



## 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 posterirty-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?**

## 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 momentray 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 perspectivist 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 baby boomer. 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 consciousness 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.

### **The disloyalty of the baby boomer generation towards posterity**

; 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 children 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 children 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.

### **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, *liberalismus 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 pleasurable 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.

### **The stupidity of the baby boomer generation and their overwhelming arrogance**

: 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 been disinherited.

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### **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 (devolution) 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 cult-ure (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). Once 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.



## **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 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?

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