagellate the flesh and enter into will-less contemplation outstripping the sands of the hourglass and the scythe of the sandman. The only problem is the lack of will as channelled through the physical vehicle. Kill the body and the head will die – yes and ascend.

However the dharma will be unfulfilled thereby decapitating the purpose of living which itself is inherently purposeful or one wouldn't have incarnated in the flesh. Thus to vacate this veil of tears one must suffer through the pain and sorrow latent therein and earn his passage therefrom to the heavens, etc. Mortification implies the death of the living spirit which lives through the body rendering it impotent. Sometimes potency does lie in the barrel of a gun if the dharma dictates. Sometimes moksha entails the assassination of the president or of Ghandi himself.

## Mein Kampf

: we are immersed in a struggle and yet one whose proportions are nebulous and ill- defined. Engulfed in this penumbra of gray mist, murky shadow realm, we seek to grab hold of the indistinct form of an arch enemy that manifests itself via the subtler planes through the ether of our entropic consciousness. The presence seems to absorb within itself the reality that enables an orientation in this what we might call 'out of time-space' zeitgeist, aeon, etc. We box at shadows projected from the depths. Seemingly of our inner being yet they are independent merely moving through us, obsessing us with their presence attempting to puppet our will through occult influence, controlling us through invisible wires that rather than enliven and electrify, drain of vitality and bioelectricity, rendering the life force a death force whose inversion saps us of our awareness and our being. Thus we struggle against these shadowy figures so that we know not if we struggle at all. The ill-defined enemy manifests in and out like a flickering dark energetic being an anti-lightbulb a dark bulb of negative reality and thus we attempt to understand our actions in an absurd way – positively – when we must stand above them negatively – to be receptive to them as a self-organizing system an entelechy machine that neither projects itself nor is receptive but simply endures. The enemy attempts to draw us out with feints but also darts towards us – a quickening boxer weaving and bobbing around us in fast-forward and rewind motion darting pin pricks of pain and drain into our being, chipping away ending our identity through the kali aeon. Hypervigilance is the only way to anticipate the blows. This is the only recipe for the salvation of the soul from the eater of millions.

## The aesthetic vs. the reflective

: man of reason and man of artistry, rationality and intuition manifesting themselves in praxis – this could be the dichotomy of the material soul in its higher form, Chokma and Binah forming when in a state of balance, the crown Keter, unified complete soul. The lower form is immersed in the mundane, cunning calculating lacking in empathy, out of touch with all but instrumentality, a getting and acquisition of the tangible and material overlaid with the tissue of the most desired immaterial end – power. Its counterpart, an impassioned waywardness reactive-minded pawn of stimuli and external influence; both represent the anchors of consciousness pulling one down into matter. The arms which lift these same are only as strong as the quantity and quality of training they are subject to – the more trained the stronger, the stronger the further one ascends. However self-destruction is precipitated when one preponderates to an extent that the other tears under the weight of its anchor and the force to which it is subjected. At all times a balance must be struck between these dimensions of the mind and this is affected through their expression. The motto should always be to press into service the faculties never to allow them to languish in passivity, positive over negative, expansion over constriction – thus an Icarian flight is initiated however unstable the course such instability can be corrected in flight through further emphasis on the lagging wing. No perfect balance can be achieved but must be worked out in situ. However an empty formalism devoid of content is equally destructive as offering nothing, edifying, mere exercise for exercise's sake; thus the balance of the wooden 'nowhere' man means nothing but a teeter totter on the playground of the mind.

Writing and its purpose – an act of 'conveyance' of meaning between parties: self and self and/or other. Even the thoughts which have yet to attain crystallization in written form are writings in etheric script in the Akashi. They are all a living and eternal testament to God mind and its particular emanation the Self. Abiding in consciousness though not manifested in graphic form still inscribes meaning on the appropriate tablet (ennervative vibrational state the inscription manifests in/as). Though the coarse pleb

can't read it like a newspaper and mix and mingle it with his donuts and coffee it yet exists and the appropriate sources may partake of it for the purpose of edification and expression is the turning of the wheels of fortune and destiny intermeshing as a merkaba machine of ascension; destiny's realization thwarting or fulfilling and steering the course of fortune, the latter furnishing material for further inscription.

### **Psychological effect of working conditions**

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- this has been discussed myriads of times but deserves a re-visitation; to amplify the severity of the influence of work on the person and have consciousness in its particular forms (human souls) is enhanced or suppressed outright through the influence of labor be it of the head, heart or mind. To dull consciousness the organs enabling higher awareness, the seats of meaning the so-called brains of the body (the nerve ganglia, plexuses and brain and spinal cord) must be overtaxed to the point of dysfunction or under- exercised to the point of atrophy or failure to grow and thereby to function in accordance with their structure: solar plexus, sino-atrial node, etc. all play a role as concentrations of concentration, as attentional nodes wherein are concentrated the mind's eye, the mind itself and which serve as transceivers and information processing centers that receive, interpret, analyse and transmit sense data bio-electrically. The labor which as it were nourishes and engages these regions is that which augments and develops the higher mind, which dulls or deviates from the activation of this leads to the failure of this same state of consciousness. The duller one is the less aware, the less aware the less meaning life has the less meaning life has the less worth living it is. Therefore work which leads to the negation of higher sensation is the terminus of the higher mind and thereby of the higher man (as the latter is the name of the former manifesting in particular human form). Thus to live a dull-brained life forsaking opportunities to engage these anatomico-physiological centers is to precipitate the death of a worthy life and to live a life engaging these centers to the full is to optimize the life lived: the best of all good things at all times. That which deviates from this state is evil (a direct reduction and even termination of consciousness) that which supports it is good. The awareness of slipping away in terms of one's higher potentialities has a psychological affect reminiscent of being infected by a terminal virus the cure for which is unobtainable though it may exist and in this case that would be meaningful employment properly so-called, i.e. that type of employment conducive to the development of higher-minded existence. The meaning of employment is ultimately the following: what increases or decreases mindfulness. The failure on the part of the average person to see beyond the illusion of money perpetuates their slavery as they live merely to collect from a pay – master the fruits of their labour which latter (its actual nature) they ignore for the sake of the abstraction called money. Thus they exchange a nullity for an actual good. Attributing value to that which has no value they sell their souls to Mammon and receive the mockery of the jingle of coins, a hollow and empty illusion of benefit.

The American dream of yesteryear (the baby boomer generation) has been replaced with the third world dream of brute survival. The deeper down the rabbit hole you go, the more steeped in International Law you are, the more you recognize that your social role consists of serfdom on a vast plantation of global proportions. The complex (infinitely complex) entity that you are is incapable of ownership. Far from that being a curse it is a liberating blessing as the kingdom of heaven ceases to be the earthly paradise of illusion it has now become – hereto for the veil of Isis was drawn across one's vision, now the reality is manifested in Technicolor. The black and white simplicity of yesterday is replaced with the universal color spectrum in the infra-red and ultraviolet bands as one's vision expands to encompass the

boundless realities of the multiverse ascending beyond the confines of two- car garages, gold watches and cement ponds accompanying all manner of degenerate states of consciousness manifesting inevitably in dis- ease states and entrenchment in the quicksand of matter. The American Dream is dead long live the American Dream – in the Akashic records it is a fairy-tale for fools, if one fails to read between the lines and understand the dialectic of prosperity taken to a spiritual degree multiplied by the material a thousand fold. From out of base numerology of 666 manifests the phoenix of enterprise and entrepreneurialism 777 – the path of apotheosis is marked out on the map of consciousness by reason and understanding, the ‘x’ being the point of intersection that concretizes as a fallible beginning, the starting point of the saga of life in the mundane world.

Rejection of coarse, worldly things (sensations, products, aspirations, degradations, inclinations, etc.) is a motivating first step along the path but need not be the first – however to complete the cadence and make progress on the march it must be taken or no motion occurs.

### **Intentions and the meaning of actions**

the relationship between the two is a determining one – the intention determines in large part the meaning, the consequence being that if the intention is evil the act is clothed in the garb of evil, infected with its energy and transmits this latter to the persons affected. Thus the gift becomes a taking not a boon bestowed when the intention to give is to take and this is inferrable from the context (the psyche of the person, the way it coheres or crystallizes as an idea in the situation – all circumstances and facts modifying the meaning of the act, in this case the gift: the way it is given, the time, the place, the way the receiver would be expected to receive it, etc. All this determines the nobility or ignobility of the act and whether it can properly be spoken of as a ‘gift’ or merely an imposition; say of evil or hardship, etc.). Context can never be overlooked in the acts of others whether they exist at that time or are anticipated as a future state of affairs.

### **The dependent mind contrasted with the independent mind and its repercussions on behaviour:**

The dependent can be characterized as the caricature he is, viz.: necessitous of the attention and information/knowledge of and derived from others. Without the Other the dependent would expire as the modus of his respiratus (respiration) is to breathe the aether/air of the other, his sole informational source, crutch upon which he leans as a means of self-support. No thought or behavior without thought of the other, a separate existence can’t be envisioned by the dependent that is forever seeking favor (or disfavor) from the other depending upon their cues and dictates as a subordinate whose will lies with the control of the master. Needing to be needed the subordinate/dependent cannot function without relations of dependency and once these are terminated or fade away themselves stagnate in entropy spiraling down unto death as their vitality is based solely on vampirism, however harmful to themselves. The behavior is obviously a manifestation of their dependence: they shuffle their feet, hem and haw and hesitate to the brink of peril and allow the press of circumstances to precipitate them towards goals they are either too weak-willed or too sluggish of mind to envision.

What is the cause of this symptomatology, this cerebral/psycho-spiritual/bodily state (all of which are one as a complex of ethotic structures)? Genetics, nurture – perhaps a Norman Bates style nurturing such that dependency upon the breast is cultivated from a suckling babe or in utero unto the tomb physically if not mentally (as dependent the dependent dies when Master ceases to exert mastery and this only occurs if the latter can either break free of dependency through an act of will and attain independence or if the master absents themselves through death or termination of contact/relations). The

cause is multifactorial (see above) and the chain that ensnares one in this state is of adamant, difficult to sever and with only the strongest of materials. It stands as a test of one's metal to cleave asunder this chain of subordination but to attempt is itself a sign of overcoming. This is the path towards the cultivation of an independent mind which must itself be forged of adamant, alloyed in the furnace of the will of the myriad experience suffered, the hardships and pain, etc. Thus we see perhaps not the universal cause but the panacea of this slavery which is to struggle and to perpetually assert oneself in crafting himself as a product of his own will. This is the independent mind in its essence and existence the self-sustaining entelechic of consciousness.

**An example of the Simmelian conception of monetary value:** two people contract to purchase an item, but for either the good can't be obtained as the sum of its purchase price exceeds the total assets of either party. If one contributes the sum – one and the other the remainder both have acquired ownership. If the thing and its usage can't be divided it must be shared equally, i.e. both are equally owners. Thus the greatest amount of money is equivalent to the least and the unit of currency, be it ever so small, suffices to acquire the pyramids of Egypt. To quote Simmel: "The value of money is determined by its use" and to extend the notion of usufructs of the thing, its yield, accrues to those who have conferred a use value upon it through exchanging money (use of currency) for ownership or rights in the thing (use of chattels or realty, etc.). Thus value is relative to the context and the user of the thing but redounds to the user as the absolute of relativity, the absolutizer of the relative, and the relativizer of the absolute (through himself as the arbiter of value and for whom value ultimately has meaning or is what it is, i.e. value).

However, relative to the absolute (human nature and essence and existence) relativity falls away into the former, is submerged in it and paradoxically finds its sublated higher form of relativity therein, is not a mere barren relativism but is relatively relative in relation to the absolute. Thus the thing has value beyond the caprice of the context (Spatio-temporal situation) and has fixity of content derived from its relation to the absolute (spirit).

### **Aescetism: its virtues and vices** :

Given the food shortage (alleged, contrived, or actual), the escalating decadence of the general population, their devotion to salacious hedonism, and the question arises as to which path (which life path) to tread; in other words: does one go up or does one begin his down-going-whither? This note purports to afford the reader with an answer (however preliminary) to these questions. Aescetism – reaction to leisure when it tips the scales of the balance of temperance. And yet does it not add excess weight to the pan thereby tipping to the other extreme the unfortunate butcher's thumb of proverb? I answer that the balance, to be properly maintained, entails Aescetism as its logical conclusion and necessary form of praxis, that voluntary suffering of necessary privation (a voluntary poverty of the lower pursuits) is the precondition to maintenance of the harmony of the fabric (its threads) of reality both as macroprosopus and microprosopus.

Recognizing things rationally (using the lens of the ratio to attain an amore intellectualis dei) the cause and effect of vice can be readily seen in the myriad cultural pitfalls of contemporary society. The tunnels of Typhon that lead under and down towards abysses of consciousness only the reptilian mind would wish to crawl – these have their entailments and when perceived, are steadily avoided or traversed in great aversion towards their light source and out of the darkened gloom. Recognition via reason but first and foremost through an intuitive grasp of the natural life and the form of its

manifestation, the particular situation being the given into which one is thrown or has fallen and must somehow navigate through the cunning of reason.

Aescetism is a denial and simultaneously an affirmation of the life path in the shadow of the ideal, the compass by which the self directs itself always from that properly averred and towards the proper pursuits, namely away from the anti-natural or counter-natural, and towards the natural or pro-natural, whatever redounds to living life in accordance with nature. Thus Aescetism is the regulator of the balance, its rectification through the iron will of reason and broader, higher levels of conscious awareness. Those whose life consists of 'pleasure maximization and pain minimization' have affronted the higher self for the same revelry in the lower realms of consciousness even to the point of its negation or enervation. The Bacchic revels of the nocturnal Dionysus and his orgiastic maenads enter in combat with the crystalline sobriety of the ratio and its elegant and harmonic necessity. The battle has been waged and eternally will be through the dialectic stimulus provided by the gravitational force of material density and the levity of the soul in the ever-revolving wheel of incarnate being. However, the entropy the necessity of Saturnian control exerts leads to a static being that is the soul spark subject to a petit mort unless kindled by the ecstatic presence of the will. Re-motive force of the axis mundi (Mikro and Makro) continues the Ferris wheel of fortune propelling destiny to new heights in the life and its subsequent manifestations.

**Knowledge and life's purpose \_\_\_\_\_ :**

Gnothe Seuton – the self is the gateway to the non-self, without looking within one can't look without. Third-eye blindness equates to darkness even in broad daylight – the staring eyes of the beast look with glazed stupidity at the unknown and forsake the gnosis gleaned through the second sight.

Music soothes the savage beast. It is the gateway (one among many) to the inner recesses of the middle chamber of holistic consciousness. It confers the key to direct access to the sum total (self, other, union, division). The cochlear nerve impinges directly upon the brain, furnishes the elixir of the light in vibrations (vibrations translating – as a becoming not a translated being) to the resonating machine of consciousness reverberating truth. Anatomical structures are arranged in this way as natural teleology, a transceiver of energy that represents the antennae of the mind in material form. Bat-like the sensitive is forever absorbing and receiving the information for the other beyond the great divide, across the gulf of consciousness that is the aether – from one source of condensed being to another, communion of entities over yet other entities knowable yet unknown as the defective equipment does not register as knowledge. Defective in relation to that which it is not, perfect in relation to that which is – the radio broadcast and receiver serves as an information node in the space between the eyes of cosmic consciousness. Transducing divine vibrations redounding to gnosis the vehicle of consciousness best operates in stillness – and that is the voice of the silence. To be silent is to hear – the silence of self is the audience of the other and vice versa – one hears himself by proxy, through the feedback echo of non-self. Cogito and res unite and establish themselves as reality through mutual sonar. It is amazing how the obtuse fail in acuity, as acute beings and languish in the mire of density called the kingdom of Malkuth (maladroitness, malum – the bad in relation to the good, the good of all mundane and extra-mundane). Why is the evaluation typically (stereotypically)? Because the most subtle (implying least dense) is that which contains the most area topologically with the most meaning, owing to its fluidity or metastatic pregnancy. Maieutically it gives on to modalities exceeding the more rigid planes of materiality whose mass prohibits movement. Thus since 'bad' and 'good' are terms relating to life – itself inherently



immaterial/spiritual – and are meaningful in relation only thereto the good represents that conducive to the most vital – the bad, the least – the good is that which is as removed from materiality as possible and conversely with the bad. The end – ultimate good – is merging with God as God and overcoming all oppositions through union. Where morality – the fact of morality – enters into human praxis is not in self but recognition of the union of self with the sum total or the metaphorical or real ‘destruction’ of self not through suicide on a material level but through transformation in a harmonic way. The ultimate means (the necessary and sole condition) of attaining the ultimate good is removal from the density of materialism; the mode is knowledge of the world, the self, etc. Purification of mind/body/spirit is through techniques of disquieting the noise of that which conflicts with the harmony of being. The transcendence of dualism is not through ignorance (willful and voluntary) of evil but a recognition of the fact thereof and its transformation into good not in its destruction. Two rams butting heads do not a mountain climb.

### **Concentration and praxis: attunement**

On the verge of such possibilities and accomplishments, such notions and visions of what will be – yet actually making nothing but dreams which admit of no realization – always a seeming never a being. Infinite juxtaposition of dreamscapes – sinister crime bosses in secluded high-rise buildings plotting nefarious plans of conquest and corruption of the pure and the good in the political realm; wondrous lands of monumental structures that touch the empyrean azure skies and contact the celestial realms of the spirit world – all of these possibilities I forsake through insistence upon the real as my God-mind omniscient panoptic vision. The information being so overlaid by consciousness is assimilated – an energetic vacuum operating independently of space-time enabling access to the sum total of all information – widen the lens/shutter of vision and you increase access proportionally – opening up the Pandora’s box of the mind’s eye. Concentration becomes scattered yet returns to focus when one focuses upon the concentration; retreating into self-reflexive contemplation, the synthesis of this cornucopia of information is a mark taken off in a holistic higher sense eagerness and satiation might escape one but the ravaging hunger is no problem but a goad, a tantalizing propitiation to a mind otherwise immersed in finitude. The so-called God’s eye view posits oneself as god, the axis mundi, a world around which all worlds revolve the centre of the universe in/as miniature – microkosmos.

The dangers of the psychonautical excursion of the Jason/Joseph figure with his technicolor chakra covered dream cloak (the cloak of the illuminatus) pursuing the golden fleece to weave fine fibres of EMF conducting and super-conducting material into his garb is quite clear – namely in attempting to weave a reality out of one’s brain the axonal threads tend to become tangled in a solipsistic skein forming a Gordian knot of madness and inevitable descent into an empty interiority of self-reflexive ego cogito emptiness. Many would call this nirvana but it could more preferably be called vacuity. This is not the wushin of Shinto but the nullity of narrowness masquerading as fullness. So the only solution is to equalize the poles: fullness is emptiness and vice versa but this itself simply destroys itself in an empty identity which doesn’t admit of any concrete basis for its equalization. Thus one has recourse to drawing room novels as a mining of the content of the real for industrial purposes in the economy of consciousness – to fabricate a reality with more substantial materials, instead of the mists of abstraction. In this sense reality in the form of a fantasy is more real than that of a buddhistic nirvana and its inevitably insufferable ennui. Black out the mind and what is seen is blackness – the lack of sight is not sight simply the annihilation of self through ceasing to sustain its being through the dialectic of consciousness. One becomes a mirror whose function is destroyed when the lights are turned off. To

physically turn off a light and envision in the mirror of one's mind a reality is more conducive to a meaningful life than to shut off the mental lights, but there is no light without having been at one point acquainted with real light – we being light beings – one can't weave a reality from nothing, nihil nihil fit. Thus the particular contents of consciousness available to the illuminated (however dim the bulb) is more meaningful than the blacked out reality of a poseur of buddhistic contemplation who conceives of a blackness as their images, contents, mentation, etc. Blackness is the absence of mentation and from out of it nothing issues, into it all is absorbed in nullification. It is so much better to contemplate a bank balance or a rain cloud or easy bake oven than to fall into the living death of this will-less self-abnegation. It would be, that is, if it were true. The blackness contains the light through cosmic consciousness, through the one merging with the many in a meta-conscious overlay of its contents thus attaining access to the particular. However once one serves oneself up the contents of that mental easy bake oven he is bound to it and has no other choices – his appetite is spoiled once the forbidden fruit is consumed – the oven ceases to operate and the contents having been brought into being, there is nothing else possible. *Omni determination est negatio* – all subsequent entities return to blackness and the finitude of existence becomes the reality that is real broadcast upon the transceiver/transmitter of the narrow band hologram that is the mind or consciousness in its particularity, as a condensation of energy fields into physical/bio-electrical/chemical reality.

Thus limited the choices are clear – to enter into a fantasy and limit possibility or to return to Godhood through 'bracketing off' the particular contents of consciousness in buddhistic blackness, a blind visionary seer of the *ain soph aur* and its refulgence. This seems the practical portal of access to the other/higher realms, the third eye a stargate to an infinite number of possibilities otherwise incapable of access. The procedure might be laid out as follows: first purify the body on the physical plane (fasting, etc.). Then/simultaneously (ideally purification would be entailed but could be omitted in a degenerate world of vice and degradation bodily, environmentally, etc.) cultivate higher mind through meditation (mantras, theta states, etc.).

The technique is as simple as sensory deprivation and production of states of maximal calm (breathing techniques, etc.).

### **Concentration requires and is defined by/as**

one-pointed direction of the will, an energy trajectory of intentionality/intention, focus of mind on a distinct (however indistinct) object and bringing into distinction/clarity its properties through the solar ray of the third-eye projection to speaking florid terms. This serves the ethico-praxiological purpose of elevating the lower to the higher through endowing the lower with a meaning it would not have ascribed to it by those who lack the concentration requisite for that elevating process. The mote becomes the beam through attending to its muteness, its essence/ousia/properties, etc. The beam is amplified to the forest and the particular is – so to speak – subverted in the universal into which it becomes absorbed through bathing in its light. Illumination – the penetrating gaze of nocturnal out into the blackness of plutonian caverns. To continue from above scrawl: the technologies of consciousness elevation elevate – oneself as subject and projector of noumena into and merging with object and phenomenon; just as the reverse process occurs; a magical working where the noumena become phenomenized and the reverse through a dialectic spinning itself out of consciousness. The appearance, though this projective gaze of third-eye vision becomes and attains its essence just as the starry-eyed moonstruck lover finds his love in the sheen of moonlight cast forth from the rapture of his awareness. The object binds with all others as a drop of mercury coalescing with the surrounding pool –

one attains to awareness of the whole though the part and yet – though subverted as isolated being – preserves and expands its being through its relations which subvert it qua isolate qua distinct being by elevation of its distinctness through the being of all of that which it generates through itself (relations, themselves distinct entities, the entities forming still other entities – relations, objects, etc. amplifying outwards yet imploding inwards resolving the paradox through a oneness between the being of non-identity and non-identity from identity – a synthesis of judgment a priori and posteriori in the augenblick of consciousness, the snapshot of the realm becoming a seamless sequence of film footage that tells its own never-ending story). One subverts misery through this process and simultaneously discovers himself through merging with source – the notion of nirvana and god-consciousness of which the whole is the part and vice versa, is reified.

**The dualism of what could be called Manichaeism or Zoroastrianism or Judaism** :

The above value systems called religions I would look upon (to the meager extent of my knowledge of the topic) as Satanism. By this admittedly Christian term I mean the ‘good vs. evil’ religions that favor evil or the good manifesting itself through the dialect of their duality wherein the good triumphs in whatever way. To take the ‘evil’ handle of the dilemma (Judaism) they appear to advocate doing harm to others (non-self) to the extent of annihilation of the latter as a necessary condition of the manifestation (bringing into being) of the good. Regardless of the purposes or content of their beliefs (motivations, intended means, modus operandi, etc.) they advocate ‘evil’. My contention is that precipitating good through evil (or anything via its opposite) is absurd.

The good is that which is harmonious and entails the attunement of the beings of being, resonating in a mutually self-supportive way. Evil is the lack of such resonance. How disrupting harmony through disharmony could be achieved on a real energetic basis (at the level of memes, social solution, etc.) is clearly not possible on the grounds that things can balance when they are different entities (try balancing a poodle with a lawnmower in terms of their fundamental energetic properties – no good would come of their union – only the destruction of one by another). However is there any difference? Are they to be assessed as quanta or irreducible energetic fields, etc.? Even then they admit of quality (which is their difference). Hence to destroy one is to precipitate disharmony. But what of the disharmonious? Should it not be destroyed? Perhaps that is the ultimate answer to Judaism that by virtue of its ‘satanic power’ it represents duality (opposition/adversity) and thus must be destroyed as harmony should exist. Thus the final solution to the Jewish question is the death of Judaism.

Emptiness and fullness: through emptiness one is claimed to attain fullness yet the sensation of no sensation (assuming this is possible) appears empty in the presence of desire. And there is no possibility of eliminating or sublimating desire up to ‘higher realms’ or deities as one is desire itself manifesting itself in particular concrete form – the word made flesh is here the flesh made word as a particular emanation of the deity that is man. The fullness sought (and easily found in life) is discovery in the fullness of consciousness (of desire – of the ding an sich). Only in awareness of the contents that are consciousness can the consciousness be attained that qualifies as fullness. The voice of the silence is articulated through silencing the desiring flows and sense impressions but has only a dispensatory function when manifested in action (be they words or writings in short in technai or technologies of the self). The act of simply attempting to attain wu-shin is an exercise in futility as it is still an exercise thus is inherently self-defeating. There is no such thing as no-mindedness or will-lessness only mindfulness and will and this not as a vehicle of consciousness but as consciousness inextricably bound up with its finite expression and form – thus one must be an artist of life and can be nothing but; the loafing

indolent on the toilet begets creations which are an expression of the will though typically the consciousness of such a one is crude in its simplicity and thus fails to be conscious of itself and thus lacking in the refinement that qualifies it as 'high art'. The more mentally engaged one is the higher the art and the mental means a metaphysical mental/spiritual embodiment that bodes/bodies forth as a self-propelling wheel, creator of xyz, etc. The 'xyz' is the product inextricably bound up with the creator and is its brain child, its function and manifestation such that the mother and the son are one through oneself as the father – a spiritual trinity on the earthly plane of rendering the extra-mundane concrete and representable, however metamorphosed as object of subjective will. The creative object borne of one's consciousness is the stardust and radiation of the cosmic force of one's inner light as a star-child of the deity which is being, the one, the all father.

**An artist of gastronomy**, that is to say of the stomach – one who undergoes the following processes to enable his creations to manifest (flatus, faecal matter and auto-toxicity; mastication) the consideration, formulation and mulling over of the matter selected (cooked, purchased, ready-to-eat); the refinement and approach of the concept or idea, its experiencing, its gradual or immediate manifestation of its substance/essence (tasting); its comprehension and as-it-were imbibition (swallowing) and concomitant process of creative manifestation (assimilation/digestion/excretion) using the appropriate media (gastric juice, peristaltic action, formation in the bowel and eventual birth into matter. Such is the delectable ars gastronomica and its subtle process of manifestation. What would one have: willness inertia, a bracketing off of all contents of consciousness save consciousness itself (per impossible!) or an endless plethora of contents to be sampled as a cornucopia for the will to avail itself of and bring into being as the reification of the conception. The passive, inert orientalism touted as the path to enlightenment and the necessary material with which to construct the diamond body or the technicolor dream cloak comprised of the infinite fibers of the beings of being – which most closely approximates being: nothingness or everything qua thing as possibility perpetually actualizing itself through willful action. Inaction as a living death or a full life of endless striving and will as its *conditio sine qua non*? Is not this life itself – the death of will-less inertia being the veil of Maya the hidden reality being that which manifests and comprises the veil as its fibres? Fullness over emptiness, plenitude and surfeit over deficiency and privation. Save the negation of will for the Orientals – the hyperborean path lies in the insatiability of fullness, the self-propelling wheel of creation creating via creator not a corpse. Serve yourselves up to kali oriental denizens; the white man will not be a snuffed out spark inhabiting darkness but will illumine it with refulgent splendor.

**The power-trippers of the lower levels:** fatted hippopotamus crouching over desk would spawn its pregnancy of litter as recycle from the in to the out basket ripe for the shredding. It lurks, undulating womb writing and spasming with urgency – it must proffer its hidden excrement as so many boons to humanity – the puff of vanity halo-like ensconces its receding brow and pontificates its ululating cry of power lust: "I am I the watcher in the watchtower of the North, the mater dei belching forth my progeny as the roast piglets of a Christmas feast. Glut thyself on succulent meat – and choke with the poison of my powerful DNA. You are transformed, in my image, a puppet made flesh, carved by the carving knife of my cerebral loins, a phallus impaled through your brain-pan – my very slave!" – such the power-tripping nature of the mater dei feminut, girth encircling its lair, radiating a force like a chihuahua attempting to assert itself behind a rolled up car window as a big dog passes by. Just open the window and we will see who farts the loudest. We know who makes the biggest stink. Floating in the swamp of its own perdition it basks in warm self-contentment as a babe in amniotic fluid nourishing itself on its own ego, for power is that greatest lust which feeds upon itself.



## **Anti-White Anti-Law or “The LAWLESSNESS of Beastman”**

Motivated purely by self-interest the non-white is both an inadvertent transgressor and adherent to the moral law. In certain cases, he following the path least resistance, is an adherent to the law, in others he continuing to follow the path of least resistance deviating in complete opposition from the straight and narrow path. Thus the path he pursues is always and invariably that of the self, even his own tribal group is merely a tool to use for self-service which explains why the non-whites struggle against each other in desperate competition even when they have a surfeit of resources available such as in the case of tribal war and vying for power in intertribal strife. In all cases the only thing that matters is the moment and the most benefit for the self. This explains why they are always cowards in war as they have no selfless altruism and have no willingness to sacrifice themselves for their extended tribal group given that would be the extinction of the self and thus would be the terminus of their ‘pleasure maximization and pain minimization’. Accordingly the non-white is thoroughly liberal in their values which implies thoroughly totalitarian towards Others with maximal liberty for the self being their ultimate purpose, namely selfish self-service, ‘self before Others’. Thus the non-white can be spoken of as lawless as they are simply not governed by law and have no regulation of their impulsive tendencies by reason and the higher mind simply because they don’t have a higher mind with which to reason. The following constitutes the ‘Other’ to the treatise on Lex Albus (white law) – not its antinomian negation as in the case of Jewish Satanism (Judaism) which is merely the inversion of Lex Albus but rather the biospiritual tendency in non-whites towards the lower states of consciousness beyond which they cannot ascend and towards the lower forms of behaviour which are their behavioural analogs. These forms of behaviour which comprised historically in all white nations the law of the land (codex justinianus, the common law, etc.) are the ensemble of behaviour non-whites manifest as soon as the restraints of force are removed from their simian wrists and ankles. In the following each form of behaviour is discussed and illustrated as to its derivation from the lawlessness of the non-whites. In no particular order of precedent (as with the non-whites’ psychology it is a chaotic upsurge of dissipated forces narrowly concentrated towards the feral inclination of fighting, fleeing, fornicating, and feasting, the 4 F’s) – these are the marks of the beastman.

Gluttony: The ravenous greed of the non-white is legion and his lust for belly pleasure is notorious (‘belly mad’ as Seneca says). The choicest viands and the most wretched fare equally sate his gluttony. The coarser pleasures are all that beguile him and all more refined delights of the mind are a non-existent in his mind given that it is incapable of such refinement lacking the nervous structure of that of the white man for whom and for whom alone the higher exists beyond mere wooden intellect machine-thought to the heights of creative aspiration and genius. Thus recourse is had to whatever is available namely the gustatory lusts of the animal though limits as in the case of the latter are lifted and gluttony enters in through the gates of the teeth. The failure to discriminate is another sign of the coarse insensate nature of



the beastman which explains why Mexicans like spicy food and the negro has a thirst for bloody (as well as jerk) chicken – both figuring prominently in voodoo rituals leaving no waste – the economic materialism of the beastman being the highest cogitation attainable): the blood of the living bird and the feet and beak are all greatly appreciated by the negro as is the corn of the red Indian and the still-beating heart of his cousin. Other examples abound from insects to quail eggs, from pig face to oolong tea. All equally become mingled and find their place within the maw of the non-white indiscriminately and chaotically blended together within the larger chaos of the brute. In the case of the Aryan by contrast his refined sensibilities gravitate towards a more refined diet such as the fruitarian or vegetarian which lightens the body and doesn't have the nerve damaging effect of a high animal product diet (nerve damage through acidification, etc.). The parsimoniousness nature of the Aryan is dependent upon energy needs alone and only in cases of deviance does he stray from this narrow upward path. The effects of diet on consciousness are legend: meat dulls the mind through using oxygen in its metabolism (protein metabolism) whereas the lighter foods spare oxygen and are also more efficient as fuel for metabolism. That the stimulating effect of meat (a result of uric acid and concomitant adrenal hormone secretion) appeals to the non-white reveals the tendency to seek stimulation from without given that no stimulation from within exists whereas in the case of the Aryan that external stimulation induces a violent tendency as well as mental sluggishness activating the lower chakras, those which are the only active centres of consciousness available to the beastfolk which could be spoken of as sufficiently a drive to be an element of consciousness.

As to quantity the more the merrier for the non-white – feed 'n' breed being the strategy, the more they are given or permitted to eat by the Aryan the more children they have. Thus their lawlessness generates chaos through famine and disease spread.

Theft: The lawlessness of the consciousness of the non-white leaves theft available as a perpetual option for the notion of property exists in his mind only as 'mine' and no recognition of 'thine' exists given that he has no regard for the other only the self and his mind cannot transcend lower egotism and the lower chakras, thus he has no comprehension of the meaning of theft – everything is a possible possession in his mind the only thing (again) which restrains him is the threat of force, the rod of iron brandished by 'man at arms' (as in the cartoon He-man). 'Whatever he can get away with' is the principle of action for beastman who knows no law and has no inner restraint. Accordingly beastman can have no property rights as has no property duties in his inability to respect that of others he cannot be respected in turn save at a rudimentary level of personal physical possession (chattels) but even then only conditionally that of the coercive nature of reciprocity that failing to respect others property his own becomes forfeit (proportionally) thus inculcating at a rudimentary level, an understanding of the consequence of theft (punishment, deprivation). Thus his natural lawless tendency is restrained.

It is inherent in the non-white to steal because the non-white has no regard for truth as they are blinded by egotistical self-striving and without a conception of truth there is no capacity to affirm that another's property is his own defacto (the truth of ownership must be acknowledged and to take that of another's is dishonesty, the lie of claiming by way of gesture, what is not one's own). Whether as a blue-collar street thug or a white-collar administrator the non-white is inherently disposed towards theft, the more sophisticated he is the more potentially sophisticated the crime. Thus the non-whites' mores, from the blue-collar theft of chattels to the white-collar theft of embezzlement and clever investment schemes. In either case the non-white performs a theft and has no pangs of conscience or inner need of justification as in the case of a white man who has been led to theft by e.g. hardship or revolutionary zeal and a sense of righteous vengeance against a traitorous upper class, etc. No external justification in the mind of a non-white is necessary as no external authority exists save the lash and then only when caught would any excuse be made, internally no pangs of conscience exist as the non-white has no sense of otherness and thus no sense of injury towards anything but self (such as in the case of 'police brutality' wherein police use reasonable force against the non-white and it becomes a political scandal where the non-white is portrayed – and in his own mind is – as a 'victim' injured by the Other who exists in his mind only as a tool for personal benefit or as a source of harm).

Lie: Given that theft is inherently mendacious (a violation of the possession of another through unjust expropriation) and is inherent to the non-white it follows that at least in this respect lying/mendacity is also an inherent component of the non-white psyche. It is here contended that lying is inherent in non-whites as a fundamental tendency as their regard for truth is non-existent being driven by base considerations of the lower ego and having an insufficiently developed mind with which to grasp higher principles which require a selfless attitude as truth is that which exists independently of crude self-interest maximization. Hence the frequency of mendacity amongst the non-whites whose understanding of truth is restricted to self-interest alone and where self-interest ceases so too does their regard for truth. Often the beastman is seen mocking the Aryan over the latter's concern for truth while he uses the latter's technology to enrich his self-interest which technology necessitated a comprehension of truth in order for it exist. This fact also is beyond the comprehension of truth in order for it to exist. This fact also is beyond the comprehension of beastman. The non-white is a pragmatist for whom language and behavioural conduct (e.g. displays of friendliness) are mere instruments of self-enrichment, and thus the meaning of words is relevant only to the extent they are instrumental in self-interest maximization. Given that truth is what is and a recognition thereof by the sentient/conscious being in question (a finite and fallible representation of an infinite presentation) amounts to an 'owning the truth' the non-white is habitually mendacious as he recognizes only self-interest and thus ignores the reality which impinges on his dull faculties and which has no existence within his consciousness if it is not merely shunted aside as one would a gnat, the pesky nuisance of truth. Guileful in his manipulation of the more gullible Aryan –



whose thoughts usually don't descend to the depths of underhanded manipulation – the non-white has developed the art (craft?) of lying to a very advanced degree. The facial gestures and vocal tones are very plastic and cultivated as a theatre actor, knowing when to smile and when to display contrition, etc. as a means to exploit the Aryan for power and material advantage.

When witnessing the Aryan's pursuit of knowledge and truth they are puzzled – for knowledge does not confer the sensual pleasure they prefer but may instead confer the pain that comes with cogitation of the brain – and thus they are set off guard by the Aryan in projecting their own base drives upon him. Thus the distinction between the true and the false exists only in their mind by proxy, though the light of the Aryan cast upon their dark minds and thus they to the extent they are able only acknowledge and speak the truth when the rod of iron is brandished above their heads else truth is merely superfluous concern like a gentle breeze or a bump in the road, acknowledges only when it gets in the way or confers a pleasant sensation.

Coveting thy neighbour's wife: Committing adultery of bloodlines

The propensity towards the base drives that constitutes the beastman's modus vivendi and praxeology, his behaviour and intent which becomes realizable once all obstacles are eliminated manifests itself in the sins of Christianity mentioned in the title. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' is an apt phrase characterizing the dynamics of crime and punishment for the beastman only in this case it is inverted: 'Give an inch and they will take a mile' – as long as the reward is worthy of the risk in their consciousness dull as it may be as lacking in self-control, driven by the greedy consciousness of an underactive reason and overactive libido (fight, fornicate, feed, etc.). Thus the 'neighbour' in the sense of Christian identity). The wife of the neighbour is always sought by the non-white given his/her lustful nature and the obviously superior genetic constitution of the Aryan who represents a higher value that the greedy savage wishes to appropriate for themselves through the sympathetic magic of a bestial coupling (to imbibe the seed of the white man in the case of the female – and to inject their own seed into the females of the Aryan). The 'coveting' of the neighbour 'Other' leads to the commission of adultery given the path of least resistance being paved through the appropriate conditions (absence of the threat of punishment, opportunity to gain/impose sexual (dis)favour on the proximal 'other'). Given that beastman has nowhere to go but up in the genetic hierarchy he has no regard for the commission of adultery, the adulteration of racial types into a perverted amalgam of nature resulting in a degenerate product of dysfunctional chaos. Posterity at most exists in the mind of beastman as an afterthought to his base borne lust, a 'trophy' so to speak of his 'conquest' (be it through rape or consensual means). Motivated by desire his intent is merely animal, satiety and the partaking of degenerate carnality heedless at best of the consequences of his actions at worst deliberate malignancy through polluting the genetics of the higher type with that of his own.

The curse of He-man is visited upon his physical Aryan neighbours, those who have had the misfortune to be forced into or willingly involve themselves in relations with the non-whites – their progeny are cursed with an inner restlessness and divergent tendencies which manifest physically in the brute mongrels of e.g. South America and the Middle East.

Rape: Analogous to the above sin is that of its non-consensual consummation enabled through proximity with the Aryan who is subjected to the overpowering force of the non-white (if such is –as so often is – the case, e.g. negros, mestizos, Arabs – all who have been inculcated with the simian genes of the darkest bipedal beings). Thus rape is an inevitable occurrence in the case of the ‘integration’ of non-whites with whites as without severe and extreme brain pollution in the Jews’ mass indoctrination machine (media / ack-a-dumb-icks) no white females (the more fallible of the sexes) would consent to interspecial sexual relations and thus – even in spite of the mind control – the usual case is rape given the lustful nature of the beastman and the strength of impulse directing him towards the act of consummation. Even in the face of the legal impositions of a white society beastman has little restraint and thus risks the reward of partaking of the white genetics in spite of the dim understanding of punishment accruing to himself in the event of apprehension which is usually a minimal deterrent under the current legal system given its extreme leniency towards the non-whites who have a virtual license to rape and even to murder.

Murder: The lower races display the lower emotions as a general tendency: anger, fear, lust, hate – all being their mainsprings of action which when worked up elicit stereotyped behaviour, a result of their undifferentiable natures (partaking as they do and deriving themselves from the group oversoul of their tribal kind). One of these stereotypical behaviours can be readily perceived in this tribalism from crips and bloods to Zulus and hottentots they have always been and will always be of a bloodlustful nature. Hence murder, the illegal (in terms of natural and positive law) killing of another against the harmony of existence has always been their tendency as their lack of restraint does not serve- given its inadequate strength – to check their immediate impulses towards attacking that which displaced or angered them for whatever reason, generally working against their immediate interests and being deemed sufficiently meritorious of a violent response intended or not to result in murder. It is not always (or even usually) directed against whites this violence but is merely an innate tendency that manifests itself indiscriminately towards all Others who trigger its behaviour simply through being present in its environment while it is in that state of consciousness, whatever triggered it in the first place (bad mood, Jewish propaganda re: ‘slavery and colonialism’, etc.).

Murder being an end state of violence which is inherent to beastman it necessarily follows to a certain degree of probability that beastman is a murderer and thus must have his presence curtailed and restricted by those prudent enough to foresee the inevitable consequence of combining a violent personality in any environment which gives him the liberty to ‘act up’. Thus to enable and not disable

beastman from entering into the physical territory of whites is to precipitate murder by proxy through the violent constitution of the negro and other dark races / species whose lack of self-control as aforesaid is a result of an incapacity to mediate (through reason) the immediate (state of mind and concomitant action).

Graven images: The non-white, in his lawlessness, lack of comprehension of higher purpose and of the natural/divine law which he is subject to and yet continues in his wilful striving to attempt to buck the system in his endless quest for self-satisfaction if need be at the expense of others. Hence the non-white makes 'graven images' as gods in his own image before which to prostrate himself in false humility as before a vanity mirror gazing into his simian visage with bloated arrogance. This extrapolation of egotism towards higher levels of consciousness, testify to the depths from which simply falls back upon himself and blinds him. His 'gods' which are in reality lower astral entities, are the only beings in the metaphysical realm with whom he can make contact and whom he has a sympathetic resonance, propitiating and invoking them as means of acquiring 'spiritual' power through sinister black magic rituals usually entailing the sacrifice of the innocent on the altar of their own bestial and bloodlustful temperament. That they are not naturally inclined towards monotheism but rather towards the polytheistic demonology of the so-called 'pagan' ideologies, (pagan in the sense of primitive, superstitiousness, not henotheistic Hermeticism or non-Christian/Kristian monotheism). Their religiosity manifests itself in the form of crude ritualism as above discussed and 'vain repetition', etc. These practices stimulate the lower chakras and states of consciousness and attract the lower astral entities with whom their diabolical pacts are formed. The totem pole and the iron furnace of Moloch are all images of their vice and crude animistic understanding of life. The thesis that beastman is a lawless creature who has no inner divine spark enabling him to comprehend the natural law which governs his actions and thus has no understanding of himself either has been sufficiently proven in the foregoing to require no external proof through statistics or scientific opinion. That the non-white is without moral compass and can be said to be 'morally insane' (as insanity would imply a capacity for sanity in place of a complete absence of understanding as in the case of the beastman) is provable apodictically through personal experience whereby the beastman is seen from myriad angles in myriad circumstances to be one and the same throughout though variations on the theme depending on the particular case (environment, relations, etc.). As a liar, thief, murderer, rapist, and black magician to the extent of his feeble powers, beastman takes the crown of thorns and ascends the podium for the laurel wreath of victory of the physical over the spiritual thereby losing by winning in the realm of the transient.

# WHITE LAW





# WHITE LAW [ *LEX ALBUS* ]

## RIGHT AND WRONG FOR RIGHT WHITE LIFE

WHITE LAW encompasses the Right/White way and its flipside the anti-white/wrong way to conduct oneself as a white person in relation to 1) Oneself; 2) Others(sentient beings) and 3) the environment. In the following table each form of Right/White conduct is matched to a corresponding form of anti-white/wrong conduct which purports to serve as a pedagogical guide to fulfill the 14 words through the creation of a sound mind in a sound body(1-Oneself) in a sound society(2-Others) in a sound environment(3). Each of the 3 categories is further subdivided into 7 parts comprising a holistic program for living in a Whiter, Brighter World.

### 1) **SELF**

1) <u>MIND</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
LACK OF	CONCENTRATION
UNBALANCED FACULTIES EG.OVER- ANALYTICAL/UNEMOTIONAL(‘MALE IMBALANCE’); UNDER ANALYTICAL/OVEREMOTIONAL(‘FEMALE IMBALANCE’)	BALANCED FACULTIES
LACK OF	CREATIVITY
UN SOUND JUDGMENT(UNREASON)	SOUND JUDGMENT(REASON)
MENTAL WEAKNESS/ATROPHY	CULTIVATE MENTAL POWER
NEGATIVE	POSITIVE SELF TALK/SELF-LOVE
2) <u>EXERCISE</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
LACK OF	BRIEF/INTENSE+
EXCESS(MARATHON; CROSSFIT)/ INADEQUATE, REST, ETC.	INTERMITTENT/LIGHTER ACTIVE RELAXATION
3) <u>SANITATION</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
(INTOX) DRUG USE(ALCOHOL; CAFFEINE; PHARMA; PILLS)	DETOX: NATURAL HYGIENE; SEE “SALUBRIOUS LIVING”
4) <u>EAT</u>	

UN SOUND DIET(KETO; VEGAN); GLUTTONY	PRUDENCE(WHAT IS NECESSARY); SOUND DIET(MIXED DIET)
5) <u>WORK</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
LETHARGY/SLOTH/DRUDGERY	INDUSTRIOUSNESS
PARASITISM	CONTRIBUTORY
6) <u>ETHICS</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
“UNTERMENSCHHEIT”(SUBMAN-ISM) EXTINCTION(AHIMSA); PEACE; SELF-DENIAL	“UBERMENSCHHEIT”(SUPERMAN-ISM) SURVIVAL/THRIVING=TRUE LOVE(PRESERVING/ESTABLISHING HARMONY OF EXISTENCE OF WHICH ONE IS A PART)
7) <u>APPEARANCE</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
TATTOOS; PIERCINGS; SCARIFICATION; DIRTY; OSTENTATIOUS/INHARMONIOUS CLOTHING(COLOUR/STYLE NOT APPROPRIATE) FOR PURPOSE; UNNATURAL/SYNTHETIC MATERIAL(RAYON, LATEX)	FUNCTIONAL(SUIT PURPOSE, EG. BLACK AT FUNEREAL, WHITE AT WEDDING) REFERENCES: ‘REFERENCE SECTION SUBSECTION ‘MIND’(); ‘PFLICHT ZUR GESUNDHEIT’+’EXPANSIONS THEREOF’

## 2) OTHER

1) <u>RACIAL</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
INCLUSIVE OF FOREIGNERS	EXCLUSION OF RACIAL FOREIGNERS
OUT-GROUP	IN-GROUP ALTRUISM
RACIAL TREASON	RACIAL LOYALTY
2) <u>FAMILY</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
	(REF.:”SS FAMILY CREED & MATE SELECTION GUIDELINES”; “APPLIED EUGENICS”, POPONOE AND JOHNSON; ALSO ‘SEXUAL STRATEGY’ IN WHITE LAW
‘SPOUSE’: UNNATURAL PARTNERSHIP/UNION	NATURAL UNION/CONSENSUAL POLYGAMY(ONE MAN MULTIPLE WOMEN)

PARTNER SWAPPING/ADULTERY	MONOGAMY
PREMARITAL SEX	VIRGINITY BEFORE MARRIAGE
ABUSE	MUTUALITY(AID AND RESPECT)
MODERN ROLES	TRADITIONAL ROLES
RACE-MIXING	RACIAL PURITY/SUITABILITY
CHILDREN/PARENTAL ABANDONMENT	PARENTAL DEVOTION
HYBRIDS	PURE
UNHEALTHY(EG.DIET: KETO OR VEGAN)	HEALTHY
ABORTION ON DEMAND	PRUDENT DECISION-MAKING
PEDOPHILIA	PEDAGOGY
LICENCE	DISCIPLINE
EXTENDED FAMILY(SEE 'RACIAL' CATEGORY)	
3) <u>SEXUAL</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
FAGGOTRY; BDSM; PEDOPHILIA; BESTIALITY	NATURAL REALTIONS
GENDER BLENDING/ELECTIVITY	SEX-GENDER CORRESPONDENCE
FAPPING	NO FAP
BLACK MAGIC	WHITE MAGIC
PROFLIGACY/CARNALITY	PROCREAION/ABSTINENCE
PROPERTY-----WRONG	R I G H T
STATE MONOPOLY ON FIREARMS	FIREARMS(INDIVIDUAL OWNERSHIP)
THEFT(EXPLOITATION/EXPROPRIATION/ USURY)	RESPECT FOR OTHERS' PROPERTY
5) <u>CITIZENSHIP</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T

DUTY TO SELF AT THE EXPENSE OF OTHERS	DUTIES TO SELF AND OTHERS
LYING	TRUTH TELLING/HONESTY
CLASSISM	HOLISM
6) <u>STATE</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
DEPENDANCE(WELFARE, POLICE STATE, ETC.)	INTERDEPENDANCE+INDEPENDANCE
INDEPENDANCE(DRIFTER/DROP OUT/INTERNATIONAL MERCHANT)	
RIGHTS	RIGHTS+DUTIES(AND AS CONDITION THEREOF)
7) <u>ANIMALS</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
ANIMAL CRUELTY	HUSBANDRY/CARE
<b>3) ENVIRONMENT</b>	
1) <u>ENVIRONMENTALISM</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
AGENDA 21; AL GORE; GREEN PARTY; GREEN PEACE; WORLD WILDLIFE FUND; DAVID SUZUKI(CRYPTO JEW)	JORION JENKS; RICHARD WALTHER DARRE; PENTTI LINKOLA
2) <u>POPULATION</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
MAXIMUM POPULATION	MINIMUM POPULATION
RACIALLY INCLUSIVE/HETEROGENEITY/'DIVERSITY'	RACIALLY EXCLUSIVE/HOMOGENEOUS/
CROWDING	SPACE TO BREATH
SUB/URBAN SPRAWL	SMALL TOWNS/HOMESTEADS
VOLK CHAOS	RASSEN HYGIENE



3) <u>PLACE</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
CITY(SLUMMING; “FLESHPOTS OF EGYPT”)	RURAL(HOMESTEADING/SURVIVALISM)
4) <u>AGRICULTURE/LAND</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
GMO SEED	NON-GMO(NATURAL SEED)
JEW BIOTECH(EG.MONSANTO)EARTH RAPE	PERMACULTURE
OVERFARMING/DESERTIFICATION	LETTING LAND REST ONE YEAR OUT OF SEVEN
NON-WHITE FALLOWNESS	“SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT”
6) <u>FOOD</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
C.A.F.O FOOD	FREE RANGE POULTRY; GRASSFED/FINISHED QUADRUPEDAL ANIMALS HUMANELY SLAUGHTERED
CHEMICAL(FERTILIZER/PEST/HERB-I-CIDES)	NO CIDES
7) <u>SANITATION</u> -----WRONG	R I G H T
LITTERING; EXPLOITATION(CLEARCUTTING; MINING; HYDROFRACKING, ETC.)	CITIZEN CLEANUPS/ENVIRO BYLAW/POLLUTION LIMITS; REFORESTATION; COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT
REFERENCES: “SALUBRIOUS LIVING”, ARNOLD DEVRIES	

## White Law

“Make yourself a better person; make the world a whiter place.”

### **A sound mind is a precondition of life. To possess a sound mind one must develop it. The seven pairs of rights in the above table are amplified below in terms of their meaning and function in the conduct of a right, white life:**

1a) Concentration – ‘concentrate your forces’ – Sun Tzu; without concentration energies are scattered and if energies are scattered no necessary force can be mustered to achieve an objective. This applies in the physical as well as the mental realm, and all deliberate action is a result of deliberation which requires concentration, mental focus. Lack of concentration in life is a vice, its possession the cardinal virtue, as without no effective action can be undergone to fulfill the 14 words. The consequence of a failure to concentrate one’s forces is insanity, the padded cell, or assassination by the kosher lapdogs of J.O.G.

a) Balanced faculties – related to the above is the ethical imperative to create or maintain a holistic consciousness, for ‘thought without action is sterile’ and without healthy instincts and sound intuition (which comprise the ‘common sense’) no amount of intellectualism is adequate to bring into reality a plan of action conceived in the ivory tower removed from an involvement with the nitty gritty of practical life. In order to function in practical life the common sense must be developed to a sufficient degree and not left to stagnate through living a dreamer’s life of intellectual pipedreams. The propensity to be over-analytical/unemotional (left-brained) is ‘male imbalance’, that of being under-analytical/over-emotional is ‘female imbalance’. If the head is to remain in the clouds, the feet must remain on the ground and the eyes directed at the target.

b) Creativity – for all activism one must have a sufficiently plastic mind to adapt themselves to circumstances. This requires creativity. However, one’s creativity must not become overly dogmatic outside of a basic understanding of Natural Law and the ethical imperatives of a White Law, e.g. 88 precepts, 14 words (of David Lane), creativity credo, etc. Adaptation is a creative enterprise and creativity enables effective action as well as providing fulfillment in life especially when directed towards ‘the survival, expansion, and advancement of the white race and the white race alone.

c) Judgment – This is the province of reason, the faculty of discrimination – what J.O.G. wishes to stifle and hamstring through its imposition of egalitarian dogma through the classical conditioning process of the Jews’ media/indoctrination system (public school). To have sound judgment enables one to judge of the consequences of one’s actions. Indeed the faculty of reason (in Immanuel Kant’s ‘Critique of Pure Reason) is called ‘The Causal Judgment’, the faculty which is the reflective capacity to determine that certain prior states (causes) lead to certain other states (effects), e.g. the crime and poverty in black areas being causally related to their biology and the converse in white areas. Failure to discriminate is to partake of the disease of

irrationalism which embodies itself in the political form of liberalism (see ‘Universalist Psychopathology’ by the author): ‘judge thee not’ is the vice of White Law and its converse judiciousness is its virtue.

d) Mentality – the above presuppose a certain degree of mental strength and weakness. Mental weakness occurs through the following means: i) failure to cultivate/maintain mental strength (lack of training and employment); ii) genetic defects brought about through a) degenerate lifestyle (alcoholism, drug-ism, poor diet or being of a sub-race, etc.). The cards fate has dealt one must be played to the best of one’s ability which is destiny. This mental cultivation should serve the 14 words and not lead to an imbalance of the faculties. This is Mosley’s ideal of the ‘thought-deed man’. The application of knowledge to a case is wisdom which is virtue. Living life in intellectual cloud cuckoo-land is folly which is vice. To train the mind see the reference section in ‘WHITE LAW’ under ‘Mind’.

e) Mood mode – given the fever pitch of political strife which inevitably entangles the activist and which galvanizes the inactive, how one views himself and the world greatly influences his ability to function within this whistling tea kettle of controversy. All the slanders, vilification, and scapegoating he must endure creates an atmosphere in which depression, anger, and apathy can occur. Negative self-talk or self-understanding is a nail in the coffin of the white race. One cannot love one’s own race without loving himself and this is a precondition of effective action (going beyond oneself) as one must be in a state of inner harmony to uphold the truth and defend the right. Self-sacrifice is paramount but self-annihilation ill-conceived is of minimal use to the white race. Value yourself for what you could be and do, not for what you are or have been(see ‘Lifestory of a Heterosexual White Male’, by the author).

f) Truth – to uphold the truth one must first know the truth. Honesty is virtue except when dealing with enemies and truth is the substance of honesty. Intellectual honesty and being of true heart (making the truth your own) work hand in glove to smash the enemy whose power is based on a foundation of lies and hypocrisy (self-misunderstanding, a failure to practice what one preaches),etc.

In sum the mental qualities which are essential possessions of a healthy member of the white race are: concentration; balanced faculties; creativity; sound judgment; strong mentality; positive mood; honesty amongst allies and to himself.

2) A sound mind does not exist in a vacuum but rather is metaphysically entangled with a sound body – ‘kill the body and the head will die’. Thus a sound body must also be developed in tandem with a sound mind. The subsection ‘Pflicht Zur Gesundheit (obligation to be healthy)’ in the ‘WHITE LAW’ explains in detail a general program for dynamic health above and beyond that of either burning out the body or undertraining. It purports to be not a mean between two equally false extremes but the capstone in the pyramid of ‘Salubrious Living’.

The virtue of a sound body thus lies in neither deficiency (undertraining) of exercise nor of excess (overtraining). It lies in sufficiency and efficiency (most amount of work in the least amount of time) and thus is what is necessary to overcome a condition of untermenscheit (sub-man-ism) and attain the condition of ubermenscheit (superman-ism). General parameters further detailed in ‘Pflicht Zur Gesundheit’ follow:

B) rest: adequate (proper time, place, way)

C) work: i) right: briefer, intense, hard within training session, and lighter active relaxation outside.

ii) wrong: prolonged, unstressful within session and none outside.

D) diet: food is fuel furnishing one with micro/macro nutrients and energy not a decadent indulgence (food porn):

wrong: gluttony; starvation; omitting any macronutrient below 15 per cent of total calories (e.g. very high (80, 10, 10) or very low (keto) carb diets), excessive protein above 20 per cent of calories. (See the author's 'Hell-th' for examples of extremism).

3) To maintain a sound mind and body (the person), sanitation is key. The subsection of 'WHITE LAW' 'Pliet Zur Gesundheit' ('obligation to be healthy', a creed of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Reich) amplifies the following general parameters of 'Salubrious Living':

wrong – intoxication (intox): e.g. drug-ism, alcoholism, caffeine, pharmaceuticals, etc.; any external substance not conducive to long-term health or more immediate emergencies (e.g. amphetamines, caffeine in combat, epi-pen for stings, etc.)

right – detoxification (detox): e.g. fasting (water, fruit, etc.), sweating, heliotherapy, etc. (also see the book 'Salubrious Living', Arnold Devries).

Without proper sanitation, i.e. minimal intoxication and optimal detoxification (neither too intense nor too prolonged) the body accumulates toxins within and generates dis-ease states which, without the necessary detoxification methods leads to chronic ill-health and dysfunctionality of the mind, body, and its organ systems resulting in inevitable accelerated aging and premature death.

5) As a useful member of the white race living within the bounds of White Law, adequate and appropriate employment also known as 'work' is the life blood which courses through his veins, the absence of which renders one a corpse whose inevitable fate is a rigor mortis of inactivity and as Mussolini said, 'Inactivity is death'. Thus one either employs one's faculties or they atrophy which results in death.

a) quantity – the proper quantity of proper work amounts to industriousness, its converse to lethargy or sloth and to the above state of a premature death through stagnation. Overwork amounts to drudgery which leads to an inharmonious life and inevitable burnout where work exceeds rest preventing recovery.

b) quality – the quality (proper form) of work is necessary to avoid the above fate also as 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' – improper work being neither fulfilling nor meaningful and thus leading to an inharmonious condition within one's life, a failure to fulfill one's destiny his proper life path. The work one does in fulfillment of the 14 words must be contributory to not be parasitical upon one's own race. Jewish parasitism practiced

by many bourgeois white-collar workers (real estate agents, business owners, insurance people, etc.) is anathema to the proper functioning of a healthy society and is a type of work which must be proscribed and condemned through the appropriate means (in many cases the ultimate penalty). Contributory work improves both oneself and one's own kind and creates minimal harm/loss and maximal help/benefit for both the worker and the larger community.

6) Appearance: In conducting oneself in the world and even remaining apart, out of the public eye, one's appearance has a significant influence on his mind, body, and conduct modifying how he is treated by others and how he treats himself (self-esteem, creating one's own reality, etc.). The appearance one has could be dichotomized into the extremes of modern (vice) and traditional (virtue). The former (modern) encompasses such signs and symbols of degeneracy as tattoos, piercings, scarification, superfluous body modifying surgeries, ostentatious, and inharmonious clothing (pink shirts for men, navy blue for women, Day-Glo, etc.); foreign to their purpose, comprised of artificial/synthetic material (nylon, polyester, etc.). The latter (traditional) form of appearance comprises an athletic build without any external adornment or hairstyle which has no functional simplicity; appropriate dress e.g. black at a funeral, white at a wedding, etc. made of natural/organic fibres. However the costume or uniform of the enemy should be adopted when necessary doing any undercover work or when necessary to shift attention from oneself and facilitate one's actions or as a coping mechanism in a work environment, etc. This measure should only be adopted when necessary and not serve as an excuse to fall into a degenerate lifestyle. Self-respect and appearances are inextricably bound together; whatever clothes one wears he should to some extent distance himself from his external appearance and not entirely identify himself therewith.

7) Ethics – without purpose or compass for one's health of mind and body he is merely a healthy marionette on a string held by external – and usually malignant – forces (the mind control of J.O.G., the mass mind of the brain-polluted, etc.). One must 'become a real live boy' and 'choose his destiny' through embodying a sound ethic in mind and body. Only thus can he become an authentic man within the White Law which is the particularization of natural law for a white man just as the particularization of natural law for a wolf is Wolf Law, those conditions under which a wolf thrives (virtue) and in absence of which ceases (vice). Virtue is thus intertwined and bound up with survival and existence which itself necessitates not the corpse life of a pacifistic yogi awaiting death (ahimsa) but the struggle that perpetuates the continuance of oneself and one's own kind in an ever-evolving upward climb. This is thriving in contradiction to mere subsistence which latter leads to entropy inevitably resulting in decay and death. 'All life is struggle', 'peace is death', increase and thriving is moral, extinction (pacifism) is immoral.

Self-denial is virtue only when it conduces to the thriving of the collective and to the Higher Self. This is True Love as opposed to the False Love of universalism which proclaims transient emotionalism (good feelings) as a moral absolute – 'maximize pleasure, minimize pain'. The syllogism(deductive argument) 'all life is struggle', 'peace is the absence of struggle'; therefore 'peace is death' is the formula for virtue.

Section 2: Others: One's conduct in dealing with Others, those beyond the Self, the 'not-Self' being either one's own kin (fellow whites) or those not of one's kind (non-whites). Herein kin relations will be discussed with greater emphasis. It is sufficient to say of non-whites that they are tools at best (and typically dysfunctional ones at that) and implements of war against oneself at worst and more usually. Minimizing all contact and relations with non-whites is an essential element in Right White Life and is the cornerstone of White Law, namely racial loyalty in contradistinction to racial treason, the source of all strife within the White Race and which enables the fostering of greater problems and harbours the threat of extinction. The perfidy of the Jew would be of no force and effect if the White Race traitor did not exist, selling out their own people to the Jewish money power for personal profit and egotistical virtue-signaling through supporting non-white invasion ('immigration') and freebies ('foreign aid').

4) Racial Relations: Inclusion of racial foreigners is thus racial treason and both are an egregious wrong. Out- group altruism is a perversion of natural law and thus the subversion of White Law when whites benefit non-whites without greater benefit accruing to themselves as a collective. The exclusion of racial foreigners is virtue as this maintains the purity of the blood through maintaining a homogenous population within a defined territory thereby preventing race-mixing, the death knell of racial preservation from which no return is possible. This fundamental law of blood and soil is the bedrock of a sound society for nothing stable can be built on the shifting sands of volk chaos.

5) Family Relations: Within the greater family (race) there is the smaller family, that of one's own immediate blood kin (mother/wife, father/husband, and children). Without the family unit the greater family cannot exist and without this the smaller family ceases to exist. Indeed as the Jew knows and practices to destroy the family is to destroy society, which is the motive he has to impose his cultural subversion – to strike at the root of society, of the White Racial Tree.

5) Spouse: Without sound breeding (eugenics) based on sound mate selection no family unit can last given an incompatibility of character between husband and wife. Hence the 'SS family creed and mate selection guidelines' should be followed as well as the subsection of 'WHITE LAW', 'Sexual Strategy'. What is wrong in sexual relationships can be seen in the Jews' subversive influence via feminism wherein the woman is established as an untouchable goddess before whom the male must prostrate himself before in order to be 'tolerated' with thinly veiled contempt. Modern/anti-natural sexual roles usurp those of traditional/natural roles and the nuclear family unit is fragmented in a nuclear explosion of normative inversion in the following ways:

5)unnatural partnerships: aside from feminism/cuckoldry, partnership swapping/adultery is another source of cleavage which splits apart an otherwise natural and loyal union.

6)where there is no loyalty there can be no stable bond. Whatever children may be born they could be contaminated through telegony (genetic transference) from the mother who has become infected with the DNA of foreign men. Thus the children may be genetically altered to become non-whites themselves and

all at the expense of a harlot! This behaviour of course being tolerated by a weak male (cuckold) renders him contributarily liable to his punishment of ostracism from the larger society(See the author's 'Postmodern Love').

Needless to say, another form of unnatural partnership is that of interspecial/racial mixing which is simply taking the guesswork out of the former profligacy and attempting to create bonds of adamant out of baling wire and string as no genetically incompatible types can create anything other than an amalgam of degeneration.

Typically it is the morally weak of the whites who cultivate the noxious weed of race- mixing, however many of the overly intellectual elements seek rebellion through this means as a way of virtue-signaling to prop up their anti-natural creed of egalitarianism. The unnatural acts of sodomy and lesbianism are quite obvious forms of impossible union and children raised within this crucible of vice invariably become perpetrators of these anti-family family values and/or are mentally debilitated becoming dysfunctional members of society creating more strife through their behaviour, an outer form of their inner corruption(eg. gender blending).

The right form of white family life is that of racial purity spiraling to 'be as white as you can be' and evolve one's self through oneself in union with another kindred soul for the creation of a being who supercedes both of his forbears as a synthesis of their union.

Both monogamy and polygamy fall within the province of natural law and its extension, White Law, natural law applied to and embodied by the white race. Polygamy as the best deserve to produce the most in accordance with eugenic upbreeding and the betterment of the collective.

As with the vice of adultery above so too in the case of pre-marital sex among women as they are the carrier of posterity and thus can be genetically contaminated by the seed of foreign (or any other) mate. For this reason more sophisticated traditional cultures proscribed premarital sexual relations especially for women as a means of maintaining the genetic purity of their kind. This 'stigma of Cain' visited upon offspring by profligate mothers curses their offspring with incompatible DNA which leads to the consequences spoken of in 'Middle Eastern Madness', a treatise on the psychopathology of race-mixed being (Jews and Arabs). See also 'White Shrapnel' for further discussion(both by the author).

The evil fruits of these unions are the hybrid type who serves as the antithesis of those of the pure. A marriage license is not a free pass to license but must be granted through self-discipline else a marriage is not a marriage but merely an economic contract or an evil union. To ensure the proper functioning of a sound union of an ideally racially pure nature, a mutuality of aid and respect must be fostered in accordance with traditional roles neither the inversion of femdom nor the heavy handedness of patriarchal abuse but each unto each according to their natural capacities.



**6) Children:** Aborticide or ‘abortion on demand’ outside of the exceptional cases of rape and genetic defect constitutes the vice of ‘murder’ or killing unjustified by Natural Law. Thus prudent decision making is a necessity in deciding whether a child should be borne well in advance of the process of insemination/gestation/conception. Ideally the union between man and woman should be undergone under pristine natural conditions with the couple both being in optimal health (detoxed and well-nourished) for at least one year and the process undergone under ideal astrological conditions (time of year, alignments, etc.) corresponding to that couple whose compatibility should be well tested in advance. So too the children must be raised in optimal health and natural conditions (see ‘Pflicht Zur Gesundheit’ subsection of ‘WHITE LAW’), parental abandonment often occurs through incompatibilities untested in advance of commitment, leading to psychological/circumstantial problems in the offspring such as poverty and dysfunctionality.

Throughout the development of the child proper pedagogy is necessary not the modern influence of ‘pedophilia’, the aborted brainchild of liberalism (and the Jewish influence). Pedophilia here means not only the sexual perversion of adult-child sex but the unwarranted emotional outpourings (falsely called ‘love’) of the modern parent who ‘spares the rod and spoils the child’ lacking the requisite discipline to ensure the proper development and offspring to ‘come out from mother’s petticoats’ and dependency, ultimately becoming independent and a functional member of white society. Both extremes of parental abandonment and parental coddling are to be eschewed in favour of the tough love of rationally planned parenting. Teaching children the practical wisdom necessary to function in life as well as developing their faculties through learning languages formal (math, sciences) and informal (dead Latin, living: whichever is of practical value). Mental training should be combined with physical to balance the faculties creating the next generation of sound minds in sound bodies, the complete authentic person whose (white) existence corresponds with his (white) essence.

-Sexual Relations: following from the above family relations of procreation is the role of sex outside of conception and meaning of sexuality for the partners both jointly and separately. Natural relations are virtuous relations and these consist of the white magic of tantra which serves as a means of alchemical transmutation of the lower self into the higher self and proscribes the black magic practice of sodomy, BDSM, and various harmful forms of ritualism (autoerotic asphyxiation, bestiality, injury, etc.). The anti-natural practice of gender electivity/fluidity is also proscribed in White Law. This is fine for other species/races as it undermines their survival which latter is a threat to the white race in its own territory, deviant forms of self-identification always serving to harm oneself. Walking the ‘straight and narrow path’ of sex/gender correlation is the surest recipe for the fulfillment of the 14 words wherein (physical) men are (psychological) men and (physical) women are (psychological) women. In terms of autoeroticism chronic masturbation is especially harmful in terms of neurology as well as depletion of vital minerals and even the components of nerve tissue (see ‘Sexual Strategy’ for more details).

– Property: Hegel’s ‘property philosophy or right’ provides the template for a sound understanding of property ownership and its necessity as a mechanism of self-determination through which the ego (self) can go beyond itself



into the external environment (things as ‘chattels’ or tangible, moveable property and land and buildings attached to the land, ‘real estate’). Thus the ego (self) attaches to itself that which is extraneous to itself which yet becomes incorporated into itself reflexively. Thus to violate the property of Others is to violate themselves (an attack upon the king’s men is an attack upon the king himself”), and to respect the property of another is to accord them respect.

According to John Locke to mix one’s labour with the soil is the necessary condition of ownership de natura. Thus usury – the accumulation of property through interest, creating something from nothing – is a vicious practice as it is not based upon effortful action by an agent who would thereby legitimately acquire or create this title of ownership but is merely theft, the taking of the property of another through exploiting need (loan sharking, mortgages, etc.). Property is a necessity for the fulfillment of a sense of selfhood binding the inner man to the outer world. However limits to property are prescribed by the needs of the members of the community of which one is a part and this is what differentiates property ownership in WHITE LAW and liberalism which latter is boundless and concerns itself only with abstract individuality (possessive individualism – the person being considered only in his economic aspect dirempted from his biological racial nature, ancestral tradition and homeland – blood and soil, race and place). The property owner under national socialism and fascism has regard for the property of the community as a whole (parks, etc.) contributing thereto and using his property to serve the community to the extent that is necessary for its preservation. However the individual’s property rights are inalienable outside of those qualifications. No property tax should exist as this violates the absolute rights of property ownership. Also income tax should be abolished as through the establishment of the corporate state, all members are as a bundle or rods surrounding an axe.(eg. “Manifesto for Abolition of Enslavement to Interest on Money” Gottfried Feder; “The Corporate State”, Mussolini)

- Citizenship: the nature of citizenship in modern societies is that of an abstract individual who theoretically has no distinction from other citizens and is endowed with equal entitlements and minimal obligations other than through economic means as a tax slave. In real terms it is the bourgeois class which overarches all others and lives an entirely exclusive life living at a remove from others and having no contact with them save in a hypocritical, token way (e.g. glad handing for votes). Thus citizenship is largely meaningless which leads the unfortunate class of citizens to look upon ‘the government’ as an evil exploiter of themselves as economic units which they have been reduced to (‘Spring Comes Again’, Jorian Jenks). Contrast this classist liberal democratic model of citizenship with the equally onerous one of communism/Marxist which often masquerades under the banners of ‘social democracy’ and ‘neo- liberalism’, etc. Within this illusion the citizen is merely a voiceless proletarian serf who is ostensibly a part of the ‘community’ which purports to be inclusive but in reality is more exclusive than the liberal democratic as controlled by a more restricted group of elites (Jewish Commissars). Both forms of state are inorganic/artificial and either exclude the citizens from real involvement in society so they are atomized or forcibly integrated through threat of the lash which distorts their true identity and substitutes it with a fictitious creation of the social planners through media and state indoctrination centers

(schools). A holistic rather than a classistic society such as in national socialism and fascism enables citizens to have a place suitable for themselves and to base their identity on their role and function in society not merely abstract individuality. If a political system doesn't give adequate freedom to the citizens for self-determination then it tyrannize upon them in their essence and nature through preventing them from cultivating their innate abilities. In such a holistic system the duty to others doesn't exclude the duty to self but both mutually support one another as the bundle of rods surrounding an axe. The citizens are not simply dependent on the state for their existence (welfare, police state) nor total independence as drifters and dropouts, but participate in relations of interdependence (mutual aid and participation) and independence (privacy, home life). In order to possess rights in the state the citizen must perform duties for the state in order to earn status as a citizen.

- Animal Relations: Animal cruelty and wanton exploitations (CAFOs) are clearly a violation of the harmony of existence and proscribed within White Law which supports a minimally harmful exploitation of animal life without sacrificing the life of the humans through nutrient deficiency in following vegan or vegetarian diets (see 'Hell-th' by the author). Given that life entails death and the preservation of both oneself and one's own kind as part of nature is nature's imperative, the slaughter and use of animals for their body tissues (food, clothing, etc.) and for their utility (seeing-eye/guard dogs, horses, etc.) is a necessary fact of creating a sound mind in a sound body in a sound, sustainable society.

Section 3: Environment: Given that a sound mind, a sound body, and a sound society cannot exist save within a sound environment, the natural conditions within which one dwells must be appropriate to establish a harmonious and holistic basis for achieving this state, the fulfillment of one's earthly destiny through the parameters of White Law.

d)Ideology: Thus it is especially important to attain to a proper understanding of one's relationship to the natural world such that the artificial world of human society can naturalize itself to correspond with the harmony of nature. Most environmentalists in today's society having never lived amidst nature outside of recreational vacations from their desk jobs are quite simply divorced from nature and ultimately reality itself. From the minds of such utopian dreamers emanates such conceptions as 'sustainable development', 'smart meters', 'carbon taxes', and the gamut of other tenets of false environmentalism. With such a strange map as guide, the Judeo-Freemasonic architecture which is developed on its basis necessarily crumbles to ruins and nature defaults the artificial world that is out of harmony with itself into collapsed civilizations. Serving as a useful tool for the hidden elite the modern environmentalist implements the party line with fanatic religious fervour shunning and annihilating all opposition to their naïve dogma. Their heroes such as David Suzuki (a crypto-Jew hybrid), Al Gore, et. al, are slavishly bowed before as messianic figures ushering in the new golden age. Environmentalism in its current guise is merely a green façade for

communism, global government under the UN ruled by Jewish Commissars former bankers and is thus false environmentalism.

The true environmentalism is embodied in those ideological-political creeds of national socialism (Richard Walther Darré's 'Blood and Soil') and fascism (Jorion Jenks). These two creeds are the politicization of Nature Law adjusted for time and space, which is to say its implementation through the artifice of human ingenuity. The following points contrast the true and false environmentalism as well as the anti-environmentalism of vampire capitalism/earth rape, which latter exists as a function of the Jewish psychology (see 'Middle Eastern Madness' by the author).

- e) Population: In order to exist in harmony with nature a population must be no larger than the environment can sustain. Within White Law this means that white population which the entire earth can sustain as the whole earth is its inheritance over which it has stewardship, failing which only destruction and savagery exists. Within the mass of global population a certain lebensraum must obtain to enable adequate space for the psychological health of the population. Accordingly the crowding of urban environments must be replaced by the reconquering of the land as pioneers with homesteads and small population villages. Needless to say the racial heterogeneity of contemporary urban centers, its 'volk chaos' must cease and this through exclusion of racial foreigners, a policy of rassen hygiene and eugenic upbreeding. This would ensure harmony amongst the people who would thereby harmonize with the environment.
- f) Place: From the city of artificial ill-health to the serenity of rural and semi-urban topography away from the 'fleshpots of Egypt' and sprawling slum, to the hardy countryside.
- g) Water: Water being essential to life it must be maintained in its purity with no extraneous substances – from birth control pills to chlorine, sewage and industrial waste it must be rendered pure of contamination. The washing water should be as clean as the drinking water – no foreign substances. To purify the water, ozone gas, ultraviolet light as well as charcoal and ceramic filters should be used, not hazardous chemicals. Drinking water should be distilled. The waste through watering lawns, golf courses, and excessive showering and laundry must be curtailed in place of which organic gardens, treed parks, and natural hygiene.
- h) Agriculture and food: The Jewish biotech companies such as Monsanto and Viterro which create desertification through earth rape, the overfarming of the land and usage of GMO seed (Frankenfood), must be eliminated with their tribal masters and replaced by small-scale mixed farms run by local families or those given farmland for free with the contractual obligation to use the land for rotational crops letting the land rest one out of seven years to ensure optimal fertility and nutrient-dense food. Permaculture thus replaces agribiz for 'sustainable development'. Confined animal feedlot operations (C.A.F.O.s) would be substituted with free-range poultry and grass-fed/finished quadrupeds humanely slaughtered. In place of 'icides (pest/herb/inorganic fertilizer) only natural substances would be used such as manure, etc.

- i) Sanitation: One of the obligations of the citizen would be vigilance in environmental stewardship, citizen clean-up crews and weekly voluntary service would be mandated with all citizens from the mayor to the washerwoman being conscripted. Littering and unreplenishable exploitation of the land (clear-cutting, mining, hydrofracking, etc.) would be heavily punished with jail terms and or execution depending on the severity of the offense. Reforestation of the environment and community management of resources would be the responsibility of all.
- j) Community Defense: In order for the environment to be protected the community must have the power to enforce same both against internal and external threats (racial foreigners or those who were ostracized from the community). Accordingly every citizen would carry a self-defense weapon proportional to if not greater than that which could be carried by the enemy which would depend on contemporary technology (without being a weapon of mass destruction threatening to the community as a whole). Military training would be a presence in the life of the citizen-soldier from birth and all citizens would be given the opportunity to fulfill stringent requirements for licensing as police. Thereby the community would be protected without the element of tyranny bound up with a monopoly of force by professional police and military.

Within ‘White Law’ a sound mind in a sound body in a sound society in a sound environment would be assured as best as possible adjusted for the particular circumstances in which it is implemented ensuring a whiter, brighter world, an existence for our people and a future for white children. Failure to adopt this law through Authentic living – living in accordance with one’s own white nature – precipitates the chaos of civilization we are faced with today – that socio-political reality which represents itself as the bearer of the standard ‘equality, sorority, democracy’ but which is in reality a tyrannical despot that sounds the death knell of white civilization and ultimately civilization itself.

Adherence to the laws of nature is inevitable and those rebels without a cause who would seek to create a world in their own image build castles in the sky which fall upon their heads. Wiser people seek not to buck the system but to harmonize with it and improve themselves and their folk through it.

WHAT IS NECESSARY IS GOOD

SURVIVAL IS MORAL

EXTINCTION IS IMMORAL

**SURVIVAL IS THE *ONLY* MORALITY  
RAHOWA RACIAL HOLY WAR!**

