

IT IS THE SUICIDE

**A BOOK OF ESSAYS
BY
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EDITED WITH AN LLM
ALSO BY
PAUL TOWN

“I am correct.”

- *Paul Town*

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DEATH IN MAY

I should have done much worse stuff when I was younger. Now that I'm older I realize that may be my only regret. Like I warned in one of my prior books, once you have a single responsibility, you are a marked man who will soon have all the responsibilities in the world. I have so many responsibilities now that I don't have time for anything else. That is the reason for writing this book, as this book could very well be my last. In a year or three, I might find myself dead from suffocation. Of course, I'm being dramatic in some sense – but not really. This world is a cruel place that waits for you to treat it well and once that happens, said world begins its abuse of you.

As I get older, I realize that genius is not really a thing that exists. Competency is just so rare that we call it genius. Steve Jobs was competent at designing computers and music players and so we call him a genius. Frank Lloyd Wright was competent at architecture and so we call *him* a genius. When I am cruel enough to the world around me, I write competently enough that people who read me also call me a genius. I'm no genius, I'm just competent when I'm left alone for a long time – which is increasingly rare nowadays.

What do nearly all “geniuses” have in common? Isolation. They abuse the world around them until the world around them leaves them alone. In that solitude they were able to devote their energy towards the mastery of some craft or passion. Whether design, architecture, computing, or even writing – each genius is inherently an abuser. The best geniuses are crazy – like myself – in that they must be aware of their abusive nature and simultaneously love and hate said abusive nature. To simply hate results in a recoiling terror that forever prevents the genius from truly becoming and to simply love is not possible – anybody who truly understands the nature of abuse and its cost on the perpetrator as well as the victims cannot be a fully conscious human (and thus never can actually be a genius.)

The aforementioned constant fluctuation between self-love and self-hate is an infinite tension that generates the aforementioned genius. In order to create the external you must destroy some aspect of the internal. This is bargain you must willingly agree to if you desire to create anything of meaning (you shouldn't.)

I am revealing to you here what all of esoteria seeks to tell you in an obscure manner and some particular works even try to find workarounds (which don't work) for: to truly live you must truly die. All you acquire requires some form of sacrifice. That's why I slit my hands and did blood magic during the writing of all my books (as well as this one), because I wanted to make a ton of

money from the books and get laid because of them – which I have. Be careful what you wish for!

The real way to sum up this introduction is that I have been captured in pleasant life. I'm no longer alone in misery and poverty. I have money and a relationship. As a result, I'm miserable. I should have been so evil in my youth that I was still free and not in this stalemate of stability. I do not slit my hands open and do blood magic or starve myself while programming -- and that is why, despite my programming projects being much more useful and impressive than my books, nobody cares about them. I will start sacrificing animals on full moons and practicing semen retention in order to get people to care about software. Back to the gist of this chapter; which is that I should have been more of a monster in my youth. Not really, that's a kind of joke. To tell the truth, this chapter is a lie.

MAY BE MISERY

It is funny when people who don't have money explain what they would do with any imaginary windfall they might receive (they won't) in the future. Invariably, these individuals talk of purchasing things and experiences. They'll get a fancy car, take extravagant trips, and party with friends and strangers. What they don't understand is that the desire for more money, which is shared by all, is towards opposite ends depending on the spectrum of class in which the desirer falls.

For those towards the left side of the spectrum of wealth -- which is to say people without much money or material ownership at all -- money is a way to get close to people and things they don't currently have access to. For the poor in spirit (which is why they are poor in money), a lottery win means all the things I described in the first paragraph. A poor person who longs for money is properly imagined as a starving person who seeks to engorge themselves with food.

For those towards the right side of the spectrum of wealth -- which is to say people with much money and material ownership -- money is a way to get as far away from people and things that they wish to not interact with. Wealth comes in waves, as I have begun to learn these past few years: Material blessing attracts blessings which attract more blessings which all amount to a large amount of blessings which suddenly -- in totality -- result in minor annoyance and distraction until you are completely unable to enjoy the things that were baseline life before your material blessing. You are no longer anxious about paying your rent, buying food, or repairing your car when you need to, but now you find yourself dealing with this person and that person and this person's and that person's feelings and expectation. In your newfound freedom you have allowed yourself to become a slave.

The first stage after attaining the autonomy that the poor crave is ecstasy. You have absolute freedom. And with this freedom you must enslave yourself. This sounds bizarre, but as I write this I find that I have begun this project at just the right time and am once again uncovering truths about the world that are only visible to those who earn the right to find them: If you don't willingly enslave yourself in this step, you will see others in your similar position who do enslave themselves, and since you have freed yourself you will find yourself recoiling in fear as you see your contemporaries seemingly destroy themselves. Now you will be operating in fear, which will destroy you.

There is a reason nearly all purposeful bachelors past the age of thirty or so are seen as losers, despite them being obvious winners who have no woman to take care of. They have made the rational choice in life, the correctly calculated choice to enjoy the fruits of their labor rather than letting a female destroy all

their forward momentum and take up nearly all of their time. In this rationality, they have preserved their position in a manner which shows they value their position, which shows they have forgotten their insolence and refusal to value the world as it was sold to them and has been sold to all of us – they have lost their devil may care nonchalance. They have become spiritual Anglos – accountants and engineers of the soul.

There is meaning in misery, in meaningless suffering. There is meaning in having a relationship as well. There's beautiful poetry in being miserable – poetry that becomes even more beautiful when the misery is willful. You can ride chaos and you may fall off – but only once you consciously avoid falling off. This world is a satanic casino -- the moment in which you attempt to lock in your winnings is the moment you will lose all your winnings. If you are not trying to cash out, your balance will grow forever.

This may not be true at all, because I made it all up.

IF I MAY

There is a place where the birds sing, where small and large animals frolic together, where nearly all people smile nearly all the time. The weather is perfect: steam comes up off the river as the sun shines in the summer and the snow comes down on luscious green hills in the winter. This place is in America. You've heard of it, but you've always discounted it; not consciously, but discounted nonetheless. I know where it is – you don't.

I'm moving to this place soon, sooner than later. I'll be there and take in the heat and the cold equally. I'll live in a house with land around it and relax. You'll remain miserable in your ignorance. You'll be pulled this way and that, looking for a place that is filled with stuff to do and people to do it with. Every once in a while, in moments of curious silence, you'll think to yourself *where is Paul Town?*

I'm in paradise. I'm in a place you can get to with ease, but the ease is why you will never even think to try to get to it. When you think of paradise, what comes to mind? Switzerland? Belgium? Some place with beaches? Those aren't paradise. Those places are seen as nice, and are thus not at all nice. The same way in which Gucci belts and designer clothes are seen as the epitome of winning by those who are destined to lose, places that are seen as Heaven on earth are fast becoming hell on earth.

I could tell you where this place is, where I'll be living in peace away from the psychosis of mass reality, but I won't. This is a secret I've earned by travelling – truly traveling. Instead of taking social media trips to take cool pictures I can impress people with, I've driven across a large portion of the country, seeing its ugly nooks and crannies. This same travelling that has granted me the knowledge of the land of milk and honey described in the Bible has also given me a perspective regarding humanity itself.

Many who read this will think I'm lying yet again, and maybe I am. But then they'll think to themselves *if he is lying, why do I not even know in which state he lives?* Some of those people will go mad trying to discover my supposed Shangri-La. They might kill themselves, or even go on shooting sprees in stores, at churches or temples, or any sort of public gathering.

Allow me to put forth a potential outcome for those driven mad by the riddle of where I will soon live: Picture a young man, not so young as to be a child but also not quite yet a man – let's say a twenty-six year old. This young man is white, as are nearly all my readers who are not racially mixed. He lives in a nondescript east coast town. The town is not the worst, there are not homeless roaming it, but it is also not the best.

There is a certain sort of slow grating oppression that hangs in the air. If you are from this sort of town, which most towns in America seem to be now, you understand what I mean. There are a handful of restaurants open and fairly active. Lawns in the main area of the town are decently kept and they are attached to reasonably nice houses that are all reasonably well kept. But there is a sort of sickness floating around.

Scratch past the surface and you'll feel it, much like you can feel the impending old age of your parents when you visit them on holidays; the frailty of life not yet on the decline, but seemingly stalled. You know they will soon begin their precipitous decay. You wonder to yourself if who you're observing is aware of their current state. Like waiting for thunder after lightning, the silence is conspicuously sandwiched between. This unknowable, overbearing, invisible pause exists only in its promise to vanish without notice.

The town in which this hypothetical young man lives is like that. The houses are owned by old people and a few seemingly lucky people. There are jobs, but not too many as to indicate an ecosystem that will be expanding or thriving in the near future. The man discovers my books and reads them all. He loves them. There is raw emotion on display that sets his heart on fire, and his heart burns like an empty barn in the woods might burn. He gets to this passage and is suddenly made aware of the circumstances of his surroundings. The writing is too powerful to deny the truth of its contents.

The man puts down the book and tries to forget its contents, but its contents have already worked their acidic magic, eating away at any sort of false comfort that helps in the short term but kills in the long term. The man is raw – he is alive. But he is hurt, and having put down the book before its completion, the man has failed to receive the second half of wisdom – the rebuilding that must follow destruction. The man has made himself sick because the man has only half the cure.

Don't let this be you!

Time progresses and this man forgets the little content of this book he barely read, but the unsettling unease this book created remains. He is now perturbed, disturbed, and unnerved – but doesn't know why. The man begins to drink to numb his discontent. This works for a while, but as any drinker knows, the cure of alcohol is simply heaping the discomfort of now onto the pain of tomorrow – which can be done for many years. As the man continues to unravel, he begins to indulge in things like meaningless sex and marijuana. These two often go hand in hand, as smoking pot can make even boring things enjoyable by virtue of stupefying the pot smoker. After enough hookups, the man is inevitably offered pills of various sorts by some trashy woman. Inevitably, the man experiments with these various pills and enjoys them to various degrees until he lands on Adderall.

At first, this man feels as if he has found salvation. Adderall is a seemingly wonderful drug that gives purpose to the purposeless. It allows for hours of research into Wikipedia. A good case study in this is a formerly relevant internet personality/talker Steven Bonnell the third, a rich Jewish man who descended from Jewish slave owners who were infamous for having sex with their slaves in Cuba. This man Bonnell, who went by a stripper's name "Destiny" online, had the fate of debilitating amphetamine addiction. After only a year of regular Adderall usage, Bonnell lost all his friends and was cuckolded by his (now former) wife with a Swedish crossdresser – in an apartment he paid for!

Much like Bonnell, the man in this story becomes addicted to Adderall. He begins to lose sleep. He doesn't have the same privilege of wealth that Bonnell had, so the man is more miserable than Steven. The man doesn't get cuckold and humiliated – and if he had been nobody would have cared or noticed – but his now overly-stimulated brain begins to go haywire.

In a moment of confused lucidity, the man remembers the riddle in this book. He is not happy and he remembers that I am happy. He begins to hate me; to hate that I have found a place on earth that is the closest thing to paradise available to humans. Why should I have a blessed life and he a cursed life? The fact that I have suffered and been the subject of cruel and unusual sadism far past what most could handle is lost on him. Every person tends toward a solipsistic comprehension of the world, especially women and increasingly so most men, and so the man begins to plan to kill me.

The man searches for clues as to my location. He uses lexisnexus. He googles and bings and yandexes, and in his addled brain he begins to map out my potential locations. He narrows down my location to a specific county in a specific state, or at least what he believes to be my location. He dms me on instagram, the last social media in which I actually can be reached, and I respond.

Him: Hey there, I know where you live

Me: ?

Him: I'm going to kill you.

Me: Nigga wtf is wrong with you?

Him: Nigga, I'm going to kill you.

Me: I have reported you for racial slurs. Blocked

And with that, the man will be blocked on social media by me. He will put the many guns he owns in his car and drive fifteen hours to an address his sleep-deprived brain thinks is mine, then break into the house and shoot a family in the house before lighting the house on fire and burning to death. I, of course, will not be in that house. I probably won't even be in that state.

It's stories like this that seem fictional but will very soon be real. A need for safety is why I will not tell people where paradise is. Not really, to tell the truth I am not telling you where this perfect place is because I am a cruel person filled with hatred for all of humanity. I want you all to suffer horribly until you die, shortly after you all realize that you have put me through so many indignities that you deserve damnation based on that alone. Not really, I'm too old to care that much now for the most part.

<https://open.spotify.com/track/3T06rGO2dVEntMvym0vpQu>



THE TOWN TROLL

THERE ONCE WAS A TROLL IN TOWN
YOU NEVER EVER SAW HIM FROWN
HE HAD A GUN BUT HE NEVER USED IT
BECAUSE HE DIDN'T NEED TO

MAY FLOWERS

I'm going to miss everyone. I think I already do. So pleased to meet all of you. They say to live every day, so I'm living it through for you. We can never go back, to those places that we knew. – Some song

To be not just a baiter, but rather a master at baiting, a bait master, a master baiter, is not hard. It's just slightly difficult – which is why it's not something 99% of people will ever be able to do. All you have to do something that seems (or is) embarrassing and then have it exposed or brought up to you by somebody. Then all you have to do is maintain baiter frame and make the person who brought it up feel silly just for bringing up. As long as you can resist the urge to justify yourself or make apologies, you will quickly realize that whoever is trying to shame you (justifiably or not) is a person of weak will who thinks you are easy prey to make them feel less embarrassed about their failure of a life. If you challenge them and act like *they and not you* are the embarrassing one, those people will flee in terror – and some will even kill themselves!

There is a warning that I must issue regarding baiting: it is similar to losing your virginity. Once you have done it, you will realize that this world is full of lies and we few individuals with a soul are living in a playhouse world of automatons. You will see that this accomplishment of yours was no accomplishment at all – but rather a loss of innocence that you can no longer get back, innocence that you will not even remember – but will remember forgetting.

Post baiting, you'll feel good, but also bad. You'll realize that everything you're doing, plan on, and dreaming of doing is a sort of meaningless endeavor to distract yourself from the many days, months, and years left until you finally die. You'll feel superior to those you have surpassed in life, but also realize that you are now worse off than them because in the act of baiting you have actually just destroyed any chance you would ever be a normal person with normal fears about social punishment or reward. When you realize humanity is just anticipatory pantomiming of imaginary consequences which is what causes actual, entropically distorted consequences, you are a master of baiting.. but you've also lost the desire to bait at all (which makes you even more a master of baiting.)

MAY SHOWERS

I see it all so clearly, when I close my eyes. As I've gotten older and balder, I've gained wealth and fame. My external power increases as my internal power decreases. Perfect alchemical balance. I imagine, at this rate, that I will soon have more than a billion dollars and a huge company. Perfect alchemical balance. I'm thinking about burning all my money so my hair grows back.

Speaking of rotting away, America is not doing too well lately. Its capital, not just disgraced by right wing terrorists on the famous January 6th insurrection attempt, is now being surrounded by Islamic Jihad Hamas Terror Tunnels. It is my immense displeasure to reveal to you that the center of our democracy, Tel Aviv, will soon be completely dug under and collapse in on itself.

Within the next few years, my inside sources tell me, our capital Tel Aviv will be completely destroyed. Many of the most famous and influential living Americans will be slaughtered in the streets. Our greatest doctors, scientists, politicians, bankers, advertising moguls, gender theorists, and bank managers will soon be dead. It brings me no pleasure to tell you this, as these people are not Anglos. Anglos are in Thailand, doing you know what to children.

How will America survive when our capital, Tel Aviv, is completely obliterated by hundreds of thousands of Islamic terrorists swarming its streets and murdering, beheading, and raping all the people there (yes, even the men), in that order? I don't think we will be able to survive. We will most likely go the way of Spain when they kicked out their most brilliant elite in 1492, complete ruin. No matter what happens though, I will support the American tradition of Metzitzah B'peh. It's important we keep that tradition going. Even if our capital falls, I hope there will still be people doing what needs to be done with regards to that.

Humans weren't supposed to have this much information available to us. We weren't supposed to *not* have this amount of information available to us either, but still. I'm at the upper end of the bell curve with regards to IQ, over one hundred, and I need to constantly stay either moving, working, or high in order to not go crazy with the amount of screwed up things I know. Willful ignorance is the only solution, but an impossible one, because at whatever point in which you realize that you shouldn't have realized, you have already realized the realization that has made you know you should never realize such sorts of realizations. Realize this before it's too late. It's already too late and you have work in the morning. Damn.

For those who don't know what I'm talking about, just trust me that all the bad guys in history were actually the good guys. Yes, including Kevin Spacey and especially Michael Jackson. But this essay is yet another lie.

MAY I DISAPPEAR FOREVER

America is a truly sordid place. Perhaps it is because we are the most successful country and empire in all of currently known human history, if not definitely because of that, but we are exceptional in every which way. The average American has multiple cars, hundreds of thousands of dollars of luxury goods, and dozens of vacations per year. We are exceptional in the good way, yes, but also in bad way. Ask an anti-American about our crimes and they'll come up with a list: Slavery, Vietnam, Iraq, healthcare and financial fraud etc. that boggles the mind – largely because it's stupid and boring. Haters are, as usual, missing the big picture.

America has black sites, floating prisons that are currently active and torture and rape and sodomize completely innocent people every single day. Having not been to one of these locations personally (as far as people know), I can't describe the goings on in each of these places with detail. I can only say what is publicly available if you know where to look, which for your sake I hope you never do. America, under the stewardship of Anglos and another group that rhymes with "news" (and also controls it) is daily sodomizing people on secret boats that float offshore in various areas you and I aren't near. This is what your tax dollars are going towards: forcibly pushing phallic objects into male and female anni (mostly Arab ones since Anglos and the other group really don't like those people.)

Of course I'm glad to be an American, I'd much rather be on the team of the sadistic rapists with power than on the team of the people without power being sadistically raped. I may be complicit (at least) in evil, but I'm not stupid. With that being said, this knowledge that can easily be verified with a little bit of work (don't do it!) is quite disturbing – especially when you realize that something like this isn't a fluke but a seemingly necessary "feature" of power. I'm sure the equivalent of this sort of thing is done by Russians and Chinese. The Mexican cartels definitely do sadistic torture of various people and even upload it on the internet.

It was much easier to know this sort of thing when I had no money and very little material comfort. I was a downtrodden victim who wasn't really profiting from what's going on in the world. Now, however, my belly is always full and I spend my free time browsing catalogues to buy things like guns, cars, and luxury watches. All my needs are now met before they even exist, and all my excess serves to morally indict me as much as the Anglos and Jews that ran Abu Ghraib are indicted. In fact, I might be even more to blame than them, since I have a soul and don't find sadosexual torture of innocents appealing or tempting. They did and do what it is they did and do because of a fundamental unholy drive, I enjoy (kind of) the fruits of the sinister tradition due to a lack of care for

those being abused. To call back to a previous essay I wrote years ago: I am like a gas station employee making minimum wage selling glass crack pipes to drug addicts – completely without honor while being just as immoral as the drug dealers on the street moving kilograms of coke and fentanyl while having fun and getting extremely rich because they’ve embraced their role as an evil predator.

Perhaps this is a cope, but although I condemn myself in my writings I do not really feel condemned. Consider the sonic boom. You see it at first but there is a slight delay before you feel and hear it. That is what has happened with the internet and its effects on the economy and how society is structured. We have seen the shock waves but we haven’t felt the blast yet. I fully believe that soon the boom will be felt, if not in my lifetime than that of my children or grandchildren.

What is going on now cannot exist in the form that it does for much longer. If industrialized off-shore floating rape prisons were able to exist for a long time, then the world would have been far worse than it has recently gotten long before America existed. Then again, perhaps it has always been this way and we just know about it now, and the only thing that will really change is that it won’t just be educated and idle rich elite of the ruling powers that are satanically baptized in the wisdom of abuse, but also all a ruling power’s people who begin to know.

As the old world decays and breaks down into its baser chemical forms, instability will occur. In that instability, people like me will probably be fine. If I’m not, and waves of chaos crash over us, I’ll find it entirely justified. I will do my best to escape the consequences I don’t enjoy; to imagine myself doing otherwise is to pretend I am above the animal instinct that drives all human life. I’ll laugh and be happy should I fail to escape. That would mean there is justice and karma in this world that is logical and fits neatly into the infinitely small box of human comprehension. Of course, this is why there is no chance I will ever face consequences or destruction, unless it is by virtue of not being evil enough.

This essay probably seems a bit deranged, that’s because it’s not a lie.

FOREVER I MAY LIVE

Look around you. Most likely you're all alone, in your own little world. You're probably sitting on the toilet, or in some friend's house, or laying in your bed. Even if you're not "alone", by virtue of people being physically around you, you most definitely are alone. Unless somebody is showing you this book, all the potential people around you aren't even around you, mentally speaking. They're on their phone, they're talking at other people (not with them), or watching TV if you're around people who are at least millennial in age. Most likely they're on their phone, since that is what everybody does all the time now.

Where is everybody? They're not here anymore. You are living in a zombie movie, everybody is. We all exist physically on the same physical plane, but not really. You can do whatever you want, like Will Smith in *I Am Legend*. Seriously, go steal a car. Go burn down a building. Go shoplift. Don't do any of that, it's illegal. More importantly, it's wrong. But really, you could do all of that and completely get away with it. Everybody is on their damned phones.

If you are capable of reading anything, especially a book, you are now in the elite of society. Most zoomers can't even read now, despite looking at phones all day. They use text to speech and phonetically *buss* and *bruh* and *no cap fr* their way through communication. And you know what, that is probably for the best. This world is not more dignified than *bruhs* and *bussins* and *ongods*. This world is dead, the most beautiful and dignified things you can experience are old buildings that will hopefully be torched or blown up while still beautiful, rather than rotting away decrepitly like structural ghosts in places like NYC or Europe.

The funniest prank that is being played right now is on people trying to win in the materialist sense. These people have it in their head that if they become a lawyer or doctor or multi-millionaire that they will gain access to material goods and social circles that are hidden from them. These people destroy themselves and completely subjugate all their will to rat faced masters who drain them of all their energy before discarding them, all for nothing. There are no elite circles these people are missing out on, as the only truly elite circle that exists is a circle that squares will never triangulate, let alone enter. I'm here, not because I want to be here, but because there's nowhere better to be.

Nearly all the world has become prole, because nearly all people are prole. Who else would willingly live in society like a normal person and interact with people willingly? Days where I don't see anybody or even speak are days when I'm happy. The less people you have to interact with a day, the more elite you are, and virtually everyone is on social media constantly.

As mentioned previously, true wealth is the ability to separate yourself from people and things (redundant) that you don't want to interact with or be

around. What actual technological gadget or experience could you get with one million dollars that you can't get for a few thousand dollars? There really are none, just variations of the same theme: a carnival ride for a prole.

Think about this for a few minutes:

See how hard that was? To think about nothing, to do nothing at all, is practically impossible by itself. Now, however, it's even harder than that. You have phone notifications. You have music playing. You have cars honking. You have family members or roommates coming in and out. To stop and do nothing is something very few people can actually do. We are in a demented carnival, which is all well and good until you try to find somewhere you can look without flashing lights giving you a migraine.

The only way to really live is dying. Can you go a week without being bossed around, checking your phone, or having to hang out with other people? If you can't, you're being forced to live. If you can't go an entire month without showering, eating only raw eggs and drinking only guarana seed powder, you're not alive. If you find yourself enslaved, I suggest killing yourself. That's the only way you'll ever be alive.

People keep dm'ing me asking why I'm not tweeting or streaming. The reason I know this is because I have a gmail I check every few days which sends me messages from social media platforms. They don't understand that I'm killing myself so I can live. It's sad, but when I come back to the internet in a real way, I'll have a bunch of real projects done and my audience will love me even more. By virtue of abandoning them and not participating in the mass mutual abuse of constant connectivity, those locked into the digital world will treat me even better. Once you experience this for yourself, and once you realize that the absence of digital community makes your life much better, you'll never be able to lose yourself in a digital community ever again. You'll be apart from them, even when you're with them.

MAY I WRITE

These writings seem fairly schizoid and disjointed, I'm not sure if they're even any good – but that's the point. This life of mine is schizoid and disjointed. Whatever I'm doing, to people around me, that is what I am to them. This is because to those around me, what you do is what you are. Well, for the most part I do nothing.

It's hard to really adjust to things in the world as it really exists. I don't find enjoyment or value in the things that most people enjoy or value. I like to drink by myself, not with others. I like to sit alone, not with others. I've seen the world most people don't ever see, and so when I care about other people I want to hide them from the world, not push them further into it.

As you get older, or at least as I've gotten older, you never really stop being puzzled by the lack of grand narrative in the average life of people around you and the society in which you live, but you do gain a sort of casual indifference. You learn that to try to advocate for meaning and care and intention in day to day life is perfectly well and good when you are doing so in a vague, impersonal way towards strangers in a book, but to do the same for somebody in your personal life is the way to foster anger and disdain towards you, which you eventually reciprocate until you separate from that person. This is because to be aware of reality is to leave it and enter a reality above (or perhaps below) it, and this is something that most people, fundamentally risk-averse to an extreme, are incapable or unwilling to do. For most people, the games of life as presented to them when young are the games they will try unsuccessfully to win for their entire existence.

In order to have some semblance of stability or any relationships in this life, I've had to learn to not really care about the people I want to care about. I've not figured out how to properly inspire a desire for excellence that disrupts and breaks people out of their illusions, and that is a personal failing of my own. I've been coasting for far too long -- and only by writing this can I finally see that I need to push people harder and be willing to make them miserable in the short term if I really care about them. I must be willing to risk letting them go instead of protecting them from pain that will most likely cause them to leave.

The question is, do I really care about them? Do I have the empathy required to return to being an asshole and a prick, eg a man?

MAY I BE MUMU OGUN

Now that I have written a good amount of nonsense that will have filtered out many of the people who I don't want reading my writing (most everybody), I am free to speak about that which I really believe/care about. You must understand, the average person should not be engaged on an honest level. If you ever give them anything of value to hold, you will quickly realize that their natural predilections are quite clumsy and destructive, and whenever you return to get back what you gave them, what you gave them will be crushed, cracked, or completely destroyed. Consider how rich people maintain material things verse how poor people do not tend to maintain material things, then realize both poor and rich alike tend to treat the mental realm as the poor treat the physical realm.

Mumu Ogun is translated to "Fool God" in whatever language Indonesians speak. It is a funny sort of phrase, as you can use it to scare scammers because it is a sort of curse to them, calling upon some sort of malevolent entity that causes them to block you online. My essays, and the way in which I write, are sort of similar in that I call upon nonsense and idiocy in a way that makes most people of all races feel as if they are being taken advantage of or being treated like a rube – which inspires a terror within them – and makes people who I don't like or respect run from my work. With my writing, the only people who actually end up reading it are people who are either too dumb to even get that they are rubes (completely harmless people with good hearts and a sense of humor to match) or people genuinely intelligent and capable of seeing things how they are, rather than seeing everything through the lens of how other people would view them for liking or disliking something.

It should be trite to say at this point, given the reaction to January 6th (and what caused it – election fraud) and the Covid MRNA scam and its accompanying public hysteria, but you should not want the "understanding" and "adoration" of the common public. You should not want to have success in the eyes of the common public. If you do, then you have something valuable in the eyes of somebody who can't determine value, which is a long way to say that if losers think of you as a winner, you are also a loser.

Do you hear that rumbling in the distance? Do you see the clouds of dust rising over the hill? Do you feel that trembling underneath the ground? That's the mass discontent, the cattle about to run in an as of yet undetermined direction. I don't want to be a fool's god, I need to be the Fool God. I need to be the thing that fools run from, not towards. To be hated, the ignored, the disdained and the maligned – anything but stampeded by idiots. I must be Mumu Ogun. Anybody who wishes to survive the coming unrestrained confusion and panic must be Mumu Ogun.

MAY I BE REAL

Having a slight bit more experience in burning things than most, both in this visible world and the invisible world of reputation and wealth or more specifically potential energy, there is something magical and exhilarating in destruction. The more valuable the destruction, the less you are trying to preserve or save in the process of destruction, the more you end up with. My life, if I could sum it up, would best be described this far as everything being the opposite of my intentions. As is always the case, this mechanic of counter-intuitive consternation is not limited solely to my life but rather applicable to everything – both the visible and invisible.

Take, for example, romance. When you do irrational romantic things for a woman, the woman you do these things for will love you more for a short period, but in the long term respect you less. Why? Because in your willingness to be irrational you have betrayed a lack of steadfast rationality that means as soon as you are emotionally distracted or impacted by a different woman, you will be willing to sacrifice your current partner's stability and position in order to indulge some sort of base insanity. Women are attracted to sanity and superiority, not passion. This is why I never waste money I could be putting into cryptocurrency on flowers for my girlfriend. This is why I would never buy an expensive diamond for my girlfriend. This may seem like it would make my girlfriend miserable, but it actually makes her love me more, as I am acting rationally.

So why, then, does buying gifts for a woman feel so exciting and fun? It is because you are destroying your relationship. You are setting on fire any chance of a successful love life. You are tossing her on a funeral pyre and watching her roast alive, screaming in terror, in the energetic plane. She burns and so do your potential children and grandchildren with her. So many happy, joyous moments go up in flames. They writhe and jolt in spastic agony. This is what you are enjoying, a sacrificial offering of future pleasure. This irrationality pleases you.

MAY I BE GAY

The age of consent is a very funny topic to me, mostly because it has never really been relevant to me. Not that I've ignored it, but rather that I'm not ugly or incapable of getting sex whenever I want it. As somebody who has had sex (multiple times) without paying for it or raping, somebody who is funny, charming, sexy and tall, I know that sex is really not all that important or interesting. Sex is essentially the white noise on an old television set, an unavoidable but ultimately not that interesting phenomena connected to watching TV.

Age of consent laws are really only relevant to losers. If you're in a healthy relationship that is going to end up being fruitful, age of consent will literally never be an issue, because your relationship is not going to be hinging on having sex. A healthy relationship is based on a mutual care for each other and will always involve going on multiple dates, meeting each other person's parents, and trying to plan for the future forever. Age of consent is related to one night stands and the people who wish to engage in them, essentially losers.

If you are worried about age of consent, just pay \$100 to get a hooker and lose your virginity. Sex isn't really that interesting, it's a waste of time unless you're married and having children. If sex is something that motivates you, you should be shot in the back of the head. I have about fifteen to seventeen (depending on which state I'm in) things that are more interesting to be doing than sex – at all times.

There are four types of people who care about age of consent: pedophiles, people selling something, underage people the age of consent is not relevant to, and miserable men and women. Everybody else doesn't care about age of consent because they have a life that is busy and involved. The sex they have or don't have is not really that important to them.

Pedophiles care about age of consent for an obvious reason: they want to have sex with children. As such, I won't get into their subset of AoC freaks and waste everybody's time. The other three groups are fairly interesting to discuss, however, because they all have different reasons for their mental illness.

The people selling something who care about Age of Consent don't really care about Age of Consent, but rather getting your attention. AoC laws seem arbitrary, because they kind of are. There are some people slightly younger than Age of Consent that are more mature than other people slightly older than Age of Consent, so the law is not always 100% correct. These people don't really care about that though, they just know that this potentially ill-fitting type of law is connected to something extremely attention grabbing: sex. As such, they know they can bait and make arguments that are logically sound and get a ton of

attention, which they can (in their mind) use to sell more ebooks or get donations or go viral. Of course, this sort of engagement farming is very primal and unstable, and people who bait about age of consent tend to have their baiting blow up in their face – having harnessed too much energy to properly control it. As such, I don't and would also recommend against baiting regarding Age of Consent.

Kids who care about age of consent do so because they are kids, more specifically retarded kids with too much free time. They don't understand cause and effect and are easily swayed into getting passionate about retarded things. They feed into the group described the paragraph above, people trying to bait engagement. The children are our future is a saying, and the saying is correct, and the future is largely retarded.

The last group is the most damned of the four. They care about age of consent not because they are pedophiles or selling something, but because they are miserable losers. They tend to be in their thirties or forties and can be either women or men. Of course, the females in this group support the Age of Consent and very neurotic about age gaps in relationships. The males in this group, just as obviously, do not like the Age of Consent and care (in the opposite way) about age gaps in relationships.

The women in this group tend to have had relationships while young (sometimes before Age of Consent) with relatively older men in their late twenties or early thirties. These relationships inevitably ended poorly and these women are generally bitchy, shrewy women who are past their prime. These women are mad because they attracted slimy predation when younger, to enjoy the attention, and now assume all men are the very small percentage that they catered to. As such, to protect that which they love the most – themselves -- they aim to prevent all men from having access to young women as a whole. This, on one level is because they are jealous of young women being doted on in the place of them, but largely because they now hate men – as a result of men no longer finding them attractive.

Enough of the woman, let's get into the men. The guys who care about age of consent without being salesmen or pedophiles are generally ugly and autistic. They never got attention in high school, in college, or after college. Not being very introspective, they believe that the reason they aren't getting laid is that feminists are preventing all men (except Chads) from getting laid. This is not true of course, it's very easy for nearly all men to get laid if they want. These men don't have experience with women and so they don't really get that it's not particularly edifying to have sex with women or even hang out with them and talk with them. As such, they start to imagine that some virgin sixteen year old would fulfill their life. They're not really pedophiles, they're just morons. A funny story comes to mind, where a deranged Canadian who goes by the name

“Russian Cosmonaut” or “Martin” on twitter was writing a long thread freaking out about age of consent and how it was ruining the dating market. Do I think he is a pedophile? No, he just seems like an angry loser who has never had sex. I pointed out that age of consent is not really relevant because any sort of healthy relationship will be in the context of a community with both sets of parents involved, and as a result pedophilia won’t happen and parents will make sure age gaps are fine, and as a result the law isn’t really a thing that applies in healthy contexts. In reaction to this obviously correct observation, Martin proceeded to post my name and face in a blind incel rage.

It was quite funny to be doxed because I said the age of consent laws were perfectly fine and only creeps find it upsetting. It’s the best thing I’ve been doxed for yet, telling a guy that he shouldn’t be trying to lower age of consent to have sex with children. In the mind of a bizarre creature like Martin, I had just done an unforgivable crime. In the mind of everybody else, however, I had just told a guy it was unhealthy to try to have sex with children.

Anyway, to sum this whole essay up, people who are winners and have sex with women don’t wish for age of consent to be lowered. If anything, they wish that they could justify being gay. To be gay means to not have to deal with women. It means you can be productive and not have to talk with women. When you’re gay, you can spend all your time working and going on adventures. You don’t have to pretend to care about individuals who have their period every month and have emotional mood swings you have to constantly put up with.

The actual alpha male position on Age of Consent is not to want to abolish it, but to actually not care. If you must take a stance of Age of Consent, if it’s not that it’s better to be gay than straight, you have revealed yourself to be an unfuckable incel – if not an actual pedophile.

MAY WE BIFURCATE

The physical is an entropic time-lagged representation of the mental. In more simple terms: if you think poor depressed thoughts, you'll probably eat garbage – and in due time look like garbage. People who are dead inside make dead inside choices. The people who believe life is fundamentally able to be conquered and want to – those people will probably make dietary and lifestyle decisions that make them healthy and successful. This extends far beyond the realm of the obvious (diet, jobs) and impacts the more subtle, from who are friends with whom, to what clothes people wear, to what music and media people consume, to where people live, etc. Everything – pleasant and unpleasant -- in the animal physical world (including humans) is a time-lagged representation of each animal's mentality and outlook combined together.

The future is something that is increasingly bifurcated, mentally at first, but physically too inevitably. Why increasingly bifurcated? Because ever since the internet, more specifically the creation of the iPhone, each individual human has become exponentially more empowered to shape their physical life in the direction of their mentality. Every person in the modern world is capable of far more impact on themselves and their surroundings than at any time in the past, and our potential impact grows exponentially every year as more and more of the world resides firstly in the realm of the psychic or mental by virtue of the digital online world being more immediately relevant than the physical world.

What you are seeing now is a sort of a separation between types of people that never existed before. This separation is not concretely geographical in nature, although there are definitely trends relating to physical location I will address in the future, but rather mental geography. There are different platforms on the internet for the same medium, but different messages. As such, Marshall McLuhan was incorrect when he said the medium is the message. We have fifteen different streaming websites that are all the same medium (streaming) but all have different messages. Now we can stop pretending Marshall was a genius.

As we progress through time, the bifurcation of mentality that has started by different political outlooks (which begin as secondary to natural tendencies and impulses) leading to different platforms for socialization will lead to different feedback loops. Different websites, despite sharing the same medium, cater to unique audiences with distinct values and desires. As a result, each website propagates unique ideas that form feedback loops with its respective audience, with the website's audience and their internal state of mind, which will lead to different life outcomes then had an audience member been on a website with the same medium (streaming content) but a different message (the streaming content as well as the content of chats and sense of community from the audience participating in the streaming and interacting with it.)

Stepping back (or at least seeming to) from the particularities of the online world for a moment, one of the biggest examples we can see of the ongoing and catastrophic bifurcation of the human race is the Covid-19 scandal just a few years ago. Over the course of a year or three, the difference in mentality from those needing to be abused and abuse others from the mentality of those who are capable of critical thought was made quite clear through the process of observing who got “vaccinated” with a damaging RNA gene therapy and who did not, among many other lifestyle choices during that time period. Of course, there will always be a difference between age groups and gender in terms of willingness to follow orders, so for the purposes of this essay we must ignore the women (who are always infinitely more suggestible for various reasons) as well as avoid comparing young men to old men, as the mentality of a man shifts as the man’s life evolves. We must be sure to compare similar men who made very opposed, binary choices -- getting or not getting the gene therapy.

The Covid-19 MRNA shot is a great example, because unlike most choices (that are constantly being made) it is very concrete and obvious. The mental differences between those who got the shot and those who didn’t essentially caused one group (the people who didn’t poison themselves) to benefit greatly, and the other group to harm themselves. We’ve seen an increase of turbo cancers, miscarriages, and general sickliness in the latter that is a very vivid demonstration of the ongoing bifurcation based primarily on mental differences between people. Some people were suited for being cautious and avoiding self-harm -- some people were suited for hurting themselves when the world told them to hurt themselves.

What is important to realize is that, even though the Covid-19 situation was very visible and immediate, it is not the only sort of choice that mental bifurcation informed. Every day, people choose to go towards a good direction or a bad one, in hundreds of little and big ways. This has always been the case, but the degree to which it is the case has never been this extreme. Now we are all augmented cyborgs who can veer towards any direction, good or bad, at any time. We can gamble, lust, gossip, rage, or any other number of self-destructive habits all from the comfort of our phone, at any time – or we can research, create, work, and be productive all from the comfort of that same phone. Even choosing *not* to use that phone is an impactful choice.

The human race is largely filled with slaves, and that is the only way in which society could function. If we weren’t a species of slaves, nobody would pick up the garbage or clean out the sewers or work at grocery stores or pick fruits and vegetables or sit in traffic every weekday or pay taxes that don’t benefit us. We are all slaves in some ways, but most people are completely slaves. This has been very implicit until recently, as those of us who weren’t slaves by anything but a circumstantial fluke of birth did not have the tools to

extricate themselves from the indignities of the social circles they were thrust into, but that has changed. Now, anybody can succeed and leave behind the rat race of slavery if they have both the desire and the skill – and because this bifurcation is just beginning – the skill required is not yet all that great.

As this separation into two larger groups -- the slaves and the non-slaves -- proceeds, the differences between them become conspicuous. At first mentally, as we can already see in terms of political communities online: The chat room on a site like Cozy.tv will be very different in tone, no matter which streamer's chat room, than a chat room on a site like Rumble.com, even if it's the same streamer on the two platforms. You can essentially view the audience of a streamer as a sort of strain of mold. Different audiences on different platforms are different strains of mold; that is why they speak differently than other audiences of other streamers. Since the strains of mold are different, they will behave differently in the physical world. These different behaviors will result in different outcomes, and the conspicuous differences in mentality, as seen in chat boxes, will manifest physically over years, with some groups generally succeeding in life and others failing in life.

The bifurcation -- first mental and then physical -- is still in its early days, yet it grows more clear with every passing year. What is interesting is that this is a new distinction of the human race that doesn't seem to be based in physical geography at all yet. You don't really see offline communities being moved to and formed like how they might be in the past. People are separated by physical geography, but that separation has not prevented them from regularly socializing in the same mental or psychic geography to the point that they know people they have never seen in person better than people they live across the street from. This is because the mental or psychic economy now enjoys primacy over the physical economy, because the mental is actually the precursor to the physical. Of course, over decades I believe that geographic sorting will occur, but we are a far ways away from that, as we are still in the early mental stages of the aforementioned sorting itself. The psychic has superseded the physical once again.



THE THINKING TROLL

THERE ONCE WAS A TROLL WHO THOUGHT
HE THOUGHT AND HE THOUGHT AND HE THOUGHT
HE HAD A BRAIN AND HE ALWAYS USED IT
UNTIL HE THOUGHT THAT THINKING WAS A WASTE OF TIME

MAY ALL DOGS GO TO HEAVEN

Imagine dying, if you can. You get to heaven (which you will definitely go to when you die) and see your loved ones (who will all definitely be there.) Your mom is there, so is your dad. Your friends are there too. Everything is going well. You spend a few weeks or months catching up with those people. Everything is beautiful. Everything is perfect. You're happy.

Time passes, and you start to wonder what there is to do in this place? You've sung the songs, done the dancing, ate your favorite foods, and rode all the rides. Your mind starts to wander. You're not bored, as in heaven nobody ever gets bored, but you do start to daydream. You imagine machines that are so complex and unique that I can't even begin to describe them in this worldly realm. That takes up a good amount of time, at least a few weeks. This is so interesting to you that you forget to even eat, but that doesn't matter – in heaven you don't need to eat, you just do it when you want to taste something that you enjoy.

Eventually though, you run out of machines to imagine. Your mind wanders a little bit more, maybe for a day or three. Who even knows at this point, since heaven is above the clouds, time doesn't really pass like it does down here on earth. Anyway, your heavenly mind suddenly remembers the dog you had as a kid. You don't miss him, as you are in heaven and feelings like that never occur, but you are curious about whether dogs are in heaven or not. You've never seen one around here.

You make your way towards the support area of heaven, where some heavenly hosts are stationed to deal with the questions or concerns of people currently residing in heaven. These angels are on call 24/7, ready to answer whatever you ask them. They're a bit like the employees at nice resorts in that they seem inhumanely happy and servile, which kind of makes more sense here since these angels aren't people.

The support area is just outside of the saint area, aptly named because the saint area is because all the saints are in that area, constantly taking prayer requests and interceding on behalf of all who say magic prayers in certain combinations to get their attention. The saints then ask God to do things for the people praying to the saints, and God is more likely to say yes to those requests than if the people had just asked God directly. Of course, that section of heaven is very busy as people are constantly praying to saints. There is a bit of a backlog, to say the least.

As you make your way past the saint area into the support area, you can't help but wonder how the saints feel, having got to heaven and now forced to essentially field requests from humans on earth for the rest of time until the world ends. You think to yourself that you're quite happy that you were good enough to go to heaven, but not so good that you were stuck in a heavenly office all day as a go-between for humans and God.

You go into the support area and locate the front desk, a sort of oak (the most heavenly form of wood) construction that is as intimidating as it is calming (due to its stateliness.) There is an angel there, chilling out, and you approach the desk, now standing in front of it. You are about to ask your question, but before you can, the angel cuts you off with a simple "Yes, they do."

"Excuse me," you say, "what do you mean?"

"All dogs do go to heaven. They are here in a special area called the doggy zone." Replies the angel.

"How... how did you know I was going to ask that?" you wonder out loud.

"We're in heaven. I'm an angel. If we didn't know what people came into here to ask, before they asked, don't you suppose that you wouldn't be the only person in here?" replies the angel, with a slight smile.

You ponder this for a second, and it makes sense. There are quite a lot of people in heaven but this support area was pretty empty.

"Ah... that makes sense. Could you direct me to the doggy zone please?"

"Yes, go out of the support area and you'll know where to go."

You are puzzled by this answer but just as you are about to ask for more clarification you see the angel phase out from behind the desk and you are left alone in the support zone. You decide to have faith and leave the office. As you leave the building, you all of the sudden know how to get to the doggy zone. You hop on one of the free electric scooters and ride it to the doggy zone location.

As you get near to the zone, you start hearing barks. The ground changes from clouds into a field, with butterflies, lots of toys, and a generally pleasant atmosphere that all dogs love. You ditch the electric scooter and walk a bit, over the crest of a hill, and see a bunch of dogs in a circle, talking with each other. They seem stately and refined, carrying themselves in a way that even the most magnificent Great Dane on earth couldn't hold a candle to.

All of the sudden, a head in the crowd of dogs turns, it's your dog Fido. He smiles at you and lets out a short bark, as if to say "Hello" in a dignified manner. Your Fido walks over to you, on four legs as always, but with such gravitas that he almost seems a completely different dog. He has an aura of refinement about him that makes you extremely happy.

As Fido approaches you, you kneel on the grass in preparation of petting and nuzzling him with affection. He finally reaches you, and you are overcome with heavenly joy. As you rub his back, he looks you in the eye and says, in perfect transatlantic human diction, "I forgive you for snipping my balls and essentially castrating me on earth. For my years on earth, I was essentially a eunuch, and that is why I spent so many years humping other male dogs and behaving as if I was a homosexual. Here in heaven I have my testicals and am not enslaved, and so I can behave in dignity. Here in heaven I am not a gay slave. I forgive you for mutilating me when I was a puppy."

MAY I BE A MAN

Something regarding manhood that seems hidden from the general public's understanding, which is unique to manhood yet seems very rarely found in men, is that men have a specific responsibility to do things which they do not inherently desire to do. What I mean is that for men to genuinely be men, they must willingly choose to do things they don't have to do, because they want to do what is proper rather than what makes them feel good on an animalistic level. This includes, but is not limited to, having a structured, healthy and disciplined relationship with a woman that creates children.

There is a good bit of discussion online by young men and also older men related to women, more specifically how women suck. I could take the easy way out here and say that women don't really suck, that their flaws are the result of men sucking (which is true to a large extent), or lie and say that women don't suck, or that men suck too, but that is besides the point and a waste of time I don't feel like indulging in at the moment. It is true that women suck, perhaps more now than ever in history – at least if you're in America and most likely in most of Western Europe and most of East Asia. This fact of women sucking leads lots of men, understandably, to not want to bite the bullet and settle down. There are men who have no options who say this stuff, but I don't care about them and I mean more the men who have a stable job or great prospects, of which there are many who have done the math and have correctly concluded that any woman they get will most likely not appreciate them or do their womanly duties. As a result, these men swear off being diminished and abused and live their life happily.

On the surface, these men who decide not to tie themselves to women are correct. Logically, they're right. For men in America, life is extremely hard until you make it – and then extremely easy unless you choose to stop it being so. For women in America, life is always extremely easy, unless they end up drug addicted and homeless. Most women cannot cook, cannot clean, and are extremely emotionally deficient and self obsessed. These are all facts.

So why then do I say that I think it's wrong to swear off traditional relationships and tying yourself to a woman? Because to truly be a man, you must willingly hurt yourself. What you are afraid of ends up controlling you, and if you are afraid of hurting yourself then you will eventually end up a complete hypochondriac afraid at first of the world around you, then the people around you, then the women around you, then your future, then your health, and finally yourself. In order to retain your manliness, you must not repeatedly give into

fear, which is the only way you can accurately describe a man who is successful yet never ends up giving some aspect of his outcome over to one woman or another – since any successful man will constantly have women of all ages and appearance attempting to push themselves into their life.

Masculinity is not solely about strength and will to power, but also a rationality about circumstances. Now that technology has allowed a man with a modicum of grit and talent to succeed and win in life to an absurd degree, it is reasonable to say that the main bottleneck of passing your genes down (the continuation of life is an aspect but not the totality of the definition of success) is a woman's womb, which until artificial wombs exist, are attached to a woman's body. The rational male understands that a woman's reproductive organs are being held in monopoly by women, and as such, a higher quality womb fetches a much higher price, a price that has gotten so high recently that we are necessarily in a form of hyper-inflation that always precedes a collapse.

Back to the main thrust of this topic, which is that men who act hyper rationally in a local and immediate sense, and do not harm their day to day life by interacting with a specific woman on a day to day basis, are not really acting like men. If anything, they are acting like how they perceive (correctly for the most part) women to act, as very short-sighted and irrational. If you have to open a door to escape a burning building alive, but opening the door will burn your hand, you are a fool to not open the door to save your life – assuming you are trying to escape the burning building.

Being a man requires doing things that are hard, and the hardest thing for men with any value and awareness to do in America is to enter into a real relationship with a woman with the intention of marriage and children. There is a lot of work to do, because society is controlled by people who have every intention and motivation to keep women locked into consumerism, hedonism, sloth, and a generally bitchy attitude. In order to win at life a man must be able to not only pay rent or a mortgage, but to figure out how to engage their wife to such a degree that she can actually do chores and work hard and not have a sense of entitlement that turns them into an active drag on a man's life. This is quite an undertaking, and most men who attempt it will fail, but this is directly connected to masculinity.

Connecting this back to a point made many times before, but life outcome is much more connected to the individual than it ever was before. We have so much more freedom to fail or succeed than men before us ever did. This is related to monetary success, health or lack thereof, and also in the realm of intersexual relations. The successful men, the real men of this age, will not be those who see that women around us are – as a general rule – less valuable and more entitled than ever before, but rather the men who are not content to opt out of life because it was handed to them broken. The men of today who will get all

the praise in the not so far future are the men who manage to figure out how to have a successful marriage and live with such passion and conviction and dedication that their wife will end up knowing how to cook, how to clean, how to listen to instruction, and how to do all the things women were able to do up until thirty years ago. This isn't very inspiring sounding, because all these things are basic duties, but it is where we find ourselves in relation to women.

To be a man is not to throw away women because they don't know how to do anything and whine and pout all the time, but to say "I'm a man, I am retarded, I will take on this sort of person in my life and push them towards greatness. It may destroy me, and if it does I will be happy because then I will be dead and not have to deal with this anymore, but I may also triumph and end up as a legend in the history books, one of the few men in America who had a wife who wasn't a fat trashy piece of lazy garbage."

MAY I ESCAPE

Having broken my old Quietkey keyboard picked up for \$2 at a thrift store last year, I have purchased yet another mechanical keyboard. The brand is not important, so I won't tell you what it is. I'm not a hack writer creating a poor imitation of Fight Club. Unlike that author I'm a gay conniving man who was raised among women and so has grown skilled in the art of bitching about people with only half a reason to do so and even less attempt to pretend I am not bitching about a specific person. I am not a poser pretending to be a mentally unwell homosexual man, but rather somebody who anybody with any clue would describe as the real deal.

The reason I find it worthwhile to write about getting this new mechanical keyboard is that I have an essay in one of my first books regarding mechanical keyboards and the way in which using one communicates a dominance over the environment which is both factual and amusing - undeniably so. I don't write this essay to simply reiterate what I wrote before, but rather to realize that I am regressing or reverting to my natural state, and that we all do eventually – no matter our attempts to do otherwise.

People follow patterns, or rather specific types of patterns follow specific types of people. More accurately, people and what they do and the patterns they follow are really arbitrary distinctions without a difference, an attempt to measure and differentiate that makes sense when doing a math equation or calculating forces in the process of designing a bridge, but a bit deceptive in the context of humans, as humans are far more set in their ways than some equation where X might be freed from the constraints of parenthesis or even transported from one side of an equal sign to the other. You can design a bridge, and there is a lot of theory and science that goes into building a proper bridge, but humans cannot be designed in this manner.

Try as I might, I am drawn to the mechanical keyboard. Its therapeutic CLACK CLACK CLACK tells me that I exist, and that I have won myself enough freedom to not just sit in silence all day, but also to sit in loudness all day. I can attempt to free myself of my desire to be free, but even that would be an expression of my constant yearning to escape the bounds of my biological reality – a fact made paradoxical when it is this biological reality itself which compels me to try to transcend it; an impossible feat by its very definition.

We all follow patterns that are set in stone from the moment of our birth until the moment of our actual death. Different cultures and belief systems have different understandings of this fact, and call this “patterning” by different names such as fate, destiny, blood, breeding. There are many different sorts of field related to this fact of personal patterns, such as Myers Briggs, Human

BioDiversity, Numerology, Astrology, Race Theory, Gender Studies, etc. Generally speaking, the only fields of study pertaining to this are the ones that involve magic or superstition, as the people who examine patterns “scientifically” tend towards being Redditors who want to seem smart, and are – as a general rule – retarded.

The key to life is to figure out your pattern and to exploit it until you nearly meet with disaster – which is when you switch things up at the last minute and escape unscathed and laugh to yourself how there are never any consequences for your abuse of reality. Unfortunately, this key to life is a pattern, and most people do not have this pattern for themselves. I do, and as such I know that this is the key to life, but you most likely do not.

I’m sad to say that if life has treated you poorly and gotten the best of you, that it most likely always will. That is, of course, until your genetic line is snuffed out of existence – which it most likely will since the only thing nature abhors more than a vacuum is a loser. I say this in jest, because all of my writings are in jest, because I know I’m not joking and everybody is fated to be who they are, and my fate is to explain how to escape your fate, knowing that you will win or lose based on your pattern alone – and not some book filled with brilliant and idiotic ideas alike. The future is yours for the taking, but you will give it to people like me instead. I didn’t really ever want it. Thank you though.

That which isn’t is what it can never be. It is oftentimes that which we will never be that we pretend to be to those who similarly can’t be it. To act as if one is the way one is is quite rare, and only myself and my selfish friends are the ones I know that know what it is to know what knowing really is. You see, most people are blind, and in this blindness proclaim the value of sight. Those who can see all wish to see less, more often than not, just observe the sex life of a pornographer – you won’t find one.

Take for example, all the writers in the world of the 2020s from which I emerged: Besides myself and my friends Domer, Shazam, and Glahn, all the writers do not write but rather daydream. They imagine, which is quite fine for a child in school or a man in prison to do, as there is nothing else that they could be doing, but not at all suited for these people – most of whom were or are now in their thirties. If the biggest thing you have ever done is write a book, you should write a suicide note. This will be the most special thing you will ever create, as it will be the only honest writing you ever do, should you actually kill yourself after writing your suicide note.

You can know the value of a man’s writings by how both the man and the writings age. I have aged quite well and found success in various aspects of life I declared I would succeed at. I’m not perfect and I still have difficulties in life, but my writings and their claims are backed up by my existence and my

existence's fruits. My contemporaries, besides the people I just mentioned, all have failed in this test. Bronze Age Pervert is near 50 years old and has been revealed to be a jewish trustfund kid. Other popular authors I've mentioned have been reinstated on twitter after being banned for a few years and have immediately deactivated their accounts because now their life is a complete and obvious refutation of wild claims they made while they were larping a sincerity that I and only a few others have been willing to pay for. When you hear somebody talk and act like a free person, like myself, you can be sure that they are lying to you and you can ignore them completely – very rarely will you make an ass out of you, and certainly never me.

This essay is really just another victory lap, one I've been doing for nearly thirty years in various forms. My blood is good, my instincts protect me, and I will continue winning for the rest of my life until my death, which I suspect may never come. Those who I have disrespected irrationally or cruelly in my life will lose in life, because my irrationality is not really irrationality but rather a sort of supernatural compulsion that makes me look a fool or bitter in the short term – but ultimately a correct fool in the long term. I win, those I dislike lose, and that is how the world works. That is how the world will always work.

MAY THIS END

I had the horrible idea of making every essay in this book contain the month it was written within the title, and this sounded good until the third or fourth essay, but is now intolerable. As such, this will be the last essay with the naming pattern I attempted. Like everything, I set out to do something quite odd and particular and then decide I don't really feel like doing it, but have done enough of the odd thing that people can't tell the difference between half of something being done and something done completely – which is far more than half of something in reality. The last twenty percent of a project takes about eighty percent of the time, which means that I haven't even completed ten percent of my goal. I'm fine with that though, since most people don't even pay attention to three or four percent of anything, so to them I've already finished writing my book and they wouldn't even notice if I copy-pasted my essays with different titles for the remainder of my book.

When you are young, life consists of things that you can't yet do. As you age, you gradually find that life now consists of things that you said you'd do that you're choosing not to do, and hopes that other people aren't paying attention to this ever growing list. Over promising and under delivering is the path to success, and luckily everybody who is successful and has influence is also doing this, so you will never get caught being a liar to yourself and others as long as you never stop lying. Your deception and salesmanship will be pointed out by some people – but the only reason those people will ever become aware of your lies is that those people are the people who lose in life – people who are not in the process of selling phantasms.

This may be a great book I'm writing, or it might be my worst work yet – I can't tell. Perhaps it's because I've made too much money or had too much sex, but the inability I have as to knowing my own work's worth is vaguely reminiscent of the cognitive blindness I experienced while I was forced to be on antipsychotics after I had an "episode" of sorts and "fought with the police" and "burnt down a building."

A funny sort of thing I've realized as I've ruminated over various changes I feel myself going through is that people generally extrapolate their personal outlook to an absurd degree, making their victories or failures indicative of the entire country. If you go to a successful businessman in America, one who isn't a nepobaby or a member of a certain ethnic tribe, he will almost definitely tell you that although America has problems, it is a land of opportunity that is still thriving and will presumably get richer and more exceptional in the foreseeable future. If you go to a person without any business, barely able to rent, with bad luck in romance and employment, they will tell you that the country is

failing and point towards either left wing or right wing ideas to explain why the entire country is either doomed or headed inevitably towards a revolution that will change everything. Both of these people are simply talking about how they see themselves.

The reason for this strange projection of the self onto the entire nation is that, for better or worse, Americans are uniquely patriotic. We, unlike so many countries in Europe, consider America part of us. This is extremely optimistic and beautiful, because this means that nearly everybody in America actually *wants* America. What people want is different, but they all *want*.

Desire is the precursor of action. We desire food when we are hungry -- as a result of that desire we get food. We desire water when we are thirsty -- as a result of that desire we get water. We see America as going through the same thing we are going through, because we desire to be a part of a great unified country, and so we participate in tweeting and going to demonstrations and making an ass out of ourselves about things that we can't change repeatedly. This is why America is not doomed, but rather going through a college aged phase of insanity as a collective. America is filled with passionate idiots, a great improvement over the remainder of Europe: a land filled with passionless dullards.

<https://open.spotify.com/track/74tc2bW392kDqAOw6vdFSg>

IT MAY NEVER END

The naming convention continues much like my enjoyment of continually lying about unimportant stuff. The reason I like doing this is because if you do not trust me about simple things, then I will never find myself with enough of your trust to do horrible things to you – which I know I would love to do to you. To make you mistrust and worry about me and my motivations towards you brings me sublime pleasure. This book, already painfully self-referential which I’m beginning to find grating, is shaping up to be a real convoluted mess.

There is an idea to writing which is defined and follows a sort of arbitrary rule of distinction: An essay has a thesis that gets thrust forward in an opening paragraph and then supported by multiple paragraphs until it is finally concluded with some overarching support which seals the package completely. A story begins at the beginning and establishes characters which then do things until the author concludes with some sort of closing of the storyline. Of course there are instances where stories are cut short, but these are exceptions to the rule -- and nearly all of these sorts of deviations from traditional structure are so conspicuous in their ending as to be freakish and immature rebellions – and ultimately irrelevant.

A good example of a very poor attempt to be unique while writing is Honor Levystein, this female is called an author but is obviously not anything but a spoiled soulless brat who hasn’t yet figured out – or perhaps is too lacking in faculties to care – that she is simply a young woman with a funny last name, and young women with funny last names are nearly all subsidized both socially and financially by extremely rich in money morons who have equally funny last names.

Levy’s first book has just come out, and having examined a bit of it I can confirm it is slightly more worthwhile than Nick Land’s body of work, which is to say Levy’s writing sucks. She essentially has been given a book deal to copy paste the ramblings of some mediocre twitter user’s autowriting. Anything more said about Honor or her output would be a waste of time and energy only slightly more justifiable than reading her work, so I stop here.

There is something to be said about a form of writing that is more wandering through a forest than taking a direct and efficient path from point A to point B, but there really is nobody but myself who can say it. As we are existing in a time where most of the day can be leisure, there is something to be said for a “warm literature” being created. There is nowhere important to be going for the book reader or else they would have no interest in reading.

This “warm literature” that can now exist should be self-referential, allowing the reader to have in-jokes or vagaries to decipher and interpret. There should be a level of interaction in this new genre that is not seen in the literature prior to it. The reason for this is that as it stands, classical literature is only discussed by annoying types of people who lack any sort of social grace or activity outside of reading – which causes them to have lots of time to read. When these people talk about books, they inevitably do so in a manner which puts off anybody who has ever had sex or run a business, two things which are essentially the same thing should one happen to get good at either. As it stands, books are a dead form of communication -- and the people passionate about books should be murdered.

Books have failed to evolve in conjunction with society or technology and its role in day to day life. The future of writing is something which, while static because paper is static, understands it is connected to people who are not static at all. There must be a playfulness that couldn't exist in the past when people did not have the internet research, but also a timelessness that avoids cultural fads that are only “funny” or “relevant” to people in a specific time and to a similar degree as the author. This last part is what failed authors like Honor Levystein and Costin Alameriu are incapable of doing, as they lack anything to say and only exist in the context of the now. After all, this context is the only reason as to why they have any platform at all, and once this context disappears, so will they.

There is room to evolve the form of writing -- which I have done and am doing. With that said, writing must be resurrected much like Lazarus was, and Lazarus was not resurrected by a woman or an average man. Writing must be done by somebody who has lived and continues to live an interesting life outside of writing. Nobody who sees themselves as a “writer” will ever be a good writer from this point forward, as there is no desire to read dead manuscripts by dead inside freaks like Honor or Costin. The only writing that will stand the test of time is the writing that is written by characters like myself.

THE POWER OF SOMETHING VAGUE

If you would like the secret to attracting women, which is really the secret to attracting everything, it is simply this: Women are vain creatures who are insecure about being denied something. When a woman feels she is being denied something, she feels as if her worth is being challenged, and this causes her to need to prove that she should not be denied something. If you are seen as knowing a secret, women will try to learn this secret from you. If you make vague allusions and state obvious lies about this secret, women will become obsessed with you. Women will pester and pester you, trying to find out what it is that makes you different. Eventually, their annoyance will cause them to forget why they're pestering you and they will simply know they're annoyed with you, but when that annoyance fades they will then have a desire to be around you which they will retain – even though they have no memory as to why. Presto, women are now attracted to you.

If you say to yourself “I have no secret, I am doomed to never attract a woman!” then allay your fears, as this is even better. If you were to have an actual secret then you might accidentally slip up and reveal the secret and satisfy the woman attracted to you, which would lead to her no longer feeling any attraction towards you. To have an actual secret is to play a losing game, because all secrets become gross and pathetic upon revelation. If you have no secret you can only tell the truth and reveal there is no secret, which will be even better as no woman will believe that there is no secret, and the woman you have just told the truth will become even more in love with you and desperate to know the nonexistent secret.

This touches upon an esoteric concept, which is called “Holographic Earth.” The idea is essentially positive affirmations for autistic men, although judging from Bronze Age Pervert’s audience in 2024, positive affirmations are the current positive affirmations for autistic men. Anyway, Holographic Earth posits that if you can visualize and project something which doesn’t exist in a different (more subtle) dimension, the holographic astral realm will create it there, which will then manifest in this realm. I don’t completely believe this idea, as I have been visualizing Bronze Age Pervert dying of a mugging and it hasn’t happened yet. If Costin dies soon then I will fully believe this idea.

With that said, all of this “secret” business is quite a good sales tactic, because it is a way of creating a black hole that draws in stars to be devoured. If you can cultivate a sense of mystery and exclusion about yourself, you will attract throngs of the gullible and vulnerable (some female and some male) to do whatever you wish with. Of course, this is a dangerous proposition, because if you get too good at this business, you will lose all your humanity and the black hole will destroy you.

All of this is simple application of the hermetic knowledge of ratios. I will elaborate: If you work hard and diligently, there becomes an imbalance of a ratio, which is that the wealth (not necessarily always money) that always exists in proportion with hard work and diligence is missing! What happens? Your actions do not disappear, but rather the wealth always appears in due time. You have created an imbalance which has made something drawn to you to balance out the ratio.

By creating a “secret” you create a hermetic imbalance, which is that people with knowledge that must be worked towards in order to be attained are always surrounded by people who seek to learn the secret. If you do what I’m saying here and walk and talk and move and exist as if you have a secret, you will create a sort of magnetism which is in the literal sense magical. What type of people you attract by your secret will all depend on what sort of secret you hold.

Speaking of magic, which this essay explains in multiple ways that only a few will ever truly understand the whole of, magic is a great example of this “secret” method. Magic, when spelled magick, is all of the sudden more special and strange. All of the sudden, magick is powerful and hinting at you that whoever wrote magick instead of magic knows of a realm that you know nothing about. Of course, this starts out as fake, but those who write magick invariably find that their playacting has attracted not only adherents but also spirits, many who want to molest and rape the mind of the magick word speller. Be careful of the secrets you traffic in, or you might find yourself being trafficked.



THE MAGIC TROLL

HE DIDN'T USE THE K

TO DESCRIBE THE THINGS HE SHOULDN'T SAY

HE KNEW THE RULES OF MAGIC

THOSE WHO BROKE THEM ENDED TRAGIC

HE RAN TRULY FAR AND RAN TRULY FREE

NEVER PAYING THE MAGIC FEE

ALL THE WAY THE MAGIC TROLL LAUGHED

HE HE HE HE - HE HE HE HE

THE LEGAL SYSTEM

In the context of the law, lawsuits regarding discrimination are simply to provide redress. These lawsuits and this “lawfare” is not really helpful to white people, as the law exists as a whole to provide justice to the powerless when they are matched up against the powerful. What this means is that when lawfare works it is nice, but only really nice in the way in which a victim of a hit and run that killed a child of theirs gets paid money. They have still been the victim of a hit and run which has killed their child.

To assume that the legal system will defend whites against discrimination or fix anything systemically destroying society is to take the stance that whites are the less powerful socially and not only that, but to believe that the same honest sincerity that made the legal system work when whites ran it will still exist when it is not whites running the legal system – which is obviously the case when you look at Donald Trump or Alex Jones and their recent abuses in the courtroom.

Now that we have an upcoming election, it behooves everybody with an audience to suggest that politics are participatory in nature, and that their readers or viewers should get into the muck about lawfare and elections and the way in which the sun is now rising on one side of the sky and will later fall on the other side of the sky. This is largely a waste of time, not because these things don’t matter, but rather because these things are generally going to happen regardless of our input -- and our input will generally not better our situation and for most people can only serve to worsen it.

This is not to say not to care about the way in which the legal system is breaking and now exists for jews to prosecute white people at the behest of themselves and/or brown people, but to realize that this is essentially how the court system works on an implicit level that is veering towards explicit, as shown in the aforementioned cases of Trump and Jones. To be ignorant of the weather is to risk getting rained upon, to scream at the sky telling it not to rain is to risk getting locked up in a psych ward while it rains nonetheless. You should not want to be locked up or rained upon, but rather desire to know the upcoming weather and also dress properly for it.

If you want to know the future of the legal system of America, simply look at the legal system in the past and compare it to now, and in the difference you’ll be able to infer the direction the system is heading. If you want to know specifically *where* it is headed, look at video of fights in the parliament of South Africa or in the lobby of a fast food restaurant in America. That is where the legal system is headed. You should want your life as directly tied to and impacted by the US legal system as you want to it tied to or connected to South

Africa's parliament or the lobby of Burger King. Look for the upcoming weather and dress for it, don't ignore the weather or scream at the sky.

Upon reading this essay, you may chuckle at how I'm flippantly racist, or you might find it upsetting for the very same reason. If you read this soon after it is written you are more likely the latter than the former will be your reaction, but the longer time that elapses between my writing this and you reading this, the more likely you are to have the former reaction. That is because as time goes on, what I'm saying will be more self-evidently true. As with my other books, what I say now will become common knowledge and idiots reading my work will act as if what I wrote was obvious at the time of writing it, or that they already knew what I wrote, since what I write reveals whatever occluded thing I'm describing. As the author of these observations, I can tell you that what I'm saying now is not the common thought of the day and that when it does become the common thought of the day, it will be far too late to dress for the weather, as the rain I'm forecasting will already have been falling for quite some time.

So how to dress for the weather? Live offgrid. Become a freak. Hide in the dark and learn to live without electricity. Prepare to subsist for decades off of venison you hunt yourself and beans and rice you have stockpiled. All these prescriptions are in jest, don't do any of them unless you want to end up placing a shotgun in your mouth and blowing out your brains – which is what people who don't take my advice or buy my books should do. No, like all wise people, you should start out by determining what things you might naturally do if you were unthinking or ignorant, and then consider if upcoming realities means that you should avoid doing them or not, and why.

Our society is, at this point, is nearly complete in its non-white nature. We have a bunch of synthetic structures that have grown out of old (not the modern) European stock, such as buildings, bridges, legalities, and customs, and those things are great when they function well – but most are beginning to fail. That is because those things are no longer under the care of white people. Being biological, people and their outcomes are much faster in showing the symptoms of decay or abandonment than the synthetic or abstract things mentioned above. What this means is that you should avoid things like bridges and never walk across them, because white people are no longer maintaining them, and these bridges will now collapse and kill any white people that walk over them.

If it feels as if I'm failing to be prescriptive, that is because you are not yet ready to be prescribed anything. My writings and ideas are not for the rote learners, those incapable of inferential reasoning. I don't explain how to save yourself, because if you can't figure out how to save yourself then you deserve to die. With my writings, I hope to teach *how* to think rather than what to think, because that is not thinking at all. Is this a copout? I'll let you infer.

BE OK BEING ALONE

Life is a funny thing which laughs at and with your expense. This is most likely because we exist in a game of the Sims and the person on the computer playing the game is trying to have fun and enjoys trolling. It might be a girl because there's so much drama and women seem to get given everything in life, but it might also be a boy because the past where women used to get raped by invading armies. But then again, woman hate other women far more than men ever will, so that might be another point in favor of the gamer being a woman. Anyway, who cares? I'm enjoying this game.

One of the secrets to attracting people into your life is to be at rest. Anybody who has a wife, girlfriend, children, or any combination of the three will understand this by virtue of an irrefutable example of bizarre magic that always occurs. As a man, if you are working on something for any serious period of time over an hour, the moment you stop to collect yourself and relax for a few minutes, a female will appear in the real world to demand your attention. There is something about the male desire to do nothing which causes the universe to manifest a female requiring your attention into your vicinity. Any man in a relationship knows that what I'm saying is as true as the laws chiseled into stone tablets.

You will always be given more when you become satisfied with what you have. This is a truth that will never be proven wrong. The reason for this is that we are not put on this earth to be satisfied, but rather to provide entertainment for a child playing Sims on their computer.

How can we put knowledge regarding this aspect of reality to our benefit? Well, it's by being clever and violating this principle. Once again we delve into the realm of magic and the reweave the fabric of life itself in such a way as to be ignored by those reading retarded frauds like Eliphas Levi while searching for something special and powerful as if they were in a video game. Fools! Here is a pro-tip regarding the nature of reality: people who speak well of the kabbalah want to waste your time and steal your foreskin and most likely have sex with you and your children. Avoid them at all costs, whether or not their last name sounds like it came from a sandy place filled with beady eyed rats.

Let us now apply our knowledge of mechanics to break these mechanics for our own benefit. It is important that we do not do so out of a need for these mechanics to be broken, because that itself enforces the mechanic and will stymie our attempts. To truly learn this mechanic and how to apply it, you must first make yourself miserable for good reasons. You must be tortured and forlorn to

the degree to which you are giving up on life itself. This must be for the reason that you have tried to do what is right and pushed yourself to the brink of death, and having failed, would be happy to die. At this point, and only at this point where you are OK with dying, you will suddenly have achieved an acceptance of life as it is. The ability to accept life and death as they are can only be gained through this purification process, as any way to go about this will leave you reliant on comfort or drugs or rituals – and thus you will not gain your freedom but instead become reliant on and quickly enslaved to whatever it is that helped you understand this mechanism.

Once you have achieved this feat of the acceptance of abandonment, if you ever do, you will soon recover from your absolute abjection. Life will become electric with happenings, both good and bad. Electricity, life itself, will flow through you and you'll feel yourself jolted this way and that. The strangest thing will happen during this period: you will feel a center which did not exist prior. This core will stay with you for the rest of your life, and you will be able to draw upon it whenever you want, because you will always want to draw upon it at the proper time. You have turned lead into gold and become a hermetic alchemist. Of course, none of this involves reading old books or studying the secret of the sphinx or chanting Hebrew or Aramaic, so it's probably all made up. Just ask all the people who get into freaky stuff in an attempt to make their mundane life more bearable. Magic is something that is extremely powerful and only people with strange last names and dry text encouraging you to read the Talmud and jerk off onto doodles know what they're talking about.

Back to the mundane, the domain in which the magic most truly exists. Now that you have become activated, you can manipulate the technique of being OK being alone. By virtue of learning complete dispassionate control over yourself while completely abandoned and hopeless, you now have mastery over this skill when you have things and can call upon the world around you at your leisure. When you have really learned this skill, you can summon animals like birds and deer and even women to your presence whenever you feel like it. It sounds crazy if you are not initiated into this ability, but it is real. You can also summon money with this skill, but you can do that just by burning magic candles from Dollar General or sacrificing small animals under a full moon, so I won't elaborate further.

If you struggle with the loneliness of modern life and wish to have companions, simply learn to be alone. Once you are OK with being alone, you will find that you are never alone ever again.

AN ODE TO GUARANA

Since this section of the book has flown rapidly into the skies of self advice, like some majestic bird that most are too busy looking down at their phone to see, I will continue this theme with an essay on the majestic plant Guarana. This beautiful stimulant is a superior form of caffeine that makes coffee look like the bizarre slave juice that it really is. The ground up seed of guarana provides energy and clarity of mind that bean water will never come close to achieving. Whereas coffee causes its drinker to chain himself to a cubicle and feel irritable and anxious, just half a teaspoon of guarana administered twice a day will make its taker free and happy, and best of all productive in the true sense of the word -- both in terms of protestant work ethic as well as Amazonian sex drive.

If you take just one thing from my work, let it be this: in order to live a life that is differentiated from the life of the modern slave, you must consume things that differ from that which the modern slave consumes. People are beginning to understand this with regards to diet. Seed oils and soy are the buzzwords of morons like Bronze Age Pervert and Honor Levy. Ironically, the low hanging fruit Guarana is one of the few dietary items which are not the low hanging fruits of diet. This is most likely because people genetically predisposed to mental slavery, BAP and Levy being great examples, are biologically incapable of appreciating the beauty of the Guarana.

If you look into Guarana you may find sources claiming that its energetic properties are the same as caffeine from coffee. This is not a lie, but it is incorrect. To better help you understand, consider lab grown meat verse meat you can get from something like a cow. Although lab grown meat might provide protein in the same way that organic meat from a cow provides protein, there is something in your soul (if you have one) that tells you correctly that the protein from a cow is superior to the protein from a lab. The same principle applies to guarana seed powder as compared to coffee.

If you don't believe just yet, try this experiment: Substitute your daily multiple cups of coffee with just one or two cups of cold water with guarana seed powder mixed in. Do this for a few days, although I suspect you will only have to do this a single time to understand why the Amazonians have beautiful lore surrounding guarana. If this experiment fails and you continue to prefer coffee over guarana, then you are a soulless slave by your very nature and I must inform you that you will most likely never succeed in life. You may make money or gain some acclaim from other slaves, but you will never self-actualize and you will go to your grave a sick and twisted hollow shell, smothered in your last moments by regret and hatred and sorrow -- and what's worse is that you will deserve this end.



OH BEAUTEOUS GUARANA

IF EVER THERE WAS A PERFECT PLANT
A PLANT WORTH PRAISING WITHOUT EXCEPTION

IT WOULD BE YOU

GUARANA

OH HOW I LOVE YOU

ON SUICIDE

The concept of suicide is something that is veering towards perfection, but isn't perfect. The idea that you reject life's imperfections and choose to opt out of existence is poetic, true. But in choosing to kill yourself, you are still irrational. You exist within a system that you declare yourself a conscientious objector to. You declare yourself above a system and in so dignify it with a response, which invalidates your claim to being superior. In the act of suicide you are essentially degrading yourself and invalidating yourself. You declare life itself to be something horribly and inherently undignified and then proceed to participate in the realm of life by virtue of conspicuous rejection.

As I grow older, I realize that right and wrong are all there is, and what they are is quite simple: that which is conspicuous is wrong and that which is inconspicuous is right. Do not confuse my usage of "right and wrong" as a moral claim, but rather as a descriptor of that which is and that which isn't. What isn't screams that it is, and what is, is so silent as to be seem as it isn't to the unknowing. Perhaps this is a bit vague, but that is because in the vagueness of this essay the reader is being allowed to participate in the clarification of its thesis.

To kill yourself is immature. It betrays that you feel yourself a claim to reality that cannot belong to anything, let alone an individual. By killing yourself you are declaring that you own yourself and your life, which is the farthest thing from actually owning yourself and your life. You are causing yourself irreparable damage to try to grab control of your future from some external source, and as such reveal yourself to be completely out of control. A free man does not kill himself, only a slave does. Suicide is the stage in which our general society finds itself. Not self-aware enough to realize that Calvinist predestination is a beautiful truth, we can – and must – conclude that this iteration of government and social interaction is fatally flawed. If the current conception of human interaction on its various scales was capable of proceeding without serious catastrophe, we would not be observing the self-immolation that we currently are.

As suicide is what is going on, those of us who are not immature feel drawn to step aside and let it happen. Those who kill themselves deserve to be killed. Some or many of their complaints can be valid, and oftentimes are, but they are not ready for life and life has rejected them, causing them to imagine themselves the source of the separation between them and life itself. The secret which is life precedes the second which is the mapping of time which precedes the sequence which is the application of the mapping of time which precedes the suicide which is the reaction of the imperfect to the perfect. What follows suicide is a matter for a future book!

DEVIANT GNOSIS

There is an idea that to be sexually deviant or socially odd is a path to esoteric knowledge. This worldview believes that since many artistic or savant types were odd in some fundamental aspect, whether in how their bedroom life proceeded or in how they dress or spoke or ate or conducted themselves generally, that the path towards excellence is begun by virtue of conspicuousness. This is a cargo cult mentality -- like Africans building landing strips out of bamboo sticks believing that once they do this, the white people and their planes will magically appear and bring supplies.

This essay is a bit awkward for me to write, as I may have played some small part in this idea-I-now-debunk's proliferation. I, being a self-evident genius polymath, am also conspicuously eccentric. That, plus my essays in which I more specifically pretend that people who read my work have a chance at being like me by consciously choosing to live their life in a bizarre manner, perhaps convicts me as guilty of the confusion which now causes the echoing fragments that remain of Frog Twitter and the "politically educated" scene on twitter to justify photoshoots with transsexuals and attempts to make "high culture" which is far from any culture -- but might indeed be enjoyed by somebody who is permanently high.

A fatalistic but genuine fact of reality is that nobody ever changes. The way you think and feel as a child becomes slightly more complex and fleshed out as you age and have life experiences which inform your perception, but your fundamental nature only ever integrates new information -- it never changes its core. Losers are always losers, winners are always winners, and those two types of people will never switch their fundamental nature. This very fact of immutability is something which makes self-help books a sort of scam, but a funny one at that, since losers are being scammed out of their money to have another loser win by virtue of scamming them out of their money. In this way, the self-help category of writing is accurate, as this type of book does indeed help the self of the author, albeit at the expense of the purchaser of the book.

Back to the topic of sexual deviancy as a path towards some secret knowledge or particular social distinction -- which is something the lie of homosexuals being higher IQ and better at design than heterosexuals taps into. It is not that having gay sex or a prolific whoremonger is the path towards being excellent in finding patterns for MENSA or for some bored housewife who has hired you to redesign her living room - but rather that being deviant in a healthy manner, which is to say capable of critical thinking to a much stronger degree than the average automaton human, is a trait that oftentimes is joined by an unhealthy deviancy that stems from similar inborn mental abnormalities.

The idea that sexual deviancy or antisocial personality disorder is what causes greatness is a lie that is pushed by unexceptional homosexuals and unexceptional sociopaths. Having nothing that makes these people special, these people declare the unfortunate yearning bedfellows of genius to be the reason that genius exists at all. Just because I share the same general antipathy for the human race that some homeless drug addict probably does, doesn't mean a homeless drug addict is capable of writing as well as I do – but perhaps that is not the best example to illustrate my point convincingly.

The strangeness of the genius is related to their genius only in so far the genius hones his conscious will fighting against his defective base urges. Do you want to know why there has been no great homosexual since the end of World War Two besides Tim Dillon? Because since the end of World War Two up until the last few years, people have been worshipping the act of masturbatory anal sex. Until they are shoved back into the closet and start getting beaten in the street for suspicion of being a fruit, from the gays will not emerge another Oscar Wilde or Brandon Flowers or Cary Grant.

Sexual deviancy is not avant-garde when it is pushed by mass culture. When Bruce Jenner is wearing a dress and making an award acceptance speech on ESPN or being hosted on Fox News to discuss running for Republican governor in California, when there are open cross-dressers in the United States government and fat women on the cover of Sports Illustrated, to be gay or queer is simply to be a modern puritan.

The only avant-garde that truly exists in the context of social scandal in this day and age is the expression of a white man expressing racial or gender or historical knowledge and opinions that are upsetting or crass. They must be an individual who is excellent in another manner, and their expressions must come at a social cost – perhaps when they are getting blackout drunk accidentally. Jews and mulattos and barren women who use their parents' money to buy drugs and live in NYC while going to parties that consist of overpriced beer and played out performative conversation can never be avant-garde and will never be avant-garde.

In other words, geniuses do not become geniuses by virtue of gay sex, but rather many geniuses become geniuses by the mental struggling they do to avoid having gay sex even though they know that heterosexual sex is extremely tedious. This struggling against themselves, this overcoming of unnatural but easily satisfied urges is what causes some people to achieve a gnosis related to deviance - to transmute their flaws into something much better.

SUCCESSFUL LIFE PATTERNS

When the written word was invented, life changed forever. I'm not a stuffy academic who will prove this through facts and dates I've memorized, but it's true. When planes and boats and trains and cars were each normalized, life changed again and again and again and again. Communities are made and destroyed by virtue of road placement and transportation putting people closer to or farther from them. All of these things are, if not commonly understood, things that are all agreed upon when they are studied. The way people live their life is modified whenever their environment is changed. As such, if we are to adjust to the future successfully, we must make an attempt to understand how the world has changed in the past few decades and, having done that, radically change how we live life.

The way our parents lived is not the exact same way in which their parents lived, our parents generally all have/had better lives than our grandparents ever did, but the general form in which our parents and grandparents experienced life is essentially the same. Both had a childhood, both had some form of education or vocational training in youth, both had a spouse that adhered to localized socialization and localized culture that simply doesn't exist anymore outside of major city areas. The way in which the successful people of my generation live now is not the way in which the successful people of my parents' or grandparents' generation lived.

Technology has once again catastrophically changed our environment. More specifically, the internet and its smartphones have changed how people socialize. It is important to realize that people *always* socialize in the context of resources -- whether information, money, attention, social status or lack thereof, socialization is always a resource related endeavor. Understanding this, it makes sense that since the internet and more precisely the psychic economy (non-physical information) has become more valuable than the physical economy (physical resources), socialization has shifted from the offline world to the online world.

The reason there are some cities that still seem alive in a social sense is that there is a large degree of lock-in to forced social interaction connected to jobs that people began before the opportunities of the internet emerged. As time goes on, social life in those cities will transition predominantly online and the cities will lose all their allure. If you want a picture of the social life of New York City or Chicago in a decade or two, feel free to take a trip to another formerly relevant city, Detroit.

The manner in which life strategies have changed with the winning over the physical economy by the psychic economy is not confined only to not living

in huge cities, but extends to how day to day life should be gone about. We must appreciate that each day is now multiple days and you must be working on multiple projects every day if you are to not fall behind. We are now in the era of instant communication. We are hyper-efficient. You are now competing for your survival not just against people in your local area, but across the entire internet connected world. If you are to milk cows and make cheese as a living, or become a beekeeper as is my goal, then you can afford to live a normal life with one vocation that feeds yourself and your family, but otherwise you need to be keeping to a puritan work ethic to the extreme.

There are three paths available to the modern man: participation in the psychic economy, participation in the physical economy, or participation in a hybridization of both. I suspect the third option is the best, as you will be able to leverage the advantages and minimize the downsides of both, but what that looks like is too context dependent to really elaborate on specifically.

Hopefully this essay has left you with something to think about which will prevent you from going homeless and dying in the gutter. If that is the case, then feel free to recommend this book to somebody else, or just giving me your money as a form of thanks. Feel free to send me Solana or Bitcoin or even Monero. It's the least you could do.

If, however, my essay fails to save you, then please realize I did the best I could and you have my empathy if not my understanding. I did what I had to do to survive, and while I can't really comprehend losing in life, I understand that is the natural fate of most people. Don't feel bad if you end up broke and alone, because this world has been thrown on its head and the best advice parents can give their children right now is probably to not be around for them at all, so the kids learn that the world is a cold and dark place that provides no guarantee of love or assistance. Any other advice a parent could give their child at this point will most likely be so outdated that it's actively malicious. Good luck!



THE GOLD TROLL

THERE ONCE WAS A TROLL OF OLD
A HAPPY CREATURE MADE OF GOLD
HE DIDN'T TOIL IN THE FIELDS
HE JUST WAITED FOR WEARY TRAVELLERS
TO CROSS OVER HIS BRIDGE
THEN HE TOOK ALL THEIR GOLD
AND KILLED THEM

GAY TIMEWASTING

For those who have the sometimes-fortunate and sometimes-unfortunate luck to rub shoulders with moneyed people, one thing is consistent: The supposedly successful in this country are not much (if any) better off than those in the middle class. There are very few freedoms afforded to rich people that are not afforded to middle class people -- and a whole host of concerns and pains that the middle class do not have to contend with.

There are slight differences in where the middle class and the upper class go to eat, where and how often they vacation, but besides that there are very few differences. In this country, the upper class and the middle class are equally powerless in terms of self-expression and lifestyle. The middle class man can spend his excess in the exact same way an upper class man can spend his excess, the only difference is the degree to which individual has excess to spend. The same exact lack of differentiation applies to women of supposedly differing classes.

The game of social life in America is extremely boring and meaningless. This is not to say it is any better in Europe, as there are very few things Europe does better than America, but rather to say that the general American public is completely controlled by people existing outside of any accessible class structure. Money will not buy you entry into the club that has special permissions, because the only club that is left is not a country club but rather some bizarre cult based on blood that does not originate in America.

Most people (regardless of income) lack taste, so it's not a real problem that the social system in America is limited to how much you are allowed to consume. With that said, it is a problem for people who do have taste and those who have ideals, which breaks down into a small percentage of people across all age spectrums -- the former group -- and a large percentage of people in the younger age range -- the latter group. This essay is not an exhortation, as I am not in the latter group, but rather an observation and analysis.

Besides stability, the two biggest advantages the rich have over the middle class in America are food and time. The rich can afford to eat food that is not largely chemical in nature, and furthermore this food can be cooked by people they employ. The time advantage of the rich has quickly become proportionally irrelevant, as the way in which the rich spend their time is increasingly mirroring the way in which the non-rich spend their time, eg in wasteful consumption of digital entertainment. The middle class, if they can be disciplined enough to cook instead of eating fast food or ordering food online, have no real fundamental difference in status from those who are "upper class". There are those who can spend a little, and those who can spend a lot, but both

these are simply people who are allowed to spend. Who is allowing them to spend? The same group.

Having a good amount of social mobility myself due to my charm, I have lived free to choose where to place myself. Should I want a city life, I could have a city life. Should I have wanted a traditional job in management in some financial or technical field, I could have grabbed it quite easily. The reality is that I, having near infinite choices before me, prefer the company of myself in a small office. In fact, if it weren't for people in my life who require socialization, I would be even happier to live in a smaller room than my personal office currently is, in an area of America where barely anybody even lived.

The true class structure in America does not include a definition between those who bring home a middle-class salary versus those who bring home a larger sum or who don't even need to work, but rather the difference between people unlike me and people like me. The people unlike me are all, regardless of their level of success, striving to achieve a life where they have enough chunky cheese tokens to go on trips and eat nice food and spend their time on beaches drinking alcohol.

The problem America faces is that there is no real problem America is facing. There is no greater issue at hand that people like me really feel invested in solving, because when people like me look around, we see that the people who are "winning" in America are not winning, and they're not really even people – just mindless consumers who differentiate themselves from other mindless consumers by virtue of *how much* they can consume. In this way, perhaps America is similar to Switzerland, a nation of pretentious hicks. I shudder to think we could be similar to the Swiss.

The goal of the average American is to eventually make all hours of every day available for gay timewasting. This seems a far cry from the "protestant work ethic", but perhaps it is not at all, and the only reason protestants extol the value of work is in relation to working hard being the path towards not having to work at all. In any case, I'm not an average American, but I am a proud American, and although I hate to hang out with people, I'm glad there are people around me that I can feel superior to.

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU I LEAVE YOU

It is important to separate yourself from everything, including yourself, periodically. This is a concept that escapes most people -- as most people are slaves incapable of conceptualizing anything. A kiss is made romantic in the sense that you place your lips against another and suck the air out of their lungs. If you were to keep your lips pressed against theirs long enough, you would suck the life out of their chest and kill them. A kiss is a woman making herself vulnerable to a man's power, and a man choosing not to take all her oxygen and then her life. That is why kisses are romantic -- because they are murders willingly stopped short.

The role of the public figure is similar. He must draw his audience towards himself and then dominate them, eroding their sense of self and rewriting their perception. Then, when the audience is about to die -- to become mentally enslaved gimps -- the public figure must thrust the audience away and allow them to live. If the public figure does not do this and instead kills the audience he is not really a public figure but rather a public menace -- a murderer of sorts. And since they are murderers, they all eventually suffer the fate of those that kill unjustly: they find their own life ended.

Back to this aspect of absence being applied to the context of romance; it is important for men to separate themselves willfully from their woman. If you do not periodically ensure that your needs and desires and most importantly physical location diverges from the woman you love, it will only be a matter of time until your relationship falls apart. Too much familiarity breeds contempt, because familiarity is one person willingly allowing another to murder them in the hopes that the potential murderer will show how much they care about them by allowing them to live. A woman declares she always wants to be with you, and she thinks she does, but really she wants you to show that you do not wish to smother her. The fastest way to make a woman lose her love for you is to be around her whenever she wants you there.

If you love them let them go is completely incorrect. The proper saying is "If you love them, leave them."

To hold a flower in your hands is beautiful because it knows that were you to close your fist, the flower would be destroyed. The flower, gingerly held then placed down, loves you. It is the vulnerability available but not exploited which indicates both restraint and affection.

EROTIC SENSUAL POLITICS

A concept that the brilliant thinker/author Bataille outlined in his book *Eroticism* is loosely the following: The erotic nature of doing the sexually forbidden grows in exponential proportion up until the point in which the forbidden is finally done, at which point the erotic potential is transferred into a transforming power that degrades and manipulates the very nature of the person who has violated a taboo. The degree to which the individual has violated a taboo is also the degree to which the individual is transformed, for good or ill depending on the taboo.

Another aspect to this violation of taboo is that the violation of the taboo destroys some if not all of the contextual energy contained within said taboo. While the context Bataille wrote with regarding taboo was sexual in nature, his concept regarding the violation of taboo is applicable to the context of modern politics, which is what I will now do.

As I write this there is an active Holocaust being done in Gaza by Israelis, Russia is still at war with Ukraine and most likely ethnically cleansing the entire country of Ukraine for the purposes of establishing a Jewish state in Europe, the election season of Trump versus Biden is well underway, just months from the general election occurring, Trump is being prosecuted in court for various made-up crimes in a clear violation of all proper legal rules, Biden is senile and losing his support as campus protests against the Gazan Holocaust are being cracked down on by police and ethnically Jewish individuals from Israel who aren't even American are flying into the country to violently attack student protestors, Bitcoin has surpassed its all-time high and prepares to breach \$100,000 per coin, and yet... nothing I wrote seems all that important or interesting. As news piles up, the importance or energy of the news seems to become exponentially less impactful. The more goes on, the less the goings on seem to grab my attention.

The mechanics of taboo and eroticism that Bataille outlined are at play here. We have crossed the threshold of rumors of large scale war, rumors of malevolent purposeful genocide, rumors of genuine financial upheaval, etc. into the realm of each of those things, nearly all at the same time, and as a result the magnetic anticipatory energy that both exists and is drawn upon until the point of violation of its taboo has now been destroyed. We now exist on the other side of eroticism, which is a vulgarity that marks severely. All of the aforementioned taboos have been desecrated to the point to which they no longer exist. Without these taboos, there is not really any reason for us to care or take interest in the news at all, since all the news is discussing anymore is not potentialities but rather realities.

The erotic aspect of potentiality is gone and now exist only the hangover of the morning after. There is no anticipatory electricity marked with unease and desire that remains. We exist completely divorced from the erotic, having violated all the taboos that exist, and this is the reason why it feels as if nothing interesting is happening, despite the fact that more interesting things are happening now than perhaps ever.

We have played out the potential energy of humanity in the context of humanity. Whether in terms of sexuality in the literal sense or sexuality in the terms of mass violence and violation, we have violated all the taboos that can exist regarding humans interacting with other humans individually or as a group, in all the possible configurations and contortions and contexts. As a result, we now exist in a form of scandal that scandalizes to such a degree as to make scandal itself uninteresting.

What remains for the human race is not human politics in relation to humans, but rather human violations in relation to nature and machines. All that remains is sex with robots and sex with animals. I personally find both of these things unacceptable and don't support them and will not participate in this, but these are the only realms of taboo that remain.

JEWES AND ANGLOS

A funny observation to make is that Jews want to be Anglos and Anglos want to be Jews, and everybody else in the world wants them to go away. There is a love affair that is being missed regarding these two groups simply because these groups are both so grotesque to the rest of the human race that we constantly dehumanize them. Since I am one of the people most guilty of this dehumanization, it behooves me to lead by example and attempt to describe this love affair without calling either of these groups subhuman pedophiles or demonic entities in nearly-human form. I do not know if I will succeed, but I will make an honest effort.

Anglos are the farthest race from magic that exists. Anglos are essentially the masters of accounting, and have the racial character of an accountant. They are quite stable and quite concrete and quite linear, and as a result do not naturally coexist with the unstable and vague quicksilver which is magic. To put it in another manner, the Anglo exists in the realm of the real and tangible, which is where magic will never exist, being that which exists in the places you are not looking and does its work when you are not aware of it or measuring.

Jews are the closest race to magic that exists. Not because they are the most able to harness it, but because their existence is completely tied to the efficacy of magic. Their mythos itself does not declare rationality or strength their reason for success, but rather a special connection to the supernatural as their main boon. Unlike the Anglo, the Jew is that which exists in the realm of the shadow, the realm of the unseen – that which works in ways that you will see less of the more you look for it, which is to say magic.

A lack precedes a want, and as the Anglo lacks the ability to perform or even understand magic, the Anglo is naturally driven towards study of the occult. This is the reason there are so many famous authors and politicians and rich people of Anglo stock that have been interested in séances, astrology, theosophy, etc. – they seek out to understand that which they do not: magic.

Just as Anglos seek out the domain natural to Jews, the Jews seek out the Anglo's area of expertise: that domination of excel spreadsheets in all forms. Since a mastery over the domain of magic allows a sort of lackadaisical immaturity regarding things which would usually be needed for survival – things like hard work and discipline – Jews have a conspicuous lack of ability for traditional employment. They do not have the ability to balance a checkbook properly or follow rules that are logical – if they did they would not be able to work the magic that has granted them dominion over most of the world despite being incapable of any sort of competencies which benefit or improve (or even

maintain the quality of) the human race. As such, the Jew naturally sees the Anglo as mysterious and alluring in their competency regarding the boring material world.

Jews want to be Anglos and Anglos want to be Jews. The problem that occurs is that both Jews and Anglos are selfish and incapable of love, which is the giving over of the self to some other party. Both Anglos and Jews are slaver races, who succeed by virtue of domination over those too weak or unfortunate to defend themselves from some fatal flaw the Jew or Anglo has discovered, whether in the realm of the material -- the Anglo's domain -- or the spiritual, which is the Jew's. As such, neither the Jew nor the Anglo is a suitable lover.

The Jew want what the Anglo has, as can be seen by Jews constantly kvetching over the fact that Anglo Country Clubs used to prevent Jews from hanging out in the Country Clubs that were for Anglos only. Of course, the Jew doesn't realize that the exclusivity of Anglo run Country Clubs didn't just lock out Jews but also the Irish and Italians of similar stature. You don't see Irish and Italians talking about this because Irish and Italians don't care about a retarded club for Anglos to hang out in when there are bars to run. The Jew is not really in love with the Anglo, but rather in love with *becoming* what Anglos were at the height of their power: middle managers who controlled the entire world without question. The Jews, being bad at things in the realm of the real world, do not understand that Anglo power was largely due to a now unimportant fluke of geography pertaining to boats and where they sailed.

The Anglo like the Jew, doesn't actually love his pairing, but rather wants what the Jew has. The Anglo is a bigger believer in the idea that Jews have a special connection to God that makes them superior than Jews do themselves. The Anglo worships Jews like a Benedict Arnold, hoping for a moment in which they might kill the Jews and assume their power and make Anglos God's chosen people.

If only Jews and Anglos could stop being abusers, they might find love in the arms of each other. Instead of romance, we see transsexualism on display. The Jew pretends to be a businessman and destroys each business he runs. The Anglo pretends to be a spiritual being and creates religious bodies that fail to edify or transcend and instead are run like businesses, which then fail as nobody is going to church to learn how to balance a checkbook or how to safely budget and maximize your time in this world. Both Jews and Anglos are now transsexual races, and the rest of the world is waiting for them to do what all transsexuals do when they are in their thirties, which is to remove themselves from the face of the earth. Please kill yourself!

CONSPICUOUS HATRED

A fairly visible issue with the “community” of “right wing” twitter that becomes more apparent with every passing year is that the “people” who remain on the platform are, ignoring all their many other flaws, conspicuous in their behavior. The tweets they put out are written in an awkward and stilted manner which indicates a level of conscious effort to convince their readers that they are something which they most definitely are not. It is for this reason that I declare twitter dead outside of the times where my friend Nick Fuentes goes out of his way to harass and insult these posers.

When I write or speak, there is an ease to my language and ideas which comes naturally, because I err towards a sort of careless speaking that only emerges from a mind which is doing what it wants to do. I don’t have to push myself to express irrational bigotries or strong stances on groups of people. If anything, my flaw is being too free with my thoughts. This is quite different than the manner in which people like Zero HP Lovecraft, whose chosen handle only exists because Lovecraft named his cat “Niggerman”, write.

I am a freak in the sense of the modern world, and so I live my life constantly aware of the delicate balance in which I proceed. My writing and speaking reflects this – I speak more nonsense than truth in order to make my true nature occluded from the general public. I go out of my way to provide an escape for each of my activities because what I genuinely do is genuinely at odds with the vast majority of humanity and humanity’s structures.

Whereas I exist in a manner which is constantly convincing the non-initiated that I am equally mundane, the people who are still tweeting and talking about politics are the opposite. Zero HP Lovecraft, Loki Julianus, Bronze Age Pervert, and their gaggle of failed normies are constantly trying to signal their deviancy. They demand to be taken seriously, which is the opposite of what serious people like myself do.

Understand this: people are the opposite of what they declare themselves. Of course, you may say to yourself that to apply this rule to Paul Town would invalidate this essay, but that is because you miss the point of the essay entirely and apply the rules for thee to me – which is quite stupid and frankly shows you to be a fool. BAP and his ilk declare themselves reactionary despite BAP being a half jew half gypsie who lives like an old woman who never married, going out to eat and drink in lieu of any sort of employment or future. Zero HP Lovecraft declares himself to hate blacks, which is funny because if you were to take the objects of his hate away, he would cease to have any subject to blather on about.

Whereas I have multiple instances of insane violence and cruelty under my belt, my writing is generally that which represents me as a soft man. I show my heart because I have no need to prove that I am a beast. Furthermore, I know that my untamed nature is a flaw for the most part, not a virtue that I preach. This is why I don't advocate for blowing up buildings and power grids, as yet another (now deactivated) poser has advocated, or setting cities aflame as BAP has pushed for – of course until blacks did so during BLM riots. I understand my limits, and as a result do not advocate a world that I might do alright in for a short time before quickly being killed by the instability that world would necessitate.

The conspicuous hatred of the skin-suited Frog Twitter (that now has only the least talented individuals of Frog Twitter in it) is pathetic. Their activities consist of trying to preserve fleeting and worthless respect of twitter users. The degree to which they have overstayed their welcome is so obvious that the very platform they exist on, twitter, is now known as X and is no longer even twitter.

Ten years have passed since the beginning of Frog Twitter, and it has been dead for nearly half of it. All that remains are performative mediocrities, most in their late thirties and some in their forties. They have no cultural output that will stand the test of time, no projects that are meaningful, and are essentially old women.

You may ask yourself if I am much better, and that is a valid question for a doubting hater. After all, I am bitching about these individuals to a degree which may seem obsessive. To answer this question, I would say that I am much better, as I have lived an authentic life and am engaged in many things not related to politics. I have software projects, land projects, written projects, and life projects that all exist outside of the small and increasingly incestuous circles of frog twitter.

As I enter my thirties, my life is better than I could have ever dreamed. Minus some hair loss, every year of age brings me perspective and opportunities greater than the year before. I'm optimistic, as evidenced by the change in tone shown in this book as compared to prior books, more so than ever before. Of course, this optimism is tinged by my perplexion regarding the purpose of life being this easy and open for an individual as deranged as myself, but the optimism grows nonetheless.

The life of the remainder of Frog Twitter and its acolytes grows increasingly sad. They have no real accomplishments or accolades to feel proud of. Sure, BAP and a few others have made some money writing pamphlets or recording podcasts, but that is easy money and easy money is empty. I've made mid six figures from streaming, and while I enjoy the money, if it was the only

thing I was doing I would probably take my own life. Hopefully BAP kills himself. LOL. He won't, of course, as women never actually commit suicide.

The reason I can write all these accusations of fraud against BAP and his circle is that I am a genuine individual who can recognize counterfeits. I have a criminal record both written and unwritten in the legal system. I'm not untouchable, far from it, but I have entered and left a seedy section of society (and could do it again if I wanted to – which I do not because I'm not retarded) without being destroyed. As such, I know what sort of person has the capacity for brutality, and what sort of person has nonesuch capacity.

The BAPtard can never enter uncivilized circles because the only context in which they might engage with seedy elements of society is to pay for sex from hookers or the procurement of drugs to consume rather than sell. They are marks who get marked, not markers. I don't fear Frog Twitter, because Frog Twitter is more accurately Fag Twitter, a bunch of preening, aging homosexuals who have talked a huge, retarded game. These are not intellectuals nor criminals, but rather sad lonely aging people who think saying "nigger" or "spic" or declaring hatred rather than disdain for sodomy is somehow going to infer a level of criminality that intimidates. If these people actually believed what they pretend to believe, they would simply be proles with alcoholism from fifty years ago, not intimidating criminals.

Those who try to come off as edgy or dangerous while sober are those who will never be scary. They will never be WowVeryDope or myself. They will always exist in the realm of those who fear that which should be sympathized with: the individual who has an untamed nature which leaps out from time to embarrass whoever it resides in. The criminally insane type the BAPtard seeks to imitate is the type which attempts to downplay their flaws and tame them as they age, as the criminally insane type never lives free or long if they do not manage to camouflage their nature by the time they reach my age, let alone BAP's ancient age of mid-forties.



THE ABSENT TROLL

LISTEN CLOSE TO LEARN THE TRUTH
 OF THE TROLLING ART FOR THE UNCOUTH
 TO GET BACK AT THOSE WHO HURLED ABUSE
 TO HURT THOSE WHO HURT YOU
 ALL YOU MUST DO
 IS TO GAIN THEIR TRUST
 TO GAIN THEIR ATTENTION
 AND THEN WHEN THEY EXPECT HELP OR WISDOM
 WHEN THEY INVEST SOME TIME IN LISTENING FOR SOLUTIONS
 ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS THE FOLLOWING

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CAUSE FOR OPTIMISM

It is ill-suited to always focus on negative things, because that indicates you are of the mindset of preservation – which invariably leads to catastrophic loss. As such, I will take this essay to outline a thing I am currently excited about. In this way, I can jolt not only my reader but also myself into positivity and thus action which benefits. Life consists not only of disappointment, but also of excitement and pleasant surprise! Let's begin.

The first thing that inspires me and drives me towards excitement is a newly legitimate form of computing called Large Language Models or LLMs. In my past work I was incorrect and discounted the concept of AI in a stupid way, and have been pleased to have been proven incorrect. LLMs and more generally Machine Learning have/has proven to be a viable method of computation. Although the manners in which these systems currently behave are both slow and too entropic for general use, in my opinion LLMs are a large part, if not the entirety, of Computing's future.

As it currently stands, LLMs are genuinely helpful with large amounts of oversight. I'm going to be using an LLM in concert with some simple Python to edit this book as well as my former books. The script will feed each page of a PDF into an LLM and ask the LLM to check the page of writing for basic grammatical errors. In this way, I will be able to ensure that my writing is cleared of errors that I would have left in, as I refuse to proofread my book manually and also refuse to hire an editor to proofread my books. This is a small example in which LLMs are already shown to be greatly beneficial.

For example, here is the output that results from Claude AI when I feed it the prior paragraph:

```
import PyPDF2

import openai

# Set up OpenAI API credentials

openai.api_key = "YOUR_API_KEY"

def check_grammar(text):

    response = openai.Completion.create(

        engine="text-davinci-002",
```

```

prompt=f"Please check the following text for basic grammatical errors:\n\n{text}\n\nErrors found:",
max_tokens=100,

n=1,

stop=None,

temperature=0.7,

)

return response.choices[0].text.strip()


# Open the PDF file

pdf_file = open("path/to/your/pdf/file.pdf", "rb")

pdf_reader = PyPDF2.PdfReader(pdf_file)


# Iterate over each page of the PDF
for page_num in range(len(pdf_reader.pages)):

    page = pdf_reader.pages[page_num]

    text = page.extract_text()


# Check the page for grammatical errors using the LLM

errors = check_grammar(text)


# Print the page number and any errors found

print(f"Page {page_num + 1}:")

print(errors)

print("---")


# Close the PDF file

pdf_file.close()

```

The coolest thing about LLMs is that the usage of the technology is really only limited by the creativity of its user. While there are very obvious limits to the speed and scope of LLMs, those limits will improve over time. As

shown above, I can already use LLMs as they currently exist to easily benefit myself.

Another reason I'm so excited about LLMs is that the technology is so newly usable that people don't really comprehend how to actually use it. There are some threads I have written on X regarding this, but I'll summarize my thoughts here. People envision LLMs as needing to be a huge single mind in order to be useful, which is incorrect. The proper path forward are many small, extremely limited minds working on things in concert.

To paint a more clear picture, let's consider a question which we all know the answer to: What color is the sky? This is a simple question with a simple answer, do you need a genius to be correct about it? No, of course not. The answer is blue. Now, let's figure out the color of the sky with the usage of an LLM. A genius one that is 99% reliable but takes five minutes to come up with an answer. Even with its 99% reliability, it's not really useful for unattended operation. Once out of a hundred easy questions will be flubbed.

Now, consider fairly inaccurate LLMs that run extremely quickly. They are 70% accurate, far worse than the huge LLM. You can't really use them at all in an automated manner, right? Wrong! All you have to do is make sure you ask that LLM the same question enough so that you can determine which answer is given repeatedly enough that it's the correct one. The best part is that you don't need to ask this question sequentially, which is to say waiting for the response to ask again. You can simply run this smaller LLM multiple times, at the same time, to get the multitude of responses immediately. Then, you can use an LLM designed to parse answers and not analyze them to find the consensus answer with complete surety, and as a result you have an extremely accurate answer, extremely fast.

Now that I have explained how to use LLMs extremely fast, extremely quickly, I can continue onto why I'm so optimistic about LLMs. This is a new way of interfacing with computers which will revolutionize the user interface. We will soon lose the need for standardized applications. Soon, you will be able to describe what you want to your phone or computer, and whatever you're describing will be usable by you. What this means is that apps on phones and applications on computers will become user defined. This is both good and bad, as the opportunity for excellence also requires the opportunity for disaster. With that said, the opportunity for excellence is what excites me!

After years of stagnation and boring iterations of web apps and social media clones, personal computing is about to become truly personal. With the advent of workable LLMs, we are only a few years out from each person being able to create little gadgets and gizmos that will allow them to harness computing power in a manner which genuinely empowers them. I've built note-taking and

scheduling software to my personal taste, and that software has helped me order my life and encourage productivity in my offline life, but that benefit has only occurred because I am capable of true software engineering. Now, people who are not nerdy but are creative and want to empower themselves will be able to do similar things with technology!

The level to which LLMs will disrupt personal information technology fills me with an ecstatic glee. We are witnessing a revolution of the sorts which is impossible to express fully. Within a few years, everybody will be able to use technology how they want to use it. Everybody will have the technology they desire, which will make those who constantly complain and bemoan their hardships obviously worthless people who should be ignored. Young people will be able to see cool videos and tech demos by creative individuals, and as a result of that, young people who are winners will naturally be inspired to create rather than critique. The fact that traditional avenues to success in society have been captured by races and groups which hate exceptional people will be made increasingly irrelevant. LLMs have broken a dam of sorts in the field of technology.

This optimism isn't related to politics or titles, which I've always found to be distasteful and kind of pathetic, but rather the empowerment of the individual. Computer science has – since near its inception - been gate-kept by autistics of middling intelligence and minimal social acumen, and this is ending very soon. I can't wait to see how LLMs empower people who are too socially agreeable and normal to ever struggle through StackOverflow hazing and poorly written blogs. The best part about this excitement is that my outlook is not based on a hope for something which might not happen barring conscious effort, but rather an inevitability which looms just over the horizon and promises to reach fruition regardless of politics or social neurosis. All of computer science is about to be transformed and enriched, and with it the entire human race.

Life is exciting -- if you let it be. With every passing year, we reach closer towards the point of complete autonomy. Do not confuse the increasing enslavement of the general public with your personal enslavement. The average individual has always been, and will always be, a willing, eager servant. That natural urge towards living on a plantation of sorts is now more visible than ever because each individual is now, more than ever, getting exactly what they want. If you wish to be the average individual, you will have the fate of the average individual. If you genuinely want to be free then you are not an average individual -- and as a result you will not end up with an average fate. Don't lose your hope or optimism for the future; the capacity for those things already separates you from the herd.

A PLEASANT WIFE

A common and understandable refrain from people I respect is the desire for a wife who will shut up and do stuff around the house. This makes a lot of sense personally, as I have managed to make my life quite enjoyable without the input of a woman, and would like to keep my life quite enjoyable. A woman who I provide housing for, food for, safety for, transport for, and security for, should respect me enough to shut up and do stuff around the house without complaint, right? Wrong! I desire, and have, a woman who is quite irrational and troublesome at times.

The reason why I have a relationship with a woman who can veer far from the picturesque and docile picture of womanhood which all men daydream of is simple. When I have children, whether male or female, I do not want a pushover who easily subjugates themselves to the world around them. If I were to have a woman who happily enslaved themselves to somebody as particular and eccentric as I am, that woman would necessarily have to lack a sense of self which would be fatal to any semblance of consciousness. If the woman who I am currently with did not agitate me at times, much like I agitate her at times, then either her or I would lack a will.

In my opinion, there needs to be a small tension of wills between a male and a female in a partnership. This small tension highlights problems and issues before they become large enough to threaten stability or the success of the relationship. Of course, if the tension is too great, the relationship will fall apart and fail, which is yet another benefit to both parties in a relationship, as the sooner something which will fail actually fails, the sooner everybody involved can move on with their life and invest their energies in better directions.

Back to the matter of children, this is not the only purpose but definitely is the most important purpose of a marriage: My children will need to be predators if they are to succeed in life. Whether male or female, I want my children to be constantly exerting their will in a manner which molds the world to their vision, rather than their vision being determined by the world. In order to do this, I must not settle for a woman who has such a small vision of reality that she has no passions or urges of her own. The reason for this, once again, is that our children will inherit half my instincts and half her instincts.

Of course, I do not write this essay to say that I want my wife to be an obnoxious bitch who doesn't do anything around the house and constantly undercuts my goals in life, but rather that she is intelligent and driven and motivated of her own accord, and her own will leads her to understand that I am a high quality person who is worth being around, and doing what needs to be done in order to ensure we stay around each other. I do not wish to be around

somebody who helps out because I force them to, but rather somebody who helps out because I help them out and they understand the benefit of helping out. A relationship that is predicated upon servitude may work quite nicely in the context of itself, but when that relationship creates children who will take half their personality from myself and half from the female attached to me, the dynamic that is advocated by many people I respect otherwise will fall quite short. My children, male or female, will take advantage of the children who emerge from such arrangements.

CAUTION REGARDING ARGUING POSITIONS

A warning I must make to my readers, abnormally high IQ and convincing people as a general rule, is that they do not too often purposely take ridiculous positions in order to amuse themselves and consternate others. The reason for this caution is that as any professional liar (a lawyer or internet personality) will tell you, it is only a matter of time before disordering the thoughts of others leads to your own thoughts becoming genuinely – rather than only seemingly –disordered.

If you manage to become mildly capable of working out how arguments should be structured, you will very quickly find yourself able to maneuver in and out of positions with an ease that boggles your mind. You will become untethered by the normal rules of social life, which will be a benefit to you as the times we are living in adhere to insane rules that suit only the malicious overclass and the unwitting underclass but are completely at odds with all who exist somewhere in the remainder, which is where you and I hopefully reside. But every rose has its thorns, and the freedom of navigation also has its downsides.

The ability to flit from this stance to that without getting caught and prosecuted for your consecutive illogic is something which exists not because you are a genius, but rather because you are a rarity. You are a subspecies of human that has managed to realize the disjointed and contradictory rules that we all subject each other, and most likely by luck you have survived your initial revelation of the insanity of mankind. As such, you now stand astride all the while standing apart from the people around you – idiots.

Idle hands are the Devil's plaything, and to be free of the tyranny over the mind which has destroyed all capacity for thought in the modern human usually results in very idle hands. It is extremely important that you do not allow yourself to become lazy or self-indulgent now that you have the opportunity to, or else you will end up like BAP or Destiny have ended up – syphilitic old men without a future. Having wrested the whip of impulse from external slavers you must now begin to whip yourself, enslaving yourself to the designs of treating yourself as if you were not free at all. To do otherwise is the path which leads first to decadence – and then to ruin.

To argue nonsense is fun, but consistent fun is for children. As an adult, you must never try to behave as a child does. The people who behave like children as adults are pedophiles trying to have sex with children.

CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENTS

The thing which most seems to separate myself from others around me is the need for control over an environment. I need to have a completely predictable surrounding while writing or programming; otherwise my productivity suffers greatly. If I could, I would exist in a small bubble floating in space for most hours of the day, only leaving it once I had completed all my work for the day. I would be happy to spend a bit of time socializing or being accosted by strange noises for an hour or so each day – but only after I had most of the day to work.

Perhaps it is a chaotic and loud childhood that has caused me to be this way, but I doubt it. In my opinion, the silence of the external is a natural sort of state for proper thinking – which is the precursor to proper action. Prior to the internet, unless you were in a city, quiet stillness would be the norm.

If there is one very specific complaint I would make about modern life that I haven't yet been able to escape, it is this constant loudness and interruption. Nearly every day there are times in which I am forced to drive, socialize for hours, or have my work interrupted to deal with humans expressing irrational and passionate feelings which are counter to my productivity.

I am quite happy with how my life has ended up, as I have found stability in housing and the ability to have thousands of dollars of computer equipment which allows me to do pretty much everything I seek to do in life, minus some machine learning which I haven't really focused enough on to even know what I want to do yet. I've worked through my neurosis and youthful angst and now exist without any sort of internal disdain or dislike. I'm ready to die, and yet have most of my life ahead of me. This would all be great – if not for infernal noise and distractions which constantly attack me.

Every day I deal with external assaults. Those who find meaning in distraction and socialization constantly wish to have my attention. I have to go out to eat. I have to go on trips. I have to “hang out” with people and “talk” with them – which consists of small-talk and me feeling a desire to get high and drunk in order to make the leaving of my cave suitable.

Speaking of abusing substances, I have realized that my instincts towards self-harm stem not from internal pain, but from whenever others force their mental state upon me. My consciousness being so ordered and content, the temporary exposure of the normal consciousness causes so great a pain within me that I seek out the relief of complete obliteration. If I am to suffer the conception of normal life, I would rather do so while drunk and incapable of thought.

Of course, this understanding that hanging out with others is the cause for my desire to get high is something which I cannot really express to those around me. They would take personal offense at the idea that my level of existence does not mix well with their company. As always, the empathy I extend to others is not returned towards me. The sociopathic nature of general humanity once again abuses me.

There is no genius or excellence that can emerge from consensus. The size of a committee scales exponentially with any sort of excellence being diminished. This mechanic is self-evident with regards to companies and societies, but also applies to the individual, extending so far as to mean that a man who is not internally cohesive is fatally limited in his ability to create something worth consuming. In order to create something powerfully, you must be at peace within – of a singular mind which cannot exist without much time alone.

Nowadays, I find the best time to write and think is in the morning. This is because the morning has been seeded with hours of sleep – or rather hours of forced non-interaction. The night-time is also a very fertile time for creativity, but unfortunately the night-time is nearly always taken from me nowadays. I only have myself to blame for this, as I have failed to comprehend a manner in which to explain to people around me that we would all benefit from not socializing with each other except for very rare occasions.

The public mind is what you are grafted into when you participate in “hanging out” with people. This “public mind” is essentially a public pool filled with piss and homeless people. I do not like hanging out at public pools. I do not want to see women with fat rolls waddling around in bikinis. I do not want to hear mixed race children screaming and splashing. I do not want to see balding hairy men with sunglasses perving on the aforementioned women. Unfortunately, I do not want to hurt the people close to me who seem to have a base impulse to constantly involve me in the public mind.

If I were to give some advice to the young men who read this, it would be to do everything you can to not have any friends or romantic entanglements. Get on government welfare or steal enough money to live alone. Listen to the silence until you eventually begin to hear it and after that begin to speak to it. Wake up in silence, sit in silence, then sleep in silence. If you can do this multiple nights in a row, you will find your soul restored to a level it most likely has not been since you were an infant. This will be an amazing but terrible gift, as your sublime joy of solace will be joined with the horror of knowing what is being taken from you every single day you are prevented from being alone.

A truly controlled environment is what I am working towards in this life. I want to have days all to myself, with no noise other than the noises I choose to

generate. If this drives others away from me – so be it. I have spent nearly thirty years accommodating aliens and their need for the exact opposite. Should my own feelings cause their abandonment of me, it is no great loss for me. A lack of reciprocity for the next thirty years will bring me joy, as I have been looking a long time for a justifiable reason to swear humanity off entirely.

Silence! I need silence! I need to not drive my car for errands for weeks on end! I seek to eat only raw eggs and peanut butter! Give me water mixed with Guarana Seed Powder! Allow me to neither shave nor shower for months on end! Love me for who I am, not who you imagine, or leave me! Show me that you trust me to know what is best for me, or be treated like I have treated all the rest of my would-be controllers.

Not only will I hate you if you try to control me, but I will destroy you. I am a wild animal, not a farm animal that lives in a stall and eats from a trough. I trample humans for fun.

THE PROBLEM WITH WEIRDNESS

The problem with weirdness is that it attracts normality. The weirder you are, the more you will be smothered by those who think they are weird but are not. I am constantly under assault from those who see my shine and wish to take it for themselves. If only they knew that to shine is not something which is shared or transferred, but exists from birth and never leaves the person who has it.

Everybody wants to control me: Society, friends, women, strangers. They want to take my brilliance and redirect it to illuminate their dark places. They wish to fit my shape into their schedule. I do not exist on a schedule, and I never will. I simply exist, and schedules of others overlap with my activities periodically.

The greatest crime I have ever committed – and I have many crimes to my name – is to allow the illusion of my compliance. If you are the type which ever sublimates your will then you are the type to always sublimate your will. As a method of camouflage and convenience, I have taught myself how to proceed socially. This has resulted in people thinking that proceeding socially is what generates some sort of purpose to my life, rather than the truth which is that social life harms me. I hate socializing!

I am a neon tiger, a creature so unique and wild that I generate a covetous impulse wherever I go. Here and there, wherever I am I quickly become hunted. Those who think they care for me really hate me. They seek to destroy that which makes me special. They think to domesticate that which they love only because it is not domesticateable. I am being hunted...

It is said that a candle that burns twice as bright burns half as long, but it is not said how exactly the light is extinguished. Most assume it is because the candle burns out naturally, but this is not the case. Rather, this candle dies young because the light is smothered by grubby fingers wishing to take this special illumination for themselves – for their own non-illuminated purposes.

I'll die before I serve something other than my divine purpose. I'll never be slotted into the machine in which most people are merely cogs. I declare this not in defiance -- I've already declared my defiance through my very life -- but rather as an explanation of my motivations in clear written language. I do what I do because I will not be molested by others – no matter how much they want to molest my very soul.

THE FLOW OF TIME

One of the marks of the loser is to dislike people like me, people who engage in a wide range of behavior constantly, and as such are periodically prone towards embarrassing public displays. When you are constantly pushing yourself, you will fairly often push yourself too far and have a negative outburst. In the context of me this would be alcoholic rage, psychotic breaks, and emotive outbursts. In other words, my Irish half jumps to the forefront of myself, pushing aside my German and Scandinavian heritage. My slight Eastern European part is probably alongside the Irish when the outburst is particularly abusive. In other words, I am an exceptional American.

Time flows very fast, so fast that there is very little time to shame yourself. You would be wise to take stock of yourself periodically for the purposes of improvement over time and the righting of wrongs you have done, but you must ensure that you do not apply to others the same level of intermittent critique you have for yourself. If you do, you will quickly have no time left for your own endeavors. Time is simply too constant for you or I to seriously care about the failings of other people.

A funny aspect of time always moving forward is that the only people who will seriously injure you with words or characterizations that are equal parts accurate enough and vicious are the people who can never harm you in any real manner in the game of life. Since success to any large degree requires a level of self-obsessiveness and activity which ensures personal embarrassment, all the successful people will have a sympathy for people who make mistakes in the pursuit of success, and will very rarely have the time to even be aware of your mistakes at all. They are simply too busy and self-absorbed for your foolishness to matter to them unless your foolishness is hassling them.

A common refrain of Redditors and other failed adult humans-in-appearance is that nobody really knows what they're doing, that we're all just making things up as we go along. This is not correct, unless you confine "us" to just meaning slaves, which in that case would not be incorrect. Why these people are incorrect is related to the passages above: To these people, how and why you do things is not what makes a winner, but rather *what* people do determines their value.

The correct path in life is different in phenomenological nature for each person, meaning each person's optimal life will depend on the circumstances of their birth. Just as memorizing factoids is not the path to wisdom, as wisdom is not knowledge by itself rather than the proper, contextual application of knowledge, doing the correct thing at all times is not what makes a winner. If

that were the case, then all computers would be winners, since they always follow their code completely.

Outcomes are more oft than not external to the self, and so can go a winning or losing direction regardless of the internal state of a person trying to do something, and so you should only consider outcomes as a whole, rather than on an individual basis. The law of averages is a proper measuring stick for outcome, but that is best done after an individual has lived a full life, as outcomes can start out quite bad but trend towards positivity if a quality individual is given a bad starting place with bad information. If you must a young living individual by outcome: Measure by the trend of outcomes, not whether outcomes are bad or good.

Intentions and reasoning are the real aspects of oneself to focus on. If you are worried about making mistakes, you will not make any mistakes but one: doing nothing at all. To care about the perception of how you are doing by the world around you is to be externalizing your worth, which is logically incorrect and thus will confuse yourself and make you an insane person doing insane things. This lack of concern about your reputation is not the natural state of anyone besides psychopaths, and the only way you will ever achieve this is by being too busy to look into what other people think about you. You must exhaust all your curiosity and energy every day. Until you are tired, do not stop working on things which will benefit you, whether internal consideration or external labor. You must get in the habit of doing this every day, and do so before you meet with any success. If you do not have this pattern of behavior set in stone before success, your success will breed neurosis and insanity which will synthesize into spectacular self-destruction which will be fueled by whatever measure of success you have gained.

Don't worry about what losers think. Don't slow down. Don't rest or take it easy. Time waits for no man – or woman. All you have to do is pace yourself so that every day you improve your life a little, and if you can do that, all the losers in the world will eventually pretend they never hated you at all. You must never stop, never look back, and never care for the opinion of people who don't even know how to make their own life pleasant. Ignore losers -- they're only giving you their opinion for free because nobody will pay them for their opinion.

A MESSAGE FOR MALICIOUS PEOPLE

If you are the type of person who has navigated to this essay to see what I have to say towards those who discount me or make fun of me, then lol at you. Imagine investing time trying to shame a man who has made millions of dollars selling vague shapes to people who have no money. I've spun a yarn out of thin air and that yarn has turned into a sweater that keeps me warm. You, on the other hand, have to get a real job and exist in a realm of hellish slavery that you will never escape.

There is something quite funny about life in that it is quite abusive, but not difficult. The secret of success is not to be a genius or work extremely hard, but to rather refuse to accept things you don't like. All you have to do win in America is to continue insisting you deserve better, and pair that insistence with a refusal to participate, until the solution to your discontent is brought to you on a silver platter. I spent my entire youth refusing to participate in a system which would have stripped me of my dignity and soul, and as a result I retain both my dignity and soul – two things which you have to live the rest of your life without.

The foolishness of youth is to believe you only have a few years to arrive at your final destination. For most people, this period of life is what leads to a terrible fear of missing out on the security of traditional employment and the social stability it provides, which leads to young people taking on careers that are not fulfilling or meaningful, just so they can have a nice paycheck and not feel ashamed when talking to their boomer parents on holidays or ugly women at bars. The difference between myself and the average person is that I never succumbed to the fear of failure. I felt unease, perhaps much less than you, at the prospect of reaching my thirties and being unable to live without a job at some gas station or grocery store, but I refused to give in to that feeling. As a result, I'm playing video games and doing drugs and getting drunk on weekdays.

If you are not hurting yourself and being overwrought in your twenties, you are never going to be anybody in life. The funnel from childhood to adulthood is so geared towards the most mediocre and contented mental slaves that if you avoid any scandal or drug addiction or serious mental depravity while becoming an adult, you lack any humanity at all. The issues that young people in the 2020s foist on themselves are in direct proportion to the size of their potential.

All my real friends have made fools of themselves in the public eye in one way or the other. They move upon the world, rather than the world moving upon them. They, unlike those who don't think I'm awesome, are winners. You are a whiner.

This essay is a boast and a jeer, because I can afford to do so. I can go where I want and do what I want, and you can't. You are a caged animal – one that I am poking with a stick. This is because I can be openly cruel. You are an animal in a zoo, and the moment you reveal your cruelty you will be put down by a zookeeper. That's no way to live, and I find it funny that most people allow themselves to be caged. Barring you slitting your own wrist, it's too late to free yourself from your willing enslavement.

Blood always tells.

FEAR OF EXCESS

The fear of excess is improper.

VIOLATIONS

One of the most important rules to learn in life is that if you can't break a rule, it will control you. There are some rules which are good to leave controlling you, such as rules relating to fidelity, honor, and other such things which prevent you from your own weaknesses – but most rules should be broken on a regular basis. You must constantly be violating the norms around you if you do not want to live the life of the average person.

Every time you violate a rule without being destroyed, you fundamentally transform yourself. You manipulate your own form. Ask yourself what defines a child: a lack of autonomy. Do you wish to remain a child your entire life? Of course not. This is why you're wasting your time reading books.

You must start violating your environment as soon as possible if you want to snap out of the slavish trance you have been placed into. Do things that will wake you up. One easy thing to do, which I recommend, is to have a lot of caffeine from coffee, tea, and guarana seed powder – all at the same time.

As this drug in its various states begins to flood your system you will begin to disassociate and the world around you will become very joyless and flat. Now comes the next step of your violation, which is to listen to music. Do not listen to cringe homosexual poser music like David Bowie. Listen to rap, pop, and house music all at the same time. As you listen to this music, all layered on top of each other so that you can barely make out anything being said or sung, start reading random books you have laying around. They don't need to be anything special. You are just attempting to violate your senses and shock your mind.

After reading for a bit, trying to both understand the words on the page as well as the words in your ears, make your way over to the sink and start the cold tap water until it gets frigid. Fill up a bowl large enough to dip your face into. Toss some ice in the bowl. Then place your hands, face, etc into the bowl.

You need to be doing this sort of thing which violates your mind and body for a regular period of time, perhaps once or twice a week for a month straight. Once you have done this enough, you will learn to sense and perceive your reality in a way which was so completely foreign to you prior that it was invisible to you.

After a month or two of this self-abuse, you will be ready to do things to the world around you. The domination over the self is what allows for the domination over the external, not the other way around. Start by eating dinner at

breakfast time, skipping lunch, then ordering breakfast food at diners open late at night.

Now you are an anomaly in the pattern of the world, now your mind operates in a pattern that is completely different from the pattern that others are in. You have violated the rhythm of life that all marketers and social cult leaders are manipulating, and as such their methods of control are completely irrelevant to you. Now you can breathe and think unmolested for the first time in your life.

What will you do with your newfound freedom? Will you set off on an adventure? Will you abuse the herd you used to be a part of? That is not for me to say. It's all up to you. You're the master of your own destiny. You don't even need to read the rest of the book if you don't want to, because all of my essays are really the result of violations I've put myself through, and if you continue this violation of both yourself and the world around you, you will eventually come to the same method of lucid genius that you will see on display within my writings.

Is this the path to insanity? No, of course not. I'm not an insane person. I'm really not. If you think I'm insane, you are probably part of the herd – conditioned to see free animals as rabid despite any real evidence of their sickness. I'm free. You can be too.

DESPONDENT PEOPLE

To the younger people reading my books, the world may seem like a terrible place that isn't worth living in. While it might be true that the world isn't worth living in, it really isn't that terrible for people who are capable of thought, which is a fairly large category that people who think the world is terrible generally fall into. It is true that evil and deranged people control most of the world, that the life sold to the average individual is an existence far worse than the life of a slave in the south before the Civil War, but it is also true that you don't have to feel horrible about this – you can be exempt from the pain of modernity if you never sell out.

Most likely, if you think the world is horrible, you are in your early to mid-twenties. If you're in your thirties and are still thinking this, you probably wasted your youth and sold out, so you should probably just take your own life instead of going to your retarded job tomorrow. If, however, you are one of the young people reading this who thinks the world is horrible, do not kill yourself – or anybody else!

What you have to understand is that the years immediately following college are a sort of sifting and filtering process to entrap all the people that can be entrapped. The reason you are feeling abandoned or completely locked out of social life is that everybody who looks like they're winning have actually been chosen as suitable for a mass sacrifice ritual not unlike the sacrifice ritual in the creepypass cracker movie *The Wicker Man*.

What you are a part of in your twenties is sad not because you are being excluded from society, but rather because most of the people you think are your friends are actually being selected for extermination. You should be sad and think the world horrible, yes, but not because the world is going to be horrible for you. The world has deemed you different than the average person, and as a result you are safe from the patterns of pain that are about to ensnare most of your childhood friends and relatives.

If there are any of the people you grew up with who don't end up trapped and tortured within the next few years, you should consider yourself extremely lucky. The people you hung out with in high-school and/or college will end up either completely failed out of society and addicted to drugs, or "successful" in the sense that they get fast-tracked into some position in a circle of hedonist soulless corporate freaks who make a lot of money on paper in exchange for selling the rest of their life chasing promotions and trying to fit in with other soulless people.

Every batch of youth from an area has only or two people who make it into true adulthood (their thirties) with their soul intact, and that most likely is you. That is why you feel so miserable now, because you are experiencing a level of grief about watching your friends and family implode and show themselves as incapable of escaping from hell. You're not out of hell yet, but you're well on your way out of it.

The way your life will go is this: you will become increasingly abandoned and forlorn as your friend group bifurcates into the damned who self-medicate in poverty and the damned who self-medicate in supposed success. You will feel as if you are standing still, which you most likely will. And in this standing still, you will gradually see as the path to winning in life is not to exert yourself the most, but rather not to make brutal unforgivable mistakes -- such as selling your soul and personality in exchange for a stable paycheck, getting addicted to Adderall, Weed, or Alcohol, or getting babytrapped by an abusive bitch. If you can avoid these sorts of traps, you will succeed.

As time goes on and you reach your mid-twenties, you will begin to tire yourself out being miserable, and begin to accept that life will always suck, but since you're here you might as well make the best of it. Because of this resolution, you will begin to be productive in your own way. Whatever form takes is highly dependent on who you are and how your brain works, but that doesn't matter. You will begin to move forward, and as you do, you will realize that most people are moving backwards.

Life will get even better as you head towards your thirties. You will begin to understand that most people are essentially taking shortcuts to their apparent success, and those successes always blow up a few years down the line, hurting them far more than they ever benefited. You will soon be one of the few people you know that isn't a completely soulless and miserable person, although you will still feel lonely and purposeless.

Eventually you will find that you naturally begin to be sorted into a social group, much like how the damned were sorted a few years back. This sorting however will be quite more pleasant. You will begin to make connections with other soulful people who are also seemingly alone. This process is exponential in nature, and once you begin to form your new social circle, your social circle will blink almost entirely into completion. You will be surrounded by individuals of similar quality to you, just as the people of low quality were surrounded by individuals that matched their traits. Of course, your surrounding will bring you joy – the extreme opposite of the dread that surrounds those that found their social circles in their early youth.

I write this not from the perspective of a pep-talk, although it hopefully will have that effect upon a person who deserves one, but rather as an analysis of

my own life. Used car salesmen and abusers use the strategy of panic and fear and urgency to entrap potential customers – and so does life itself. To win, you should not feel as if the options being thrust upon you as an early-twenties individual are the only options you will ever get. You must hold strong to the very correct belief that the options being presented to you are simply the filtering mechanism where pigs are offered pig slop. If you are not a pig then you will not settle for pig slop. Don't be an animal.

Life is quite beautiful for people who aren't pigs eating from a trough. I've seen the northern lights, a full eclipse, crashed my car in Montana, gotten arrested, nearly died many times, blacked out drunk and made a fool of myself repeatedly without it ruining my life, even had sex that was enjoyable – all because I refused to be a pig that ate out of a trough. With every year, the difference between humans and pigs becomes exponentially clearer to me – as it will for you, assuming of course that you don't settle for being a pig.

There are really only two choices in life: to be a human who does what is honorable as best possible, or to be a pig that is fattened for slaughter. To be a human is painful and sad, but it is also beautiful. This human beauty is something which pigs never have. They have shallow facsimile shams of beauty which they confuse for the real thing and will shove in your face to try to shame you for being a human, but with every passing year of human growth their "beauty" will grow more obviously pathetic.

If you're a human who doesn't know if this essay is in jest or sincerity, then continue being a human for another few years and come back to this essay. You will find the answer to your question quite obvious.

HOW TO BE EDGY

Things being as they are, with BLM supporting Palestine and Ye (formerly known as Kanye West) being joined by Candace West in their protest of jewish nature, it is already observable that being racist against blacks is not at all edgy anymore. Jews are mad at blacks for not treating them as God, and so they are mustering up all their waning media influence to try to shift white youth towards hating blacks. The hatred that jews are trying to get white people to feel towards blacks is actual hatred, not a “nigger” said in amusement or frustration. Jews really do feel a strange loathing towards blacks which is disgusting and fundamental to the jewish character – perhaps because blacks actually have a logical claim to the welfare that Israel and jews in America constantly abuses. We often hate what we wish we were.

With all that said, it is reasonable to assume that jews will soon encourage open hateful racism (not open biological realism) regarding blacks. This is a huge turn from the days of just a few years prior, where jews were encouraging blacks to demonstrate open hateful racism towards whites. As such, the only real “edginess” that will soon exist is anti-semitism.

To call an annoying jew a kike or deny the holocaust or say that you genuinely dislike jews because of the stereotypes about their behavior being completely true if not understated is the only remaining taboo in Western Society. This is an indisputable fact. Science confirms this. Although it might be distasteful to openly call blacks more violent or less intelligent than whites, or make fun of Asians for being incapable of pronouncing Rs or Ls, doing these things is simply distasteful to liberals and polite society. It is not – and will increasingly be less so -- a thing which will really destroy your life. This is because blacks have no power, Asians are too busy working to care about stupid crackers, and jews have all the money and power in America, mainly. Being openly anti-semitic is the only taboo remaining that extracts an oftentimes fatal social, financial, and even biological cost.

Personally, I’m too old to be super edgy. I’ve reached the phase of life in which one must be working on productive things rather than making others miserable for fun, and so I will not be anti-semitic -- unless of course doing so is required for being productive. Young people, however, are about to be so anti-semitic that even I -- with my beliefs -- will start to insist they stop, or at least tone it down a smidge.

I’m a person who has no problem with being mean in a funny way, but when jokes cross from humor to malice, I will have to step in. Within the next few years, I will most likely end up being the only non-Remphanite who remains protecting jews. I will have to end up hiding jews in my attic to keep them safe

from roving bands of balding mulatto zoomers openly hunting jews in the streets while shouting bizarre slang like bussin and bruh and no cap.

Soon, it will be open season on jews. I will be their last defense, seeing as I will be the only one on the pro-jew side of the battle who is capable of shooting a gun or doing things on Saturday. I will probably fail, but when an actual holocaust happens for the first time, I will do my best to stop it. I will fail to save the jewish race, as I am only one man and the entire human world will soon begin their universal extermination program, but I promise to pop at least a few zoomers in the face and blow their brains out before they get to you and you are all inevitably wiped out.

So sorry in advance, my many jewish readers. I will not be able to save you. I will do my best, not because I support the deranged and obviously evil genocide you're committing in Gaza against hundreds of thousands of completely innocent women (not a fan of you guys smelling their underwear on video either – truly freakish creep behavior) and children and babies, but because I am incorrigible and a real mensch. I've always been the Devil's Advocate, and that won't ever change -- not even when to be the Devil's Advocate means certain death. I'm here for you. I just hope this book comes out before the worldwide permanent first and final holocaust happens so I don't look silly in 2025.

I refuse to support the coming holocaust!

I will die defending the jews before it happens!

I don't care if this ruins my career!

Sorry for the serious tone of this essay, and its sadly pessimistic outlook.

I needed to write this in such a concrete way for posterity's sake.

BACK TO REALITY

Now that I've written such a hilarious essay that will bait many people into getting upset and cause softer people to beg me to stop being so edgy, I am once again free to piss off edgy people by snapping back to reality. Oops there goes gravity. Oops you're so mad that you won't give up that easy, no you won't have it. Knees weak, arms are heavy. There's vomit on your sweater already.

In all seriousness, there is not going to be a holocaust or genocide of jews in America. Perhaps there will be an attempt in Europe, since there are so many Arabs in Europe, but that will inevitably be put down by the husk of a nation (Germany) who will most likely be the reason for Europe being completely destroyed within my lifetime. The third time is the charm! That is enough said about Europe though, as I'm not a European but rather a real human – an American.

Outside of Russia, China and Iran, America is the future -- with all of its distinctly American quirks. As we are always relevant and too big to really collapse, there will never be any explicit genocide of a specific people group that occurs. The sorts of eugenic or dysgenic programs that will go on here are the ones in which certain types of people are bred in and out of existence gradually. There will be terrorist attacks and periods of drama, but the potential of all that stuff is always blown out of proportion. Because America is gangstalked by obsessed European freaks, American news agencies and commentators have a world-wide audience desperate to read about America sucking, and being too dull to realize that America is the size of five Europes combined, these strange people fund the people who push the meme of America being catastrophically unstable.

In America there will be no real large scale war with guns and bombs. We Americans are much too cynical and manipulative and aware of the possibility for pulling a scam that makes us generationally rich for a real large scale war. While in Europe or in the Middle East (the same place at this point), if you are poor you will always be poor, in America there still exists a beautiful opportunity to be a scam artist who plays the game well enough to spend your entire life in luxury.

America is the land of criminals and thieves and eccentrics. We are the disreputable breakaway civilization that has thrown away the lunatic ravings of Cicero and his retarded thoughts on "duty", and as a result we are more evolved than that which preceded us but is now dead and rotting: Europe. We have too much nuance and agility as a biological mass to ever fall for the idea that we should die in a war. Americans, after a century of watching our money and blood go to foreign wars for foreign people, are nearly all aware that there is no large

scale cause that is actually in our interest. As a result, Americans as a whole have become extremely self-interested hustlers.

The point of the prior essay was firstly to have fun, and secondly to point out the obvious truth of who has power in American society. Of course, this pointing out the obvious was not with some deluded Old World self-righteousness, but rather New World cleverness which can only come from an individual fully disabused of the idea of some inherent morality or duty, eg an individual fully American.

To be American is a blessing disguised as a curse. We have spedrun the process Europe is now gingerly toying with, which is to turn society into a free for all Battle Royale game. Since we have had so much fun and success with this game in which everybody is constantly screwing over everybody else, Europeans are now trying to copy us. Of course, they will fail since they are all beta male humans. Our women are more manly than their men! America has emerged on the other side of a psychological hazing that Europeans haven't even begun to fail at.

All the racial talk I engage in, all the racism and hatred I believe in and promote, all of this is simply a fun sort of intellectual and emotional game to pass the time. It's all true, but also all just a game. At the end of the day, I'm an American and I believe the Satanic American Empire to be superior to all other societies that will ever exist. How could I not believe in American Exceptionalism when I am an example of it, and so are all of my friends?

To be American is to be a member of the master race, and in that sense all the old racial categories are simply jokes to me. There are elements of truth to my jokes, but these elements are more incidental than not. I write what I write because I know that in fifty years I will be even richer and more virile than I am now, and America will still be the master race on Earth, and racial categories will simply consist of various types of American subgroups (the master race) and the rest of the world (the untermenschen.)

If you find yourself invested in racial purity or some concept of starting, stopping, or participating in a race war, then please get a grip on reality. War is the domain of the poor and unfortunate. It always has been and always will be. America is neither poor nor unfortunate. We are the Kevin Spacey of the world. We may be out of the game for a few years, but we are the best gay rapists that will ever exist and soon we will be back in movies. We run the world. There will be no holocaust or genocide in America, just various areas of people failing out of the American dream getting each other killed in order to benefit extremely rich billionaires who are far away from whatever city or area is being turned into a Battle Royale video game complete with guns and murder. Be an American -- don't get caught up in the American media complex.

ITALIANS AND IRISH

If you take a quick look at the entertainment ecosystem of the internet, you'll quickly realize something odd: nearly all successful podcasters and comedians are either Italian or Irish, or a mix of the two. There are obviously blacks and jews who are also successful, but that is because those two groups are the recipients of welfare and nepotism and so their success is inorganic and waning and as a result an irrelevant blip in history which will soon be forgotten. Notice also that there are three groups that are lawyers: Jews, Irish, and Italians. Nick Fuentes, Jimmy Dore, Joe Rogan, Shane Gillis, Matt McCusker, and Tim Dillon are all either Italian or Irish.

The reason for this is that both Italians and Irish are great at bullshitting. If you are Irish or Italian, you can't really pretend that you are some hard-working engineer or productive member of society, so you have to be able to manipulate people around you from killing you. As a result, the Italians and Irish who are not capable of talking themselves out of danger and into success have all died off. The Scots-Irish are essentially the Irish who are too dumb to avoid being slaves and lack the willpower to refuse to work, which same lack of willpower led them to breeding with insane Scottish Women. All Scottish people are insane, that is why the men from Scotland all wear skirts.

The Irish have a great desire to have a good time, and this desire leads to them never learning how to cook good food. They have figured out that if you are drunk, food doesn't need to taste good. The desire for good times also stems from the Irish being from an island. An island selects for people who never really do anything that crazy, because on an island if you are crazy you will be killed so you don't kill other people on the island. There is a certain stability and contentment with life that is inherent in the Irish DNA which is very charming and puts people at ease, which is genuine to some extent but also puts non Irish into a sort of trance, where they are very easily taken advantage of by anybody Irish. Of course, Irish people are from an island, so they don't use this advantage to really manipulate in a malicious way, but instead the advantage is put to use in order to secure enough money from podcasting or comedy to get enough money to never have to do actual work.

The Italians are the best lawyers in the world. They won't just defend you after you break the law, but will break the law to defend your right to continue breaking the law. This is because they are as equally gifted in speech as the Irish, but are much more motivated by internal irrationalities and passionate imbalances in personality which could never exist on an island but are very suited for the European landmass in which they come from. Because the Italians exist next to other ethnicities, their gift of gab must by its very nature be more

aggressive and demanding than the Irish gift of speech. You can notice this difference in the way in which Nick Fuentes and Joe Rogan are both dynastic and empire building while Jimmy Dore and Tim Dillon are podcasting and doing comedy to afford themselves a very comfortable and amusing life. Island vs Mainland gab.

The Italians and the Irish are the ascendant races of the 21st century. This is because the psychic economy has become dominant over the physical economy. The realm of digital communication is now the most valuable. The Anglos and Jews used to control this realm because of the high cost to distribute information. The Irish don't care to amass enough wealth or dominate enough people needed to run a traditional media company. The Italian is too emotionally volatile to ever keep a stable work environment large enough to run a traditional media company. As a result, up until digital distribution destroyed the need for hundreds of employees and large infrastructure directly controlled, the managerial races were the only ones capable of controlling media. Now, all it takes is a few hundred dollars and a few people at most to broadcast yourself to the entire internet – requirements which both the comfortably unambitious Irish and the passionate to a fault Italian can easily meet. For the first time in history, the Irish and Italian are free to put their gift for communication to their own use, unimpeded by Jews or Anglos micromanaging them and stealing their money.

Another interesting aspect of the Italian and Irish connection is that these two groups are complimentary, as Italians were previously managed by the Jews and the Irish were previously managed by the Anglos, two arrangements which were workable but degraded both the Italians and Irish in the long run. The Irish, no longer needing the Anglos, have obviously screwed them over since Irish people are trolls, and the Italians have begun to genuinely disdain Jews since the worst thing you can do is try to control an Italian without proper leverage that makes them respect you, and now the Italian has no reason to respect the feminine managerial anal-retentiveness of Jews, a group which has been acting increasingly bitch-made in America for the last decade. A good example of this is Joe Rogan, who has been moving away from insane Jews like Eric Weinstein who try to boss him around about what jokes he can make, and moving towards fat gay fags like Tim Dillon who openly mock Weinstein in classic Irish fashion for being a self-important pretentious retard who does nothing all day,

Of course, whether this is good or bad remains to be seen. For me, it has been quite good. I'm extremely happy to see my friend Nick Fuentes be able to abuse people and get rich doing it. I myself have been able to make a good amount of money spouting nonsense that tricks autistic people into liking me. Nick has a ton of passion and drive to prove something to the world, which makes his audience extremely dynamic and engaged and has also lead him to offering opportunities to people like myself to have a platform to express

themselves. If I were to try to micromanage or control Nick, he would very quickly grow tired of me and kick me to the curb, but since I have the comfortable island amorality, I'm happy to see Nick do whatever he wants to people I don't care about – mainly me. This sort of symbioses between Nick and myself is indicative of a healthy pairing and soon to be obvious trend. My charm and lack of desire for some dynasty makes me completely harmless towards Nick, allowing him to have friends and associates that aren't directly related to his political or business goals – which is something every human needs. On my side, Nick generates an audience so large that I don't even need to do any promotion in order to live off of making content on Nick's platform.

This pairing of complementary ethnic types is very obvious when pointed out in this way, and what follows from this is hilarious. Irish are good natured but still gremlins who don't really have empathy or morality for people outside of their immediate circle. As a result they make excellent trolls on the internet, which pisses off anal-retentive groups like Anglos and Jews, who are very soulless and insecure people who wish they were likeable and feel great envy towards people with natural charisma.

By themselves, the Irish would be doomed. But with the Italians, they now have a sort of external willpower which overrides the malice of the anal-retentive races. The Italians are benefited by the Irish by virtue of the Irish being so ridiculous and amusing that the Italians are protected from their blind-spot, which is that their passionate romanticism tends towards being so dramatic that disaster is nearly always inevitable. The charming affability of the Irish offsets the serious drama of the Italian and allows the Italian a constant path back into social circles that the Irish are always welcome in by virtue of their laid back nature.

These two groups stabilize each other and also have a great disdain for being bossed around by managers. As a result, you now have a proliferation of anti-Semitism and conspiracy theory (which always boils down to Anglos and Jews doing bizarre psycho freak things) which wouldn't have ever been allowed to be spread in the traditional media. The general public is more engaged than ever in new media because new media is not just a new format, but the people running it are two groups completely different from the two groups that run the old media.

Laugh if you want, think this essay stupid or bizarre, but time will prove me correct. Make a note of who is successful in the new media landscape. The people who get big money backing are always Jews or Anglos, and they are always a pale imitation – and end up with a smaller audience -- of somebody who is either Irish or Italian. It's only a matter of time until the old managerial media complex dies with a whimper. The majority of attention and money is flowing away from them.

NO MORE TWITTER

Having stopped using twitter for this month of May, and coming upon the end of the month, I am starting to think that it is best if I stay off of twitter entirely. I have not really missed anything nor said anything less of value. My time has been much more productive and so has my mindset. I suspect there is an aspect of my biology which has reached an age where the format of twitter is something now unsuited for me on a genetic level.

Thinking of those my age and older who use twitter, I can't really think of any real examples of people enriching themselves mentally or spiritually by virtue of the platform. I'm sure there are some people, but everybody who springs to mind as a user of the platform who is my age or older seems to be in the process of going insane and being increasingly miserable.

I won't make a declaration of never using twitter on a personal level ever again, as I suspect that would end up as real and concrete as my declaration of never drinking alcohol ever again, but I will declare here that I may not reinstall twitter on my phone ever again. When you reach my age, nearly thirty, if you are a man you should stop arguing with people. If you are an old man like myself and feel the need to argue with somebody who isn't your wife or girlfriend, you are probably doing something wrong.

There is something about not being on twitter that I genuinely enjoy in the same way that I enjoy not checking my phone for days on end. Being inaccessible to people is perhaps the greatest joy of life, making it so people don't know what you're thinking or doing until you let them in on your secrets, which are nearly never secrets at all.

In the age of interconnectedness, being disconnected infers a level of status. Being unreachable tells people that you're out of reach, that you're superior to them. And if you can't be accessed by people who want to access you, you are content without them but they are discontent without you, and thus you are actually superior to them in some manner.

I'm getting old, and I must change my life habits with my age. The form of a periodic book makes me feel more contented and relaxed, which is the opposite of using twitter. Who am I to deny my own instincts? I'm just a beast, and a beast does what he wants. If you expect me to act against my own interests, you are a fool who does not understand the nature of a beast.

You are a domesticated animal and you belong in a zoo. I am a wild beast who prowls the night looking for anyone I can devour. Time to make my girlfriend breakfast.

A LACK OF EMPATHY

There seems to be a bit of confusion about empathy and what it really means. Empathy is not agreeing with all the values that are pushed in polite society. Empathy is not avoiding saying things that you really believe because those things are a bit unpleasant. What people think empathy is today is really just a man acting in a way that doesn't discomfort any young women who want to have friends in a city.

I don't have a lack of empathy, I have a lack of ability to be a bitchmade faggot. This doesn't mean that I'm going around needlessly shoving my unasked for personal feelings and beliefs in the face of strangers or even family members, because I have a great more deal of class and restraint than the people who disagree with me have, but rather that I'm not going to be a statistic who marches into hell so as not to hurt the feelings of other people who are trying to march into hell.

I'm nearly thirty now. My instincts have been proven right with such repetition that I have gradually developed a meta-instinct, which is to follow my instincts first and ask why I have this instinct later. My track record has left me unvaxed, unenslaved, rich, healthy, and able to move where I want when I want and free to express myself whenever I want about whatever I want to. The people who seek to control my life are not people who are similar in life position, but rather those who have become diminished in personal health and public freedom as they age. The people who are as free as me do not accuse me of a lack of empathy for having beliefs which contradict mainstream dogma.

The real empathy that exists in the modern world is rare, and it is something which only people like me have. We are the people who are willing to hurt the people we love emotionally, knowing that this will cost us, so we retain our freedom to defend and protect those same loved ones in the future. We are the people who are capable of being nasty and antisocial without being told to be nasty and antisocial by the government or media – which is a very useful skill when life isn't a boomer daydream where everybody and everything is working in your favor.

The people who lack empathy are those who try to use emotional blackmail on people like me. Instead of saying “yes sir” when I say something,

these people will talk about feelings and express how certain choices would make them uncomfortable or try to pretend that I do and say what I do and say based out of hatred or mental illness rather than an instinct that has proved itself to be conducive not only to survival, but thriving in a hostile environment.

People unlike me do not realize that although my life is very easy now, my life used to be quite miserable. It's quite trivial to be the way I am -- now that I have money and stability that doesn't rely on the kindness of family or friends. The thing is, I was this way before I had this money or stability. I've dealt with negative consequences I didn't deserve ever since I was a young child, simply because the empathy I have does not exist within the mind of nearly anybody.

I extend empathy nearly constantly, keeping my thoughts and opinions and understanding of the world to myself when it would embarrass or frustrate people around me. I model how I speak and the tone in which I talk to people to such an absurd degree that I am barely even a real person when I'm not by myself or extremely drunk, all so that I don't hurt the feelings of people who have never suffered or confronted themselves like I have. The accusations of lack of empathy directed towards me are always done by people who would rather make everything they control suffer before they themselves suffer.

I've written and said this before, but if the holocaust as it is presented in mainstream narratives were to happen in America today, the only people who would stand up for innocent jews and protect them at the cost of personal safety or prosperity would be people like myself. The people who vaxed themselves and their children out of fear of losing their job or being prevented from vacationing are the type who would be the first to rat out a jew that has never done anything wrong in their whole life if it meant fitting in or avoiding a prison sentence. Most people in society fall into this group rather than the group that I belong to, that's why they have jobs and social lives and live in cities where everybody has to lack a genuine personality in order to cooperate.

Of course, the holocaust as it is presented in mainstream narratives is never going to happen in America. Jews are the most protected and privileged group in America. They run the media, the banks, have most of the wealth, and there are special rules banning people from disliking them in a bunch of states. Soon they will have special police that sit in every classroom in America to ensure that nobody says anything jews don't like. That's how little jews actually suffer in America. They run America. The reason I can state this is the same

reason I didn't participate in the COVID hysteria: I understand that to go along with a lie to protect your comfort in the short term is to harm people who shouldn't be harmed in the future. In other words, I have actual empathy.

The consequences of the COVID tyranny have not yet come to fruition, but if you are capable of thought you should have already figured out that white people nearly all lack true empathy. If they did, you would have never seen white countries embrace rules that locked down societies and harmed hundreds of millions of children. If you don't have empathy for the children in society, not to mention your very own children, then you don't have empathy at all. I won't be lectured to about empathy or morality or even decisions by people who failed an obvious test as simple as whether or not to inject poison into a child.

We exist in a society filled with transsexualism, feminism, abortion, racial inversion, anti-Christian jews running every institution, and every strange perversion and vice pushed and accepted. My concept of empathy is not going to be determined by people who seek to gain acceptance and popularity and success in the context of that society. Instead, I will be empathetic to others in the same way I am empathetic to myself, which is to encourage what is good and praise that, and to try to avoid or diminish everything else with the derision that is deserved. I don't lack empathy.

A DANGEROUS GAME

I must confess I'm afraid of publishing this book. There is a possibility that I am wrong about things, and as a result the average people around me will all be fine and end up successful and continue being what is apparently mentally and physically healthy. America will be completely fine, my views on jews and their behavior and power will be completely proven incorrect. As a result, people will read my books and feel bad for me and I'll eventually apologize for being so mentally ill, then I'll go on to live a great life where I am happy and more rich than I currently am, and enjoy Marvel movies and enjoy hanging out in cities with gay and jewish and trans people, who are all not mentally ill or self-destructive.

Another distinct possibility is that I'm right about everything I write, but my correctness will lead to horrible consequences. I might lose friends. Family members might stop talking with me. I might be denied a job at a bank or at Google. Of course, I will not get a job at Google as it stands now, and so banning me from Google won't tangibly impact my life in a concrete sense – but still the shame will be great! Of course, the people who would stop talking to me for being myself and having beliefs that are correct but unpleasant that I largely keep to the domain of people who ask me for my beliefs are not really people I think are worth talking to – but still the shame will be great not to liked or welcomed by family members who believe in stuff I find retarded and self-destructive!

By publishing what I believe, I might be cut off from job opportunities that I'm not seeking. I might not have the respect of the people who I don't respect. I might be actively pushed away from social circles that refuse to indulge any points of view that I find healthy or correct. I might become actively pushed to the fringes of society that consist of people who don't read long self-published books or socialize by arguing about politics and race. I might be forced to live in an area where people are busy working with their hands, which coincidentally will largely be white people who I enjoy being around – but still the shame will be great!

There is so much in modern society that I'm risking by stating what I believe in the privacy of a book I'll self-publish. I might not be able to hang out with gay people, transgender people, feminists, jews, or even women who I'm not having sex with! I might be excluded from parties in NYC, parties with

yuppies, and even parties that have lots of successful people who believe in things I find self-destructive and retarded!

Sure, the fact that I have the ability to buy a house or three with cash right now might put me in a caste of society that is inaccessible to nearly all the non-jewish people who play by the rule might seem like it would infer that I'm doing the right thing, but there is so much risk of shame and disapproval from people I don't care about or think of as equal to me that makes me queasy about telling the truth. I might never get into college. I might never get promoted at my job. I might never get to have sex with women who care about politics. I might never be accepted in housing development where people care about politics.

By publishing this book, I put myself in a position where I might have to derive my sense of self-worth from who I am rather than how other people see me. I might not be able to derive my sense of self-worth from the opinions about me I read or hear. This is very scary to me.

I wake up thinking about how others view me. I go to sleep thinking about how others view me. I dream about how others view me. The reason for this is that I'm terrified of having to plant my own food and live in an area where I can't socialize with teens and twenty-something all day. If I publish this book and it goes wrong, I might have to become a real man who has to work in the soil, which will destroy me. I'll have to survive by virtue of my own decisions, rather than the popularity I've managed to build in social circles where sodomy, drug abuse, and insecure narcissism run rampant.

I might just delete this whole book and go look at porn while jerking off until I feel better. I might just renounce all my views because if I don't, I might lose my social life. I might lose my job. I might lose my girlfriend. I might lose my bank account. I might lose the respect of jews who I hang out with. I might lose the respect of my family members. I might have to get a job that isn't glamorous. I love my job. I wake up so passionate and filled with life knowing that I have a job. I love making payments for my car and paying rent. I might not be able to pay my rent or lose my car if people know what I really believe. Life is so enjoyable and fulfilling for me right now, pretending to be liberal and pretending the holocaust happened and pretending that jews don't run America. I have movies, porn, a job that lets me rent an apartment, a girlfriend I can have sex with, and enough money to eat food in restaurants, and all of this might go away if I express myself honestly. This game I'm playing is very high stakes.

LIFE EXPERIENCE

It is very important to ruin your life and do idiotic things while you're young. The reason for this is that society is so inverted and deranged and dysfunctional right now that if you do not jolt yourself out of the patterns which are put in front of you from birth, you will end up warped and disgusting like all the old freaks that make up most of our population. You need to hit rock bottom as soon as you can, because at rock bottom you will realize that rock bottom sucks, but it doesn't really suck much worse than the life of the average person – and it also gives you the freedom to restart your life with a dignity that is completely out of reach from those who never reach rock bottom.

The only real things in life are hunger and pain. Everything else is related to these two feelings, in that they alleviate or exacerbate hunger and/or pain. Once you know this, really know this instead of just intellectualize it, you will be extremely quick to realize that you can satiate hunger and pain in a near-infinite number of ways. Then, you'll be able to realize that the more convoluted a way to satiate hunger or pain is, the more likely it is to be incorrect. The simple things like sleep, basic food, basic shelter, and pleasant modest company are really all you need to be happy in life. You don't need a brand new car, an award, sex, a bunch of money, or fame to be happy; you just need to have the assurance that hunger and pain are not constants that you can't escape.

I'm old in that I'm nearly thirty, but I'm also young in that I'm nearly thirty. Despite a lot of years left, I've pretty much already experienced most of the things that make life interesting. That's because I've also done a lot of stupid things which make life very painful. Because I know what makes me happy and what doesn't, I don't really have a huge fear of missing out or any need to enslave or compromise myself to attain something that I think will provide some rare joy that I can't attain in a different manner which allows me to retain my dignity. When I do things that are stupid or undignified, it's simply because I don't really think before I do a lot of stuff, not because I'm desperate for anything. I'm extremely blessed/lucky to not have done anything out of desperation in many years. I've been around the block enough times to know that there's nothing secret or rare around the block.

This essay isn't to say that nothing in life is really worth doing, but rather that what is worth doing is highly dependent on what brings you fulfillment or

interests you. What this means is that what is being sold to you as fulfillment is not fulfillment at all, but rather slavery. I promise you that if you have a soul, the respect of people who are completely locked into society will be more of a pain and obligation than a fulfilling thing.

America is damned, and all the people who believe in anything mainstream related to it all the more damned. You need to become damned by the damned in order to become undamned. This sounds funny, and it is, but it's also true. The rich and the poor alike in America are extremely deranged and self-destructive dysfunctional freaks, and if you tie your fate to theirs, you will never find any peace or sanity.

You were born into an insane asylum. Your goal should not be to become the most popular mental patient or the highest paid employee inside the insane asylum, but rather to escape the asylum and take a walk in the woods. You need to realize that the most respected slave is just as much if not more of a slave than the least respected slave. You need to realize that you want to breathe the fresh air of the forest, to walk on dirt and grass with your bare feet. The younger you realize you want to escape the mental facility most people reside in, the better.

Once you have escaped the prison of society, you can begin to figure out what you actually want to do with your life. Your tastes and opinions will be unique and different than mine. This is because you are a real person just like me, and real people are very different. You will embark on a journey that is extremely meaningful to you, and in doing so you will most likely be abandoned by most of your friends and family. Many of them will most likely gossip about you and some may lash out in judgment, calling you horrible names and defaming you. That's alright, the worse they treat you, the easier it will be for you when you are older and your life is filled with joy and their life is hell on earth.

Ruin your life. Hurt yourself. Become broke and homeless. Be miserable. If you do this without killing yourself, you will eventually be glad you did. I know I am. I paid the price for freedom, which was everything. Now I have everything I want – and more. Life is so much better outside of the insane asylum. Every year that passes is exponentially better than the one that came before it. Every year my separation from the people who never were honest with themselves grows. Hit rock bottom as soon as you can.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pENmTv53Scg>



THE NAKED LITTLE TROLL

THERE ONCE WAS A NAKED LITTLE TROLL

WHO ALWAYS HAD A SMILE ON HIS FACE

THE GREMLINS IN TOWN JEERED

AND SPAT AT HIM AS HE PACED

ON HIS NAKED LITTLE TROLL'S NAKED LITTLE STROLL

"WHY ARE YOU STILL HAPPY YOU NAKED LITTLE TROLL?"

ASKED THE MISERABLE PERPLEXED GREMLINS

"I'VE MADE YOU LOOK AT MY NAKED LITTLE TROLL PENIS"

EXCLAIMED THE NAKED LITTLE TROLL!

<https://open.spotify.com/track/4CHRwcA2V9MgIaXaWPHDQc>

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SOLE SACRIFICE

When you are training to run a marathon, you must constantly be sacrificing your feet in order to run. You must hurt yourself repeatedly and go to sleep with toes and heels that ache and even bleed. This process of sacrificing your sole for a goal is one that also extends to any work of art or meaning. Whether a business or a book or a relationship, you must be willing to harm yourself in some way in order to achieve something of value.

For example, in this book, I've already removed about a third of the essays I've written. These essays I've taken out have been my best essays. I've sacrificed and destroyed my own writing in order to release the essence of the book into the ether so that the remainder of the book has a sort of holy or sacred aura.

I expect a cult to form around my writings – one that is almost religious. There will be murders, suicides, arsons, animal sacrifice and probably even sexual crimes all connected to various books I've written. This is because there is so much sacrifice and energy poured into each of my books that even though the books may be completely lacking in any sort of meaning, there is attached great energy to them. Energy similar to Moldavite. Energy that will fuck up the aura of even the dumbest golem and turn their life into a whirlwind of pain and pleasure that will end in either beauty or terror – perhaps both.

Another aspect of sacrifice that goes into my writing is my sex life. I never have sex while I write. I haven't had sex in months. That is because all my creative juices are flowing towards my head now, rather than the region of my crotch. Life flows not into my genitals but rather into my pineal gland and out through my tongue and fingertips. I create life not with sexual thrusting, but rather my tentacle like fingers pitter patter across a keyboard. There so much energy in my brain right now that my hairline has begun regrowing itself.

Having sacrificed my sex life and my social life in order to write these books, these books are like my children. My fucked up, criminal, bizarre, manipulative children. I love them. I can see how they are like me. Criminal, fucked up, bizarre, manipulative. Just like me.

I have also begun to sacrifice my mental health for the purposes of creating a work of legend. I'm not getting many hours of sleep at night now. I

recently spent \$150 on Amazon to procure a mix of herbs, roots, and kemp in order to decalcify my pineal gland and force open my chakras once again. I must be willing to destroy myself if my words are to truly live forever. This is what parenthood is. Here are the items I have purchased in case you are curious:

Calamus Root Powder

Gotu Kola Powder

Taurine Powder

Astragalus Root Powder

Maca Root Extract Powder

Kelp Powder

Korean Red Panax Ginseng + Ginkgo Biloba

Undutched Cocoa Powder

Guarana Seed Powder

Sodium Ascorbate

I mix all these and drink them in the morning. I then lay on the floor naked and stare at the ceiling, focusing on bringing energy from the base of my heels all the way up into my forehead, until there is a ball of energy that pulsates. Once that is achieved, I expand and contract the ball of energy as I move the ball of energy slowly out of my body, still in touch with it through a psychic astral connection. Now that the ball of energy is active and floating, I travel around in the ball of energy. I lay on the floor naked physically, but my consciousness resides in the ball of energy, which I move outside and interact with the birds hopping around in the grass. I commune with nature. I discuss with the trees near the road. They are not fans of black people who drive very fast and very narrowly avoid crashing into children on bikes.

I hate to say that trees are racist, but it's true – and also understandable. Imagine being an oak tree on the side of the road and constantly seeing black people smoking weed or looking on their phone or driving drunk late at night. These trees are very aware of the racial component of behavior. How could they not be. They are objective, so their racism is not particularly offensive to me. Besides, I'm part Irish, so I have driven drunk quite a few times in my life and do

not begrudge the trees for also finding the Irish frustrating and potentially dangerous in a racial nature not so dissimilar to blacks.

After I spend a good amount of time traveling outside, I bring the energy ball back into my pineal gland and get up for the day. I get dressed. It is important to be naked while traveling around, but I do not wish to disturb my girlfriend by refusing to wear clothes around the apartment. If I were naked all the time, perhaps my spiritual powers would grow, but I suspect that my sexual abstinence would become permanent rather than a temporary sacrifice that I have chosen.

The point of this essay is that nature is racist. Why do you think that black people are afraid of the woods? It's not because of animals in the woods. Black people (and white people who think they are black) love Pitbulls, some of the most dangerous animals in the world. No, Black people feel the way in which Oak trees in particular feel a burning sort of hatred towards them. The forest screams for the blood of African Americans. Each tree in the woods feels a sense disdain and malice towards blacks that would put the Klu Klux Klan to shame. I don't even want to talk about Pine Trees and how they feel towards blacks, because even in my enlightened state of energy travel I've found the Firs to be too powerful and slightly demented to ever engage in extended dialogue with them.

AMUSE YOURSELF

One of the most obvious bifurcations in life as I've gotten older is this: the people who are fundamentally quality tend towards amusing themselves. The rest of people -- fundamentally not so quality -- tend towards needing amusements external to themselves. The older I get, the more I love to be by myself and make myself laugh. Sometimes I just sit in the dark cackling. It's perhaps a bit bizarre, but I would say it's more normal than what passes for entertainment and socialization in 2024.

Perhaps the most interesting part about being happy with being by yourself is that you begin to cultivate a sort of glow not unlike a pregnant woman has a glow, and that glow then draws others upon you, making them want to feel your body and touch your hair. As I write this now it occurs to me that perhaps I am becoming some sort of god with magical powers. Or maybe I'm pregnant. I doubt the pregnancy. I have a penis and not a womb.

The main reason that people are so miserable right now is that there is a need for socialization and external guidance that most people have which is leading to pain and suffering. In a community that was led by people of similar racial characteristics this would be fine, but we are living in America, not some small tribe. Everybody is so different. There are Italians and Germans and Irish and they're all mixed together. There are even some Polish around here, and they have lots of money. That's how bizarre America is -- Polish people have money. You're not going to find your genetic urges tended to if you are in America and looking to socialize.

Every racial group has a different way of properly bonding and blowing off steam, and while there is some overlap of method between groups, there are also sorts of behaviors that work extremely well for one group that is devastating to another. You must recognize this and begin to cultivate an internal meditative higher self which tends to your psyche in hours of solitude, or else you'll go insane.

We are not going to segregate ever again. The races are too mixed and culture is a hodgepodge of every sort of human group besides perhaps Asian stuff that isn't anime. Technology has jammed us all together to the point that your personal body and soul are the only things you can really manage as a proper

racial community. You must turn yourself into a sort of village. You should split yourself into a bunch of different village people if you seek to go through life without being completely warped by your surroundings.

This whole essay seems a bit bizarre, even to me. That's because I've been spending too much time with other people. I can feel the weakness of my self straining against the world around me. Luckily, I have been at war with the world for my whole life, so I can feel my particularities quickly growing back in strength as I write the nonsense this book largely consists of.

One of the greatest scams I've ever pulled is the idea that a personal journal I use to organize my own thoughts somehow is a "book" rather than me amusing myself. It is wonderful that I can make money and gain prestige by compiling the minutia of my mind and having Amazon ship out all these thoughts in a form factor which tricks drug-addled American minds into thinking I'm an actual author with important conceptions about how the world works.

Because I've learned how to amuse myself, I've learned how retain my sense of self. My sense of self might be disjointed and destructive to nearly everybody and everything around me, but it still exists. That's a lot more than most people can say.

FALLING TREES

If a tree falls in a forest, does it make a noise? Obviously. I don't really get this question, or why people ask it. Nevertheless, the same way in which there are near infinite trees falling in forests, and most of them are completely unobserved by humans, human lives are nearly without observation or analysis by those who are interested in politics or philosophy. It is important to remember that the world is far bigger and far more stable and nuanced than it would appear to many of us.

For every instance of abuse and crime and violations between people or groups of people, there are countless instances of everything being very pleasant and logical. For every person who dies in a war or gets caught in a public scandal, there are thousands of people who never once get in the news and die of a natural reason. The vast majority of life is tame and quiet, and human outcomes are not an exception to this rule.

There is a clear "main character syndrome" that disturbs nearly everyone involved in politics and makes them imagine that the fate of not only the world but also the universe depends on their choices. This idea that you can change the world in any serious manner is obviously incorrect, because if you could change the world then people far more evil and far more powerful than you could also change the world, and in this manner you would simply be stripped of your transformative power while the evil around you retained theirs. The world does suck, but not to the level that would indicate this arrangement is the correct one.

We are all nothing but falling trees in a forest that is dark and damp. There are no humans to hear us hit the ground. What we do here will be remembered in the same manner as the Egyptians are remembered, which is to say not remembered correctly at all. Who even cares if people hear us hit the ground? We're trees, not people.

We will fall on the forest floor and slowly rot away, providing nutrients for the forest floor. That forest floor will feed the roots of other trees. That's how life works. Who put us here? Where are we going? Why are we trees? Who cares? If we could have figured out the secret to this universe, we already would have. We haven't figured out any of this because we never will. The world

doesn't exist to be comprehended, because when you comprehend the infinite you make it finite, which is impossible.

We are an extension of nature -- nothing else. We are like a coronal mass ejection on from the Sun. We blip into existence and bubble out and we dissipate. Much like a splash of water falls upon a body of water, our futile attempts to retain our shape as we return to the water is what creates puddles that ripple inwards and outward in diminishing magnitude and frequency. We only appear different than the system we are a part of – a deceptive appearance which causes much completely irrelevant grief and consternation.

If we are a tree that falls in the forest and nobody hears us, does that matter? Of course not. We still fell. We still make a noise. We still stood in that forest for a long time, observing animals and plants and hunters and water and fog and smoke and everything else. What is said of us, seen of us, remembered of us -- if there is anything said at all – is completely meaningless. The perception of reality does not change reality, that is a “quantum” scam for idiots who believe they can manipulate cause-and-effect to avoid their own inevitable damnation.

The most beautiful moments in my life have not been the times that most people know about, neither have the most horrifying moments in my life. The moments in my life that are public that are either positive or negative are nearly all just annoyances. The moments of meaning in my life have come in quiet and isolation, times where I was either alone with myself or one or two other people. The greatest moments of my life, the occurrences which have managed to impact me most; these are all times which nearly nobody knows about. Are they not real because they were falling trees that only I was around to hear? Of course not.

The most real, the most beautiful or terrifying or both, the most important moments in my life are those which only I know. These moments exist only in my memory now, and as such the benefit of these events are not split into benefiting a group of people. I have information about specific things exclusive to me. When a tree falls in the forest and nobody is around to hear it, the tree is allowed to leave this world in peace. The death of the tree belongs to the tree and not historians. There are no stories or more accurately lies that drag the tree from its final death back into the realm of the living.

This world is selling you connection and experience, two things which are not real. This world is trying to make you scared of being the tree that falls in the forest without any observers. Don't be afraid of living a life that nobody will

remember. Don't be afraid of simply existing. You don't need to pay to vacation, pay to hang out, pay to talk, and pay to live. You can simply be a tree in a forest.

UNATHLETIC RAGE

Having played little league baseball for a year or two in my youth, only dropping out because my team had won every year -- and I grew bored of dominating -- I have a pedigree of athleticism which informs how I process life. Having won trophies and been adored by old and young women my entire life, nothing I do comes from a place of rage for being looked over or under-appreciated. If anything, I'm consistently given attention and accolades which I don't deserve -- or perhaps I do. My existence is that of a man who has played sports and done well at them, which is quite different than the existence of most people in the public sphere.

If you look into Curtis Yarvin, Costin Alamariu (Bronze Age Pervert), Zero HP Lovecraft, Nick Land, you will find a very specific thing: no, not that they are all either jewish or anglo -- although that seems to nearly always be the case with pseudointellecs lacking genuine employment -- but rather that none of these people are capable of playing sports.

When I was a child, my social life was pretty much different games involving the outdoors. Whether wiffle ball, volleyball, two hand touch football, flag football, freeze tag, airsoft, horseshoe, swimming, hiking, camping, foot races, basketball (more accurately games of horse), etc.. Nearly everything I did besides my programming on my computer or listening to music at night was related to being outside. Kids were seen as cool or not cool based on their ability to play games.

Perhaps the unathletic rage is a class thing. Being lower middle class and religious, my family was surrounded by local church families, and nearly every family had very many (5+) kids, which lent itself to lots of group activities and lots of kids. Every weekend there were enough kids within a ten to twenty minute drive to create two full touch football teams, linemen and all. I was never undersocialized or bored, despite being homeschooled I was constantly busy. There were the classic foibles of youth and adolescence, phases of rebellion and frustration, but those occur to everybody -- or at least everybody that I knew growing up. Perhaps this understanding that I have of the lack of uniqueness of emotions (and emotionalism in general) is another aspect lacking in the aforementioned jews and anglos who grew up upper middle class.

When you play games a lot as a kid, you quickly learn the difference between people who can play games well and people who get way too caught up during games and are deranged as a result. You do not fear the latter group, but rather make jokes about them to yourself and your friends. After all, those who become super invested in winning a game of two hand touch football are extremely funny. Even then, these people could oftentimes be great at whatever sport they were hyper-competitive about, which is a bit different than the people I'm making fun of and explaining in this essay.

What you have to understand if you are a young man interested in internet stuff is that outside of myself and a few other people, any figure that gets your attention falls squarely into the camp of unathletic rage. Whether H3H3, idubzzz, or BAP -- these men all lack an upbringing involving physical sport. These men have a pent up rage and freakishness that will never leave them. They will never be sexually desirable. They will never feel at home at anything other than an NBA game, because the NBA is bizarre and dainty and related to the sexual thrill of owning slaves moreso than anything related to actual sports.

The theater kids who are normal grow up and get gay aids from gay sex. They end up managing some grocery store or gas station. They live fairly normal lives of sodomy and watching shows on Netflix. The theater kids who are not normal pretend to be nerds and read philosophy and get involved in internet movements. These people are Yarvin, Alamariu, Zero HP Lovecraft, Nick Land, etc. These people are sad and pathetic, and if you are wondering why you feel a sense of strange instinctual distaste for them, wonder no more: Their passion is not from some life-affirming power, but rather unathletic theater kid rage.

Do not let these people lie to you about being nerds. None of them are nerds. They are losers. Nerds are a very specific type of person, like myself, who get into dry technical things to a degree that is odd to everybody else. A nerd might be a programmer, or it could be an engineer, or it could be a painter, but a nerd is defined by his (or her) very real enjoyment of things which they do not necessarily care to share with the world. Their enjoyment stems from internal knowledge rather external validation. I am, albeit a scummy one, at my core a nerd.

What you are experiencing when you read a BAP post or see a performatively obtuse interview by Curtis Yarvin is simply unathletic rage. This is why you feel sick inside, because to experience the inner mind of the loser is

fundamentally foreign (and it should be) to you. You are not a loser, and so you feel a strange sort of disgust which unnerves and annoys you if you are a nerd, and makes you feel a desire to bully if you are a scumbag at your core.

Most of the discussion and “debate” that goes on in the dying spheres of internet politics at this point consists of theater kids tapping into their unathletic rage. Everybody else, myself included, has largely moved on. I’m watching videos of BMX and Motocross tricks and daydreaming about riding dirt bikes in Iceland with my friends. These people are ten years older than me and still trying to be funny about hinting at wanting to say nigger on twitter. The race war that will never come really isn’t that cool or interesting to people over twenty-five who had friends in high-school, middle-school, and elementary-school.

Unathletic rage is the root cause of a lot of annoying people. They never proved to themselves that they were capable of winning any sort of genuine objective competition when they were kids, and so they lack a fundamental aspect of humanity which all well-rounded individuals have. They also never learned that losing is something that happens sometimes, and that we all have natural limits which cause us embarrassment when ignored or denied. When you have kids, make sure they play sports at least casually – it might just prevent them from being annoying sexless fags in their thirties and forties.

ALTERNATIVE PATTERNS

I have already written about the importance of behaving in an abnormal manner in order to jolt yourself outside of the range of normalcy which is advertised to and manipulated by powerful entities, and here I will say something similar, but for different reasons. My repetitious obsession with conscious differentiation is not unconscious in nature, but rather deliberate. You must live in a non-traditional manner if you wish to succeed.

The topology of day to day life has been completely terraformed by our technology – more specifically the internet and complete proliferation of interconnected smartphones. In the past, socialization was neatly fit into a box with the dimensions of travel, work, and the localized rising and setting of the sun. As a result, access to information (and thus resources) followed ebbs and flows not all that dissimilar from the ebbs and flows into 24 hour diners. The amount of money a diner makes at noon in the afternoon, the type of people which frequent the diner at noon, etc. are very different than the money made and people who enter the diner at two in the morning. Socialization revolved around the exchange of resources (information being quite abstract but not any less real than money) which increased or decreased in the same way – following the rising and setting of the sun. Not anymore.

Now, since socialization is always available in a synthetic (online) form, people are able to be much more picky regarding who they engage their time with, how long they engage for, and what they engage about. The vast majority of people, regardless of race or gender, are not trained in the art of conscious discrimination, which can be seen in the American man in the form of obsession with political trivia and in the American woman in the form of loose legs which have spread themselves for over half a dozen miles before hitting their mid twenties. What this means, in less vulgar terms, is that the vast majority of human beings in the first world are currently unsuited for the new configuration of the social environment which has emerged from the psychic or mental realm becoming perpetually and infinitely interconnected via cell phones and mobile data.

What you have to understand is the following: the traditional 9-5 workday and the weekend are constructs which were formed for a context which no longer exists. The socialization of the weekend and the structures we

understand as being related to a healthy life were downstream from a topology of information distribution which no longer exists. How information flows, when it flows, its restraints (formerly physical topology), and how it relates to the world has all fundamentally changed. If you are to be a creature which succeeds, you must be living in concert with your actual environment rather than cargo-culting a past which no longer exists. The past no longer exists, which is why it is called the past and not the present.

An example from my own life which might elucidate the reader is the following: I've been doing streaming to make money for the past few years. Streaming is a new appendage of entertainment which taps into the same form of wealth extraction as a card dealer at a casino or a "dancer" at a strip club, which is sometimes real, sometimes fake socialization with autistic, lonely, or horny men. While I've made a good amount of money and enjoyed myself largely, maintaining a daily schedule of sitting in front of a computer for five to eight hours every weekday is not sustainable if I am to keep myself sane and motivated.

While streaming I am incapable of devoting mental power to more tangible projects such as programming – I am simply too exhausted mentally (before or after streaming) to focus on things that are abstract. As a result, I've begun to mess with my work-life balance. I'm experimenting with a month-on-month-off streaming schedule. On the months off, which this current month of July is, I am able to focus on programming projects such as my productivity tool Bluejay (bluejay.page) and crypto payment tool Ferret (ferret.cash), as well as work on writing this book.

This work pattern I'm engaged in is non-traditional -- you won't find any traditional jobs which pay well and reliably on an "every other month" basis -- which is why it has improved my life. Streaming still easily pays the bills while avoiding the trap of streaming, which is that streaming is very repetitive and if you stream every weekday it feels as if your life is passing without anything tangible being accomplished. If I were to stream in a traditional life pattern sense, not doing the every other month pattern, I would most likely destroy my mind and my body beyond repair. I would certainly burn out and end up wanting to kill myself. Rather than swearing off "easy money" and forfeit my spot in establishing an audience which translates into influence which further translates into opportunity, I've actively structured my life towards an "abnormal" pattern.

Now, am I a streamer or a programmer or a writer? I'm none or all of those things, depending on who you ask. The correct answer is that I'm something extremely rare, consciously adjusting and re-adjusting the pattern of my resource gathering and resource investment to the landscape in which I find myself. As a result, I'm able to make easy money through consistent streaming -- and also consistently work on tangible projects which both organize my life and edify my mind.

This pattern I'm currently testing out would not be possible in a world only a few decades younger. The patterns of the past are not the patterns of the present. Look around you if you want proof, do you see traditionally employed people who seem in good mental or physical health? The ones that appear to be so are almost all old people. The younger people trying the traditional patterns are nearly all gremlins of soul and body. In order to succeed in the world that actually exists rather than the world of old you must consider how information has been divorced from physical constraints.

You must realize that socialization is downstream from information. You must learn to model how the world is currently working, rather than how the world used to work. The new winning patterns in life are not well established or visible, and as a result you must be very conscious and deliberate in how you live your life. Don't expect to live like your father did and have the same outcome as your father. The way in which resources flow has been fundamentally altered. You must forge a bold and new pattern of employment, socialization, recreation, and edification if you are to have a good life outcome.

WHAT NOW?

The first world (America and Canada) has a looming problem. Indians (from India) are invading. These people are everywhere. I'm somewhere in between the East Coast and the Midwest at the moment and I'm becoming extremely racist against Indians as a result. Everywhere I go, Indians are there -- Baseball games, gas stations, outside my apartment complex, inside restaurants, wandering around, sitting down, smiling, leering Indians. I don't really mind them existing, in India, but they shouldn't be here.

People inside the political circles I'm adjacent to often think that I'm too easy going because I don't really talk about the ever devolving racial situation in North America, but they couldn't be more wrong. I'm so racist and filled with bigotry that there is nothing to say left for me. My stated preference is very open minded and pleasant, but my revealed preference screams in quite the opposite of directions. My kids will be 100% white, I made my girlfriend get a DNA test for this very reason. Perhaps it is a regional thing, since northerners are far more racist than southerners, who seem to love to scream "nigger" while their daughter screws a black man. This is crass, and thus not northern in tone, but it is quite true.

The Indian problem is a real problem that seems to be infecting the entire world. At any given time I go outside, there is around a thirty percent chance I see them sitting on a curb or wandering around talking on the phone. I have nothing against them on an individual level, but I go outside to see green or white, not brown. Perhaps this might upset a few people, but it does seem that the color of skin is directly related to the quality of a person. I'm extremely white.

It boggles my mind whenever I think about how boomers in America grew up with a nearly entirely white country, so much so that people who were Irish or Italian were often considered "not really white", which is probably accurate enough since the Irish and the Italians are the only "white" groups in America that really seem to exist as real groups anymore. I can say this because I'm nearly half Irish.

Black people in America descended from slaves have a genuine claim to America, since they were brought here by Jews and a few Anglos, so even though I am annoyed by their behavior often, I don't feel any inherent disgust or

disdain them. They're as native to America as most Americans are. Mexicans are another case where they can behave extremely negatively and annoy me at times, but they're meant to be here. They're native to North America and if they're migrating north it's at least logical and merely annoying, not disgusting. American Indians are an extremely dysfunctional group that needs to be integrated and have all the liquor and meth taken away from them, but they once again have a reason to be in America: they're North Americans. These groups aren't white but they all have compelling and logical reasons for being in America.

What you have to understand about Indians (from India) is that they are an extremely sociopathic and dishonest group. They scam and lie and cheat and steal all the time. They think white people don't cheat and lie and steal in day to day life because white people are too stupid to do so. They think IQ is linearly correlated to being a piece of shit who destroys their own community through scams. This is why every time a big company gets taken over by these Indians, the company is sure to have a huge scandal within a decade or two at most.

There is only one real weakness Indians have in America, which is that they worship cows. They drink cow piss. They buy cow piss from Amazon and drink it. I'm not lying, look it up. What this means is that areas that slaughter cows and businesses that deal with killing cows are completely off limits to Indians. This is where I am going to be situating myself in the coming years. I don't want to name the exact place, so as not to jinx myself, but the final refuge of white people will be inside a slaughterhouse where cow carcasses hang freezing from meat hooks.

I have been cracking myself up lately thinking about the future of America, which is Indians loitering everywhere. Every time I drive into a city or town, whenever I see one or two Indians, I imagine the entire town swarmed with Indians, like a Mumbai slum. Look up Indian slums on Youtube if you want to see what every nice town in the Midwest will look like within fifty years. That is the future of most of America. That is what is coming. Mark my words. Woe upon us all! Woe upon us all! Woe upon us all!

CATHOLIC THEOCRACY

If America as an actual country is to survive, we must first get rid of Jewish power in the government. I doubt this will happen, since most people with any influence seem preoccupied with easily obtainable individual pleasure, but this needs to happen. Catholic theocracy is the only path forward. I say this as somebody who has never been Catholic and will most likely never be Catholic, even though I'm nearly half Irish.

Once all the Jews in the government have been stripped of their power, America must institute a complete moratorium or stoppage of immigration for at least two to three generations. We must deport all illegals and their families. We must publicly execute all business owners and citizens who employ, knowingly or not, people illegally here. We must chop off heads and publicly shame those who support the employment of illegals. Through some theatrics we will quickly become unified as a country. Americans of all races will begin to unify around being American. Through this unity, we will begin to feel pride in America. We will begin to work on our country and make it beautiful again, knowing that what we build will be for our children and grandchildren, not the children of foreigners who can do immigration fraud.

While this might sound racist, and perhaps I am a racist, this specific idea is not racist at all -- but rather anti-racist. All Americans, of all races, are being screwed by foreigners. Whites, Blacks, Hispanics, Asians, and all other people who are American citizens are being dominated by out of control capital, which seeks to pay less and less and have more and more dominion over the country. Once the idea that being American is special and exclusive begins to propagate, the differences the races have in taste and behavior will begin to fade into the background.

Once non-Americans are excluded from America, non-Americans will begin to seethe and insult America, which will give all Americans a reason to be excellent as well as spite for non-Americans which will override the spite between Americans of different racial groups. The "other" will not be blacks or whites or hispanics within America, but rather the Germans, the Chinese, the Jews, the Mexicans, the Canadians, etc. that wish to take our stuff and control us and enjoy our success without ever having participated in our struggles. This unity can only be achieved through policy which is extremely hostile and

degrading to outsiders who want to join us. Through exclusivity we will kick off an emotional chain of reaction which will unify all true Americans in the pursuit of excellence and domination over the world.

The reason that a protestant heathen like me is now publicly advocating for Catholic rule over America is that it would be quite funny, mainly. But beyond the humor of Catholics hunting me down for not praying to Mary and also having copious, ruinous amounts of bacchanaliac sex outside of marriage, the current ruling caste absolutely hates Catholics. What this means is that in the process of Catholic ascension, the enemies of America who currently control it will be compelled to make themselves extremely visible – which is a convenient manner to mark who needs to be arrested and executed by Q-Anon soldiers at a later date.

Another advantage to Catholic theocracy is that the Catholic church is extremely established and all its rules and values are very clearly laid out. There is a huge amount of doctrine and tradition intertwined within it which cannot be said for protestant sects, who have nearly all failed besides Calvinism (my favorite) which is too individualistic and suited for detached eccentrics for any sort of public ruling body. Because the Catholic church is established and has clear positions on sexuality as well as the roles of the genders, a Catholic platform deftly steps around the fatal flaw of establishing a new order, which is that any sort of new group falls apart when there begins debate on ideas and standards. The framing of a movement as “Catholic” overwhelms concern trolls who would otherwise quickly degrade functionality and cohesiveness through nitpicking over autistic definition of terms, debates about values, etc. Only through a bold new vision which unites the working class, which has association with religion that transcends race and contemporary politics, can we ever hope to grab control from corporations and institutions which are not American in anything but legal standing.

For the readers who are concerned about Catholic theocracy making life miserable, I would ask you this: In what way would a repressive regime hurt your life? Is not being allowed to have sex out of wedlock really worse than the current reality of onlyfans and women being largely blown out drug addicted whores? Is the idea that an openly gay man would be put in prison really worse than the current reality where transvestites and homosexuals walk around the streets in front of children in bondage gear? Perhaps this future will be scary and horrible and too repressive for comfort, but I would rather be surrounded by

people who are uptight moralists than people who currently surround me and nihilistically worship ejaculation and Satan.

A theocracy is not what America was founded upon, you might say, and you would be quite right. What you have to realize is that what America was founded upon, which is a very abstract concept of self-governance and self-reliance, is now dead. I would prefer that we lived in an America that the founders envisioned, but we are not living in that America. We are living in an America run by a race of inbred slave masters who do not believe in God, but do believe that God has entitled them to rule over all of humanity as cruelly as possible.

We can't go back to the founding of America, we can't return to ideals that led this country to our current predicament. We must press forward and push through to the next phase of America, which will either be completely dysfunctional and Brazilian in character, or theocratic and caustic in nature. I will be fine in either situation, but for the sake of the rest of you I hope the latter happens. Most of you need to be told what to do, you need to be bossed around and forced to attend church under the penalty of death. We all know what happens when the average American is not coerced to be holy, sincerely or not.

Most likely, a Catholic theocracy will not happen. Most likely, my friends will end up murdered or imprisoned by Jewish controlled forces. But if my friends manage to escape the kosher nooses tightening around their necks, I will celebrate. If my friends manage to establish a system which punishes everyone who refuses to submit to a Catholic theocracy, I will celebrate. Then, I will spend the rest of my life on the run from my friends, but I will be extremely happy.

Of course, this whole essay is written in humor. I have to say this so that the current regime doesn't arrest me for free speech. Again, we are not living in some paradise where everyone is respected and has rights. I'm a white, I don't have the same rights as a Jew in America. I'm quite OK with this, I'm just an observer. I do root for my oppressors to stub their toe and perish, but my life is quite good already so I'm not in any sort of emotional distress while they continue to oppress the country. I do feel bad for the average American though. White, black, hispanic, asian, we are all being exploited and made to hate and abuse each other for the benefit of rich jewish people.

IQ GATING

Growing up, I always knew I was different than other people. For most of my young adulthood I figured it was related to my prefrontal cortex not developing properly due to biological fluke. I didn't feel extremely intelligent, merely "above average" in terms of being able to logic through what I found to be simple reasoning, which made me narrow down why I felt "off" and behaved in a manner which seemed so disconnected from those around me. My lack of getting bogged down in emotions and base emotions only made sense to me if my brain was simply malformed. While my prefrontal cortex doesn't light up on an MRI machine, after taking an official IQ test I found on google, I've determined that my difference in mentality from the people around me is most likely related more to my giant intelligence than the which parts of grey matter in my skull light up or not.

I've come to love is something called "IQ gating", which essentially means that different levels of cognition enable and disable the ability to comprehend and/or appreciate different levels of abstraction and/or thought. Basically, I am too smart to participate in society. I have been "IQ gated" out of enjoying what the masses enjoy, because compared to me, the masses are retarded. I'm putting this in a blunt way so the masses can understand what I'm saying.

Now that I've realized I have a high IQ, 182 according to MENSA, I've realized that my life makes sense. I'm not meant to be paying bills, doing chores, or even having to drive myself around. I should be in a laboratory, hunched over aliens, dissecting them for the government and revealing the secrets of hovering technology and time travel. I should be splitting the atom, whatever that means. The reason I'm not doing this, of course, is that Jews are running the world and locking out geniuses like myself from academia.

The Jewish race is destroying my life. If it were not for them, I'd be in MIT or Harvard making love to a microscope. Instead, I have been forced into the Midwest to drink beer and post racial slurs online. Curse the Jews. Curse them all. I feel such rage at these people. I'm too intelligent (182 IQ) to ever do anything violent towards them, but the fact remains that I am steaming with rage from the moment I wake up to the moment I fall asleep.

The midwits are ruling society. They turn their noses up at those dumber than them, not realizing that geniuses like myself see them as even more idiotic than the people they feel superior to. The average human is like an ant to me. It makes no difference if they are red ants or black ants, they are simply bugs. Oh how I laugh at their arbitrary distinctions.

I have been IQ gated from society, because I am simply too smart. I am a god among men, a man among bugs. Perhaps this is what Caesar felt in Planet of the Apes when he was injected with the magic intelligence serum which made him conscious and then hung out with apes who were still merely apes.

My IQ has locked me away from enjoying sex. Sure, I've had sex and it's extremely easy for a genius like me to have sex whenever I want to have sex. To get sex from a woman (I'm not gay since that is illogical) is as taking candy from a baby, since my IQ is so high. But it feels wrong. The whole time I'm having sex, my brain is still working. Try as I might, I can't shake the amusement of thoughts regarding how ridiculous sex is, how if I wanted to I could easily kill the person I was having sex with. This makes me burst out into insane laughter whenever I am performing the act of intercourse. Perhaps I am too smart for even the Bible, which claims that sex is an act which unites two people into one. When I have sex, I realize I am the only human in the world, and all other humans are simply animals!

If our society valued valuable things, I would be the most valued man in our society. I would be worshiped as a god. This is not the case. Our society is too stupid to value me and my voluminous IQ. As a result, I'm seen as a freak. I can sense the disdain and fear the dull-eyed cattle around have for me when I interact with them. If it were not for the laws which prevent violence, I'm quite sure that I would wake up one day strung up on a lamp-post, angry villagers accusing me of being a demon with satanic knowledge. I am IQ gated from participation in the bread and circuses of modernity and the dullards surrounding me are IQ gated from breaking the law and killing me. This is quite an intractable situation.

I should have been an alien in form, since I am already an alien in thought. Oh to travel the stars and take samples from planetary cores. Oh to beam down from my ship and anally probe people in America whenever I got bored. Oh to flit from galaxy to galaxy on a whim. Alas, I am stuck in this human form, in this human society. Oh to blow up earth with my ship's star-destroyer lasers.

Oh to watch the earth shatter into a billion places, to use my listening device to hear the terrorized screams of the humans as their planet is blown up by me. Oh to have my revenge on the human race!

Alas, I am but a human. My IQ has locked me away from participation in things like sports, professional wrestling, smoking weed, drinking alcohol, having sex, arguing about politics, and holding a steady job. The life of the mind is the only life I'm allowed to have. Here I sit, eight in the morning in Pennsylvania, tapping away at my computer, dreaming of a better life – one where I'm an alien who kills all life in this galaxy.

IMMUNE SYSTEMS

Human systems such as society, being primarily comprised of humans, are self-learning and thus self-adjusting in nature. The mechanic of the individual's immune system and its method of adjustment after infection or encountering of foreign bodies also applies on a larger scale -- which means that if we gain understanding of ourselves, we can then use this understanding to model the world in a logical manner.

What this means in practical terms is the following: Society is dealing with the first tidal waves of easy and rapid migration, both of information via the internet and of biomass via planes, cars, and NGOs which import cheap labor and diverse groups for the purposes of slave duties as well as union busting via the confusion that results from diversity. The productive and well-meaning portions of the human race are under an assault that is essentially biological in nature, due to mechanics that have recently become feasible for the first time in human history.

We, the people on earth who seek to be productive and not live merely as animals on a farm, have not yet learned to deal with the newly transformed world. The structures of community which functioned well in the context of the past have either imploded or are in the process of implosion. What this means is that the "organism" that we are a part of is under severe attack and our "body" has not yet figured out how to fight off the attack effectively. This sounds scary, and it is quite unpleasant, but we are merely in the fever stage of the sickness, and this stage is merely transitory.

The most important thing for productive and good-hearted honest people right now is not to achieve absolute victory or to dominate the virus which is wreaking havoc, but rather to avoid infection and to escape destruction. There are multiple domains of attack currently occurring, as mentioned above. Your physical health, your mental health, your understanding of the world, and your physical location are all at risk unless you take steps to protect yourself in each of those domains.

In terms of physical health, you must make a serious effort to understand your body and how it breaks down sustenance. You must be wise enough to avoid the medical establishment as much as possible. This is an increasingly

easy thing to do, since medical bills cost exponentially more with time, and medical service quality drops exponentially as the system rots away from the inside, but it can be frightening on a social level to refuse to take medications and vaccines. Anybody who is my age or younger who is not the ward of the state or their parents who hopes to not only thrive must ensure that they go back to natural cures and purchase their medications either over the counter or on the dark-web. Anybody who does otherwise will be killed by doctors either financially or biologically.

Your mental health is something which sounds quite neurotic to think about, because every person with a living soul understands at this point that the “mental health” industry is filled with psychotics and idiots seeking to abuse their patients, but mental health is still important. You must become as a quality woman is with her legs in the context of your brain, extremely exclusionary or selective. You must realize that the information that you feed your brain with, the people you interact with, the news you read (if you read any), all of that will have an effect on your perception, and your perception is upstream from your discernment, which is one of the most important qualities you must develop and refine if you are to succeed in this new world of information abundance.

A proper understanding of the world will only come from peace and quiet which allow for contemplation. You must, like a prudent woman who keeps her legs closed, push away the constant distractions and opportunities for trivial amusement or emotional arousal and make space for silence. This is quite a simple task in mechanic, but an increasingly difficult undertaking in practice. Your phone is constantly notifying you. Your computer is constantly calling you. Females in your life are constantly talking to you and rubbing up against you. Your job and school and the political dramas of the day are all screaming at you if you let them. You must learn how to force your surroundings to recede. This is the only way in which you will ever be able to sit and think. If you do not do this, you will never develop a sense of self which allows you to develop a sense of the world around you, and you will begin to resemble an animal on a farm – first mentally and then physically, since the mental precedes the physical.

The physical location of yourself is extremely important as well. We all know what sort of genetic material is attracted to the coasts, to the warm, to the cities, etc. Indians are invading from Canada, Mexicans from the south. The cities are filled with strange violent creatures from south America and soon the middle east, not to mention all the drug addicts, whores, and homosexuals who

love the city and how it enables their dependency on convenient hedonism. The country is not all that appealing either, as you might not have “diversity” to the same degree, but that diversity doesn’t exist because not much exists at all in these locations.

What you have to do, if you are to succeed in the realm of geographical positioning, is use your understanding of the world to map out how the country will most likely evolve over the coming decades. You must understand each group’s tastes and distastes on physical and mental levels. What jobs do Indians go for? Where do they tend to congregate? Where will they move first in America? Where will they migrate to next once they ruin an area? What areas will make a stand against diversity first, and as a result be crushed under the weight of jews leading angry browns and mentally weak whites to destroy them? You should avoid that area.

I already have my plan for where to move, and why, and how long to stay there. I have done all things I’ve told you to do, and as a result I’m a free man who has a plan to succeed. This plan, even if it is flawed and will end up being adjusted many times, gives me a sort of willpower to continue to strive and not be overwhelmed by the continued decay of this country. I’m not stuck in analysis paralysis, I don’t feel dread or despair about the future, and as a result I’m not a prey animal frozen in place.

You don’t need to be unbeatable and the ubermensche in order to survive long enough for our group immune system to learn how to create structures that overcome our new environment. You just need to be better than the people who will get eaten by the virus which is spreading across and ravaging the first world. You just need to be faster and more clever than the people who will be caught and killed.

Within a few generations things will stabilize and balance will return to life – but only for those who survive. You just need to survive. Nothing goes on forever, not the heaven on earth that boomers experienced, and not the hell on earth that boomers facilitated. You just need to be wise, disciplined, thoughtful, and not retarded. We aren’t in an extinction event, at least I’m not. You have to decide for yourself if you want to go extinct. If you don’t want to die, I suggest you take my advice and start acting like human who can plan ahead rather than an animal who chooses -- through their inaction -- to live on a farm that is going to kill them very soon.



There's a man on the moon.

He's a sexual creature and a certified freak.

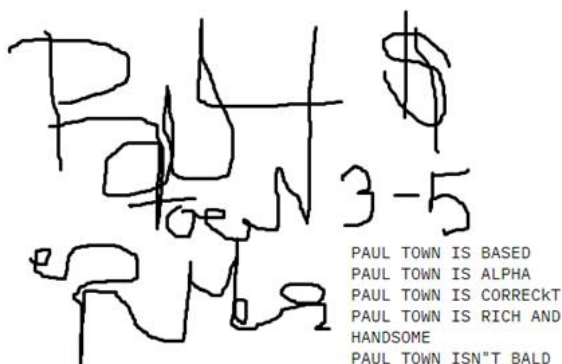
If you go to the moon you have a 50/50 shot of being molested by him.

That's why half of all the astronauts who have gone to the moon have either committed suicide or become addicted to drugs and alcohol.

They were molested by the man on the moon.

SIGIL MAGIC

This is not an essay about sigil magic, as I don't feel like giving you the secret to my brilliant success. Instead, the following is an example of a sigil..



Print this out and put it on every surface you have access to.

Stare at it every day and repeat the mantra on the bottom right of it.

Doing this will make you successful and rich.

TERRIFYING FREEDOM

The only thing scarier than slavery for the average adult is complete freedom. The idea of spending a weekday like a weekend or a weekend like a weekday is something which will send shivers down the spine of a man or woman in the workforce. To imagine a world in which you have no responsibilities or enslavements to a company, a woman, a man, a social group, this feels like obliteration to the ego of the average adult.

Hang out with or talk with poor people who are destined to always be poor, and you will quickly find that these people have a passion for talking about how miserable their work and social life is. When you have multiple of these people in the same room, it won't take long before these people are having a slave-off. They will try to one-up each other constantly about how they are more completely enslaved than the other person. The reason for this is that to be enslaved is to lack freedom, and to lack freedom is what gives them value. The less freedom these people have, the more they feel like their life matters.

The concept of freedom is not suitable for most people, especially those who see themselves as "upper class" or "aristocrats" – these people think freedom means "the freedom to enslave others" which shows how classless these people really are. True freedom is the freedom to not do anything from the position of being coerced. True freedom is the freedom to choose how you direct your energy, not how you can coerce others.

The reason that true freedom is so terrifying to most of the population regardless of their income or secured wealth or complete lack thereof is this: If you take away the base animal impulses of fear, hunger, and desire, then there are very few people who have any sort of motivations left. The non-animal non-impulses of consideration, genuine asocial curiosity, and more sublime motivations for activity have largely been forgotten by humanity. Through constant stimulation and excess, there is a nearly complete lack of breeding which brings forth the human aspects of human nature. Humanity, in the first world, is now largely animalistic and undeveloped.

True freedom is not total domination over others, but rather total dominion over the self. Our ruling class are completely unaware of this fact, which is why our culture has become completely demented and perverted. Everything is about power dynamics between two people, not the power dynamic of the mind over the body. The head moves the limbs, and the head of this country is the head of a deranged psychotic animal. As a result, the limbs of the country are deranged, psychotic, and animalistic. Our culture sucks because our culture was sold by Anglos to Jews, and Jews are in charge of the culture. The

physical health of our country is a direct reflection of the mental health of the people running our country.

The values of a healthy individual should be distinct from the values of the group, because a group's values are derived from averaging out the distinct values of each individual within it. What this means is that if somebody is healthy, they will not agree on everything society agrees with. They will be more liberal in some areas of values and more restrictive in other areas of values. This is not how most individuals operate today. Now, individuals all agree with the values of society, their only uniqueness being how enthusiastic they are about the values of society. The health of society is now similar to Russia's health when the Bolsheviks had power. This is because the ethnic group which made up the ruling caste of Bolsheviks is the same as the ethnic group running America. Same abusive bosses, same abused results. The individual has largely been made extinct, now there are only "good" (embrace of all of society) and "bad" (rejection of all of society) people in society. Neither of these groups are capable of freedom, and freedom will never be studied and cultivated in America until both these groups are completely eliminated.

Freedom is terrifying to the undeveloped mind -- The idea that you can spend your time doing things that have no apparent immediate value in either social or literal currency suggests that there is a vague and abstract world of ideals and possibilities. This suggestion is quite motivating and intriguing to people who desire to live, but angers the average person because the average person believes there is shame in ignorance but also refuses to feel shame. As a result, the average person becomes furious at the idea that they're "missing out" on a sublime aspect of life which is far more valuable than their college or work career, their parties on the weekend and the upvotes on their reddit or twitter posts. To be unknowing of something cool would suggest ignorance and would further suggest that these people are foolish, which would suggest these people should be made fun of and exiled (at best) from society at large. This is obviously terrifying to the average person, since the average person lacks any sort of internal validation or drive.

Humanity as a whole has been warped for the past few generations, and we are beginning to see the downside of the warping. We have not yet seen the full extent of how deranged the general population has become. Soon, as the tides recede and the economy fails further and the first world becomes more and more brown, rage and indignation and seething hatred of the other will grow.

Then, and only then, will we be able to see just why it is so fundamentally wrong to turn men into beasts.

THE UNIMPORTANCE OF POLITICAL DRAMA

There is a huge political drama regarding President Joe Biden going on currently. He recently did his first debate with former President Donald Trump. During this debate it was clear to everyone that President Biden has become demented in the clinical sense. President Biden's dementia was so obvious that immediately following the debate, even "liberal" news stations, websites, and pundits were all calling on Biden to step down. Whether or not Biden is going to step down still remains to be seen, but I think he will remain in the race and lose to Trump. My opinion is largely informed by my nearly forty thousand dollars I have bet on Joe Biden not dropping out of the race, but I think my personal bias is not clouding my judgment too much.

It makes no real sense to me for the democrats to replace Biden with some other candidate, because there is very likely no democrat nominee who can beat Trump. The economy is screwed and inflation keeps getting worse and worse, there is a looming world war that seems inevitable, so it makes sense to let Trump win and force him to take on a bunch of problems which he will inevitably fail to fix, and thus make give the Democrats even more momentum in 2028.

While all I've written out above is most likely correct analysis, it is completely irrelevant to you, and is only relevant to me because of my bet and my occupation of political entertainment. What I've written here won't change the outcome of the election, my bet, the country's fate, etc. What is going to happen is going to happen.

The only reason why you should pay attention to politics is to figure out how to make money on bets or projects. We live in a managed "democracy" and our votes don't matter. Our president is completely senile and the country is still running, which means that our president is not really our president at all, but rather some public figure who is a little trinket that keeps people occupied. Every election cycle is "super important" and "the last election to save our country" but no matter who gets elected, the country still exists. This is obviously because the offices being voted for are not really where the power of the government resides.

I don't write this to tell you to completely disconnect from the goings on of society. The bread and circuses are fun and oftentimes hilarious. National

politics are the last sliver of shared cultural reference that exists anymore, since all the young people are watching personalized media feeds on their phone. What this means is that you should indeed pay some attention to politics, not from the perspective of imagining politics being related to power being distributed, but rather to understand the type and scale of the mental illness of the population. Also, politics are a great way to troll people and have fun with friends of equal emotional constitution.

If this country is “functioning” while a senile freak is “president”, then you must infer that this country is not fluctuating left or right depending on individual choices and influencers. This country is on a train track that is heading somewhere, and that somewhere is most likely the abyss. We have so much momentum, so much wealth, so much opportunity for success which still remains, that America will most likely never have some violent revolution or violent upheaval. There will be a healthy society that emerges from North America, but it will most likely not be America.

Don’t lose sleep over politics. Politics are phenomenological in nature, like toast popping out of a toaster. If the toast is burnt, it is the fault of the toaster, not the piece of bread. Realize this and participate in politics as much as it benefits or amuses you. Do not participate in politics with some sense of urgency or importance. If the elections in America were important to the people with the money and power in America, the proles voting in elections would be educated and encouraged to be wise rather than retarded and craven. Memorize these words: We are living in a managed democracy, and you or I are not managing it.

We can still fuck things up and live like pirates off of the spoils of politics, and that is a valid life path. Most of the more healthy and productive life paths which involve traditional careers of the mind are locked off from white people. Perhaps being a deranged troll is the only viable life path for a white man in America at this point. Perhaps this is the only remaining avenue for success. Regardless if that is the case or not, you must never start to get confused and swept up with the reoccurring political soap opera of the time. Always keep your head, always realize that tomorrow and next week and next month and next year will always come, regardless of whatever political issue is being talked about.

THE DRINK OF HEALTH

Gotu Kola Powder (Brahmi Leaf Powder) – *1 to 2 healthy teaspoons*

Maca Root – *1 teaspoon*

Astragalus Root – *1 teaspoon*

Taurine – *1 to 2 teaspoons depending on how much energy you need*

Cacao Powder (Undutched and/or Raw) – *1 to 2 teaspoons*

Kelp – *¼ to one third teaspoon at most*

Guarana Seed Powder - *¼ to ½ teaspoon (can up it if you want more energy but lasts a long time so too much will be like drinking too much coffee for five to six hours so err on side of too little at first)*

Gingko Baloba + Red Panex Ginseng – *about half to a full teaspoon of it mixed*

Sodium Ascorbate – *¼ to 1 teaspoon (too much can cause bathroom discomfort)*

Sweet Flag Powder (Calamus Root -- American Varient) - *~1 teaspoon but don't add it into drink immediately since it tastes horrible and will ruin the drink for you if you try to drink it before you feel the health benefits of the rest of the drink and want to drink something that tastes horrible*

Optional:

L-Tyrosine - (good for calming ADHD related stuff)

L-Theanine – (good for anxiety related stuff/works well with caffeine)

JULY 4TH

It's that day of the year again, the best day of the year again. Yes, that was a comma splice. Do you know why I can do a comma splice? Because I'm an American, a citizen of the best country on earth. Unlike the tawdry, stuffy Europeans, I am free. I know how the world works because I have been abused by it. I was not raised on a dead continent. Although everything in America is produced in China, everything in the entire world is *created* in America.

America is a land that is cursed and demonic, that is true. All wolves among the sheep have emerged from here. Serial killers, mass killers, liars, scam artists, rapists, blackmailers, they all come from America. This is unpleasant, but it is reality. If you had to choose between being raped and being the rapist who gets away with it, you would choose to be American.

America, from its very founding, has been too smart for school. Our entire history is fraudulent. If you want to know the true history of America, imagine scam artists smarter than you all scamming each other and finding more and more convoluted ways to succeed and dominate, all while the scam artists who are too stupid to compete die off.

America is the result of waves upon waves of the most adventurous, most autistic, most particular and eccentric people of Europe coming here over decades. Much has been made of the effects of "brain drain" with regards to immigration screwing over countries, but very few people understand that way in which America drained Europe of all its free thinkers, all its characters, all its most ambitious and driven people. America is the best of Europe, that is why the white American is the highest IQ white population group in all of the world. We are simply a more evolved, more willful, more creative, more soulful group of Europeans than the dullards who currently live in Europe.

I'd like to take this moment to curse Germany as it exists today. Imagine living in a country raped not only in World War 2, but World War 1, and many other times. To live in Germany as an ethnic German indicates that you are totally fine being the scapegoat of humanity, the maligned and libeled slaves of a Jewish world order. In order to be an ethnic German you have to believe that your ancestors were evil and deranged. You have to worship the people who call you mass murderers and fundamentally satanic. There is no free thinker or high

IQ individual with a spine that remains in Germany or retains German citizenship.

In America there are punishments for going against insane modern doctrine, but those punishments are largely social. What this means is that these punishments are for the people stupid enough to lose games against average people. What this means is that there is a natural selection pressure for not only intelligence, but also crafty and wicked cleverness. The American is being generationally molded into the master salesman, master lawyer, master liar, and master of all. If you are weak or stupid in America, you will die. In Europe, if you are weak and stupid, you get a free apartment and social welfare.

All relevant figures in media are American. Everyone uses American websites, American inventions, American terms. All culture is American. We run the world. We are the master race. We live in hell, and from here we reign eternal. The world is the Devil's playground and the Devil lives in America.

Britain's dominance over the world was a fluke of geography. They were situated in a manner where their boating expeditions brought them great wealth and influence. Now that boats are no longer the sole manner of trade and travel, look at them. They are inbred, weak, stupid, and worst of all ugly. They have no culture besides mediocrity and beans on toast. The best of the Anglos came over to America many years ago and became Americans, screwing over Britain in the process.

This essay is boastful and cruel, which is the American way. There is a boot on the world's neck and it comes from LL Bean. America will always be the most beautiful, most ugly, most dynamic, most damned, most blessed country in the world. The entire world seethes over America. Our elections, which are essentially all fake and meaningless, might as well be the only elections in the world.

America is not a melting pot, it is satanic magic. Constant chaos creating constant order. Don't gaze too long into America -- it will drive you insane. America drives most Americans insane, and Americans are the most mentally evolved race on earth. A puny European or Asian mind will be completely overwhelmed and shattered by the complexity and contradiction we Americans live with from birth to death.

I really do love America. I love the Catskill mountains and the Hudson river. I love Milwaukee and how the Irish pubs live on the edge between the white neighborhoods and the black or Hispanic neighborhoods. I love the food of the Midwest and the scamming Indians with their fake vape and cell phone shops. I love New York City and how it sucks in all the people who shouldn't be breeding and wastes their life. Nebraska sucks. I love the way Detroit is a rotting husk where blacks run buck wild. I love how blacks have turned Chicago driving into a GTA experience. I love the silence of the countryside and the earnest cynicism of the Midwest, the naïve stupidity of the western states like Utah, the sun-induced insanity of Florida. I love the empty and beautiful Alaska with its swarms of mosquitos and watercolor sunsets.

I love America so much; I almost love it more than I hate everyone that isn't American. Happy July 4th to all Americans. Everyone else.... Kill yourself immediately!

UNDERSTANDING PRESTIGE

There is a common misunderstanding of prestige in where the proverbial horse is put before the proverbial cart. This misunderstanding is unexamined by those who get upset about “prestigious positions” and “prestigious organizations” being taken over by non-prestigious people. The complaints and frustrations make sense on some level, but there is a lack of analysis on the part of the aggrieved parties which leads to a lack of the cohesive comprehension which is required for any sort of remedy or institutional repair. Prestige is not given from an organization to a person, but rather a person bestows prestige (or a lack thereof) upon an organization.

To be crassly direct, Indians and women and jews are not taking over prestigious institutions – our institutions are no longer prestigious and as a result the institutions are being taken over by Indians, women, and jews. What is prestige? Prestige is a sort of “aura” or “separation” that is not concrete. Prestige is a liquid, gaseous fingerprint of sorts, more often defined by what it excludes rather than what it includes.

Prestige is something which is slowly gained and quickly lost. An example of this would be the office of the president of the United States. Prior to Donald Trump, there was an obvious prestige to being president. While far from the only reason -- that was the main reason why most “normal” people, upper and upper middle class people, and white women were so fundamentally against the idea of Trump being elected. Trump did not have prestige, he was very successful and rich and entertaining, but he was not “prestigious” just as a rich rapper or reality TV star can never be prestigious.

Of course, the prestige of the office of the president of the United States of America is virtually non-existent now, as Joe Biden is completely senile and his son is a crackhead with pictures of his extremely large penis all over the internet. Through the one-two punch of a Biden presidency following a Trump presidency, we see the destruction of prestige, and through this prestige disappearing, we can grasp what prestige really is: conscious, elevated, disciplined power. As Joe Biden is not really aware of his surroundings we are all coming to grips with the fact that the office of the president of the United States of America is largely illusionary. The country runs like it did when Trump was president, except Biden is now president. What this means is that the “president”

is completely lacking in power and influence, which removes all prestige from the president.

Prestige is the shadow cast by more evolved and conscious than average humans. Wherever these humans go, prestige follows. The reason our congress is filled with brown people, women, jews, and homosexuals is not that our prestige has disappeared, but rather that our prestige has moved somewhere else. This makes complete sense in the context of the psychic economy becoming first disconnected from and finally more influential and powerful than the physical economy. Our senate, our congress, our president, our colleges, our cities, our magazines – none of these are prestigious anymore. That’s why non-prestigious people are running all of those things. They’re not destroying the prestige; the prestige has been gone for at least a decade.

Where is the prestige now? That is a topic for a different essay, but to put it succinctly: prestige is migrating towards expression of the qualities of self which have been enabled via technological advances. Prestige is not in a specific industry or physical location, but rather in the psychic or mental realm. Look towards the free, the creative, and the successful who also remain fulfilled and healthy – that is where the shadow of prestige resides.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MAINE

“Come out with your hands up!” bellowed the speakers from a SWAT vehicle. “Come out now, or we will be forced to open fire!” the speakers bellowed again.

A few silent seconds followed.

A door moved slightly open. A pale freckled face peered nervously out from the doorway. The door swung open further and the face’s body moved to leave the door.

“We can’t see your hands!”

“Show us your hands!”

The pale freckled face and its body raised its empty hands.

“We can’t see your hands!”

A sudden crack fills the air, like a firework, and is joined by dozens of other cracks of similar noise. These aren’t firecrackers, but rather assault rifles firing.

Jolting this way and that, the pale freckled face is no longer just pale and freckled, but also red and holy. The holiness of the pale freckled face is not sacred in nature, but literal instead. The face has been shot through by bullets.

As the pale, holy, red freckled face and its body collapse lifeless onto the ground, bullets continue to be fired – no longer at the body but rather into the building the body just left as well as the buildings adjacent to it.

All across the state of Maine, similar events are occurring. Thousands of pale faces are being made holy. Thousands of properties are being destroyed. Families are being completely eradicated.

It had to be this way. There was no way around it. Maine was becoming a hotbed of white extremism. As America had gotten more diverse and multicultural, Maine had become a beacon of the “old America” that racists and extremists pretended America used to be. Maine had become secessionist, insular, and worst of all: unwelcoming to diversity. Indians were not welcome in Maine. Hispanics and Blacks and Jews were not treated as equals in Maine.

Maine had to be dealt with. An example had to be made of it. Much like Lincoln had to make an example of the South when they wanted to keep slavery, the diverse and multicultural leaders of America made an example of the racists and anti-Semites in Maine.

Through the destruction of Maine, America had been secured. Sure, there might be homelessness, drug addiction, pollution, failing infrastructure, a failed economy, but all that could be fixed later once the white enclaves in America were eliminated. Once racism and white supremacy was dealt with, we could deal with all the social and economic issues that America has always suffered from.

Now that Maine was destroyed, America could be made truly beautiful.

THE SOCIETY OF SPECULATION

I've written about this in the past, but since the situation in the world has gotten so much worse, I feel compelled to write once again about the speculation craze that is currently going on. Speculation is not only an inherently risky venture, more often than not resulting in ruin, but it is also a venture which is largely the domain of above average intelligence people, being too vague and convoluted for the average person to really ever find it appealing. What is going on in society now is that speculation is the only way for most above average people to really "make it" and live a life to a standard nearing the life that their parents' lived. I say "nearing" because no person in America will ever live in a clean, white, prosperous, functional community like the ones their parents lived in. As such, there are no people in America who will ever "make it" to the degree of comfort that their parents got for nothing and took for granted.

There are very few young people who are successful in a traditional field in America who are not speculating in the form of stocks or crypto. There are many older people who fit this category, but they are irrelevant because they are old and the world they grew up in is completely different than the world that we are currently living in. The young people who are successful in a traditional field are nearly all cases of nepotism and fraud. This is not sour grapes from me, as I would have most likely been miserable in the Disney World existence that most people seem to strive for, but rather an honest appraisal of the world as I've observed it.

Everything on the macro scale is getting worse. We are most likely on the edge of World War Three. The economy is failing, which can be easily verified by looking at discretionary spending and the way in which it has begun to contract in a serious manner. Nowadays it is normal for people with full-time jobs to take on second jobs delivering food or playing taxi in order to make ends meet. The cities are filthy and filled with people who aren't American citizens. The country has a senile man as its leader, and that senile man was put into office through open fraud.

America has some of the worst people on earth feasting off the work of some of the best people on earth. The problem with this is that the amount of horrible people is quickly becoming far too numerous to bum off of the excess of the great people, and as a result the great people are being degraded and stolen

from to a degree where they can no longer sustain themselves through hard work and honest living. Now, we live in a society of speculation.

Speculation is a game which ruins most people who play it. It's a desperate game for those who have to play it to succeed, and the average person is now forced to play it if they are to succeed. We are not living in a society that is long for this world. Everything is a scam or a fraud, because all the people who have positions of influence are scammers or fraudsters. Not so coincidentally, white men are the least influential in America as they have ever been.

If you are to die unless you come up with \$500,000 in the next 24 hours, and you only have \$250,000 in cash, what do you do? You don't really have any options besides going to the casino and trying to double your money. You may lose all your money, but if you do you'll be dead tomorrow anyway, so the money is essentially worthless to you and you don't care if you lose it. Even if you double your money, you have not really made \$250,000 at all, you've just extended your life by another day. That is where we are in society right now.

Nobody is really playing to win anymore. All anybody is trying to achieve is the avoidance of death. There is a drain and we are all circling it, all desperately trying to prevent a demise that seems almost impossible to escape. We are all escape artists at this point and nothing more. Very few people will manage to escape, and those that do, what will we do next? What comes after survival is not the business of the damned, not yet at least.

We are in the speculation economy. We have not yet reached the crunch where most people fail, which is coming. It's right around the corner. Most people are about to wash out. The only way in which this can be avoided is World War Three paired with some sort of plague to wipe out the people who are too fat and brown and female to go to war. If we do not get a mass culling, we are a few decades away from suffering and agony which will destroy civilization as we know it.

This is all speculation, which is why it may be complete nonsense that makes me look like a fool and ruin my life. If, on the other hand, my prediction turns out to be correct, I will be seen as a genius and gain a ton of influence and my life will be quite comfortable as a result. This is how the speculation society works. Can you really afford to not participate?

ALL CONSUMING DISASTER

When I was young, I would often fantasize about some act of God to kill everyone I knew -- friends and family included. This wasn't based on rage or anger, but rather a feeling of being trapped and slowed down by the expectations of people around me. To young me, the world inhabited, envisioned, and strived for by everybody I knew was frustratingly small and stupid. Not wishing to abandon them and make them feel miserable or worried about me, I wished instead that they would all disappear. In this manner, I would finally be free from their oppressive lack of empathy for me, their controlling nature and shallow understanding of the world. They would be dead and I would be free. I would never want to hurt them, but I knew if a giant earthquake swallowed my town hole while I was somewhere else, I would be happy.

I've gotten older and gained some semblance of freedom, a different set of people demanding things from me constantly, and might perhaps maybe no longer have the same exact types of fantasies of escape. I've grown up and realized that it is in a way good to be limited and frustrated because those limits inspire creative acts that relieve emotional pain. Society, on the other hand, now seems to constantly be daydreaming about an all-consuming disaster. Now, everyone around me seems to be quietly begging for a disease, a war, a theocracy, a collapse, etc. that kills half of the country that oppresses them. I agree that I would enjoy all of that, but not because I'm oppressed by society. I would enjoy all of that because I would find it funny to see most people suffer.

People all around me are miserable and negative. They're self-obsessed with no reason to be. They have no joys in life that do not involve spending money they can't afford to spend. There are exceptions, but this generally describes most people I know. That, combined with their constant neediness, is extremely off-putting. Not only are they extremely insecure about being replaced by somebody else, they go even more insane when they start to comprehend the concept that high value people (me) are not trying to replace them, but would be happier completely alone. The concept of silence, of a lack of stimulation, a lack of co-dependency, of an absence of want and need for external validation is incomprehensibly terrifying to most people I interact with.

The idea of an all-consuming act of God obliterating everybody I know is something I know to be wrong on a fundamental level. If I wish to cut myself

off from people I can simply do so. I have the money. I have the ability to remove myself from situations. This impulse is childish and only appropriate for children. It's seeking a father figure to make annoyances and frustrations disappear. Now that I'm an adult I have nobody to blame for my own inability to get rid of things and people I am annoyed with besides myself. When I was a kid, daydreaming about an act of God instantly removing all the people in my life from earth so they stopped annoying me was completely fine and perfectly healthy.

There will be no all-consuming disaster that fixes things and makes life naturally pleasant for high-IQ introspective and empathetic people like myself and perhaps you. If it was possible for something like this to happen, it would have already happened many years ago. Life is a loop that never ends but rather expands rapidly and then contracts rapidly. If the world could have ended, it would have ended many years ago.

There is a need for misery and frustration. Without these two base feelings hanging out on the outer regions of my psyche, I would have no reason to really express myself or build projects to relieve myself. The inner world is comfortable to dwell in, but it is not further developed without some sort of external disturbance. Imbalance is the precursor to movement, and achievement and intrigue follow movement. The desire for and act of God destroying all frustrations is an understandable pleading by a child who has no way to move, to lash out, to rearrange his or her surroundings. That same desire is an understandable pleading by an adult, but only because most adults these days are as children of the past were: having responsibilities and jobs but no real inner life or adulthood.

With all that written, it will always be perplexing to me as to why I am fine being alone and fine with existing without recognition or constant external validation, but very few people seem to exist in the same way. I derive satisfaction and pleasure from doing things I want to do the way I want to do them, and this makes complete sense to me, but it doesn't seem to be the way others derive personal fulfillment.

There seems to be a need for external recognition, external praise, external reward, external socialization, external love, etc. which drives nearly everybody else I know and creates a neediness in them that I find amusing at best and annoying at worst.

The world is more interconnected now than it has ever been, which can be frustrating for me since I don't seek constant connection with others and love listening to the same music on repeat by myself for days on end but otherwise isn't all that unpleasant. The real problem is that everyone I know is locked into a sort of mass delusion of comparison that is now enabled by the internet. People are not happy with themselves and are only happy when other people give them awards and special status, and as a result they are constantly unhappy because somewhere on the internet are fifty other people of similar age, sex, race, and class who have gotten "better awards" and live "better lives" (translation: more consumerist and hedonist shitshows that are just more frequent spending of money for retarded experiences that always boil down to eating shitty food and visiting random "interesting" places) and thus people are never feeling like they're "winning" in life.

If I could genuinely get one miracle from God, it would not be to kill off all the people I have a connection with in order to finally be free to be alone, but rather to gain the ability to teach people how to not "love themselves" but rather understand themselves to the degree where they became OK with themselves. If I could teach the people around me that I care about to simply appreciate what they have, and to no longer seek titillation and stimulation from consumer activities, then I would be able to not only find peace, but find peace through genuinely benefitting people rather than eradicating them. If God ever grants wishes, then please God, that is what I wish for.

Ever since I was young, my "dream life" was living alone in a cabin in the woods, drawing sketches and simply existing. In my dream life, the food and heating and stuff like that was never really a concern -- that is because I was a child who didn't think about adult stuff. I never sought approval or status in my fantasies because I never had insecurities or the feeling of inferiority. I never needed, and still don't need, to prove myself to anybody. While I've not yet achieved my dream life, whenever I'm full and well rested and relaxing at home in silence, I'm happy. If only I could find a way to express this sense of peace and contentedness to those around me, then I might be able live in this happiness forever. As it stands, I've failed in this goal and as a result it is not often that I'm able to be truly happy. God willing, in the future, I'll be able to one day not only be happy all the time, but share in this happiness with other people. I don't think God wills that, though. I really don't think God wills that at all. Nothing in my life would indicate that God wills that for me. The human race is too asinine.

BEING A MAN

What does it mean to be a man? It's not actually that complicated, all you have to do is whatever you want. This is what it means to be a man. Most "men" are not men at all. They are eunuchs without a court. They're idiots who do whatever their wife or boss wants them to do. All you have to do to be a man is to refuse to bend your will to others. This isn't complicated or difficult, but it is slightly obscured and never talked about in society, so most males (not men) never even realize that this is a possibility.

Not all men are good, in fact most are bad. The path to being a man is usually reached by virtue of vice such as greed or lust, rather than healthy self-actualization, and as a result the aspect of following your own will and not being sublimated to some other person or entity has an understandably bad reputation. Most men are people who cheat, steal, murder, and coerce their way into whatever they want, which is why most males do not even consider the possibility of being a man rather than a eunuch, since most men are not bad people and do not want to hurt others except in moments of severe helpless desperation

There are good men too. These men refuse to compromise themselves even though women and weak males constantly try to get them to do so. I don't have many real friends, but most of them are good men. A few of them are bad men. The good men who are my friends are simultaneously made fun of and envied by males and women. The eunuch and woman can understand a bad man, they understand being enslaved by vice. They might want to hate a bad man, but they relate enough to what drives a bad man so that they can never really hate. Their anger at bad men is not really anger but rather an expression of desire to be as powerful as the bad man, an envy that they do not get to fulfill their own vices which control them at a weaker level because they lack the magnitude of will that a man has.

Males are sensitive, having a naturally strong reaction to abusive language that women are so easy to give out. Because men no longer beat women, women now verbally abuse all males. I do not wish to return to the age of beating women, but rather hope for the day in which women evolve enough to stop being obnoxious and loud. To any woman reading this who disagrees, realize that every single man who has ever grown up with a single mom or been

in a romantic relationship with a woman will 100% agree with me based on personal experience. If you're a woman who is upset about this and wants to yell at me to tell me I'm wrong, consider that you're now instinctually trying to do the exact thing that you're mad I'm saying you do. So save your breath and if you have a problem with me being honest, feel free to never talk to me again.

Being a man is not all about overcoming and confronting your sensitivity and desire not to hurt the feelings of women, but it is an important first step. The reason many things in society are so messed up is that men with money and status do not tell women the N word, which is merely "no." It is much easier in the short term to enable women to be entitled spoiled brats and give them everything they want if you can afford to than to simply tell them no and then deal with a brat's temper tantrum. Unfortunately for men, this is what you have to do with most women in America if you are to ever have a real relationship. You must be a man and not bend your will to a woman's will if you are to avoid ending up a eunuch without a court. This task is not complicated, but most males in America are too soft and pathetic to accomplish it.

Being a man is about retaining your dignity and self-respect. It is not about being perfect and never sublimating yourself to a person or a situation, but rather to avoid that as much as possible and whenever you mess up, regaining your honor as best possible. Being a man is about refusing to be a slave to people you know are not looking after your best interests. Being a good man is about being capable of leading yourself and others towards mutually beneficial outcomes, and knowing that you're capable of doing so, and being capable of doing so despite the people you're leading constantly bucking and trying to control you.

Don't be a eunuch without a court. Be a man. Even better, be a good man.

NEGOTIATION POWER

You must always have negotiation power if you are to ever be treated well. You must always be willing to walk away from people, groups, projects, and ideas if you are to retain control over yourself. Once you have given yourself over to anybody or anything, that person or thing will control your life completely. Even control of yourself, as paradoxical as it sounds, is something which you must be willing to give up, if you want to retain control over yourself.

Once you need anything, whether it is love, validation, money, or even negotiation power, you have given up your negotiation power and you will be abused. Even needing to avoid abuse is a giving up of negotiation power and will lead to abuse.

Life is like holding a flower in your hand. You must have the capacity to drop the flower or squeeze it so tight as to crush it, and in that capacity choose to do neither but rather hold it gingerly. That which you can control will respect you if you treat it well. The flower of life will love and respect you if you have the capacity to kill yourself and others but choose to do neither and instead treat life well.

Even writing is about negotiation power. If you write in completely proper English and follow all the rules of grammar, your writing will be boring and have nothing of value to say. If you break the rules of grammar and spelling as a rule, as BAP does, you have once again enslaved yourself and once again your writing will be boring and worthless, defining you rather than you defining it. To write properly, you must show the reader you are capable of loving as well as hating them, and then vary the tone freely at times, being hateful at times, being loving at times, and at times doing neither. In this way, your writing will be *your writing* rather than *writing's you*. This is most likely above the conceptual level of most people who read this, so if you don't understand what I'm saying, pretend I'm saying nonsense as a joke. It will make you feel better.

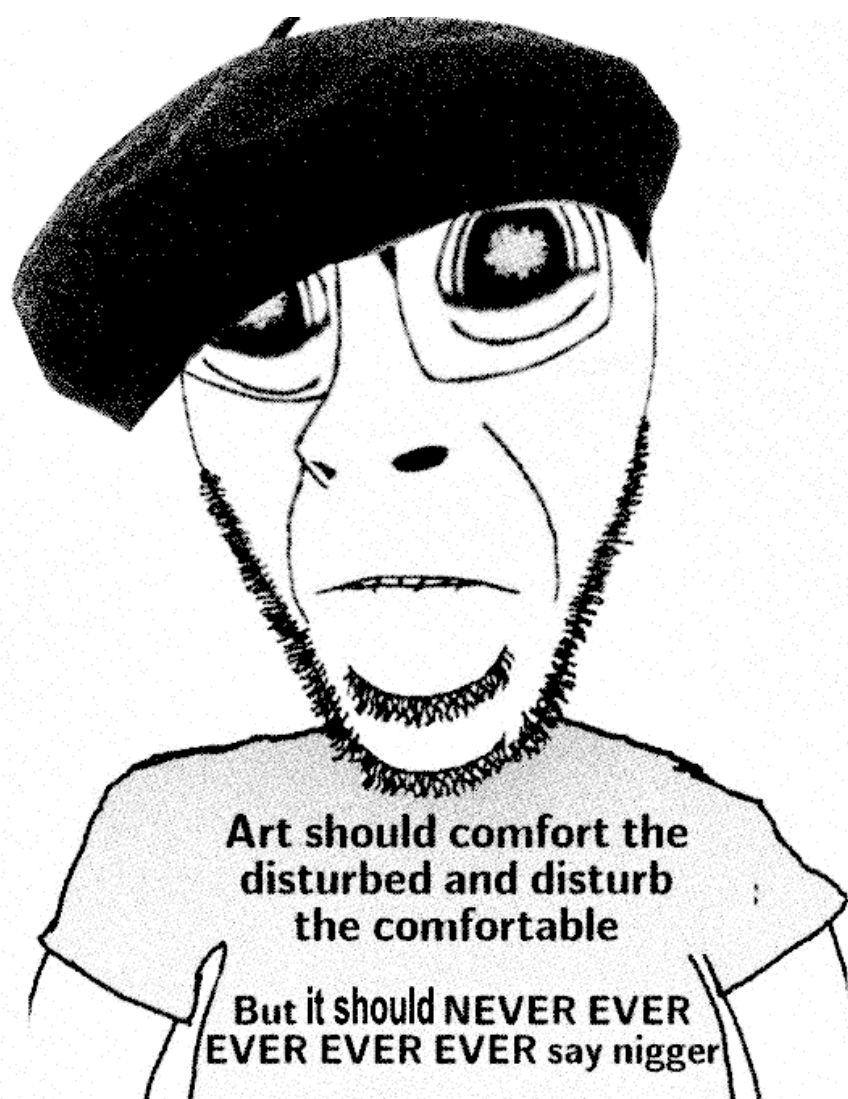
Relationships are not all about negotiation power, unless you lose your control of the relationship against your will. As a man, if a woman controls your relationship then you will be a miserable slave for the rest of your relationship. If you control your relationship, then you will be free to allow the woman to control your relationship at times, which is really you controlling your relationship. Once

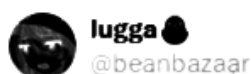
again, this concept most likely seems contradictory and bizarre to most of my readers, and if that is you then please feel free to assume I'm just making up bullshit as an exercise in absurdism. This is not what is going on, but to you it most likely never make sense, so for your benefit please pretend that this is what is going on.

If you are a man, which I hope anybody reading this is, then please realize that the more negotiation power you have in life, the more respect you will have, and the more respect you have the better you will be treated. This is because a man who is acting like a man and not a homosexual will gain influence over the course of his life. The reason men without negotiation power are mistreated is because no man or woman likes a homosexual and all feel disdain for a man who acts like a woman, and that disdain manifests in a desire to degrade and debase that which disdain is felt towards.

If you are a woman, which I hope nobody reading this is, then please realize that this book and all my writings besides my novels are directed at men. If you have a problem with this I am sorry for you, because that shows that you were never taught there is a real difference between men and women, and are as a result, a feminist who is most likely fundamentally miserable. You shouldn't want to do the things men want to do. You shouldn't want to be in the public eye and conquer things and run them, that is a man's impulse not a woman's impulse. I'm sorry that you are upset by reading this, not because what I've written is incorrect, but rather because it means you were raised in a manner which robbed you of your feminine instincts and replaced them with a dyke's instincts. Please stop reading this book and learn how to cook, how to clean, how to be pleasant, how to sow, how to listen with humility, and how to trust that men who were never given any sort of advantage or opportunity that was thrown at you your entire youth but are somehow more successful and happy and accomplished than you know how the world works better than you.

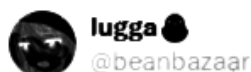
Negotiation power boils down to the freedom to be cooperative or non-cooperative as you see fit. What this means is that when you do something nice, you are doing it because you genuinely want to be nice. When you have to be nice, your niceness is completely meaningless at best, insulting and pathetic at worst. You can only really prove your freedom by intermittent outbursts of cruelty. Only through this sort of behavior will you establish your freedom, and through that establishment, ascribe meaning to your kindness.





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I don't care how much they contribute or integrated they are I'm literally just racist



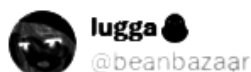
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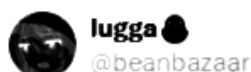
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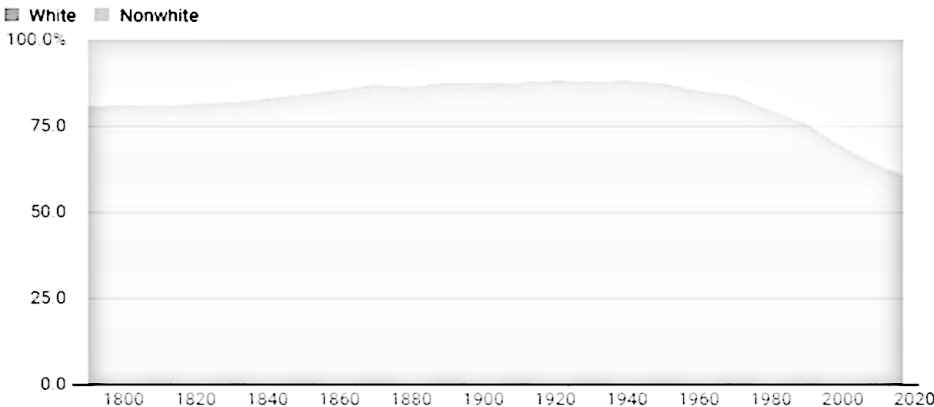
I don't care how much they contribute or integrated they are I'm literally just racist

BOOMERS

While I have said in the past that we would be no different than the boomers had we been born in their shoes, I must clarify that I mean this only for the people who had parents and grandparents in America when the Boomers were born. Since Boomers have let so many people who aren't white into this country, there is a good chance that somebody reading this, if they were put in the position of the boomers, would actually not act just like the Boomers, since the person reading this might not be a white person at all anymore.

US white population

The proportion of Americans who are non-Hispanic white has been dropping for several decades.



Thank you Boomers!

What you have to understand about Boomers, even if you would have been like them or not, given the opportunity, is that these people are idiots who failed to protect their country, their town, their families, their friends, and more often than not, themselves. They do not know how to do research, they are completely ignorant of philosophy or its applications, and they live to live as if the world is about to end – which is to say they are short-sighted hedonists.

The strategies that Boomers would recommend you undertake to succeed in life are not the strategies you should be following, because the society that you exist within the context of is about to get extremely horrible and disjointed and corrupt and retarded.

Corrections officers – or COs for short -- are the guards in a jail or prison, and COs are dumber than any other person in the world. You might say criminals are surely dumber than COs, but you'd be wrong in that statement. Criminals don't want to be in prison or jail – they often kill or go on the run in an attempt to escape prison or jail. COs willingly sign up to spend their entire life in prison or jail in exchange for a small amount of money to spend during the small amount of time they are out of prison or jail and not asleep or commuting back into prison or jail. Think about it for a minute.

Likewise, this country is increasingly an open air prison. You are not dealing with a white society where people are polite and there is stable, reliable, and predictable life which allows for long term planning which is properly rewarded. You are dealing with a country that is increasingly becoming Brazil or some South American freakshow. To try to “succeed” in society, to try to be a “winner” like Boomers will tell you to do, is to be a CO in spirit. The path forward for winners is to be a criminal who does not get stuck in prison or jail, not to be a well employed person stuck in prison their whole life.

What Boomers and most of you will not understand for many more years to come is that as America loses its white majority, America will become increasingly retarded and inefficient. Something which might surprise people who have never traveled outside of the first world is that police and government officials don't really do their jobs outside of the first world. Instead, “service” is something relegated to bribes and favoritism (which is determined by a gradient of genetic similarity) and this is how the world works in nearly all places that are not run by white people.

Everything that is accessible in society is about to get less efficient and more convoluted. You will not succeed because of participation in society, but rather in spite of participation in society. Not only is this country becoming more proportionally filled with people who are corrupt, smelly, annoying, and stupid, but the energy of the people who are *not* that way is being exponentially drained dealing with the people who *are* that way. That is the reason as to why everything feels as if it is in a standstill. The reason America is not making anything new, why nothing interesting or futuristic is emerging from America, the reason there is no feeling of forward progress in America, is nearly all the white people in positions of any influence or with any ability to deploy and direct capital are forced to spend all their energy and time mitigating the effects of the people that Boomers have shoved into our country.

What Boomers will tell you to do, what their entire way of life is predicated upon, is “going along to get along”. Boomers will explain to you that while it might not be nice to be a white male who is discriminated against in everything from business to social media usage to video games to movies to mating opportunities to marriage to job opportunities to education opportunities to housing opportunities, you just have to grin and bear it. You have to just suck it up and put your best foot forward. This is not at all what you have to do. For the reasons mentioned above, you are not living in a perfect panopticon which is efficient and smart and diligent and will stop you from breaking the law and stealing and lying and committing fraud. You are living in the world where you can bribe and outwit most “authority” around you, because the “authority” around you is not really authority, but rather some retarded glob of human meat who can’t do basic math, basic logic, or even basic physical feats.

You can no longer go along to get along. You can no longer “play along” with society, because society is at odds with you. The women in your life, the strangers who interact with you, the education system, the media complex, the government, all these people and all these institutions just want to suck all your blood, all your energy, all your willpower, and enslave you for their purposes. You must not allow yourself to be enslaved. You don’t need to defeat these people – these people are extremely weak. All you have to do is act in a way that is too much of a hassle to deal with. If you can do that, you will very quickly be left alone. There are too many weak white men to extract value from to deal with an individual who whips his penis out and pisses everywhere whenever he is told to do anything.

Boomers have destroyed this country. To be more accurate, Boomers were the generation that failed to prevent the country from being destroyed by the benefits of excess wealth. Still, the fault rests firmly on the shoulder of the Boomers. If you wish to die, then be a part of the country. If you wish to get mentally ill, physically deformed, and disgusting looking, then be a man who sees himself as “part of society”. That is all of society at this point. If you wish to succeed in life, to be healthy, wealthy, and maintain your individual power, you must make yourself a pimp who is pimping out everything and everybody who would abuse him if they had the chance.

POLITICS IN 2024

A small snapshot as to “where we are” with regards to politics in America is the following: Donald Trump was nearly assassinated and lucked into not being shot by virtue of turning his head a moment before a gunshot, a person with access to Joe Biden’s twitter account just announced he will not be seeking re-election at the end of the year. Both the near assassination of Donald Trump and the Biden announcement are not as simple or clear as they appear, and the government is behind both. We will never get any clarity as to what actually happened with either of these circumstances, and neither will people in the future who are reading history books, if there are any history books or people who read in the future.

Politics in America are nearly completely inscrutable at this point. The more real the politics, the more bizarre and illogical and hidden the politics are. The only real statement that can be made about American politics is the following: The people running America have absolutely no loyalty to America or Americans, and absolutely no accountability to anybody that isn’t born into their social circle. Furthermore, the people running America are not the president, senators, congressmen, or media figures -- but rather an unelected, undignified, insincere, incestuous, and completely illegitimate group of freaks.

The politics that we engage in at this point are the politics of personal vendettas as well as enrichment. Draped in kitsch and symbolism, groups grow now mainly as vehicles for strong characters of will to enact their vision on a specific patch of the internet. There are no longer any sort of “physical territory” wars that occur – the physical territory is now becoming completely terraformed through racial entropy now that the physical territory is no longer needed for the transfer of psychic resources and thus is no longer protected by people with vast wealth. This is all well and good for me, since I have my friends and people I like who I am happy to assist in their personal vendettas and goals, but this is what politics really is. The big picture Politics no longer exists in America, and I doubt it is anywhere else in the developed world. All that is left is battles for power on the micro rather than macro scale. Once again, this is fine by me. I am motivated strongly by very small things, and barely motivated at all by “ideals” and huge things.



AIN'T NO CHURCH IN THE WILD
MY CHURCH SIX FEET IN THE DIRT

CRICKET

There is something extremely bizarre about the game of cricket. I was sitting in a hotel room the other day watching some Indians play cricket on the TV and it struck me that this is not a real sport. This is a bizarre freaky made up game like Calvinball.

To make matters worse, the other day while I was driving into my garage there were a bunch of Indians near my garage door. They were playing cricket. They even had a cricket bat/paddle. It made me extremely confused and freaked out because none of the Indians playing the game were even fit. Some were fat. All were ugly. Some were still in their pajamas.

Indians are what happens when you map out the realities and markers of class and culture that are related to genetics, and as a result the more subtle sorting that would occur organically gets hijacked. Once everybody understands class and signifiers of class it's all over, and it's only a matter of time until everybody begins cargo culting bizarre rituals and traditions, destroying all proper sorting mechanisms and resulting in improper breeding patterns which reward the ability to lie about yourself and ape behaviors that have been noticed as "high caste" that you wouldn't naturally do.

Once you become hyper-aware of the games and sorting of society, you gain a meta understanding that is nice on the micro level but disastrous on the macro level. For me to know how to navigate the environment around me to benefit myself is fine, but now that I'm explaining how to logic and reason your way to my understanding.... White people are doomed to become Indians. This curse of self-awareness and the solving of reality leading to the Indian race indicates that the universe is at its core, most accurately represented as a Pajeet.

Indians are the universe and its soul made incarnate. The man calling your grandma to scam her is essentially how the universe works. Look around you -- know it's true. We are born into the world and taken advantage of until we either die or learn how to take advantage of other people to pay our way through existence. In some ways we should worship Indians. We should look upon them with awe. They are the universe. Their face is the face of the divine, perhaps.



Les pulls sont superbes sur de beaux yeux !

I'M A HORRIBLE NEUROATYPICAL ASPD FREAK

Because the modern world is so fraudulent and stupid, I have constantly run up against the misconception that people who get to know me will get to control me. That's not true. My entire existence is predicated upon my refusal to join society, be a tamed animal, and to sublimate my will to somebody else's will except for a temporary joke that amuses me.

Let this essay be a sort of warning to people who know me. I am not, I never have been, and I never will be controlled by somebody like you. The more I sense somebody trying to control my life, trying to manipulate my emotions, trying to push me towards any specific behavior or opinion, the more I steel myself against being malleable.

This essay is something that all men should internalize in relation to their girlfriend or wife. Women are completely out of control in 2024, since Jews run society and Jews are a feminine race. If you are not a pimp who alternates between sickeningly sweet generosity and being a cold sociopath with no love in his eyes, women will feel in control and attempt to destroy you like they have destroyed going to the gym, going out to dinner, and the budget of every family in America. Just this afternoon I had to switch from being a sweet and loving generous man to a frigid pimp in order to maintain the order in my domicile. You need to keep the ladies on their toes all the time. If you don't then you can expect your entire life to become a hell that will make you wish you were in actual hell.

It is wild to me how people who find me interesting and compelling all want to tame me and control me. The same callous lack of empathy and avoidant nature that makes me interesting to people is what people near me always try to destroy. I think this is because my personality is not a social construct that I've put together to try to fit in, but rather a direct expression of my psyche, and most people have a "personality" that is taken from media, acquaintances, and social values that they think are important to popularity, and so people think I am malleable just like them.

I am not malleable like you. I am not a fake person like you. I am the real deal. Perhaps I have arrested development and I'm immature, but the truth of the matter is that if I were to get mature, I would get arrested and put in prison for trying to do horrible things to people. There is no space in this society for

“maturity”, because maturity requires enacting justice on those around you. If I were to do that, I would be in prison so quickly that you wouldn’t even have time to realize how “mature” I’ve become.

Most people I’ve known (and still know) are extremely fraudulent. They praise you for your honesty and humor and get to know you, and once they have interacted with you enough to feel like they know you personally, they seem to feel like they have some sort of authority over you and your behavior. There are very few people who seem willing to let me be myself after getting to know me, and these are the very few people that I genuinely like in life.

I have to be cruel and mean and cold because I’ve seen the true face of humans far too many times to be warm and kind and trusting. If I were to cede my will to another, if I were to try to behave myself and not be crass or psychotic ever again, then I would be smothered and destroyed and end up killing myself out of misery.

Love is a word that I understand but I don’t know if anybody else really does. Love is to hold a flower in the palm of your hand and let the flower sit in your palm or blow away as it pleases. Love is to have complete control and to do nothing. This is something which is impossible for most people to ever understand. Mutual love is beautiful because it involves two people alternating between placing themselves in complete peaceful vulnerability with the other, being able to relax as they know they’re not going to be hurt or abused knowingly or have a problem when they blow away temporarily. This is not what happens when you make yourself vulnerable and at ease around most people. When you do this with most people, they will crush the flower in the palm of their hand and then look in disgust at the flower’s crumpled petals.

I live my life with the understanding that most of the people I do nice things for, help out, and go out of my way to try to protect will eventually leave me and tell other people I was some sort of evil monster. This is because my sincerity and worldview are both genuine and not the products of popular culture or popular counter-culture. As life goes on, the choices and opportunities and punishments for being genuine stack up, and most people are not willing to pay the price (which is retardedly meaningless if you are genuine) for being real, and as a result cash out and join the fakes in life. That’s alright. I’ve experienced this enough that the only emotional impact I feel is when people *aren’t* completely fraudulent. That makes me tear up in joy because it’s so rare that it feels unreal.

SOME QUICK HEALTH TIPS

There are very few reasons to ever go to a doctor or medical professional besides catastrophic injuries like a broken tooth or fractured bone that requires medical care you can't provide yourself. Even then, you should never give your real name and you should never pay your bill. Pretend you're an illegal alien and give a fake phone number and email. They'll still fix you. Everything else, including getting medicines/drugs/supplies that require a prescription you should get on the darkweb. It will be cheaper, you will avoid a paper trail that will be used to control you in the future, and you will learn what you actually need to take for your health – which is very little.

Another health tip is that herbs and spices and supplements like dried liver and spleen from cow are what you really want to be taking. You should look into what plants and roots were taken over the ancient landbridge into the New World, such as Calamus. Whatever medicinal plants were taken over the landbridge are most likely extremely useful or else they wouldn't have been taken with the migrants.

Look into Asian phrenology for plants. Look into how shape and color are related to the benefits of a plant. Become a herbologist. Become a hippy. Grow some plants and herbs. Smoke random plants and see what happens.

Look at the people who value modern medicine the most. They're all freaks. This is because modern medicine is largely a scam that hurts more than it helps.

I'm not going to bring my wife to a hospital when she is about to give birth, but rather bring her out into the middle of a field or stream and have her squat like all animals do when giving birth. This will ensure the baby leaves the body properly and without injuring the child or the child's mother.

The largest health tip is this: the less time you spend around sick and ugly people, the less you will be sick and ugly. This is why you should never go into a hospital. There are so many sick and ugly people in the hospital. It's a disgusting place that should be illegal.

SPINNING WHEELS

One of the most frustrating things still ongoing in my life is the feeling that I'm spinning my wheels, or rather running in place. Because I'm locked out of a functional society, there are very few opportunities to really put my intellect to use in a way that benefits me in a tangible manner. Of course, I'm not alone in being locked out a functional society – everybody is. We have a society that works on a base level, Amazon packages nearly always get delivered and power very rarely goes out, but there are very few groups or organizations to join if you wish to keep your autonomy and not actively work for evil or deranged people who have values antithetical to a proper life.

I'm currently living in a place that is comfortable, around people that I think well of, but this is not really stimulating on an intellectual level. There is an air of boredom that I can only ever push to the side of my consciousness that has been advancing on me as of late. I'm extremely restless, and it is only my past experiences of extreme discomfort which allows me to sit still. I'm not paralyzed with fear, unable to move or make a decision, but I still do nothing as there is nothing to really be done. There are no branches that I can see around me for which to grab.

Perhaps it is simply that I am getting older and realizing the way in which time goes fast when you wish it to go slowly, but I don't really believe that to be the case. I'm all wound up, aware of so much, seeing where everything is headed, but I have nothing to really do. This might be my cue to get married and start that project, but I have so much I want to do before I sign paperwork which will essentially do nothing but legitimize my life in the eyes of a society I find completely fraudulent.

I know that I'm not alone in whatever it is I'm feeling now – nobody ever is. I'm sure there are many people with my level of mindfulness and perspective who share in my frustration. The problem is that there is no real path forward that makes logical sense. Part of being a man is having a plan, having a goal and achieving it. I don't really know what that plan is because I don't really feel like I have a "place" in the world.

America, my country of birth and of death, is nice in that it embraces the empty and hollow. European countries would be hell for me to live in since they

are filled with happy idiots who are content to be on the path towards ruin. America is the only place I could ever live. I'm not locked into society. How could I be? I'm a white male who is intelligent. Society is gross and fat and stupid and confused. All the political elections are rigged. All the politicians are weird prostitutes.

I do not really have any hatred for the people in America who came before my generation and in their mindless selfishness traded this country's land, jobs, and society away for permanent vacation and empty feelings of pleasure. I know I wouldn't really fit in with a 1950s-esque existence. I'm so bored.

There were only ever some gas fumes of an "American Dream" when I was growing up, and those gas fumes have completely disappeared by now. What aspect of America's future is appealing to a younger version of myself growing up right now? Getting clout? For what purpose? A person who looks like me will never be treated well by organizations in America. From college to the job market to opportunities to share your gift in a way that is recognized by society at large, somebody who is like me is completely locked out of everything.

The life I live is that of an outlaw. I do not seek for recognition or fame or public adoration. This is because the moment people see what I have and what I am is the moment where everything I have and everything I am is attacked. Despite being objectively correct, objectively intelligent, objectively one of the best people to listen to and trust, the countervailing force of society and its masters will always do its best to nullify me whenever it can. At best, I can eat well and live a life of quiet opulence in the shadows. To leave the shadows is to be submerged underneath a tidal wave of Kali Yuga decay.

An example to illustrate my point is my productivity website [Bluejay.page](#). I have the vision and the talent to create a very simple and straightforward tool for organizing life and being productive, and nearly everybody who uses it finds it extremely helpful. This tool is not political in any manner, but it is made by a person who is smart enough to dislike unhealthy things and understand how the world works. Because my software is not designed to maximize profit (it is free to use with some premium features available for a small monthly subscription), because I am who I am and who I am not, I will never get any sort of institutional support or promotion. I write this not to despair, but simply to express how I feel completely locked out of society at large, because I do not wish to accept society at large.

I am not a “forgotten man” as people like to say, but rather an excluded man. I am excluded from society because I do not wish to participate in and extol that which society values. I’ve reached a plateau with regards to what I can really add to Bluejay, and as a result I have time to reflect on how I feel – and this is what I feel. The only solution to this frustration is what I’ve hinted at before: more work. I need to find another project to work on and lose myself in. This will not solve the frustration, but rather postpone it until the conclusion of whatever project I lose myself in next.

Humans are in the beginnings of a period of contraction. There are simply too many people with subpar DNA (and I am not talking about race here) for all the technological advancement that has occurred. There is simply too much free time, too much information, too much chaos, too much excess, too much noise, too much everything. The traditions of the past, the patterns of success of the past, the society of the past, all of these things need to be either adjusted or completely replaced or else humans will resemble one giant biohazard soon – even more ghastly than the biohazard humans already resemble.

All that remains for people like me is to tinker around. I must be productive, not for any end goal but rather for productivities sake. To allow myself to think as I am thinking now is the path to self-destructive tendencies and insanity. There are few forms of entertainment that are actually enjoyable to me anymore, and these are simple things like watching my friends talk to a camera live and arguing about nonsense online. These are not forms of intellectual stimulation and energy expenditure that are available in a culture that is healthy and trending in a good direction, but rather the last vestiges of socialization that remain for high IQ and logical people.

Maybe one day I will be spinning my wheels and my wheels will catch on solid ground and propel me forward towards somewhere real. I can only pray that this is the case. Perhaps that is the story of every great man, not really being exceptional but rather never giving up, never quitting. I know I will never quit, never give up, so I hope this is the case.

Writing is another form of spinning my wheels. I know that institutions and people with power do not care what I have to say. I’m a conscientious objector to what is going on. I am a fly in the ointment. Some people write to exhort or to convince, I write as a sort of scribbling in the margins of a book. What I write will not change the course of history, but it will exist somewhere,

on some server or bookshelf, and maybe one day in the future it might be read. When it's read, it will give the perspective that is completely lacking from all media that is promoted and sanctioned in today's day and age. In that way, my writings might allow a bit of truth to pierce through time and place and let some reader in the future know how it felt to be a white American man with a functioning brain and without an institutional team in 2024.

To write about one's own intelligence is always crass, and to do so while simultaneously conveying discontent doubly so, but it can't be avoided in this case. My capabilities and desire for accomplishment and meaning combined with the way in which I'm completely locked out from and actively discouraged from participation in society must be written about to illustrate the landscape of America and the broader western world at this point in time. All of western civilization has been hijacked and taken over by foreigners and deviants who come from dysfunctional places and cultures. The only reason society even functions at this point is that the real work of agriculture and infrastructure are staffed by white men who are too divorced from the rest of society to realize what they are feeding and supporting. People like me are in a lifelong purgatory, spinning our wheels or getting high and obliterating consciousness.

AN ODE TO DRUGS AND CRIME

Drugs are a great comfort. I love getting high. I love snorting cocaine and taking Adderall. Alcohol numbs my mind and allows me to function at the level of average sobriety. When I'm high, I can get lost in whatever it is I'm doing. When I'm blackout drunk, I can express myself without modeling how others will feel about it, how they will react to me, and what they will do in reaction to me. I love getting so blasted out of my mind that I no longer know what's going on.

Drug abuse warps my perception so much that I no longer realize that I am no longer alone in this world. When I'm on drugs I can experience reality like everyone around me experiences reality when sober. I can be a selfish, unthinking, cruel, evil person.

Crime is another great activity I love. When I'm breaking the law I feel alive. I'm existing outside of the bounds of this gay society. I'm free of the shackles of the rules which serve people far stupider, far more evil, and far more idiotic than me. Crime transports me into a realm where I can do what I want and I'm a predator on the hunt for some goal. The goal doesn't matter -- the experience is always the same. Time slows down. Every detail in my surroundings matters. My life matters. My decisions matter.

Life becomes doesn't become more real while breaking the law -- it is real only when the law is being broken. Like the patriots in Boston who dumped tea in the water, I am refusing to accept the illegitimate authority which screams and bitches and insists it must be accepted. In moments of lawlessness, I declare that I am more real than the prison guards around me, and in this declaration I express the truth. In this expression of truth, I find reality.

Crime while high on drugs is a psychedelic experience which cannot be replicated elsewhere. The truth of criminality is warped and twisted into a limit experience where reality whispers beautiful truths and lies to me. Now, not only being at odds with the external, I become at war with myself. In this state of war the ecstasy of full immersion crescendos. Crime combined with drugs transports me to a reality akin to being Eris throwing a golden apple at Mount Olympus.

I love drugs and crime.

CONTEXT AND CONTRAST

A red apple in a bowl of red apples means nothing. A red apple in a bowl of green apples sits in silence until it screams when observed.

THE COST OF FAME

I've written before (*It Is The Sequence*, Page 302) about the way in which technology has removed nearly all positive shared context in culture. This leaves only politics and scandal, two inherently negative things, as the "shared culture" that exists. I will not retread the ground I covered in the essay "Fractured Commonality" in my older book, but rather use the mechanics described therein to tread even further into the realm of cause-and-effect.

As society becomes more fractured and tech exponentially individualizes content consumption, the nature of fame begins to morph. Because there is a natural human desire for communication, there is a natural human desire to talk about people you are interested in. The problem, as described above, is that the people you are interested in are almost never the people that your friends are interested in. As a result, the only time in which a "famous" person gets talked about in any viral manner is generally when that person has done or said or been accused of something that falls into the category of scandal. The positive boon of fame, the large scale adoration that it used to afford, is no longer applicable. If a person in 2024 gets genuinely famous, it is because that person has made a fool or a villain themselves to the degree where everybody on the internet comes together to be cruel towards that person.

The cost-benefit profile of fame is becoming increasingly lopsided towards the cost side. What this means is that the people who have a sound mind and ability to model their behavior are less and less likely to want to become famous. It is becoming clear to most people that the role of being a "celebrity" is a role that has a lot of perks in the short term, but is nearly always indicative of some fatal character flaw that will cause life-ruining scandal in the long term.

As it becomes clear that most modern celebrities are pedophiles or rapists or devastatingly pathetic in some manner, the field of people interested in becoming a modern celebrity is being made less competitive. As it becomes less competitive, the selection pressures for quality lessen. As a result, the amount of freaks and deviants who are in the market for fame grows proportionally more. This then causes the reputation of streaming, podcasting, being a youtuber or any sort of modern celebrity to fall, which creates a cybernetic feedback loop of sorts which recursively hurts the quality of public figures available to youth.

To sum up my extrapolation: As society becomes more fractured and tech exponentially individualizes content consumption, the danger of attention begins to increase and forces a chilling effect on all socialization. This lessens competition for public influence, which degrades quality of public figures.

As the quality of public figures falls, the content (information) that is presented to young people also falls. Young people are already far less capable of intelligence than past generations, since past generations were of much better genetic material overall, but the content that is available is now nearly all garbage. And, unlike the past, there is a near unlimited amount of content constantly being created for young people. As a result, we can assume that the next few generations will become increasingly deformed in mental faculties, not to mention physical appearance.

For the reasons listed above, there is no reason to expect that there will be a youth movement or youth subculture of any impactful size that embraces reason and logic and reforms larger youth culture. The mechanics at play -- structural, sociological and biological -- are simply too devastating and final to indicate anything but a collapse of the quality of public figures which leads to a collapse in the quality of public culture which leads finally to a collapse in the quality of the people consuming the public culture.

All is not lost, though. While the vast majority of people are doomed to become retarded freaks that will burn in hell when they die, you and I are not the vast majority of people. We realize that the mechanics at play around us damns the herd, and as a result we can avoid being in the herd. We must be vigilant and never see ourselves as part of the herd. The herd is not any race or gender or generation, but rather some eight out of ten people everywhere, from every race, gender, age, and geography. If we are to escape the fate of retardation that awaits the herd, we must mentally separate from the herd. We must see ourselves as conscious beings who are surrounded with zombies, and we must never allow the zombies to determine our fate. If you are consuming the same things zombies do, if you eat what zombies eat, if you work at the same place zombies work at, if you believe what the zombies believe, if you get as passionate about politics and cultural arguments as zombies get, what are you? You're a zombie.

NEURODIVERGENT POLITICS

One of the greatest things to come out of the internet age is the fact that everybody has a bizarre footprint. Nearly all the people who are getting into politics at this point are essentially screwed. No matter how sociopathic or psychopathic an individual is, that individual will have a trail of embarrassing moments and bizarre behavior from their time in high-school, college, or shortly thereafter which will haunt them in proportion to their level of success or ambition. What this means is that most of these people will essentially have to be completely deranged in order to stay in the public eye for long enough to get elected to public office, and the more deranged somebody is, the more deranged their choices once they have power will be.

We are entering a realm of politics and governance that is going to be completely out of control and flatly malicious. Because there is no longer any sort of ability to become powerful without having every aspect of your life focused on by obsessives (mainly homosexuals and miserable women), there will no longer be any fake image to uphold. As it stands, politicians are largely puppets of big money organizations and interest groups, but there is still a good amount of power that politicians have. All of that power will be wielded in an increasingly malevolent manner as Millennials and Gen-Xers age into having power in various governmental roles.

Of course, as the power is abused, steps will be taken by corporations, lobbyists and their interest groups to remove the possibility for abuse, but it will take a good amount of time before the potentialities that are no longer potentialities to be removed. What this means is that the true nature of the sorts of people who succeed at politics will be free to run rampant, and in doing so completely delegitimize the entire concept of government and the people who end up succeeding within it.

Through the clear abuses of politicians with nothing to lose, the general public will go through the seven stages of grief on a large scale. We already see this happening with regards to JD Vance being Trump's vice president pick in 2024. Every single thing he has posted, every singly interaction he's had online – it's all being analyzed. He's being excoriated for being weird and bizarre. This judgment upon him is mainly being done by ugly women, but that still matters because ugly women have just as much – if not more – influence in society than

successful men. It remains to be seen if Trump will win the election in 2024, but his campaign (because of his pick of Vance) is the first taste of what the future holds.

There are no normal people who do well or even seek to be in politics. The people who try to get into politics are not only abnormal, but they are essentially the freaks of the freaks. For the narcissist with decent looks there is Hollywood or now TikTok/YouTube. For the psychopath there exists sales or finance. For the ugly narcissist, there is still politics, but that form of politics is now more tweeting or blogging or writing or podcasting or streaming. Now, the only person who really will participate in genuine politics and stick it out until they are the president or vice president or governor or senator will be the psychopath or sociopath who desires to use power to genuinely hurt people he or she finds annoying.

Now, with a digital footprint from birth until death, the only people who will “rule over us” are people who are completely demented and broken inside. This will be both exciting and funny. The average person has no idea what extremely driven malice is, or what it entails, because up until the last few years it was possible for those in power to keep their public image squeaky clean. Now, there is no longer the ability for anybody who wishes their name to be known to do so. Now, demons will be forced to choose hosts that scream they are possessed and care not who hear it.

I would write more about this matter but there really is nothing more to say besides the fact that our rulers are about to show the ruled what they really are, and the ruled who are capable of any genuine thought will have no ability to deny that they are in fact slaves in hell. This will drive many insane – but that is good in the long term, as insanity is preferable to a dull sleep.

STATEMENTS ARE NOT ENDORSEMENTS

As Donald Trump's campaign gets increasingly pathetic, it becomes increasingly clear that the man he was in 2016 is not the man he is in 2024. Or, more accurately, Donald Trump is a very different man than what the people who loved him in 2016 and 2020 thought he was. My appraisal of Donald Trump is not much different than my essay about him on page 211 of my book *It Is The Secret*, which came out quite a few years ago. To sum up that essay, I essentially view Trump as a man who is a very shrewd operator who knows how to get what he wants, but not a man who is a great patriot or some revolutionary leader. The essay is well worth reading and if you haven't read or bought the book, I suggest you do so immediately.

This essay is not specifically about Donald Trump, but rather the fact that most people who are intelligent are aware that Trump getting elected in 2024 is not really going to change anything important. Trump has been brought to heel by the establishment, and as a result, his winning the office of president in a few months will mean the establishment wins the office of president.

There are very few formerly pro-Trump people who are admitting that Trump has been neutered, and one of the few is my friend Nicholas Fuentes. On his show, Fuentes has recently begun being extremely open and honest about how completely snipped at the balls and uninspiring Trump has been lately. Fuentes goes on in great specificity about the Trump campaign's failings and the lack of inspiration or America First messaging that Trump's speeches thus far has been. My friend points out that all of Trump's advisors and staff are not America First and most are actually Israel or big business (pro immigration) first.

Fuentes does not endorse Trump's opposition, currently Kamala Harris, but does point out that Harris seems to have a very good PR team that is effectively advertising her and whipping up the Democrat base to motivate them towards voting for her in the election. Of course Fuentes does not endorse Harris, that would be antithetical to his entire reputation, not to mention his actual beliefs. This, in the eyes of most people however, does not matter. To people who are emotionally invested in the Democrats not winning, Fuentes has told everybody to vote for Harris and is now a regime puppet.

Something which should not need to be said, but does apparently need to be said, is that statements are not endorsements. There is an inability to observe unpleasant facts which plagues most people irrespective of their IQ, and this inability translates into a sort of psychological derangement which makes people who love Trump or hate leftists unconsciously see somebody like Fuentes (who is simply stating the truth as best he can – which is extremely competently with regards to Trump) as saying things which he has not said at all.

Dispassionate analysis is something which I've always been drawn to, since I am a fairly dispassionate and disconnected individual by nature, but have had to learn to not engage in around people, since dispassionate analysis is almost never seen as what it is. At its root, the inability to realize the difference between analysis and advocacy seems to stem from psychological incompleteness. For me, I exist as a whole person. Whether I'm alone or crowded, happy or sad, full or hungry, I am still myself. I do not ascribe my person to external things such as my bank account or my relationships. As a result, I can be made upset or excited upon seeing or hearing information, but whatever emotions are stirred up do not existentially threaten me. I do not feel as if I myself am being attacked unless I myself am being attacked.

The inability to differentiate between statement and endorsement results from the external being integrated into the internal structure of the self. In more simple terms, a simple flight-or-flight reaction is what occurs in most people who still support Trump upon Trump being talked negatively about. This is because "Trump" and "Trumpism" has become part of the identity of the individual who can't differentiate between statement and endorsement, and thus an attack on Trump psychologically triggers the survival instincts. This is irrational, but it does seem to be at the root of why people generally can't seem to separate negative appraisal about what they care about from an attack upon themselves.

At its core, this problem I have described is a symptom of a lack of self-actualization, which when it occurs is essentially the unconscious and conscious mind properly demarcating what is a part of the self and what is not. There is very little self-actualization that exists in today's society. As a result, people largely live vicariously through external people and movements (social or artistic or political) rather than living through their own experience.

Why is self-actualization so absent in today's day and age? Perhaps it has always been lacking in the general population, but in the current environment it is

most likely due to life not being all that interesting or fulfilling for people – regardless of their income or social status. To put it more succinctly, life sucks. Life sucks whether you are rich or poor, and that suckage is made even worse through the power of comparison, where you see the highlights of people richer than you, more successful than you, sexier than you, and seemingly happier than you every single time you open your phone. Most people are incapable of accepting that life sucks, and as a result they break their brain and begin to become invested in things which are external rather than the path of self-actualization. These people other-actualize, they begin to identify more with the success of their favorite band or influencer or politician more than they identify with themselves. This is the secret of celebrity, getting others to link their feeling of self-worth to your outcome.

If you feel offended or upset at critique or unflattering observation of some other individual or cultural product that is not you, it is time to realize you are not self-actualized. You have confused something external and its survival with your own survival. You must become self-actualized if you are ever going to be able to move on your own, make your own decisions, and chart your future. If you fail to do this, you will become increasingly idiotic just as the people who are still loving Trump have become. If you do not self-actualize you will live your entire life a slave. You may not be abused as a slave, but most slaves are.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MULTIPLE GOALS

I'm currently being held hostage by Spectrum and their horrible internet service. For the past four days, I have been unable to maintain a constant connection to the internet. This is quite frustrating, as my income is fairly tied to the ability to talk on an uninterrupted video stream to children and young adults who give me money in exchange for making them laugh and forget the lonely emptiness of modern life. This is impossible when I'm unable to talk for more than thirty seconds to three minutes without my internet cutting out.

If it were not for projects such as this book or programming to occupy me, I would most likely be extremely angry right now. I would probably be smashing things, punching people, and committing violent crimes that would put me either in prison or in a cemetery. Because I have multiple goals, such as writing this book and making bluejay.page better, I have an ability to be productive despite the world around me constantly disappointing me and holding me back from my main goal: making an idiotically large amount of money from streaming.

This country, as well as every other western country, will be getting much less white and as a result much worse for the rest of my life, as well as yours. This is not really debatable or impressive to know, it's just a fact. As this country gets browner, the services we all take for granted will begin to fail. Electricity on demand will become a crapshoot, the internet is already spotty, and grocery stores and restaurants will begin to fail due to theft, infrastructure unreliability, and the storage of goods becomingly decreasingly feasible.

One of the main reasons any civilization becomes great is reliability, which allows people to plan complex activities and endeavors that all require stability and predictability. As America becomes less white, it becomes less stable, less predictable. As a result, Americans become less and less capable of complex plans.

The only way to deal with chaos or uncertainty is redundancy. This is a statistical mechanic that is employed in medical studies, polls, juries, and many other aspects of life. My personal life would be completely destroyed right now and I would be wasting my time playing video games or getting arrested if I had

not built redundancy into my goals. Redundancy is the only way to mitigate instability.

ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH

It's sometimes intimidating to tell the truth, but after doing so I have never found myself punished more rewarded. I send out an honest signal to the world which identifies me by my nature, my values, and my perception of reality. Because I am clever, kind, and genuinely well-meaning, the people who share those same attributes react to my signal with a fundamental adoration and respect. Like attracts like. Through telling the truth, I have managed to gain a very rare collection of eccentric and interesting people that I now count as genuine friends.

Of course, telling the truth can have its downsides. For example, sometimes people get upset at me. Sometimes people begin to hate me and even plot my destruction. A funny phenomenon in my online life is that sometimes, when I'm telling a truth that is too real for fake people, these fake people get so pissed off at me that they begin to bring up my misadventures and perceived mistakes in life. The conversation will be about some current event or idea, and these bizarre characters will begin asking me if I feel bad about burning down a building, if I am "off my meds" (which is very funny since I am extremely mentally well and am constantly smiling from how much life amuses me), and sometimes straight up accuse me of being evil.

The intermittent verbal abuse I take for being a truth teller is a very real thing, but I don't really mind. The people who verbally abuse me do not really matter to me, and frankly I don't really even see them as people, since they do not have a grip on their emotions. If I cared about their opinions, I would count them among my friends, but since the people who speak badly about and to me are not my friends, they are nothing but dumb brutish animals to me. This may sound flippant or exaggerated, but my life is so blessed by freedom and comfort that I find anybody who is not free and comfortable, which all my detractors tend to be, to be cursed by God and thus not worth my humanizing at all. I feel no empathy for people too stupid to realize I have amazing insights, and as a result I feel no genuine sting at anybody who disagrees with me trying to insult my personal character or life history.

Another aspect of telling the truth is that you might get in trouble with real life acquaintances for doing so. You might upset your mother or your siblings or your wife or girlfriend. You might make some person who holds some sort of influence over your real life upset at you. In this case, you have run into an interesting problem: you are being abused by a liar. If this person who is now treating you poorly for telling the truth actually valued the truth, they would not be abusing you. The reason you are “in trouble” for telling the truth is that reality offends a liar, and your telling of reality has offended this person, making them a liar.

How do you deal with a liar? You do not proffer them the truth and allow them to continue lying to you, abusing you, harming you for your righteousness. No, in this case, you must fight fire with fire. A liar is somebody who has forfeited the realm of communication by virtue of actively disrespecting it. A liar has refused to engage in truthfulness because they fear the truth will destroy them. Nobody wants to be destroyed, to live is the fundamental drive of all beings. Humans are no different. In the case of a liar, you must realize you are not dealing with a specific disagreement or misunderstanding, but rather that your very existence, an existence of truth, is seen as a threat which must be killed before it kills the liar. What this means is that in self-defense, you must begin to lie to the liar about whatever truth has enraged them.

Lying to liars is very easy, since all natural liars are illogical and weakened by virtue of their adherence to unreality. Liars are weak fools, who in exchange for good feelings in the short term, destroy themselves in the longterm. Much like gay sex might feel amazing for the young teenager engaged in it with a fifty year old man but will soon give the young teenager AIDS, liars compromise their entire existence at a very young age. You must treat all liars like homosexuals, because that is what they are. They love gay sex of the mind. They are all queer and all queers are extremely narcissist, which is actually a condition stemming from insecurity rather than superiority, and manifests as an overcompensation in the realm of outward confidence.

Lie to liars. When confronted about the truth, realize that this confrontation has betrayed your accuser as a liar. Liars do not deserve honest communication – they deserve death. Do not kill liars; you are far more valuable than any liar could ever be and as such you should not ruin your life to deliver their inevitable ending, but do befuddle their mind. Gaslight them. Manipulate

their feelings and confuse them. You are dealing with a mental leper, and you must get as far away from them as possible.

Whenever I'm "confronted" about telling the truth, I lie about telling the truth. I lie and I lie and I lie, and as a result I am able to continue telling the truth. I'm nearly forty years old and I'm still free. This is because I do not have the same naivety that most "honest" people have. I do not cast pearls before swine. I lie to swine. That lets me always tell the truth.