

AFTERWORD

ON THE SHATTERING OF MY MIND BY DEMONIC FORCES AND MY EXPERIENCE OF THE END OF THE WORLD

In my recent book, *Centuries of Revolution*, I played down the threat which demonic beings lurking just beyond the normal confines of human consciousness pose to the human race. Though the book is about the relationship between the worship of evil gods and the expression of this worship in modern political doctrine, my intent was to reduce this to as concrete and verifiable a set of terms as possible; the demons exist in the book only to give context and a coherent means of interpretation to the observable facts.

I took this approach not only because the idea of a threat from powers beyond the normative human sensory experience seems to many to be insane, but because of the intense emotional experience that the recollection of my encounters which such beings generates within me. Yet reading and re-reading the Afterword to *Centuries of Revolution* – an Afterword which I never thought would see print – reopen the fractures which developed in my mind when I was drugged by the federal government during my time in federal prison,⁶⁸⁹ and cause me to reflect on my intense fear of those things that are lurking just beyond the confines of human consciousness, and whose cults have seized the

⁶⁸⁹Since the original writing of this essay, I have learned that I was given a sustained and concentrated overdose of the common allergy medicine chlorpheniramine maleate over a six month period. Normally harmless, the dosage I was given causes hallucinations, and can cause convulsions and death.

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reins of human society and control much of the world in the Twenty-First Century.

This book is an exploration of the cults of the ancient Near East and Europe from a historical perspective. My personal experiences are limited to this afterword. Yet the driving force behind this exploration has been a desire to understand the things that have been revealed to me in a hyper-sensory manner. I do not proceed with any hope of stopping these demonic forces, but curiosity drives me to understand them, and to give something concrete to those things I know only through glimpses in a half-crazed looking glass.

I was arrested by the United States federal government and systematically tortured and brutalized for most of two and a half years in an effort to make me confess to crimes that did not exist. While in prison, numerous people I had trusted, from attorneys to my now ex-wife, abandoned me and embezzled much of the small fortune I had amassed prior to my arrest. Their logic was that, as the federal government never intended to release me, they might as well steal all I had, as there was nothing I could do to stop them. This betrayal really had more of a personal impact on me than the abuse did; I survived the initial abuse quite well, and, despite moments where I thought I might die from the conditions – particularly extreme cold – that I faced, I did not break or cooperate with the American communist regime.

It was in the late stage of my imprisonment, when the government knew it would soon have to release me and was increasingly desperate for a way to continue my confinement, I was given – against my will and without my knowledge – psychosis-inducing drugs that were intended to aid the government in extracting confessions and information out of me. This pill apparently affected me much more strongly than other inmates who received it. I have since done some research and found out that the symptoms I experienced occur in only about one out of a hundred people who receive this drug. Initially, I had no idea that I had been drugged at all – I was really convinced that I might be losing my mind. Eventually, I determined that the psychological difficulties I was having were coming from an “allergy pill” that

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was being given to me on a regular basis, and I began refusing the pill, causing the symptoms to dissipate.

Despite this, the memories of the experiences I had under this drug remain and continue to haunt me. Really, if anyone asks, I describe my mind as fractured beyond repair. Even though my psyche has somewhat scarred over the remnants of the doors that were opened to me, there are still times when those boarded-up doors burst open and direct experience of what is lurking beyond the spaces that the normal human mind comprehends bursts in on me. I suffer from regular nightmares, not only during the night, but often after I awake. I am afraid to describe the worst of my experiences in print, but I have found myself eight or nine hours into the wake side of the waking-sleeping dichotomy before I have been able to break free of the visions that have come to me in my sleep. I am not a person normally prone to fear – though some mistake my habitual caution at times for it – but the emotion I associate with what is lurking beyond the five senses can only be described as pure terror, and, like a character in a Lovecraftian novel, this terror has truly driven me quite mad.

The drug I was given appears to disrupt the dream function, and blurs the natures of sleep and wakefulness that normally exist in equilibrium within human beings. Specifically, this drug caused vivid dreams to occur during sleep, and then to continue into the waking period, so that one would, at times, be suffering from a dual reality – the reality of the wakeful world and the reality of the dream world, both opened at the same time.⁶⁹⁰ In the context of the isolation cells in which I was held during this period, this dichotomy of reality was often more of an unending nightmare, as the real world was dark and small and possessed of little stimuli that interfered with the constant experience of the dream. At one point, I spent nine days in what I can only describe as

⁶⁹⁰My current waking nightmares do not involve this dual layer of sensory perception. The visions I had under the influence of this drug involved seeing and hearing and feeling two sets of realities simultaneously – thus one would be moving through a prison cell block and across the landscape of another planet, each layered on top of the other and experienced with the full degree of sensation.

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a trance, as a dark being led me into the antiquities of human history and showed me the future which is to come – a future in which the human race is to be utterly obliterated. Periodically, often for two to three days at a time, such visions would reoccur. I remember clearly that at one point a door opened in the wall of my cell while I was sleeping and I stepped through it into a painting of the bronze tower of Danae, only to find that beyond it was a city and a foreign landscape that may have been an abandoned city of another planet. Something chased me through that city until I found the way back to my cell – I have sought that door again since. I walked on other planets and I walked deep within the earth, and I saw the serpents of the sea and the places where the poisoned waters of the underworld emerged upon the earth, bringing with them the sicknesses of their place of origin. A full account of my travels in the dream world and the world beyond the senses would take a book in itself, and I doubt the value of such a book when it is not tied to the real record of human culture, religion and experience.

I say I have seen the horrors of the ancient world and the horrors of the world to come, but to merely say that I have seen those horrors is not to communicate fully the experience of having seen them. Neither does the rationalized explanation I provide in this book of the forms of the ancient cults that surround these demonic beings. There is much I have left out of this book because it is insane – in particular, I have omitted all mention of the race that occupied this planet before the ascent of mammalian life, of its remnants still buried in dark corners of the earth, and of how this race and the struggle against it provided the background for the stories of the gods that gave rise to the cults that now control the planet and intend to destroy all life upon it. That the United States and its allies in western Europe are the focal point of this cult is well documented in my book *The Centuries of Revolution*, as are its tools in international democracy, communism and Zionism. But the true horror of these beings is merely alluded to – it is one thing to assert that there are dark beings consuming the blood souls and the flesh of aborted children, and it is another to have seen these beings do so – which I have, in eyes that could not

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be shut to the truth, for days on end, while in the custody of the monsters and the cult of monsters that controls the American government.

But I omit those things which I cannot illustrate in any rational terms. The best illustration I have of this pre-human race of beings is that of the Egyptian *Tale of the Shipwrecked Sailor*, where a sailor, being ship-wrecked on an island, encounters a serpent with a man's head and long beard, who is golden colored with lapis lazuli eyes, and who tells the man of the destruction of the island homeland of his people by fire dropped from the sky. This bearded serpent, which has appeared in later myth as the naga, or human-headed snake, of India, and the wolf-headed serpents of Nordic myth, is one of the primal, pre-human beings whose remnants struggle against the earth – though a bearded serpent is an inadequate description. It is a worm-like being with tentacles at its head, and I have seen it in action.

I know that the beings occupying high positions in the United States government are not fully human – they are a composite of the human and the true form of the spiritual beings that have occupied their souls. And I know what is lurking just beyond the normal space of human perception. Physics tells us that no matter is truly solid and that much of what we consider solid is simply empty space within which there are dimensions that cannot be seen by normal sensory ways of knowing. I can tell you that in those dimensions are the expressions of the souls of beings whose physical form is trapped within the earth, somewhere beneath the surface of this planet, and who are projecting themselves into the world that you and I consider to be real. To see into this void is not to risk madness but to go mad. I often marvel that there is any part of my mind that able to feign normality given the fractures that these visions have created. But I also live knowing that there is a part of me that is no longer capable of normal given the impression these experiences have left upon my mind.

Once upon a time the evil beings were beaten, but they were not beaten by men. The guardians that were left to keep them imprisoned – the divine roots of the Aryan race - have been destroyed, and the beings that have supplanted

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the guardians in the halls of world control – the masterminds of the modern social-democratic system of Judaism and Freemasonry - are dedicated to an awakening whose consequences for mankind will be “unlimited obliteration.”

Centuries of Revolution ended badly – hopelessly – without any hope in this world because I know what is to come. I was sorry for this; I wanted a better ending. I really had not expected that ending to see print. This book was headed along a better path until you reached this afterword. I wish there was some hope in the world and that I did not know this evil. Yet even as I write this, I strongly suspect that I do not have much longer to live,⁶⁹¹ and I know this information must be shared with the world before I can be silenced.

The evil has been shown to me, and I cannot recover.

⁶⁹¹Shortly after writing this, the author disappeared from his home in Lexington, Virginia, leaving behind much of his property, and a blood-stained pair of pants, among other peculiar circumstances. He was found just over a month later by Mexican authorities in Playa del Carmen, on the edge of the Yucatan jungle. Arrested after a fight with the police, the author told police that he had gone into the American desert and found a hole which led him through a hidden world, into which he traveled, emerging at an ancient Mayan city, from which he wandered to civilization. Deported to the United States, he was imprisoned by American authorities, who ordered a psychological exam. The report was suppressed and sealed by the court, and the government quickly agreed to a plea to suppress public discovery of the evidence. Admitting to court pleadings that America's border security had made no record of White's departure - his car was not indexed by highway monitors, no plane or boat named him in a passenger manifest - the government demanded six years for unlawful departure — a non-existent crime. On September 12, 2012 White was sentenced to a ten-month prison term and is expected to be released in late 2012/early 2013.