

MEIN KAMPF 2.0

By Karl Purple

VOLUME 1: Desolation

0.1: PREFACE

On February 27, 1925, at the BurgerBrauKeller beer hall in Munich, Germany. Adolf Hitler gave a speech to his group of German National Socialists, afterward which became known as a turning point for their success. Always inspired by Adolf Hitler's example, I put together an event of my own to give a speech on June 4, 2021. In my speech, I hoped to capture the spirit of February 27, 1925, as a model for a new beginning to National Socialism in our current time.

It would be five months after that speech that Adolf Hitler would also publish his first book: "Mein Kampf". In English, this means "My Struggle". In keeping with this same timeline, I set a deadline for myself to release my own book at the same point after my own speech.

It was my hope to capture the same spirit of Adolf Hitler's original book for our current time. Adolf's book consisted of a basic description of his life and childhood, his interpretation of world events and politics, and then finally his own political ideas and plans. I have poured my energy into this project, which I still consider unfinished; yet because this deadline has come, I feel it is better to release it in this unfinished form, rather than to delay it any longer.

In this unfinished form, it will have been quickly revised for only the most obvious errors, spelling and grammar. The ordering and structure will be far from what I intended, because I have simply run out of time for this deadline. Also, there were many smaller articles which I hoped to organize and combine into a presentable form; but for now I have simply included them at the end of Volume 2 in as their own separate small sections. Some

sections consist simply of loose incomplete notes I took on ideas which I meant to address in full later on. Because of this, repeating of various ideas may occur until I have the time to finish organizing those smaller articles into the larger ones.

I do hope to complete my intended vision for this book soon. While this initial release will be titled "Mein Kampf 2.0"; a future revision and re-structuring will be released with the title "Mein Kampf 2.1". Yet, because I desire important revisions to be released as soon as possible, therefore I might even release them before my final vision for the book is complete. Thus, it is possible there will be also a "Mein Kampf 2.2" or even more. Heil Hitler.

1.01: MY HOME

I was born in the North East of the United States of America. If you look at human civilization from very high up, you will notice that the city areas begin to look like a growing of mold on spoiled food. This city mold looks dull grey, like the color of concrete, compared to the lush shades of green around it. If you examine the city mold around my birthplace, you will notice a mold like pattern of spots around a large central growth. The mold grows in a line along highway 95, which starts from New York City and up to Richmond in Virginia. Along the way, the mold grows heavy in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington DC. I was born just outside of the city mold between Baltimore and Washington DC. Looking closer, I was born in a place which had not yet turned to city mold. Yet as moldy food progresses, it is obvious when a place near the spreading mold is soon to be devoured next. I think there is meaning to that observation. The times we live in today are in the same situation of being a time when human civilization has not yet turned to mold, but it seems obvious that we will soon be devoured by it.

I was born into a common family, neither rich or poor, and neither highly educated nor non-educated. I suppose it is both fortunate and unfortunate that me and my family knew nothing about the severe mold like destruction of the times we lived in. If I had known as a youth what I know now, then it may have been impossible to enjoy life at all. Yet had me or my family known the true hell in which we lived, then I could have better prepared and braced myself for it. As it happened, we knew

nothing, and I suffered dearly for it. Yet, it is suffering which awakens the eyes of passionate rage. I will not say that a comfortable life denies someone the ability for passionate rage, yet there is a different quality in the kind of passion which arises from suffering. When the suffering of life makes the loss of your life of little care, even preferable, then there arises a type of energy and focus which is found nowhere else. Maybe there is some weakness to it, which can be balanced out by the kind of passion rage born from empathy in a comfortable life. Yet, in the beginning phases of a battle between good and evil, it is past suffering which becomes the ammunition which can turn the tide of victory.

Suffering is symbolized by blood. In that meaning, I have a large resource to draw from, and I have already given much of my blood for the cause of victory against this great evil which stands before us in our modern time. I am focused. I am full of passion and rage; I will not deny it. Yet, I have mastered this emotion like the control of a burning fire deep in my heart. Outwardly it is expressed through pressed lips, a wrinkled brow, locked eyes, and a serious expression. As much as my life has improved since the worst of my misfortunes in the past, and as much as I have gained since those days when I had nothing to lose; still the fire of that time burns in me the same as if I were still in that sad case. I do not value my life. Aside from the worship of God, the least I seek in this world is the honor of resisting that evil with courage, and to contribute at least triple what would be needed for victory if everyone did their fair share. After that, it does not matter what happens, because I have washed myself of the responsibility for defeat. I seek the subjugation of those evil people, and the destruction of their power. I will not rest. My mind lives in a state of war. These feelings rise and fall like the pulse of heat in a furnace. It is a source of energy. I do not pretend to fully understand it, but I know through it that I am no longer a child, and I have become a man.

1.02

The purpose of this section is to give the minimum needed information about my life so far, in order to lay down a truth of the first order concerning my past, which will eliminate the establishment of successful rumors in the future, which always arise when no information is provided at the first. My manly

desire to remain silent within the public sphere about my personal life, comes from a revulsion to glorifying myself in the public sphere; and also I desire to reserve my personal stories for those who I truly love me, in order that my most private thoughts not becoming the plaything of childlike masses to toss around like a new celebrity whom they disregard as quickly as they pick up. I desire that my intention not be perceived as the feminine seeking of fame and compliments, but rather that I provided exactly what was necessary to resist common pitfalls within propaganda warfare as regarding character assassination in the public sphere. Know this, reader, that what I am about to tell you about my life is the truth; because I dare not lie within what I consider is a sacred duty for me to create this book.

Let us understand that a main theme of this book is to open the eyes of the reader to the truth of the reality of the world in which we live. Thus, I come to the problem of explaining the reality of the world at the same time as explaining what happened to me. It would be better if I were to first explain the world reality, and then afterward to explain my life. Yet, this is not possible since the success of explaining the world reality depends on a reader's trust and investment in an author, which is born from knowing about his life as a person. Thus, I will present the story of my life while at the same time unveiling this world reality piece by piece, which may cause confusion to know part of the truth before knowing the full truth. Thus it may require a reader, after completing this book, to read again what caused confusion during the first read. Yet, this is a choice depending on your intellectual ability; and I will of course also try to make this book enjoyable even for low mental abilities who have received a different in calling in life than duty of an intellectual.

In life there are always those who have received worse circumstances than yourself. It can never be known the true balance between misfortune, weakness, and strength. Too little misfortune results in weakness to overcoming misfortune. Too much misfortune results in irrecoverably damaged natural instincts. Also factored in to this is the will to overcome your misfortunes. We all have weaknesses which can be aided by others, and I am convinced for all that there exists a path to victory over your defeated self, through patient endurance and wise humility in the acceptance and seeking assistance from others. For the minimum you receive from every misfortune is the

ability to council those you come across later on who may be in need of a counselor with direct experience. Often a person will languish in defeat until they find a young person who is languishing in the same defeat, at which point they receive strength because they see themselves in the youth and fulfill his need based on what they wished they would have received from an elder during the suffering. The highest form of degeneracy is a lack of empathy. If it does not bring you joy you help someone recover from a wound which you are experienced in, then you are perhaps in that category of person who did suffer too many misfortunes to recover from. I council you to consider that empathy is the source of all intelligence and is what sets humans apart from animals.

It is my own fortune that I was born to my two biological parents, living together in the same household. I was the middle child between two brothers. I didn't understand until recently that it is impossible for any common born people to be sure of the blood relation of their family. DNA tests mean nothing in a world of lying corruption. Simple observation is not enough in a world of sleight of hand treachery by a pack of evil magicians who view the common people as nothing more than livestock. It is a sad truth which we must all sooner or later come to grips with. Yes, they switch babies at birth. Yes, they scientifically engineer infidelity within women. Yes, they perform these acts not only for simple experimentation but also for genetic engineering purposes, much the same as livestock is bred to select desired traits. Yes, we live in a world of hell. I understand for the average reader, this is far too extreme of a possibility to consider. Let your doubt shield you from the direct blow until you are ready to accept it. At the least, simply acknowledge it as my opinion as you progress through this book keeping what is useful and disregarding what is not useful.

1.03: THE CHAOS MONSTER

Thus I'll continue that this is how I came into the world. To a set of parents who knew nothing other than the reality which was set before them. To overcome an entire world wide system of deceit was a task that took me over 30 years at which point I only persevered alone, awake in a world of sleepwalkers and half-sleeping intellectuals. Of course some things may be written off as a matter of opinion, yet as you observe more and more the inconsistencies of the world in which you live, it will

slowly dawn on you that there exists only one possible explanation for it all. Chaos. Complete, and utter chaos. In Greek legend it was from Chaos which the order of our world descended; and maybe it did for a time until chaos regained its place. It is the chaos of every man for himself. It is the chaos of no true individual power existing strong enough to defeat the beast that is this disorganized primordial chaos of our human world. It is a beast which can only be defeated by the mind of a single individual empowered by an evolved set of human intellectuals who deliver that power to the individual. This is because the source of chaos comes fundamentally from the mutual destruction which is guaranteed by every man doing what they personally decide is best. All of the great historical advancements of civilization were born from great individual leaders exercising deep absolute power, strong enough to defeat the chaos beast. Of course the chaos beast speaking through the mouths of disunified men who tell you stories of great suffering caused at the hands of those powerful leaders. This is because the chaos beast a truly a real spirit within the hive mind of humanity. It is the most powerful foe of humanity, and to speak lies is one of its elemental powers. It is enough to understand that a chosen leader with absolute authority amongst his people will steer from error to error, gradually perfecting himself as time and wisdom build within him. This is a far better alternative than the continued reign of the chaos beast. And at some point it should be acknowledged that being lost in the woods requires the choosing of a direction and sticking with it. To choose a leader and stick with them. To change your direction when lost in the woods prevents the success of that direction in favor of a different direction which is equally unknown. You might as well pick one, stick with it, and then let fate deliver its decision. At worst you will have chosen the longest way out of the woods, which is better than going in circles forever; which is what human civilization has been doing lately.

1.04: MAXIMUM TECHNOLOGY

Excepting possibly those who are born on the furthest outskirts of society, or who have the power and wealth to prevent it, the rest of us are born into a world of complete surveillance and human tracking. This is accomplished through maximum technology, which is an idea that technology has developed in a way of strategic concealment for military advantage which forces intellectuals to acknowledge the likely existence of any and

every technology imaginable. Maximum technology is a starting point of thought which seeks not to leave any stone unturned in the development of strategy and the approaching of truth based on likely possibilities, rather than impossible to know absolute truths. Thus, it is through maximum technology that we are continuously monitored, tested, and sorted; just like any other livestock operation, yet on the grandest scale. And even those doing the watching and manipulation can also be expected to be watched and manipulated by another nested level above them. And so on the complexities of the full age of our species within God-designed evolution via natural selection and the onslaught of the chaos monster progressing since the last great individual power was able to contend with it.

The majority of people are sorted into the main group of what I call normies. Normies are those who fall in line with the development of expected human behaviors. These normies are predictable and easily influenced. They are valuable to those in power in the same way a power source is valuable to run machinery. A power source through a machine will run through the electrical circuit in a predictable way to power the machine for purpose it was designed, precisely because that power behaves in a predictable way. The machine of our human society and the advancement of managing human behavior in the masses, has given rise to our current state of affairs. The psychology of these normies will always do what they perceive as "normal", attempting to fit in being one of the strongest instincts in humanity, so that you can expect this factor will be used to predict and thus control them. This has been true since the beginning of human civilization, and the elite of humanity have consistently become better and better at engineering the normies, separating them from the abnormies, terrorizing those abnormies to convert them back to into normies, and most importantly of all to prevent the rise of intellectuals which could lead what the elite would call a "slave revolt". This state of affairs against the common people is by no means stupid to claim as the imperfect solution. Yet, I will say it is false because it is only true as far as you believe the chaos monster to be invincible. It is my opinion that every people has the ability to defeat the chaos monster within themselves, if only they can evolve as a group body in much the same way as the individual human body has evolved; and to become the body of their chosen leader, who at first may receive his power like a babe in the womb, but over time, with loyalty and care from his people, he will grow into a strong individual of great power to

slay the chaos beast within his people to initiate the thousand year golden age.

1.05: THE POWER AND HOPE OF EMPATHY

And so this was the world I was blindly born into. And even now, by many standards I can still be considered blind because I have not been initiated into the deep truths directly, but rather I have come to understand my world through the slow meticulous way a blind man might feel about his surroundings, and with perseverance over time may come to very accurately know the shape of his world. It should be understood that this method of my coming to the most deeply troubling truths of our reality, acts as a filter and shield against the most painful realizations both for myself and for the reader. It is because I explain to you that the painful truths of the world you live in, I arrived at indirectly and in such a way that it is not completely impossible that I am wrong about any single truth I reveal. In this way, it is this shred of doubt, no matter how small, and precisely because I have not witnessed the truth in a direct sense, that it is possible for me, and for you my reader, to carry on with life, living amongst the sleepwalkers, and taking our own needed rests from the truth. That is a rest only possible because we have a reasonable doubt to retreat to. Yet, as I live longer, and examine my world still further with each day, it becomes like the slow erosion of this reasonable doubt within my mind more and more with each passing day. To the point of dreaded loneliness and despair. Despair at the reign of chaos and the success of its corresponding evils; and what's the worst kind of despair, to understand these things alone. Yet, it gives me some comfort to commit these thoughts to writing. As I understand the world, the groups of elites at the highest powers within this world reality; it is not within their power to reveal directly to me any of the truths which I am discussing here, due to a complex and ancient system of order within the chaos, which does not allow for these painful truths to be carelessly flung about the common people, which would cause unnecessary panic and disorder, before a solution has yet been found; and so what point except for evil would it be to cause panic and disorder? For the sake of truth itself? Yet, it is plainly obvious that there is an appropriate order for presenting truths to any person. If someone will have trouble understanding an easy to see reality, of relatively little pain involved in its acceptance; then what point would there be in

revealing the most drastically painful truth if first they cannot receive the smaller ones? In this way, it should be understood that there should exist a hierarchy of intellectuals within our society. With the highest of intellectuals at the top taking their place as their duty to humanity to organize this hierarchy; sorting the primordial chaos of random chances which lead any individuals to seek higher and higher truth, preparing the way for them and seeking their protection in the logic of individuals capable of empathy. Aside from a belief in God as a foundation for keeping a positive disposition toward the world, I counsel my reader to consider the power of intellectuals such as myself, and those unknown, who value empathy as such a high form of consciousness, to have faith in our monolithic, herculean, half-God-like strength against all the powers of anti-empathy which seek to do you harm, that we are indeed a power of light at the very least equally as strong as the night. Seek us out, clear the path for us to help you. We will find you. We will die in the face of dishonor with the ease of enjoying a cool gentle breeze on a warm day. Rest yourself, that your child like nature, as you come closer to the truth, exists in the company of titanic giants dedicated to good like the strength of the rigid stone sides of a mountain. We are ablaze with wrath against those who seek you harm; yet we would not frighten the little ones we protect in the course of protecting you. Understand the truth, as you go about your daily life, that at times unknown you will come across our path, and we will take on the necessary form needed to spur you on to the next level. Often the form of ignorance is need. At the development of your intellectual wisdom, comes the eventual realization of how unnecessary it is to brandish your intellectual ability for all to see; yet at the same time not resisting its display when strategically necessary. We are souls of infinite sorrows which destroy us yet at the same time electrify our spirit when we dream of how we might prevent those same sorrows from resting upon you. I take my place among these giants, with no certainty of my own size relative to others, but a deep understanding of the balance between humility and confidence gives me reasonable assurance of my ability to protect, in my own way, as the world has dealt extra abilities in different measure to us all, I use my ability to contribute what I can. And if sorrow overtakes you, then take refuge in the certain existence of myself and others like me who stand as a light in the darkness Of certainty, I am alone amongst sleepwalkers; as you will be, my reader. And thus proves true the reverse healing of a protector from those whom he seeks to heal. I am at a true end of life in

my despair. Yet, writing these words, and envisioning my reader, my empathy strikes a chord that I must lift you up out of suffering; and I sense the light out of my own despair when I think of you, my reader. We are truly in a symbiotic relationship, with no certainty of who is helping who more; and I am content with this uncertainty; as uncertainty within boundary is often the fullest truth; and so develops the infinite fade from dark to light. At what point exactly does the light begin? These are the uncertainties of our world. It is my hope that all my words are not fully understood at once, but that I navigate the infinite dimensions of the human soul in an unexplainable way through poetic device, in order begin the spark of light within your mind; that unexplainable flicker of light, manifesting connection, arising passion in the anticipation of adventure outside the same dull existence which is among the most painful aspects of life for the true intellectual. These bonds of despair that enslave me can be used to break the bonds of my reader's blindness, and with luck we can both become free. Let us have hope.

1.06 BIRTH

I am navigating an uncharted path toward the destination of the purpose of this book and this section of my life. As such, I anticipate continually being side tracked by different trains of thought. Thus let me return turn once again toward our main destination in this section about my life. What more can be understood about my birth. Blind born into the hands of the blind. My lot surely was better than many others, and I will not repeat the wisdom of the balance between misfortune and strength. In the world such as is crafted for the common born, the mysterious wonder of birth quickly disappears as quickly as it explodes from a place of instinct even in the most blind and common of the people. It reminds me of a magician who, being caught in the exposure of his trick, quickly adjusts or lowers the curtain with as much haste as possible to at least minimize the exposure of his methods. So the same for the miracle of birth, and the common man to varying degrees will be lightly impressed by this miracle. From there, like a gradually cooling hot coal, the coldness of life sets in once again for the parents as they return to their duties. My birth was by C section, as far as I can collect likely truths in my world of lies, where the world itself split open the womb of my mother in declaration of superior intelligence over my mother's womb which

decided it was not yet my time; still I can only imagine the thoughts of my mind as the light of the world descended upon me through a rip in the fabric of my universe, and strange hands pulled me out through it, I can't imagine which of my extremities was used for most of the leverage to whisk me out into the infinitely ugly of all things ugly, which is the standard hospital room of our modern age. As lifeless of a place that can be conjured in a room where life is born; perhaps the forces balance each other out with a slight favor on the side of life. Who knows how long it was before I rudely experienced the reality of my lack of power over my own body, when the top covering skin of the most tender part of my body was cut with a razor blade to perform the widely excused ritual of circumcision upon me. My parents who were to receive me in the end, blind and obedient to the orthodoxy of normalcy, did not trouble themselves to even watch this ritual mutilation of my body into life. As far as I know, the circumcizers took me into a separate room to perform the task before returning me, or switching me with another set of parents, the possibilities are endless in a world of normies which does not question except that which it is comfortable to question, and the authority of a hospital setting holds a demonic-like factor of intimidation that hardly even a non-normie could withstand. And thus through whichever path I was received by two parents, who for all hopes of a world so uncontrolled by me and those chosen parents, I suppose there is a half chance that they were my real parents. I am at peace with the uncertainty of my source, though that adjustment to peace has been unsteady. I know this, that I have fairly little resemblance to my supposed father, and a higher resemblance to my supposed mother. But what combination of partial relation could explain these things does not subtract from the general uncertainty of it all. What a dark cloud to come to terms with, it is my hope that my reader will have an easier adjustment to this uncertainty than I have. As the story goes, we all stand upon the shoulders of giants. I hope that my shoulder is some consolation to you.

1.07: THE CRIME OF THE DELETION OF THE FIRST FOUR YEARS OF LIFE

After this dip into the fate of my ultimate starting position in the world, as I said, descended the cold reality of normie life upon me. And it is safe to say that I was born by force as a normie, and did live the life and mind of a normie until the gradual awakening of my non-normie soul. Like the border between

light and dark, who can say exactly when it began. What is certain, however, is that the coldness of normie life sets in with the revolving of life around schooling. What happened in my life between my birth and 4 years old, which is when my schooling began. What should be, and arguably still is despite everything, the most profoundly exciting portion of life, the first 4 years, is in usual fashion subtracted by the brute coldness of normy life to mean almost nothing. What happened to me in my first four years of life? I am not far from the truth when I say approximately nothing. Like the cruel deletion of memories in a science fiction movie, normie life subtracts from all of us, mutes the sound of a waterfall, greys out the colors of a rainbow, and approximately nothing happens in the cold existence of all normies during those first four years. What a depressing thought, I could cry. Perhaps this paragraph reflects the somber music that I suddenly put on the background. What can I express but pure venomous hatred for a life that makes a nothingness out of my first four years of life? While doubtless I feel this way toward almost everything that has ever happened to me in my life, at the moment my rage swells for ferocious anger at the elites of this world who are too weak to challenge such a sad state of affairs which cause me to have nothing to say about my first four years of life. Like the stolen adventure from a wide eyed wondering child, what a terrible crime to stand idly by and do nothing. I do truly hate this world, but I know it is more accurately the beast of chaos which is what I truly hate. How else can I describe my disgust? I can't. Nothing happened to me during my first four years of life worthy of note. Another crime committed by ununified mass of chaotic humanity. There is nothing else to say.

1.08: THE CRIME OF MODERN SCHOOL

My anger increases another in the mention of my first noteworthy life event, the beginning of my schooling at age four. They call it pre-school. School before school. The beginning of preparing the normie masses for slavery, by structure set of the beginning of the work day in the morning. The similarity of the reporting for work at a job which you do not enjoy. Perhaps this is why school is purposely designed with the minimal occurrences of joy in direct relation to the school. Nearly every child at some point begins to dislike school, or hate it. Do you think this is a coincidence? Modern public school is perhaps the most evil institution to ever appear on earth. This also includes 99% of

private schools, because they all fall victim to the same normie compulsion to follow the norm, and even while slightly different, all private schools and public schools are the same and follow the same structure. Their intention is to kill the fire in the souls of children, and they are extremely talented at this. Of course not all the administrative participants are responsible for it, but rather they are trapped in the continuous cycle, and are powerless to do anything about it, if they even realize what is occurring at all.

Moving on; like the middle class I came from, my schooling was equally middle class. The only benefit I perceive of my public schooling, was the insight it gives me now to be able to interpret public schooling to my reader. The hatred of the normie for the non-normie is the most precise function of schooling. Perhaps it began with some noble intentions many centuries ago. Yet, every vice has crept in with the same absolute certainty as the chaos corruption of disunified absolute power. Without question, modern education is nothing more than a branch of the military; preparing and organizing the mass of slaves and the carefully constructed formations of interlocking public opinion within the masses with the express purpose to mobilize the most athletic form of maneuvering people in preparation for any form of attack that might fall toward the elites of society which exercise some limited form of control over the chaos for the benefit of their small circles, who have given up on any pure idealization left in them to imagine they could improve the world rather than merely to co-exist with evil in forfeit to any hope over destroying it.

1.09: INTELLECTUAL TO NORMIE RATIO

And thus, modern schooling is a massive lie; a massive disguise upheld with the same energy it takes for the corrupted end purpose of it. This is obvious enough to all who've tasted even slight sufferings at its hands. Schoolchildren hate it with the same instinct which drives a bull to charge. What else can I say? I was thrown into this schooling the same as every other common child. Especially in the first years of schooling, socialization, which is better interpreted as normalization, is codified in the minds of youth with the same energy as is taught reading and writing. It is no small testament to the absentmindedness of normie parents that they release all control of their precious children for 8 hours a day 5 days a week, 10

months a year, to an allotment of strangers, and they think nothing of it. It is normal after all to do this. This is the only thought normies have. Yet it is not my intention to slander the normie, but rather to emphasize how they are taken advantage of in all ways. The ratio of intellectual to normies has remained the same, with maybe perhaps a slowly increasing ratio over the centuries as humanity has evolved. It is not a new development of these two classes. What is a new development is the new level of stranglehold of the chaos beast over all the classes. In ancient times, corrupted history suggestion a healthy equilibrium of elite leadership over the mass of normie humanity. From a normie perspective, which I must always keep in mind for the sake of normie readers who will also be reading this, it can be understood that some classes of people do not aspire to become anything more than a normie, and this is fine only because the sacred duty performed be elites and intellectuals to care for the lesser minds of humanity, benefiting from their service with similar thanks as a high minded hunter might thank an animal it eats after having killed it. It is suggested in the corrupted histories that the Pharaohs of Egypt ruled their subject with this high level of respect. This can be seen in their incorporation of animal life into their religion; animal life which obviously symbolizes the different personalities of their subjects, whom they came to understand in comparison to the qualities of animals. This is the appropriate way for elites to interact with normies, which has steadily decreased to near zero respect today as the chaos and fog of war forces all powers to do what they must in order to survive. It truly can be said with truth to a certain extent, that nobody is at fault. I will continually lay the blame at the feet of this impersonal spirit I call the chaos monster. The hierarchical structure to be sorted and organized by elites calls for this hierarchy of intellectuals to exist which propels anyone with the desire and perseverance to achieve status as an intellectual and move out of the realm of normie life. It is only this hierarchy management of intellectuals which can earn the moral placement of elites, who can rest their consciences that they benefit from the labor of the mass of normies while at the same time constantly searching for talented intellectuals among the normies with which to promote up the ranks of the intellectual hierarchy and save them from a life a slavery amongst the normies; no small suffering for an intellectual. Yet with the increase of chaos through the centuries, and the ever expanding infinity of general warfare in humanity, this intellectual hierarchy appears non-existent as each man feels

only the power enough to save themselves. Yet, it is my hope with this paragraph that I may inspire the spark to help us return eventually to the old ancient positive equilibrium of intellectual and normy.

Again, the life of a normy revolves around school, and my life was no different. And living as a normy, I attempted to understand the world from that angle. My parental set being the type to learn to lean extra toward the normy side of the spectrum, with a touch of intelligence, yet not the type of intelligence to stand against serious enforced norms. As such, I had to make my own way in understanding the world; yet with certain obvious advantages which I will not doubt helped me greatly, in the form of basic encouragement of my childlike exploration, and other basic protections. Still, this did not prevent me from falling into the trap of trying at face value to make sense of what I later understood to more accurately be propaganda manipulation techniques. Like reading a children's book with all the seriousness of reading an ancient religious text; so the same that every normy will struggle trying to make sense of the farcical display of truth; which from the perspective of the elites who design it, it is true that it is rare for any normy to ever look much deeper at what most as the best attempts at diversion techniques, information designed to quick subdue initial curiosity and divert attention to non-serious matters. If given a fair chance at reasonably explained education, it might be possible to raise a small minority of normies to middle of the road intellectuals, nothing that will break any boundaries or give the elite any serious trouble individually, but in general will substantially increase the occurrences of disobedience in the common people, draining the resources needed to subdue child-like obstinance, and thus it has been decided it's better to eliminate the development of middle intellectuals through standard methods of discouragement and an organized structure of annoyances which makes the path toward true intellectual development the most difficult and least road travelled; meaning only those most devoted to the task will ever succeed; leaving a gap in the needed intellectual hierarchy which middle intellectuals are necessary to fill.

Among these things someone progressing out of the pit of normalcy will inevitably have to approach, are the analysis of celebrities, both present day and historical. Presentations of the public figures wildly political to the point of being fiction, yet based on truth so that there is no benefit from

their study. Public figures who took my attention, as with all children, reflected the qualities I admired and sought after for myself. Albert Einstein, propagandized as the messiah of intelligence itself; hugely successful figures of power from the past most often held my awe, especially during my late teen years: men like Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Napoleon, and Hitler; to name a few. In my mid-teens, the philosophy of religion sparked my interest and I made sure to digest every major religious book among those were the Torah, Tao Te Ching, the New Testament. Of course no common born child in the United States can avoid the extreme emphasis put on the hyper non-violent activists like Ghandi and Martin Luther King Jr. In my attempts to emulate all these public figures I variously developed my own immature manifestations of philosophy and historical political positions. Without knowing it at the time, I was scratching at the psychological boundaries of the normie, constantly becoming frustrated and confused and I more and more energetically sought to make sense of things which were not meant to make any true sense. This frustration manifested itself, as I understand now, in alienation and loneliness, which came upon me at a young age; I can remember started at 10 years old. Even before this I distinctly remember the emerging of my consciousness at 9 years old; that is the boundary between when your memories become clear and precise, before which they consist of a dreamlike fog of random events. At some point in my early teens I made it a point to write down and keep track of the history of my own life, and as a result I have the benefit of accurately remembering my young life, and my hope has always been not to repeat the mistakes of my past with a foundational strategy of remembering everything that happened to me. I have many collected memories of my life before 9 years old, but they are not important to mention here. At some point, also in my early teens, I was highly influenced by the constant public glorification of actors in movies and on television. I understand now the acting celebrities of the public sphere as the most efficient device of cultivating the different personality types for the people to observe and subconsciously choose from as the foundation for establishing predictable normy patterned behavior. It is not only a trait of normies, but of all young people, to observe their world and choose a personality type which you adopt and experiment with, going back and forth before settling upon one or two. Without realizing it, every normy has seized upon usually some fictional character who reflects their own desires; and the operating system of every normy mind subconsciously reflects with every decision by asking

themselves "what would my chosen character do?" And in this sense the preliminary establishment of the automaton behavior of normies is ingrained in their soul, which is the first step of switching off the light of true life, in exchange for machine like behavior. The pantheon of these personality types is variously updated and re-arranged according the intellectual pondering of the elite who seek to carefully mange the machine like parts of their normy masses, which as I said act like the power source in the machine of society which at end result is a military affair; since all permanency of power depends on the ability to defend yourself from attack as a starting point; and thus it is no surprise that a world at war involves only the powers left who have dedicated themselves to the strategy of military. Yet, there seems to have been rarely a decrease in the potency of the general world war, but instead a constant increase in its scrupulousness as each power seems to have no other choice but to increase its power or to perish.

And thus as a struggled to understand the constant contradictions of my world from the impossible perspective of the acceptance of elemental truths which were completely false, as I said it reflected in my life as an ever increasing isolation from my peers, starting at ten years old. As I was still a normy at the time, the despair of loneliness and the lack of fitting in with my peers hit me all the harder. Yet, the system is designed to make the breaking away from normy habits to be as socially painful as possible. This is one of the main indirect functions of modern education; and I definitely felt the pain. So much so was my suffering isolation that I became hyper attached to finding friends. My parents provided a minimal subsistence of support that perhaps protected me from the most radical of extremes, yet still, my parental figures had no answers to deliver to me other than t follow the norm, haphazardly communicated to me in which was nothing other than to comfort me with the horrid wisdom of "Don't worry. You'll be normal one day." The highest wisdom of the people around me was nothing other than to seek normalcy, without giving up hope! At the same time, to complete to contradictory thought patterns which might otherwise be shattered from obvious lack of logic, trite phrases like "be yourself", are always included in, even though the main direction of advisement was always the opposite of this, but more accurately "be the personality type you choose for yourself!" And what other choice did I have? With correct logic to hold humility and seek the wisdom of experience, I did indeed try my best to fit in. But applying my intellectual logic

to the pursuit of normalcy was counterproductive and the stresses of my life always continued to increase without fail. With certainty, the suffering of that time in my young life are among the most painful experiences of my life. Every time I seemed to find a place to settle into as a comfortable place of rest for my psychology, the true nature of my intellectual awakening would sooner or later cast me out of these places of comfort which can only be permanent in the case of an unchanging normy. I jumped from friend to friend, holding on for dear life more and more with each round of success and failure, and unsurprisingly to the friendships of these normies I held onto like the most valuable treasure, it made them increasingly uncomfortable in the way that a child is unable to pursue the duties of looking after and protecting those weaker than yourself, they of course were not meant to be my protective elders, and thus the more I clung to the hope of finding a group of friends, like the ones I saw in the movies and on TV, the further away this possibility became for me. At some point I became so uncomfortable in my loneliness that I would dare not speak an ill word to any friend I might come across that would tolerate my servile pathetic-ness. Yet again, any time I found a new shoulder to lean on, the intellectual light of my soul would sooner or later cause that awkward moment, and the inevitable clash of being misunderstood; and my normie friends had no other choice than to follow the pattern of the entirety everything they understood to be true, and to shun me in any of the multitude of examples in public culture of how to treat someone who does not conform. I do not even blame the majority of these cases on the individual normies who rejected, because in most cases I was displaying erratic behaviors, which only high class intellectual adults would ever be able to understand and look past their face value. Like the attempting human to act like a machine, I could not possibly fit in and develop that cool confidence expected of successful normy behavior; and attempting to do so outwardly manifested itself like a malfunction bordering on mental illness. The fate of thinking inside the box for a concept that requires outside the box thinking; the epitome of frustration and confusion. Yet I continued on like the survival instinct does not allow someone to just simply die; I had a fire in my soul which was not ready to burn out, and it could not burn out.

In the end, at 15 years old, I made one last all out investment in a chosen group of friends which I laid all my hopes on. And with the energy of a life or death determination I fought for

the middle ground of keeping my friends and displaying the confident, cool behaviors of a powerful normy. And with the same extreme of dedication to my chosen comfort zone, when it failed me in the most unforeseen way, and I was left alone, I fell into great despair. And it is true that so many of the non-conforming amongst the common people fall into this same despair, in many cases leading to suicide. Love and acceptance are a crucial need to human psychology, both for normy and intellectual alike; yet for the intellectual the length of survival may persist for long periods of time before eventual inevitable madness sets in. I as definitely no exception to this; yet rather than call it madness, I would prefer to refer to it as involuntary psychological epilepsy more accurately described like the result of physical torture. Yet, I somehow survived and persisted through that gloom and starvation of love. My brothers were much more successful at being the normy, and for all purposes they were normies. I alone faced the mystery. And as evidenced by the various ways to fall victim to madness: homelessness, mental hospital, suicide, intolerable despair; it was truly a life and death struggle. From my current perspective I would describe it in totality as massive struggle between two fighters: myself, and the normy world; a struggle which often landed me unconscious on the ground, yet I got back up again and again, until eventually I was victorious to stand on my own with confidence and self-respect, yet battered and bruised and without a doubt severely hurt, yet standing and alive; protecting the tender heart of my soul. Yet, each stage of the struggle with this formless enemy of mine is new, and I do not pretend to know exactly what the future will bring. I am satisfied to have lasted this long, and hope to continue with some true offensive success in the future, rather than simply surviving from the limited success of my defense.

After the failing of that my last ditch effort to claim a circle of friends for myself at 15 years old, I fell into a great despair that lasted many years. Even for two years at that time I scarcely had a social moment. And I led my vigil in the lonely cave of my existence at that time. No longer had I any energy left to pursue any new friends. What opportunities for friendship came my way, I variously wasted or disregarded and could not bring myself to attempt again at the risk of another failure and wasting of my energy and intellectual powers. Because to make friends with normies requires the exact opposite of intellectual activity, but rather some kind of flow with the spirit of the normy, which can only be understood by authentic

normies. Most of these successful normies will lay a claim owing their success from a confidence to do what they wanted without a normy type regard to copying others. They feel independent, but it is an illusion created not from their independent thought, but rather their independent though coinciding with one of the accepted normy behaviors and personalities. They simply were cornered into the choosing of a personality, and they chose in accordance with what was expected by the normy controllers. If they had chosen a choice outside thee normy boundaries, they would not have found life so easy afterward and would have found themselves in the same predicament as myself. Thus this false sense of independent thought is not real. Yet, these people a powerful tools used by the system to entrench the system as their enforcers. Much like the police enforcing type of order in society through the powers of their office, these powerful normies are variously rewarded in various way to protect their great social powers, and they run through the social circles of normies like great unstoppable tanks that go where they please. Yet their false power is held up by the invisible system, they know not, and they live life with all the confidence of a king as normy and struggling intellectual seek the warmth which surrounds them in their fantastic social circles that deliver one of the greatest pleasures to all mankind, acceptance and love. It is no wonder that these type of people are the most hopelessly asleep; and the most reliable of people for the system to build upon the great temple of normie civilization.

1.10: WOMEN: THE HEART OF MEN

As I felt my way through this chaotic world, and the puberty of manhood set upon me in those same years of my teenage loneliness; my body began the slow creep toward the desire for, and biologically the great need for a woman. I've learned long ago not to place all my confidence in any one particular conclusion I might come to. Yet, again I'll say, there is an often unpracticed philosophy the declines self-confidence totally. Yet, some conclusions become ultimately apparent to the furthest extreme that I become entrenched in my attachment to that truth, yet hold a small candlelight vigil in my soul for the small chance I could be wrong. I now hold many small candlelight vigils in my mind for all sorts of ideas I have disregarded with almost absolute certainty, like the graveyards of my mind; ready to call upon in case of emergency to once again turn myself toward the truth; the truth which is of

ultimate purpose to the intellectual that I hope to be. It is with this near absolute confidence that I wish to describe to you the feelings of men for women. I do feel my intellectual success allows me most accurately give you, the reader, both man or woman, who might be considering these words, true insight into the feelings of man for woman. Even for the average successful intellectual, understand your own raw instincts, emotions, and feelings for women requires a deep, long, reflective and meditative self-study to truly understand, and then another level beyond that to explain to others in words. I feel that my long years of self-reflection about this topic allows me the ability to do this for you. To explain to you not just my own individual feelings, but the conclusions I've come to about the common connection of all men in how we feel about women in the broadest sense. It is required that I divert to a general explanation of the philosophy of the male mind concerning women, in order that I describe this next part of my life efficiently to you. Thus, let me continue.

It makes sense, through examining biology, and the simple observance of how natural selection implements a type of evolution in all species. I strike a middle ground between the theories of God creation and biological evolution, by stating my belief in the system of evolution created by God. I will have a separate section of this book dedicated to religion, yet for these other parts I desire to keep my ideas accessible to all; and thus I strike the middle ground of both evolution and creation. With that said, the interplay between the sexes is highly attached to this natural selection, as males and females select their partner and in general increase those traits within the human population. You can imagine that long ago began the process of the drive for men to pursue a woman, to create the next generation through union with her, and that men who did not hold this great drive in general were less inclined to pursue women if ever the pursuit became too troublesome for whatever reason. To explain further how natural selection works, do not be mistaken that all natural selection occurs at once, with a certain trait dying off by not producing at all; but rather consider that in general a trait like the deep desire for a woman could at first be a small general trend which result in a slightly higher ratio of men with this high desire to reproduce better than those without. Think then, that the next generation will consist of a population of people with this trait existing in a slightly higher degree; and thus you can expect there to be a higher possibility that people with this trait will breed with

each other; this also includes with the daughters of these men passing on this trait; and thus the trait becomes doubled and stronger in the next generation. And so on, there exists this path toward the natural selection increasing of a trait in humanity in a gradual way. Thus, I claim that this trait of the deep desire for a woman has been passed down in men and has become stronger and stronger with each proceeding generation of humanity; perhaps making giant leaps during times of great struggle and devastation within civilization caused only the men to survive who the strongest desire for a woman, no matter the cost. Because after all, every other trait of humanity that is not attached to sexual reproduction falls by the wayside compared to those traits which are directly attached to sexual reproduction. And thus, it is my contention that this desire for women, by men, has reached infinite proportions of life-shattering relevance in men today. When puberty sets in, this trait reveals itself in boys, like the slow unrelenting flood of high tide, it comes upon them slowly, yet the extreme strength of the feeling also makes it arise in a way suddenly. Like drowning and the desire for air, it becomes a desperation when required. It becomes an extreme devastation of a man's life when required. It becomes a hopeless attempt to resist when required. Every anomaly of a man receiving more of this trait at any point in the past, which allowed him the necessary energy to reproduce when all other men failed, held onto like a root of the human foundation as it flowers and spreads through his offspring to again increase the trait within all of humanity. On and on it goes. At times the extreme disturbances in the minds of men due to this titanic impulse will display itself in counter-intuitive ways, as each man in himself attempts to conquer the impulse, to resist its pain, in whatever creative ways a man can come up with. It is truly an ocean of complexity that I do not intend to explain every inch of it, but rather to provide you with the general outline of the shape of that massive sea, merely providing you the shore lines and the average depths; but to explain to you every drop of its water is not possible.

No different than other men in that regard, this trait came upon me slowly, yet suddenly, approximately at 15 years old; and in hindsight has become stronger and stronger ever since. Especially being in the pains of loneliness, I dreamt of a woman by my side, to be my long desired friend, to quench this thirst of mine for her body. I imagined as all men do, that to fulfill this desire of my soul could solve all my problems and afterward I could rest from the suffering of life, if only I found one

woman to be my companion. Yet, as often is the case, the extreme desire for a particular thing will often push it further away from you, especially in the cases when the attainment of such thing requires a calm patient approach. Thus in conflict with myself, as the desire for a woman grew stronger, so the same did the possibility of attaining a woman flee further from me. Also mixed in to this dilemma is the reality of maximum technology surveillance and the manipulations of the human livestock by the elite. In which case, I found myself in a place of running up against the boundary expectations for normies which led me into the brick wall of systems put in place to discourage non-normy behavior; a system which at an elementary level included the punishment of decreasing chances to attain a woman. Yet, I had some advantage in what would be considered an attractive appearance, when in reality attractive appearance is due to the result of manipulated culture which puts forth a certain physical look into the public sphere and causes higher proportions of women to be attracted to those chosen physical features; and in that sense I will not deny that I had a small advantage in this regard as my physical look more so than not fell in with those chosen physical features which were glorified in men in public life. Perhaps this is what gave me the factor I needed to overcome my troubles stemming from my non-normy habits, and I was able to attain small successes in this pursuit of women in my early life; in the form of a few non-serious girlfriends. Yet, my upbringing, particularly from my mother, emphasized a sacredness to sexual activity and the importance of its attachment to marriage. Of course my mother was only passing on little understood instincts and religious attachment; yet I recognize this as an extremely lucky occurrence for me. For sexual activity truly is one of the most sacred things in humanity. And the participation in sexual activities at a young age can have drastically long term consequences for young men who practice it while barely understanding their place in the world to begin with. Especially for a youth like myself who was pursuing the life of an intellectual and unknowingly charging for a head on collision with the automatic penalties of non-normy behavior in a ferociously strict normy world. This combination was setting me on a path toward extreme suffering and isolation. I had no idea what was coming. The following decades of my life, I could not bare to repeat again. It brings me a sense of horror even to consider recalling those years which I am about to re-live in order to share those memories again with you now, my reader.

After some years in a state of shock after my social failings at 15 years old, I gradually recovered something of balance. I happened upon some light friendships that I held onto with a sense of suspicion, never again trusting the ground I walked on for which I was aware could disappear suddenly without any notice. Looking back on it, those friendships I made at this time were a result again of desperation rather than a true connection causing me to come together with them. Being a non-conformer and a blossoming non-normy, it was impossible for me to have any real connection with anyone. At the time I interpreted it as something wrong with me, and I had a very low self-confidence. Even my own brothers would shun me. My normy father did not degrade me, but was out of his depth to have any hope of explaining anything to me. I was truly on my own, without a true friend in the world. Perhaps this misfortune paved the way for me to be as strong as I am now. Perhaps it delayed my arrival to strength by many years. Yet, no, I am certain we are all equal in our opportunity, different only in the path we must take toward the same possibility. Perhaps another with less misfortune than I would have arrived at strength before me; yet the quantity of my strength was arrived at suddenly in the end, while the more fortunate souls would have arrived at a lesser strength sooner which would afterward mature slowly into the same quantity of my own suddenly received strength. And so on, middle combinations of those two extremes lay the spectrum of life which provides us all that same opportunity, as far as each of us has their own drive to persist and persevere to overcome their individual struggles.

At 18 years I began a relationship with a woman which would later on develop into my first potent sexual activities. At this same time I came into contact with the world of drugs. The world of drugs, the kind which I'm referring to hold the connotation in the English language to more accurately describe them as any fast acting large changes in someone's state of mind and body. In the USA culture, alcohol and caffeine are the base level drugs intended to pacify the common people. The caffeine, via coffee and energy drinks would be considered smallest form of what could be considered a drug that I'm referring to. Yet, the population of the entire world is so bent on the coffee form of it, to manage their energy levels, that it appears to me like there can only be very serious consequences of its long term constant use, even after tolerance reaches a plateau at which point develops the coffee addict which cannot bare to live without it, and depends upon it for energy levels. I've seen

this addiction very clearly in my own mother; and if one can remember the effects of strong coffee before their tolerance developed, you will understand that hormonal electrification of your body from it is no small thing to think lightly of exposing your body to every day, and every morning. Yet it takes the place in many common people of the need for a vice, which the normy controllers appear to have chosen coffee and caffeine as the place holder for this tendency. To explain it simply, under pressure and stress the normy mind is comforted leaning upon a habit to distract them, and particularly in women the daily ritual of making an exciting and social time out of electrifying your body with coffee is able to fill this void. Now let's turn to alcohol, the other vice designed within USA culture to hold a reserved place for more serious life stresses which cause a normy the need to turn toward something more potent to lean upon. Not to say that all alcoholic consumption is a vice, but rather under that the result the elites desire for their livestock is highest productivity, and alcohol by all direct observance decreases productivity and it is obvious that its consumption would be phased out of the common people without hesitation unless there was some other need for it, which is that vice outlet which I just described. Like managing the water drainage of a land area, there must be made a sensible outlet for excess water to go during heavy rain, or else the water will flood and spill out randomly and cause damage. In the same way, a normy's stress is understood to need an outlet when the storms of their life rain down excess stress, and in that case the structure of society is designed to make alcohol be the first avail outlet upon which anyone would stumble upon, and it is the hope of the elites that the flood of their lives does not spill over into more dangerous methods of stress management, like more serious drugs with intense effects on productivity and health.

More recently there has been added a third drug to the mix, cannabis, commonly known as weed or marijuana. From what can be gathered in the corrupted histories available to me, cannabis was originally rarely consumed by the people as a recreational drug. From those same corrupted histories it also appears there was a development in warfare tactics due to the world population explosion made possible by the industrial revolution during the 1800's. This population explosion made governmental micromanagement of its people an impossible task, and thus a method opened up to attack an enemy via causing addiction of their people to a chosen drug, with obvious reasons to decrease productivity and thus weaken the target. One of the first widely

known uses of this war tactic has become known as the opium wars in Asia during the 1800's, in which enemies of the Asian people supposedly successfully caused an opium addiction in such a large percentage of the common people so as to be successful in its goal as an attack tactic. From then afterwards, powers were forced to develop previously unseen strategies of defense implemented by the elite controllers of the common people, to guard against this destruction of their productivity. Thus, there began to develop extremes of law which were necessary to prevent this kind of drug subversion of their common people. As with all new developments in society, there was a period of experimentation on how best to defend their people from drug subversion, which resulted in a period of highly dramatic changes in the structure of society in regard to drugs, which in itself was a result of the more fundamental change of the sudden exponential growth of the human population at that time.

Circling back to the development of cannabis as a drug; it appears that settling down of the direct high contact power struggles throughout the 1800's which ended with the two world wars, there finally arose a kind of stability in the powers of the world which allowed the increase of indirect type low-contact type warfare, such as drug addiction subversion. It appears that increase in drug use during the 1960's in the USA was a direct result of a successful campaign by foreign powers to perform a drug war subversion upon the USA common people. It was under these circumstances that cannabis first became an extremely popular drug within the USA common people. And at first, the USA government tried in vain to stem the tide of this development with psychological tactics at first, and then eventually were forced to implement dangerous and highly irritating direct laws against all kinds of these drugs in the 1970's and 1980's. I say dangerous from the perspective of the elite controllers of the common people, who I'm sure are aware of the inefficiencies and possibilities for chaos when taking away what the common people perceive as their freedom; especially in the normy culture lore of the USA, which emblazoned the idea of the superior freedom of its people as its foundational creation story, upon which the normies were constantly pacified in that system by constant reference to that freedom, most often in reference to the bill of rights and "land of the free" folk slogans. Understand, that because the methods of managing common folk are so vast, complex, interlocking, random, and subject to the peculiar historical developments of the specific region, those management methods become as unique as a fingerprint, and adjustments must be made that would only

apply to that specific system. I would imagine that there are segments of the elite which are highly specialized in the general study of common folk management, and who hold a great pride in their knowledge of it which might well be considered an artform. Thus, the radical changes of the USA culture during the 1960's were a result of coordinating that lore of freedom with the newfound challenge of defending against drug subversion. Not only was cannabis a popular drug at that time, but also much more volatile substances such as acid, mushrooms, various opium poppy derivatives, and finally the explosion of cocaine use during the 1980's at which point the USA elites seemed to have lost complete control of the developing drug subversions, and thus applied never before seen strictness in drug laws, causing high degrees of disturbance in the USA common people. After all, it is simple logic to understand that the taking away of freedom in the common folk via psychological manipulation is highly preferable because it is not perceived as an erosion of freedom, whereas direct law to imprison drug users is highly visible and causes the need for much resources to be expended to manage the side effects of their psychological perception of the taking of their freedom, to do something which on the surface seems to go against the instinct that an individual should not be prevented from choosing what they put into their own body or not.

It then appears at some point in the midst of all this shuffling chaos, that it was determined that another drug outlet needed to be built into the foundation of USA culture. And it is directly obvious now of the long term plan implemented to prepare cannabis as this next outlet. Of course, with common people, the recommendation of change to be implemented slowly is highly valuable, as slow changes are less noticed than drastic changes, and always sudden drastic changes will be met with extreme stress upon any common people accustomed to a certain way of living. This involves the interplay between common folk who support drug laws and those who support a higher priority of freedom. Yet of course, the elite controllers of society exist in a perspective that requires a more complicated view of the scenario. My childhood existed in the middle of this transition of the psychological exclusion of all other drugs in favor of funneling the people toward a use of cannabis whenever they needed something in addition to caffeine and alcohol; undoubtedly each common folk in this situation would at least try cannabis first before they moved on to other substances that are a lot more difficult to acquire. This is done easily through methods of designing laws and social structure to cause cannabis to be

less enforced, along with other simple methods of increasing or decreasing the laws against the various other drug substances. Take this all the way to the present day of this book, 2021, where the finishing touches on cannabis acceptance exists almost in full with about half of the USA states now legalizing it, while the other half are barely enforcing it.

It is in this way, that I climbed the ladder of drugs according to the design of society as my stress levels and lack of supervision destined me. At 16 years old, my older brother introduced me to alcohol. Of course without my parent's permission, nor really their notice, and honestly they probably would have approved of it anyway, as the normy culture establishment was for children to introduce it to themselves in slight acts of rebellion. Disregarding whether it is an appropriate way to allow children to approach alcohol, the more significant thing is that a culture of non-involvement of parents and rebellions of parents was supported by the system, as I see it for the purpose of establishing a dominance of the system upon children before their parents. In reality, any common sense will tell you that all children should obey their parents and parents should be involved in the direction of their children's lives. But the normy culture leaves parents mostly unable to intellectual participate in such complicated developments of their children. This is not to say that parents of low intelligence development should have high influence over their children's lives, as the generational development of that human should improve more with each generation; but that generational improvement is only possible when the chain of each generation is linked to the other by supremely high degree of respect and obedience for parents; so that while mistakes are guaranteed to made, they are also guaranteed to be fixed in the next generation by that child who experienced suffering at the hands of their mistaken parent and yet still obeyed their flawed advice. In addition to this, the self-improvement would be self-managed without the need for outside interference. A solid bedrock of a culture pressuring the common people's children to obey their parents with the sacredness of a religious duty is the only thing that make this possible. Yet, as so often is the case for the elite controllers of a society, long term betterment of their people is not within their interest in a world where they can be destroyed in the short term. Thus the elite have designed society as if it was a backdoor hack on a computer system, which allows them to influence children in any direction they want. After all, to them, what benefit is it for

the chaotic randomness of the common folk mind to guide the direction of youth. Again I'll repeat, the benefit is at least two or three generations off before the benefits will be seen, that is some 70 years off in the future; requiring the investment of 70 years into the future before seeing any benefit; and actually most assuredly a reversal of progress for that first generation as the initial generation takes upon it the duty of being the first to face the world alone according to its own intellect, and making all the first mistakes from which the next generation will learn. Assuredly a painful, but necessary process; will require the sacredness of the duty of a child to obey their parents to also be coupled with the grand duty to sacrifice for and revere even flawed parents, with the poetic pull of a holy law with the same substance of an adult protecting a small child with the shield of its body; an instinctually honor infested act. I will emphasize more still the duty of a child to their parent, to appreciate them for being the shoulders upon which they stand which give them lift out of the water to breath while the parent itself drown. It should be understood that a child will eventually outgrow their parent and become stronger than them until eventually the parent appears like a child who will often misbehave; but so also goes the duty of that child to then behave like the parent who responds with understanding and veiled dominance.

Let me emphasize to you the nature of the common folk world in which I lived when I was 16 years old. That there existed a false appearance of parental involvement, when there was in reality practically none at all. At least that was the point at which my particular generational improvement was at; and my sense of estimation tells me that this was the average level most common folk children were at with their parents. As I said, my life seems to have fallen directly on the average, with of course outliers of parents above and below that wisdom. Yet, as the years progressed, the ability even for highly intelligent parents to steer the children was gradually weakened more and more, so that by my time it required truly great intellect on the part of parents to guide their children without losing them to the many pitfalls of life, and the pull of the social culture. In my opinion, I must lay the blame upon the ever increasing violence of the world at war, which left elites with no other option than for quick fixes and adjustments to constantly evolving situations which did not permit time to relax and reflect on the best way to go about things. In this way, as so often is the case, the responsibility of this society

of chaos cannot be laid on the elites themselves, or anyone in particular, but again upon this impersonal chaos beast within disunited humanity. After all, those elites who chose that imperfect path for their people, had they instead chosen some of the betterments I speak of, would have left them vulnerable to attack by foreign powers and thus the destruction of their common people in a different fashion as the conquering power layed scorched earth tactics against the conquered people in order to ensure no resistance would arise in the process of conquering. Again, humanity seems on all sides to be stuck again and again in choosing the better of two evils, of choosing the wisdom of every man for himself. Truly, as with natural selection, any power who chose the path of morality as opposed to survival, in fact did not survive, and thus there only exists the powers today who were the most unscrupulous in their techniques in order to remain today. This is the picture of the chaos beast of humanity. It seems humanity is destined for self-annihilation the longer the different powers continue to survive separately and contend with each other in a world where there is no trust except among your own. The strategies at this point in the world war have been so extensively explored and perfect by all sides, that there seems to exist no other possibility other than continued stale, and thus the destruction of humanity. But don't mistake this destruction I speak of to mean a type which sends us back to the stone age, but rather a worse kind of destruction, a true destruction more complete than any other, that is the complete unrestrained reign of the chaos beast, meaning the continued false appearance of a civilization living in chaos and the presence of all the cruelest forms of torture and filth so that none but an ever decreasing few have any sense of real happens; an apocalypse where nothing happens, but rather just the infinite downward spiral of humanity into deeper and deeper levels hell. A destruction back to the stone age would be much preferable than this hellish future. What are we to do? What can anyone do? Truly, this chaos beast is powerful enemy; yet in my heart, I tell you I believe we can destroy it.

Like any other normy, during my chaotic mid teenage years, I did have some celebrity influences who I thought I could lean on for help; some musicians who I dare not even repeat their names in this book, who were nothing more than the manufactured means of parenting by the elite controllers. Like the use of some drug that produces high energy in the short term, yet in the long term results in the destruction of your body and mind; so also the elites would use the common people for short term games by

means of poorly behaving influencers. Yet, I had some sense of comfort in my idolization of them; after all, what other choice did I have than to realize I was completely alone, abandoned in a chaotic apocalypse. I see children today in this same state as I was in back then. The structure of society does not allow me to interfere or help in any meaningful way. I see these youths and their coming destruction, when the world in one swift stroke strikes them with such force so as to snuff out the flame of pure joy adventure and wonderment that exists in all youth. And for whatever reason, my flame has survived in sufficient amount today for me to write this book; yet I tell you, my flame is almost gone. With each passing day, with each new suffering, with each moment of continued solitude as I experience it; I do not know what it means to let my inner flame go out, like as if some mythological vampire bite slowly changes me into some unconscious zombie, I do feel the darkness coming over me; to the point where I feel as if this book could be my last act before I expire. The hope that some future reader my happen upon these words and spark some effect of consoling hope, and perhaps eventually unite a small group to build a psychological shelter in the ruins of this society, this smallest possible result is enough to an eruption of my flame to deliver these words to you. I will finish this task; I have nothing else but to keep this small semblance of dignity to perform an honorable deed before I finally lose all strength to continue the struggle. I do not want to image what awaits me on the other side... something worse than death; which only my belief in God gives me solace from. Yet as I said, I will reserve talk of God and religion for another section of this book; for which those disinterested in the beliefs can simply skip if they must. It is for this reason that I be able to reach all types of people that I confine my ideas of God to that one section. Make no mistake that I am somehow ashamed of my beliefs in God by doing this, but rather the more efficient it is to allow those disinterested to browse that section voluntarily when they are ready, rather than to alienate them via causing their constant annoyance throughout this book. It is my hope that this consideration for the atheist reader might eventually cause a more likely eventual reception for the ideas of God, which I do consider to me the most important ideas of all, rather than assuring rejection through irritation by my constantly attempting to force those ideas into their ears; a method which I feel so many God believers to mistakenly use which has created a spam like atmosphere of religion and God that pushes these people further and further away; I will take no part in that error; and I do believe my

atheist reader, because of this regard for their beliefs, will truly give my section about God a fair consideration as a respect for me that they give no other preacher. Heil Hitler.

Going back again to my older brother introducing me to alcohol at 16 years old, as I said the state of parental support by society resulted in me taking on the world completely alone. The consistent theme of my life, was that I seemed to always fall in the middle between the extremes of great misfortune and great luck. My progression with drugs followed this same theme, and while it was my misfortune that lack of intellectual supervision caused me down the path of drugs, I was lucky in that I started relatively late in my youth and also slowly progressed into it, rather than a sudden bad influence casting me straight into extreme drug use very quickly. My younger brother did not receive this same grace, since his higher functioning normy skills exposed him to more friendships and thus also to the greater chance of being exposed to drugs at an early age. As I later understood he became involved in the use of cannabis beginning at age 13 which soon progressed to its limit of daily, constant, intake. This is not surprising consider that at the same time my older brother's experimental use of cannabis began at the same time but an older age. Eventually my older brother settled upon alcohol as his drug of choice and his use of cannabis never progressed past an experimental phase.

Alternately, I settled upon cannabis as my drug of choice, and rarely used alcohol. This spectrum of the two drugs built into normy culture during my childhood represents a curious spectrum of polar opposite effects and consequences. MY older brother, his intellectual flame being snuffed out early in life, preferred alcohol because it was a drug that generally decreases critical thinking focusing its effect on the relaxation of the individual, usually chosen out of a desire to cease from intellectual thought and enjoy the present moment in an effortless way. On the other side, cannabis is a drug whose results highly depend on the user. In highly intellectual users, like myself, cannabis causes an intense rush of creative thought, and when done jointly with a chosen intellectual activity, generally floods the mind with a multitude of spiritual and intellectual thought. However, in less intellectual normies, cannabis in the same way can push the user toward a meditative state that increases the relaxed state preference of that less intellectual user. I will also say that the genetic racial background of a user I've also noticed to change the effect of cannabis significantly, whereas the black

race seems to much more often receive a relaxed state from cannabis, while the white race usually receives a higher energy state from it. I will go into racial characteristics further in another section of this book. Yet, even as cannabis causes relaxation in many users, it still is a more so intellectual meditative state when compared with the extremely non-intellectual non-spiritual state of the alcohol effect.

The spectrum of alcohol vs cannabis, whose effect is roughly relaxation vs intellectual stimulation, also has similar polarized negative consequences of prolonged use. The prolonged use of alcohol causes injury most severely for the body itself rather than the mind. While the prolonged use of cannabis causes injury almost entirely for the mind and little for the body. In intellectual users of cannabis, such I was during that time, the effect causes such an enormous flow of thought and intellectual energy that it often drives these types to a general severe confusion presenting itself as unclear thought patterns, and more generally known in the past as madness, and in recent times the psychiatric system has ceased upon the word psychosis. The effects of users who pursue cannabis for a meditative relaxation, the injury results less in madness but rather the opposite of madness; a type of hyper passiveness; which for the majority of normies who are not intellectual this is the most common result; and thus the reason why the USA culture fought against its spread for so long, because hyper passiveness causes an extreme decrease in productivity; whose net effect can roughly be categorized as the slowing of the economy, which is more accurately described as the modern structure of society designed to enslave the common people to serve the elites.

While my own use of cannabis would eventually turn into that intellectual madness, of which I will describe more shortly, on the other hand my younger brother fell on the spectrum of developing a hyper passivity. My older brother fell into a moderate over consumption of alcohol, but generally he was the most extremely conforming to normie socialization of us three brothers, and so the pressure of normy culture to be socially stable also led him to avoid deep alcohol addiction, if only because that is looked down upon by normies; and I'll repeat again and again, the most dedicated normies seek the approval of general society and follow what appears to be expected behavior with the dedication of a religious fanatic. In that way, my older brother became the most successful in this normy world out of all of us. But this success comes with a price that can only

be understood by intellectuals; even today whenever I speak with him, it is impossible to bypass his surrounding shield of normy energy, which locks out any penetration of outside thought, bubbling him in like a cocoon, or more like a tomb, with which you cannot communicate; and his mind unceasingly repeats the phrases and expectations of normie culture. Perhaps because of me, who constantly exposed him to all the different types of intellectual thoughts throughout his life, he developed an impenetrable defensive shell against all non-normy ideas, and as my intellectual development slowly progressed to my intellectual victory over the normy mindset, it also slowly progressed his normy shell to be equally as strong as my intellectual mind. In that sense, I wonder if I helped to create one of the most powerful normy adherents in existence. Because as my mind fell in and out of victory as a battled the demons of this normy world, from his perspective it appeared as madness which further solidified him against all types of intellectual thought. I will openly admit that he is the most hopeless asleep normy sleepwalker I've ever come across. It is as if speaking to the deaf, he cannot hear. I mourn for the coma of his soul. His personality exists in random busts that appear suddenly and only as great expense of my energy. I know in this sense that my older brother is not alive, and not dead, but dormant, and only with peer pressure would he ever change his opinions, and even then if my opinions were to one day be accepted and become a new type of norm, he would undoubtedly bow to peer pressure and accept all, yet this does not pierce shell of his subconscious religion to always follow the norm. I wonder if ever some combination of changing the norm could ever pierce the sarcophagus of his mind to electrify his soul and spark true intellectual activity to overcome his extreme fear of going against the norm. It is a dream I have to somehow find his soul in that wilderness, but then again, I also recognize that not all minds are the same, and while the normy mind is relatively lifeless and machine like predictable, there is also a ray of light I see in all normies that manifests itself in their ability to have fun. Like the turn key of their soul, when they have fun you will see their eyes light up, and when they perceive acceptance by their peers in the form of a signal that they are enjoying themselves in his company and thus satisfying him that he is not just having fun himself but also causing fun in other, it is at this point that I see the light inside the normies soul as they seem to fulfill what is their destiny and their purpose in this world. While the purpose of the intellectual would be to take on a caretaker role of societies

more complicated aspects, I wonder if the purpose of the normy is to non-intellectual social joy. I'll even admit, perhaps this is a role that no intellectual could ever hope to understand, and it from this series of thoughts that I've come to feel a great compassion and acceptance of the normy. Not to constantly belittle them over their childlike predictability, but to appreciate them for achieving things I could not do; which is to sit light heartedly and cease making sense and logic out of all the events around me, but to live in the moment. It is this that I truly believe is the polar opposite role of normies and intellectuals, so that I desire to take on my role as protector of the normies or more respectfully titled "common folk". Normie is perhaps a word that can reflect a common folk seized by an outside immoral force manipulating them to do evil; whilst a common folk aided, protected and guided by morally minded intellectuals can be said to be truly free and capable of delivering their talent at creating joy in this world. I say many things that could appear negative about common folk, only in my reference to them as manipulated for evil; yet I often view them from afar in their joy like state with admiration. Yet, as they are not destined to be intellectuals, I understand I am not destined to be a common folk; but rather we can each play our own role. And perhaps this is the role my older brother is destined to play, that I should cease trying to awaken his intellectual mind but rather enjoy him for his specific talents at creating social joy. Truly, intellectuals will always be in desperate need of normies to help them relax their mind from intellectual activity in order to periodically take time off to relax and enjoy themselves without thinking too hard. Truly we can be different and work together. This will be one of my themes in this book for how to better manage our society and culture; that is to create a stable equilibrium between common folk and intellectual. Heil Hitler.

My younger brother on the other hand, was much closer to being an intellectual than so my older brother, yet not nearly as much as me who was of the most extreme case of intellectual, so that while not as normie minded as my older brother he was still safely in the realm of being a common folk. I must say, through the series of adversities we had to overcome together as we faced this life, his heart was pure and I would not classify him as a normie but rather as a semi-intellectual. The results of him beginning cannabis use so young were catastrophic; not because of the cannabis use strictly but because of a series of factors for which early cannabis use would not mix well. I will

say nothing more than he also faced the world head on, while I was distracted by my own specific path, and our parents did not know enough to oversee us unifying as a combined force for protection from the world, it was one sudden day that the combination of all the evil and struggles in this world which so often knocked me to the ground and caused the most extremes of suffering in my soul and heart, something led him to run away from home at the age of 18, and I have not seen him since. I have never given up finding him, even 15 years later. I do not believe he is dead, but that for the same reasons my own suffering has led me to the brink of the abyss, he has travelled somewhere physically seeking answers the same as I have travelled here intellectually to the point of writing this book. After 10 years of his disappearance, I became somewhat at peace and relinquished control of when I might see him again. Our separation I see now as a casualty of this cruel world and the unrelenting forward march of the monster of chaos. It motivates me to defeat this monster, with the hope I will find him when he is ready to reveal himself or conquered whatever it is that has voluntarily or involuntarily caused him to remain hidden. MY older brother and parents on the other hand could not accept his disappearance with the same thoughtfulness as me, excepting maybe my mother, but my older brother and father seemed to sink into a deeper most permanent state of normie coldness. Both my father and older brother, much the same in their normie outlook, exist only in those small moments when their soul accidentally reveals itself through the cracks in their normie shell before quickly closing up the opening and I see them no more. Yet, I have a hope, that if ever I am able to succeed in conquering this chaos beast and un-subverting the immoral manipulation of the common folk masses, that I could perhaps electrify their souls back to life as common folk, alive with the flame of the spirit of social joy. I fight this war from a perspective of doing good for all, but I will not deny that I get a very personal sense of meaning from this mission to rescue my father and brother from the depths of cold normie despair.

I cannot neglect to describe to you my mother, as she represents my only close up example of a woman due to my being born with only brothers. Or more simply, she is my mother; a highly relevant factoring determining the nature of any individual. Assuming she is my biological mother, for I do obviously bare very similar physical and mental characteristics, even in also the shape of my face, so that I do not consider this an unlikely assumption. As far as I have gathered in this corrupt world of

lies, her genetics come predominantly from Scandinavia with also a British and Celtic combination which could also be considered in the Scandinavian sphere. There is a racial characteristic reputation with these Scandinavians as being more gentle, polite, naive and prone to receiving abuse from others with patience. My mother definitely has all these characteristics, and I would not say they are bad, but they do leave open a weakness for being abused and exploited socially. I recognize my past and my connection with my mother as having inherited these characteristics within myself. I do recall a pattern in my life of being abused by others socially, and still even today whilst knowing this about myself, I feel the instinct of receiving much abuse before I react. In this sense the spirit of my mother is strong within me.

My mother, being a woman, had to face the struggles which all women face in this corrupt world, which uses and abuses women. It is my great luck that she persevered mostly against these things and did not fall victim to some of the worst subversions occurring in women today. Women are a major source of pleasure for men, and all of society, so that they are a greater target for the world. It is only because of a generally supportive family structure that my mother was able to survive as well as she has. However, like the majority of humanity, her intellectual traits were not strong enough to defend against the great avalanche of corrupted normie culture, and so also became a high degree of normie. She became highly Christianized at a young age and so also swallowed some of the worst characteristics of normie Christianity; which caused a struggle within my spiritual development that took a long time to overcome. And also like my older brother, she developed a strong exterior shell of normy behavior from constantly being exposed to all kinds of intellectual persuasion through me; which combined with my errors and struggles in my development caused her in the long term to associate even my correct intellectual ideas with madness, to the same point as my older brother that she is not able to receive even very persuasive intellectual ideas that go against the norm. Yet, she also exhibits a profound humility, to the point of weakness, so that more so than my older brother and father she is able to receive intellectual thought from me to a greater degree, though not a very high degree. For that reason, I have been able to continue a long form conversation with my mother throughout my life which has had some successes in addition to failures. She is profoundly attached to ideas of love and patience toward her

children. I am extremely lucky to receive her genuine love toward me; and I am aware that many people do not experience that same love from their mother; such as my father from his mother. It is amazing when considering all the factors of life, how everything has its spectrum of advantages and disadvantages; and from my mother I certainly received such a complicated spectrum. Being such a mother that is highly invested in her children's success, combined with her normie ways, throughout my life she has been an unrelenting source of pressure on me to conform to being a normie; because from her perspective the normie way is the correct way, and so what else could she do when desiring to help me than to persist in never giving up on advising me to change my ways; so much so that we have a very strained relationship because I am forced contend with the backwardness of a normie world at the same time as contend with her unrelenting close up criticism. As an intellectual, I understand her thought pattern that she feels she must at all cost and sacrifice find a way to help me. With the determination of a mother to help her child, I have had the grievous fate to defend my intellectual self from her; yet I cannot be angry with her because I know it comes from a place of love in her heart; thus often the only solution was to patiently endure her criticism which occasionally I am not able to deflect without frustration and anger. However, the connection between us never seems to break as I am devoted to her with all the understanding of how a child should be devoted to their parent, and so the same she is devoted to me. It created an extreme uneasy friction between us; which I know will always exist until the perhaps the day happens that I am ever able to defeat the great powers of the normie world so that she might also accept the change in the norm and be able to understand the great struggle against the current norm and perhaps develop a sense of respect for my achievements on that day. But currently that battle is not won, and so I continue to endure the bittersweetness of our relationship. I will not deny that this rejection from my mother has inflamed that instinct within all children toward their parent for acceptance. It is truly a motivation for me that I hope to persevere in a hyper masculine strength against the evils of the normy world, and that she one day understands it fully and in awe admire me for the mountainous manly strength I've developed to stand alone against an enormous world of both normie and intellectual evils. Her own mother, my maternal grandmother, was of the most extreme form of that naive gentle non-intellectual type, so that it was her father, my maternal grandfather, which was always the source of intellectual

guidance and strength to her, so that I hope one day in her eyes be worthy of that same type of fatherly example of being a massive pillar of manly strength in a world of chaos. My maternal grandmother, I must emphasize as the most extreme form non-intellectual naivety yet gently kind. I know it is this source of naivety and extreme gentleness that exists in me and has caused great struggles for me in my battles, because such sensitivity can be disastrous in a war situation, yet it on the other side of that spectrum it is not a quality that I despise perhaps because I have that quality, but that I admire extreme kindness and gentleness and the pains I've felt from those who were not kind or gentle with me give me reason to more so demonstrate kindness and gentleness as a protest against a barbaric unkind world. Again, everything in life seems to deliver both strengths and weaknesses to us which places us all on our individual path.

Let's move on to my father. I lightly see my reflection in my father and his personality. The shapes of our faces do not match up nearly as much with my mother, and there is enough difference that one could even doubt him as my true father; when one considers the premise of elites treating the common people like livestock to be bred; yet, when compared with his father, my paternal grandfather, the resemblance is striking. In particular my grandfather's hands, and the veins visible upon them, are almost like a reflection of my own hands; the veins placed in the same shape and impression. Also, with my paternal grandfather, our body type is very similar, hair, and personality are all the same. There is nothing in my family history to suggest my father is not my real father, I am thankful. Family stress stemming from female infidelity and doubting of paternity are amongst the most painful and destructive psychological forces in humanity. I perceive that large difference in the look from father to son principally happen when far apart races are mixed. For clarity, let's take the premise that the German race consists of those Scandinavians in the North, and also the Northern European Germans in the south; surrounding a central area of Denmark. This being considered, I would label my mother as a North German, with a light mix of British and Celtic from her father's side; and then my maternal grandmother was purely North German; whilst my paternal grandfather had a similar mix of pure South German parents. However, my father's mother, my paternal grandmother, perhaps added the mix a genetics sufficiently distant from the German purity of all my ancestors up to this point; enough to

cause my father to look slightly dissimilar from his father and children. Yet, my maternal genetics are not so far off; but only relatively so when compared with all my other ancestors. Even the German and Celtic races were highly intertwined in the past, as I understand it, existing as a hybrid race in Northern Europe during the years before zero. Thus, my paternal grandmother, being Italian was what could be considered mismatched with my German roots. Italians and Greeks could be considered in the grand scheme of the white race, to be Southern White; while the Germans would be Northern white. Of course, being white, we all descend from a largely intermixed hybridized past, with eras of more or less hybridization depending on the circumstances of each period; yet there was sufficient separation to create two distinct groups of whites, North and South. With the chaos of Attila the Hun's arrival in Europe mixing up the pot in never before seen ways, after which Italian and German races, or North and South white races if you will, were forced to mix within the European mainland as a measure of defense against the west Asian races which were attempting to take our white native homeland during the times of Attila's catastrophic raid and continuing ever since with varied degrees of success. I explain this because I am aware there is contentions of purity between Northern and Southern Whites; with each implying an absence of historical hybridization between the two; and so I contend that the hybridization of north and south whites after Attila the Hun was sufficiently extreme so that I lay admonition against these purist claims and would say that all whites descend from a hybridization in the past; which may be closer to our true form which is the common ancestors of all whites far far into the past. I believe that evidence of the some of the most recent great powers of the white race were all centered in Europe; especially so in the most modern times due to the extreme war chaos, never before seen over the last 500, and the last 100 years. Whites have truly returned to a form of hybridization like never before, even whilst collectives in both the north and south have over time returned to a purer form of north and southern white.

In that sense, I reject this adherence to a polarization conflict within the white race. Make no mistake, however, that I do support diversity in the white race, each of us re-purifying to the racial traditions of the lands which our ancestors descend from. My perspective of Central Europe is that its natural form consists of a hybridization of north and south, a hybridization which expectedly decreases gradually as one

travels further north or south; and this makes logical sense. Yet at the same time, there has arisen traditional boundaries between areas which predominate toward the German side of the hybrid, or toward the Roman-Italian-Greek side of the hybrid. And thus, all my ancestors except my paternal grandmother descend from re-purified German areas. Even central European Germany has become highly repurified and distinct from the south Italians in recent centuries, all stemming from the split of Francia after Charlemagne; with the west re-purifying into modern France, and the east re-purifying into South German. Thus my feeling that my re-purified German genetics mis-matched enough with my Italian grandmother so as to cause a significant change in my father's look, which returned to me when he had children with my North German mother. What's more significant, in my opinion, than simply North and South White considerations, is the furthest extremes of the white race. This also includes the long isolated Slavic race in the furthest east extremes of white Native land. The Slavic race is peculiar, in that it appears east Carpathian planes of the Eurasian step seems to have isolated and kept pure the Slavic race more than any other whites; and thus the Slavs have always been viewed by the western whites as very very different; yet I would never go as far as some would to say that Slavs are not white or are inferior; but instead I would simply explain it as that are the extreme of the white race's eastern part. Obviously, the Slavic races display some of the whitest skin of all the white races, which could be explained by their having to constantly contend with the brunt of Asian racial incursion, that perhaps the developed some type of hyper race-mixing resistance, in addition to the extreme cold of their climate also serving a natural selection process to white skin. In recent times, of the Russian Empire and the Soviet Union; a mix of North German spread since the foundation of North German Rus settlements to in the East Baltic sea, which eventually hybridization almost the entirety of the Slavic race, and this conflict between the German-Slavic hybrid (known as Russian) and the more purer Slavs, is a significant source of conflict and tension with the white race to this very day, and shows itself in the extreme conflict between rival Slav nations in Eastern Ukraine. In the broadest sense of considering the divisions of the white race, I would categorize us as us into three parts; North, South, and East. Of my own ancestry I hold only the elements of North and South, which have traditionally been much closer throughout history than with the Eastern whites. Yet, I will emphasize, that these separations are only relatively significant when considering the

white race only. When it comes to comparing us to the other major races of the world: Asians, blacks, Native Americans, Mesopotamians, Arabs, Indians, and the Egyptians of which are so shrouded in mystery that I hesitate to claim anything more than vague guesses about them; when it comes to comparing whites with all these other races, it truly reveals how close whites are to each other. We truly all spring from the same primordial source, and to claim we are anything less than brothers in this world is an error worthy of one of the most dishonorable labels, that of a race traitors. We, the white race, are truly extended family, and it is a major point of my philosophy that we hold tight to each other as an extended family; and that we ought to suffer much for the benefit of one another, and support each other with all the vigor of unconditional love that exists most natural in blood related family. Heil Hitler.

Let's return back to my main train of thought; the significance of the mis matching racial mix from my Italian maternal grandmother. As I was saying, what's more significant than simple consideration of north and south white, is the extremes of the white race which exhibit very volatile racial characteristics in line with the extreme of their location and their existing on the boundaries of white native land in direct contact with the other non-white races. Because of this existence on the fringes of white territory, these peoples have necessarily developed peculiar characteristics different from all other whites; traits which were naturally selected in order to deal with the extremes of interracial conflict without the eras of human history. The Slavs of the Eurasian steppe, now mostly a Russian hybrid, are the extreme of the east which, from what I know, have characteristics of extreme agitation and a heavier dose of what could be called a rudeness of a sort; and the conflict of the western whites with the soviet union is a modern manifestation of this difference. It is this same agitated characteristic that also exists in the extreme regions of also the north and south whites. In the north, the extreme appears to be Iceland, where a reputation of Viking hyper masculinity and roughness required to survive in the seas of cold desolation. In the south whites, the extreme exists in Sicily. The Island of Sicily, at the center of the Mediterranean sea. It is an exposed point that invites anyone external peoples to land on first if they desire to proceed into the European mainland. As a result of this weak defensive position, the island of Sicily was the center of many back and forth conflicts between whites and other races, and even also a

central place of conflict amongst whites themselves as the squabbled amongst each other throughout history. Many conflicts with the Arab race happened in Sicily, and before that with wars between Rome and Carthage. Whilst the eastern Slavic races had to deal with wave after wave of Asian Mongoloid invasions, still the stress was of a different kind due to the Eurasian steppe being a landlocked major land mass. Compare this to the stress factors of being a smaller island disconnected from the European mainland, it resulted in the complex extreme of the Sicilian character. I recall reading of the brutality in Sicilian culture as described by accounts of Cicero's adventures in travelling there. When your people are constantly forced to defend themselves and be wary of all types of the most vicious war techniques, especially in combination with being more vulnerable as an island; natural selection selects to survive only those capable of surviving in such extreme chaos, and also as it regards defending the purity of your race; perhaps many survived as mixed race descendants of the various conquerors of Sicily, yet afterward the white race returned its predominance to Sicily which means that the current Sicilians today stem from ancestors who not only survived in such chaos, but who also survived with their white racial purity intact. It is also a peculiarity of Sicilians, that while some are darker tanned skins, as are many Greeks, due to the hotter climate, yet still some Sicilians have some of the whitest skins as any Scandinavian or eastern Slav; and there isn't even any snow there! What am I leading up to with this detailed description of the Sicilian race? As I said, the intermixing of the different white races has less of a noticeable effect when compared with the mixing with these three extremes of the white race. And I am witness of this first hand up close, because my paternal grandmother is a Sicilian. And it was my father who had to contend with the two extremes of his own nature coming from his father and mother. His father, my grandfather, is of pure central German ancestry. He descended from a long line of relatively gentle naive German types; with a patrilineal source in Baden, in South Western Germany. All the mothers in his patrilineal line followed this same pattern of the relatively gentle and naive characteristics of the white race. Now I ask you, who suffers more when a gentle and naive personality type interacts with a rough and clever personality type accustomed to facing war and deceit? Of course, it is the gentle personality type which is exposed to the most psychological suffering precisely because the rough natured personality is accustomed to all types of conflict and will persevere in any argument. This

same friction, I feel exists in my father, and I do believe is the source of much of his peculiarities of personality that I have had to come to terms with over the course of my life. While the conflict with the Sicilian within me is to a much lesser degree due to my own mother being o the most extreme of gentle type ancestors, more so than even my paternal grandfather's ancestors, that I wonder if this was enough to tip the balance back into my less volatile personality when compared with my father. Take even the association of Sicilians with the gangster organize crime chaos in the mid 1900's', with which the Sicilians were known to dominate; this is evidence of their characteristic to be extremely successful within chaotic environments more than any other white race. A point of note, my paternal grandmother comes from one of the extremely white branch of Sicilians, so that I'm certain that all those struggles I spoke about before exist within her and were passed onto my father without the corresponding male half of the Sicilian genome which undoubted would survive to counter balance that Sicilian rough character; but as it were, the other half of his ancestry was the naive and gentle white characteristics of the northern whites, and my experience with my father, as I will soon describe in detail, seems to highlight the struggle between those two extremes. And while this same struggle may exist in a minor form of my own racial balance, still the conflicts in my life with my father's chaotic personality are perhaps the most potent form of how I experienced the Sicilian personality.

Thus having led us up to this point of understanding the background of my father; let me proceed to detail my relationship with him. As a rule, I feel it is logical to conclude, that the characteristics of a man come most directly and majorly from their father, as the father is the example of manhood for a son, and as the traits of a man are most potently passed down from father to son because of the fact that they are men. I have experienced many men who will deny this simple logical truth because they have a resentment towards their own father and in anger desire to severe ties and deny the obviously greater genetic connection with their father and instead place it upon their mother. This thought process is often doubled and solidified when a mother plays the part of nurturer to counter act a flawed father. I myself even fell victim to this type of thought process before later in my life I began to understand better a son's deeper connection to his father than mother. In the opposite sense I would also say that a daughter has a deeper racial connection to her mother for the same reason that they

are both women and the characteristics of a woman are passed on most potently through women. I've come across many men in this state of anger toward their father, and I often contend with them to no avail to forgive their father and embrace their connection to him. To any men who reading this now might exist in the same state of contention with their father, I recommend that you consider that each generation strives to give their children a safer place from which to grow, and in that way you should acknowledge that you had an easier life than your father and so it makes sense that when you grow older you will surpass him and may eventually have to view like a child; but not a child, because it is through his first existing in a less ideal world than you which you did not experience, and in fact you stand upon the shoulders of your father's painful life, and thus you should not gloat in any superiority you have over him, but to maintain the deepest respect and kind manner of mature acceptance and understanding of your father's flaws, and in the way of paying it forward so that when your own son grows old and also surpasses you for the precise reason that you lifted him up and protected him from things which you suffered from, and so your son should naturally grow stronger than you, so that you might appear as cruel to him as your own father appeared to you; but save yourself the corresponding disgust you have with your own father, and strive to treat your own father with the same compassion you would hope your own son would have towards you when he eventually towers over you in superiority. It is a common theme of parenting, that a good teacher will cause his students to eventually surpass him, and so also a good father will cause his son to also surpass him. Do not be angry with your father's faults my reader. Recognize that the source of your manhood comes from your father, and that to reject your father is the same as to reject yourself. Any flaws your father may have also exist in you; and it is your duty as a son to end the various generational suffering that is passed from father to son in this way of forgiveness and honoring of the previous generation, no matter what their sins are. It is because of this same essence of soul that exists in father and son, and correspondingly mother to daughter, which requires us to wield unconditional love for our father in a form that wouldn't exist as an unconditional requirement amongst non-blood related teachers or guides. It is because the very success of your soul depends on your forgiveness of your father that you are in the situation where you must forgive whatever the sins of your father are, or else you are destined to pass on this same problem in a different form to your own son, and thus you become

responsible for passing on a struggle to your son, rather than ending it. As father's we must strive with all our being to help our children in this way, offering as much struggle as you can possibly bare, in order to give your children the best possible start and so complete the honor of a parent in this way. My men readers who fall into this category of despising their father's, and also to women and their mother's; I council you to let go these ill feelings; no other person in this world requires this more than with your same sex parent. I have delivered to you my council.

It is with this highest reverence that I have strived to place upon my father the last ten years since I came upon this philosophy. Previous to this development in myself, there was much conflict between me and my father. I struggle to find a sensible place to describe it. Let me back up again before I do, and describe to you what I know of his childhood. Forgive me for jumping ahead into a perspective of history; and let me say flatly that my pure South German paternal Grandfather had originally married a pure German woman. However, this marriage coincided with the anti-German world immediately after World War 2, and it is my suspicion that marriages between pure German common people were purposely sabotaged by the new anti-German victors of western white society; in order to decrease the numbers of pure Germans in attempt to thwart future German uprisings. From what I know of this first marriage, the woman was of a very gentle kind, but mysteriously the marriage failed during an era when divorce was a rarely considered option; or not so mysteriously as I might suspect. Whichever way you look at it, the synchronicity of German-German breeding was disturbed in my Grandfather, and he later married my Sicilian maternal Grandmother and had children, including my father. My maternal Sicilian Grandmother was quite the opposite of gentle; and as I am familiar with her and what is described to me, very cold to the point of error which could be described as cruel. For my father, and with the gentle German genes of my grandfather predominating in him as a male, it seems that this coldness of his mother inflicted heavy suffering upon him. With his German side craving the gentle ways of the traditional affectionate mother, instead he received the training of thousands of years of Sicilian racial characteristics to prepare him theoretically for sudden and severe invasion by hostile enemy. In my imagination, I imagine his tend child warmth being met by cold damp concrete. Again, it is the case of the balance between misfortune and strength; and it seems that my father at the

start suffered a cruel misfortune of having a maternal Sicilian training without the male Sicilian genes which would have given him the toughness to endure it. As it were, my father was psychologically destroyed in his childhood. On top of this, my Grandfather, in a confused shock from the failure of his first marriage, did not dare to risk another divorce by battling with his Sicilian wife over what even he understood to be her cruel, cold strictness. Thus my father was left unprotected, like a bunny against a wolf. My mother, being very familiar with my father, would often describe it as that my father lived in a world where his mother did not love him; but I understand it better with the Sicilian perspective that my Grandmother came from a pure Sicilian line that had all the instinct to properly raise Sicilian men, who without that strictness would be prone to all sorts of misbehavior due to the extremely tough nature of pure Sicilian boys; and what could be interpreted as a lack of love could better be described the thick armored skin of a rhinoceros, it takes a certain amount of roughness and pressure for the rhino to even notice feel anything, and the the soft fur of a bunny might barely be noticed. Thus, my Grandmother, being a common folk, could do nothing but to follow her instinct and felt sensed absolutely nothing of my father's extreme suffering at her hands. From her perspective it was simple; the world is a tough place and she was preparing him for it; this was precisely how she showed her love; without pity; because terrible enemies show no pity, and any of her Sicilian breed that showed such pity to their children did not live to breed another generation. Yet, there is a mistake in this logic, because different breeds of humans contain instincts of different combinations of tender and tough, in different orders. In the South German, a tenderness comes because the child is tender, and so at the same time instincts of love and fun and warmth are developed, make no mistake abilities of warmth and tenderness are a skill just as much as toughness; and later on the South German when ready gets initiated into toughness when they're ready. I wonder, if my father's misfortune was of the kind from which he could not recover. My relationship with him reflects this, and often he is impenetrable to my instinct for tenderness that I received from my mother and paternal Grandfather. From this foundational conflict with my father, I interpreted him as cold; and I was correct. The flame of his tenderness vanished long ago. To make things further difficult for my father during his childhood, he had no brothers which to share in his suffering; but only sister who travelled a different road in life as a female. And with my Grandfather silenced into meek submissiveness from a fear of a

second divorce; there was nothing but the Sicilian mother to foster the cold toughness between siblings; and you might say sisters inherited predominantly the tough characteristics of their mother in greater amount due to being women. Whichever way you look at it; my father grew up alone; with the occasional retreat to my grandfather's warmth in the rare occasions when she was not the dominant force in his social situations. My father would often describe his displeasure at his father for not defending him against his cruel mother. I am trying to paint a picture for you of my father after having gone through these things and persevered through it all to become a man, and his mother's success in injecting a toughness into his character. How can I describe my father's personality; like a moss covered stone. There are elements of softness and warmth to his personality, but his core is terrible hard. Having written the beginning of this book in describing my demeanor after my own life tortures, I understand better that my father even more so lives constantly under the shadow of terrible suffering. His social development in childhood reflected his suffering and, like me, he did not develop friendships until his early adulthood after he hardened from his psychological injuries. My father was not an extreme intellectual like me, but he was more of a semi-intellectual, yet he lived during a time when there was no internet, and thus no escape from the overpowering world of normies, an escape that has brought me much comfort while I lived in the Normie world. Yet he did not have this outlet; and still I say that even though he was injured and darkened by the struggle, he certainly was not extinguished, and I have to wonder how much I indirectly benefited by the seeming flaws in his character which may in the end have prepared me to survive as I have in the intellectual frozen wasteland that is our world, completely alone. We must all accept the uniqueness of our own path to victory over suffering; and with all hindsight I understand myself as standing on my father's shoulder as he trudges through the swamp of his life, like an invisible force under the water of the swamp that makes it seem like I am walking upon the water of the swamp, and in that sense my father has overcome the death like existence of having to lived submerged in that swamp, I will not, I cannot, resent him or hold anything against him for his swamp like nature. I continually say similar things in different ways, I know. But it is necessary to understand my relationship with my father, and thus understand a greater pattern of all fathers and sons, which I hope my reader can learn from sooner than I did. Thus, until my mid-twenties, I did not understand all these things, and all

I could see was this swamp creature of my father. Make no mistake it was not all bad. He was a father to me and my brothers, and was present in my life, if not emotionally present. Continually I would gather my instincts to show him love in the face of his bruteness, and like small child struggles against an adult, I would constantly struggle to break his coldness with greater and greater warmth; but I stood no chance. No doubt, my father saw his own childhood in my softness, and he saw it as his gift to me that my mother provided the softness for me that I needed, and did not see any great need for him to add to it. He initiated me into many intellectual beginnings which I followed further than he ever did, still how can I resent him for his shortcomings when it is these initiations which allowed me to reach the pinnacle of intellectual powers I now have. It is a wonder to me, the reversal of roles, in that I have an intellectual power over him now similar to the toughness power he had over my youthful softness. I try to view him, and all people in general, intellectually as similar to soft children who preciously need a reaffirming soft response. I view the simple nature of common folk to be influenced by social norms as similar to a kind of intellectual softness. Parables are certainly one of the most excellent ways to perceive and understand our world.

What more can I do to describe specific events with my father that would be better than this general pattern description of my relationship with my father? Let your imagination fill in the gaps; it is not difficult to imagine all the predictable events. My perception of his failures could very likely be considered as successes when considering his failures forced me to invent ways to survive. Truly, no matter how much or how little our misfortunes in life, it seems apparent that we all have an equal opportunity to overcome. Let's put a cap on the description of my relationship with my father in saying that at a certain point in my late teens, my intellectual path surpassed him, and while I benefited from his foundation in the swamp, still I had to face the world above the swamp alone. And with that I can say that my father had little influence at all my life above the swamp. I eventually understood all these things and with varying degrees of success I've developed an uncomfortable equilibrium with my father, as I honor him and continue on to face the new struggles of the world which my forefathers did not face because they were too busy laying the foundation from which I now benefit.

Let's move on to that period of my life which I would describe as the dark cold frozen intellectual wasteland, from which I would be forced to learn the skills to survive, or else perish into the shape of a conforming normie; something I could not do, because was impossible that I not continually make sense of my world, and once made sense it could not be undone. My unsupervised experimentation into drugs would certainly prolong that increase the pain of the process; but again I understand it now as the next swamp I had the turn of travelling through and developing the solutions for my psychology which I will pass down to my children. Thus, I don't view my drug use as a mistake as much as an obstacle that every father line must travel through at some point. Even if some child has the supervision to influence against drug experimentation, still at some point every father line will have to intellectualize the matter and understand it from a logical point of view rather than simply a force of habit from their parents. Because it begins with the question of taking any drug, why not? I am happy to have discovered the intellectual reason for why not; after my parents could not intellectualize it for me and thus when I could not intellectually explain why not, then I subsequently began my experimentation. As the drug culture is structured in the United States that I already spoke about, cannabis was the first drug I became familiar with. In going to a well-known University in the middle east, I came face to face with college dorming culture; which can be understood as a madhouse of drug chaos. I cannot even say with certainty there is much control the elites have over the university dorming culture; but rather to say it seems more like a wild fire of chaos with the limited controls in place that the elites try to make the best of, and consider it part of the unconquerable primordial chaos. Before even getting to this extremely pushed cultural destination, in high school began the seeds being sewn into every child of the religious like importance of going to university right after high school. Being a defenseless common folk, I was corralled into highly valuing college dorming university life. Feeling so isolated and alone, I looked to it as an escape, some kind of heavenly destination which would open up the door to clearing away what I thought were social mistakes that led to my isolation, when really it was my extreme intellectual difference from everyone that made this fate inevitable, as I would later discover, no matter how much I tried to escape it. Truly, my early life involved the softness of simply desiring a group of friends to model one of the sitcoms I was brainwashed with on TV; in my case the show Friends was highly influential on me. What I

wanted more than anything in the world, later only eclipsed by my desire for the love of a woman, was to have a group of friends! This desire would later cool into its current form of being able to survive on very very little social support, still it is a nature of all humanity to desire friends and social belonging, like eating food, and so I am still in need of it, and it still hurts me, but I have learned to survive on very little and to go long periods without it, and I'm able to scrap together the little scraps of semi friendships I need to survive; but barely, and definitely without much dignity. But over time to has resulted in an extreme hardness similar to that of my father's such that I worry I may have become to hardened and might wound those around me who have not developed a high tolerance to it. Yet, I always remember my earlier painful starvation of friends, and I struggle very very hard to never wound another who might be going through similar feelings. Yet, even those who I make large effort to accommodate awkwardness in desire for my friendship as our paths have crossed, it ironically seemed to have the effect of being perceived by these people, who were also normies, to view me as an unavailable easily attained commodity; and thus the pattern I observed is that as I accept with open loving arms everyone who desires to be my friend, after a while the dark side of the normie takes hold of them and they begin to treat me in the same way they feared to be treated; because to a mind controlled normie the thrill of the chase, the playing hard to get, is a crucial form of psychology they are vulnerable to, and it is strange to say that I feel that act of being extremely kind and accepting of all has further sealed my fate to a life of isolation. At the end of the day, it is my intellectual difference from people which separates me from them; nothing more. As the burden for the common folk is to be vulnerable to manipulation by intellectuals, so is also the burden of intellectuals to vulnerable to isolation. We each have our role; not so dissimilar from the different roles of men and women.

Thus, I travelled from these two extremes during my early twenties. Let's now approach enormous monster of our society that is called the psychiatric system. At face value, from the perspective of the elites, the psychiatric system serves the purpose of an emergency means for controlling blossoming intellectuals and other who cannot be dealt with in regular way of subtle manipulation as works with the majority of the common folk. Over time, society elites have come across the various cases of intellectuals causing trouble for them and disturbing

their delicate balancing act of molding the common folk and their carefully constructed outcomes. Intellectuals by nature develop solutions to problems in creative ways unforeseen by even the most gifted of society manipulators. Like spotting obvious weaknesses of the system which cannot be allowed without collapsing all their plans. And so there arises the case when it is deemed necessary for people to be imprisoned even if they do not break any laws. And as intellectuals are skilled finding work arounds, or hacks, in order create a disturbance in society without breaking any of its rules, there arises the situation of labeling someone as mentally ill as the only possible means of imprisoning them; since imprisoning social disturbers outright, without the velvet glove excuse of mental illness, can result in chain reaction effects of other common folk who observers, creating waves of social disturbance, and thus the need to the appearance of a reason for imprisoning people under the excuse of mental illness; a reason which can soothe the confusion of normies as they continue their sleep walk through life. Of course there is a portion of the psychiatric system that deals with people who do break the laws of society due to a state of confusion, which might warrant the label of mental illness and act as an alternative type of crime and punishment via imprisonment via involuntary psychiatric hospitals. However, I will emphasize that this sensible aspect of the psychiatric system is not due to any humane desires of the system, but rather is simply serves as the outer appearance of the psychiatric system whose real aim is establishing the power to imprison anyone at any time, without appearing as such. Without that true motive, the system would certainly treat so-called mentally ill claw breakers in prison. As it is, the crimes against humanity in the psychiatric system are hidden under the excuse that all its prisoners are those who have at the very least broken some kind of law. Especially in American culture, the appearance of freedom is a foundational pillar that must be maintained.

And so it should be no surprise what I am leading up to with all this; that I found myself in that category of person who continually disturbed the normie social system in ways without committing a crime that resulted in my being placed in these psychiatric hospitals many times. The extreme loss of human dignity in these places causes me to emphasize my innocence to you my reader; that I have not committed any crimes in the process of being imprisoned in these torture houses hilarious titling themselves as mental health centers. I did not

understand in the beginning the hidden layers of society control which I was disturbing that led me to being imprisoned, or else had I known the unwritten rules I would have followed them just like I followed the laws of the land and expected to not go to prison. I suppose the best way to describe the injustice would be to describe in detail the events which led to my first imprisonment in a psychiatric hospital; where much worse than a prison, you are also forcefully medicated with powerful drugs and psychologically tortured as normie doctors observe and through a system of reward and punishment place before anyone who enters a psychiatric hospital with the decision to either speak and act like a normie or else face long term and even permanent commitment to these a psychiatric hospital. Thus, I did find myself confronted with the realization that I had to put on an act, to speak lies, in order to get out of that place. Anyone familiar with psychiatric systems in the United States will know that maintaining your innocence will certainly result in permanent commitment to a psychiatric hospital. And it is entirely possible that if I had stubbornly refused to put on the act of a normie in that first psychiatric hospital I found myself in over ten years ago; it is entirely possible I could still be there to this very day, continually drugged against my will to exactly what point of true mental damage is certainly possible; and that threat of permanent drugged imprisonment resulted from what exactly you might ask; I will tell you, and then you can tell me what degree of injustice I have suffered. I will now describe to you the details of that first imprisonment, which is more important to understand in detail because all future imprisonments after this first one were based on the assumption of my mental illness because I had been in a psychiatric hospital already; but not so for the first time, they had to establish a reason for imprisoning me without the aid of referring to a prior psychiatric hospitalization.

I am constantly aware of the fact that there are those who have suffered more than me, with whom in comparison my suffering is nothing, even laughable. Yet, I would hope to be treated in the same way as I would treat those who have suffered relatively less than me. I will not disregard and mock the perception of great pain in those who suffer small things. It should be understood that suffering is relative to what you've already experienced. Just as a child who gets his toy ball taken from him the first time might feel a terrible anguish of emotional pain in that moment, and I will not deny him that he accurate when describing the terribly traumatic pain he felt when his

ball was taken from him; even while I may admonish him later on if he is slow to recover from his emotional injury. In the same way, I hold the greatest respect for those of you my readers who may have suffered much worse things than I, and when I describe to you the deep suffering I felt in these psychiatric hospitals, I hope you will have mercy upon me if I seem to you similar to that child crying over his lost toy ball. I hope you would not mock me, or belittle me; and I promise to pass on this kindness also to those who have suffered less than me. We need not compete and destroy the bonds of our friendship by ridiculing each other in this way; to the point of my great fear that the purity of innocent uncorrupted children might become afraid to speak among us for fear of ridicule. No, I tell you; it should be our hope to find in them the pieces of us which were lost when we suffered our cruel fates. Heil Hitler.

I remember it clearly. On the day of my 19th birthday, which forever I will remember as the boundary between my childhood and adulthood; something occurred which had been brewing in my life for a long time. In ways which I have previously described, I understand that I had for a long time before this been getting the attention of our society controllers. It is obvious through the education system, testing, and the various forms of hidden surveillance; that the common people are monitored not just to keep them in line, but also to monitor them for talented individuals with which to make use of later on. This also includes a scientific aspect of curiosity, that they practice as a means of studying the common people to better understand them and how to control them better; and with any good science, the examination of the anomalies are very important and where many discoveries are often made. I would say that I fell into this category, not because of any one specific thing, but a variety of factors that the elites, over time, have discovered are the pre-cursors of serious anomalies in the common people. Anyone who shows a serious interest in Adolf Hitler for example, being able to withstand the constant waves of anti-Hitler propaganda and still pursue an interest in a Hitler's goodness, is perhaps a fundamental piece of the psychological setup of the system in the USA. As such, you can imagine, even from much more minor anomalies occurring in school children before the age of 10, anomalies of significance are calculated and searched for. In children the anomalies searched for are basic responses to simple things, like friend groups and popularity. From there children are categorized, and proceed from test to test, from experiment to experiment, further categorizing and separating

the different types of anomalies. I would imagine, over the course of thousands of years of humanity, this study of the common people being passed down and constantly researched and improved; in the end resulting in quiet an efficient system that I would imagine is even taught as a school subject for the elites in their circles. And so imagine that by the time I was 19 years old, I had processed down a long series of tests; which I will hold partly responsible for my drastic difference from other children. Disregarding my social development, my process through these various tests led me down a path most different than my peers. Like a blade that is crafted through a process of melting and hardening into shape; from hindsight I now understand my childhood as having the shape of my personality melted and reformed into what was needed for me to proceed to my next test, in order for the controller to see if my anomalies would proceed further or I would fall into line like all the other normies. And as I invariable continued my resistance against the norm, I would then have my personality again melted and re-shaped in preparation for the next stage. To make a long story short, I recall being thrust into an achievement of extreme popularity in my elementary school which forced me at that young age to confront on that small scale the trappings of fame and popularity. It lasted one year, like a sudden earthquake in my life before it suddenly vanished and I was thrust into a world of loneliness. Understand, according to the theory of maximum technology, all the different ways with which the elites can perform these types of experiments on chosen individuals; especially when being in a public school is like equivalent of being in the scientist's lab. Thus I contend that the sudden drastic changes through my childhood like this were not accidentally but rather to proceeding from one experiment to the other. I even had a close relationship with a childhood friend in my neighborhood, who was jewish and psychologically abused me. I understand this as no accident, in seeing that all the anomalies they are studying must have a substantial jewish influence in their childhood in order to perform experiments later on in relation to thought patterns about jews, which are so relevant to the political thought of the world in recent centuries.

As I said, I went from the peak of this childhood popularity to the depths of isolation and revulsion by my peers. Even before this popularity episode, I recall at 10 years old suffering from depression due to feeling lonely. I see now the process to my next experiment, that they must have observed this extreme

sensitivity of mine toward having friends, for whatever reason I seemed to have valued having friends as the most important thing in the world to me, and when they view a weakness like this, then the experiment is crafted around that weakness. I see it now that after this popularity episode at 11 years old, I was purposely thrust into extreme loneliness and isolation for two years; cruelly rejected by my close jewish childhood friend which caused me to sink further into starving hunger for acceptance and friendship as I viewed all the children around me having. Thus I was prepped for an extreme fall; a thrust into the weakest part of my psychology, to see if it would break me into normie-absent-mindedness, and if not then it would prepare for me for the next experiment. My desire for love and acceptance, ever increased by two years of extreme isolation and rejection, I see now they set up for me the great fall, they provided for me two friends; ones that highly matched my psychology; not weaklings either, but two mentally strong healthy boys with which to participate in the bonding of young male adolescent confidence; and it was a perfect fit for me. I felt alive. Of course I would have accepted even the smallest of friendships at this point, and so even more so I accepted the classic childhood male bonding; and we did everything together. I was such joy for me at that time. I lost my prior sense of self-defeated lack of confidence and I became strong again mentally. Like water for the man in the desert, I became alive. It was one of the best times in my life. We experienced our first relationships with girls together; our circle of friends surrounded each other's and we walked with such confidence; not of the type like during my period of popularity, but rather an exclusive type which learned the lessons of fame and popularity that includes false friends, with the focus on your tight knit group. I felt at home. They had me right where they wanted; and I was almost ripe for harvest; they were about to take the rug out from under me. Through whatever of the various means of manipulation, my two special friends came to the conclusion to abandon me without any clue whatsoever. I had no idea it was coming, and I was flying high on the confidence of having a support group behind me; as it were, I had put all my eggs in one basket. And that day came at 15 years old, when without a word, they were suddenly gone. They would ignore me in the halls at school and not respond to any communication. I would learn later that it was the result of an adolescent snap decision they made together, that once I looked into the mirror at a store we were browsing and with what they perceived as a conceit that I commented on how good looking I was. Really, at 15 years old,

especially with the normie conforming types they were, it is rarely more complicated than something like this. I was a toy they decided to throw away, and they decided to do it in stealth. I was heartbroken, devastated; and so repeated a similar type of process which proceeded from the height of a success down to the lowest depths of failure. I remember not speaking not socializing with anyone for the next two years except in school. When I returned home, I would go to my room. My two brothers were in the midst of their success in the normie world, falling into line with their experiments and various left to have so called normal childhoods where they were not under the direct gaze of the experimenters; and what could they do as young children like myself, they enjoyed their lives; even my father was not of the intellectual type to understand the great complexities of human psychology, and I barely remember much of any great involvement in my life emotionally; but let me emphasize that he did the best he could, and he did not neglect me, but rather he was not intellectually equipped to advise me for the trials I was experiencing; neither would any other parent except the highest intellectuals.

And thus, I experienced the second extremely isolated period of my life; to this day, like the child losing his ball, I remember it as being one of the one of the worst times of my life. And for a long time until some of my most cruel tortures in the psychiatric hospitals, I would consider the absolute worst time of my life. As I said before, in that period of darkness, I laid my hopes on this mythological cultural promise of university dorm life; where I would get the chance to start over with a fresh start, subtracting all my social mistakes as I saw them with my low confidence at that time that I was some kind of unlikable loser., when probably the opposite was the case in that I achieved that admiration and respect from the elite manipulators for achieving success after success in their experiments to demonstrate my strength of will to survive intellectually intact eve in the face come complete social desolation. What hidden mysteries surround the specifics of their experimentation on me, I do not know, but it appears their fascination with me increased, and the proceeded to melt me down and shape me in preparation for their next experiment, or trial as it could also be understood as.

Anyone who studies geo-politics will understand the importance a certain regions in the world; and thus their experiments surround preparing you for later on trials far into the future.

The Jewish aspect of National Socialism and World War 2 and its continued propagation into the hive psychology of western civilization was injected to me at a young age with my Jewish friend. On the other side of that coin is the conflict with Islam and western civilization. The boundary of the conflict between the west and middle eastern Islamic dominance is currently centered on the battlefield of Pakistan. The focus of that culturally war, currently, is from the strategy of the west, having already cut off middle eastern Islam from sub-Saharan African Islam via Israel, then the proceeding military push into Iraq which with much effort subdued it into a controlled opposition form of Islam, and then finally with the grand strategy of isolating Iran as the strongest center of Islam outside of Saudi Arabia which appears to have struck a deal with the west in alliance as being the acceptable place for Islam to reign; this all leaves Pakistan as the next point of strategic interest in order to finish surrounding Iran; and if Iran falls, then Islamic dominance will finally collapse into the place prepared for it in Saudi Arabia in the Arabian peninsula; and from African Islam, already being a of minor strength, will be easily subdued, successfully completing the grand strategy of "putting Islam back in the bottle" from which it escaped, from the western perspective, and has been ruled with a unmistakably unique type of cultural arrogance. A quick point of observation, I recognize two types of Islam in the same way as I recognize two types of Christianity; one form genuine pursuit of higher truth, and the other used as a vehicle for military goals; and up to the point of the birth of Islam, Christianity had a culturally militarized form which was very successful in achieving a dominance over much of the world via those underhanded religious methods; and thus Islam was sponsored by an anti-Christian force to model its military strategies based on that subverted non-genuine form of Christianity; and with great success, I would say, not Muhammad himself, who remained righteously in the Arabian peninsula, but those that came after him forced Islam upon the surround cultures with the same methods of subverted Christianity; and thus began the cultural wars between those two militarized religions.

Going back to current day, as I was saying before Iran can be surrounded, it is now the central plan to take on Pakistan before Iran can be dealt with. Thus, the war in Afghanistan proceeds as a means of surrounding Pakistan with another Iraq like form of controlled opposition Islam. And now the battle has

come to Pakistan, as it has always been but rather now the battle is at their gates. And thus I contend that Pakistan is one of the regions most significant for western elites that wish to defeat Islam and put it "back in the bottle. Thus, the next phase of what I could even describe as a kind of training upon me by the elite controllers, they desired to expose me to Pakistan.

For whatever reason, it appears that it was decided to bring upon me a Pakistani girl love interest during my high school years. And I only say this, because with hindsight I now see a purposeful intention in my programming desiring to train me to also be attracted to non-white females. It is common among white males in a majority white culture to be only attracted to white females; and this trait also fell upon me. Thus it seems they chose the darkest type of Pakistani girl with which to expose me to. For whatever reason, I have my hunches, it is important to their high level targets that they be attracted to a variety of females. Thus, they decided to go with the most extreme, and in a sense do the heavy lifting all at once instead of slowly transitioning me from girl to girl with slightly darker skin color. There are two different types of Pakistanis, generally, the western type with a Persian look, and the eastern type with the Indian look. This Pakistani girl was from the darkest type of eastern Indian Pakistani. She was a first generation youth born here whilst her parents were immigrants. Thus I was highly exposed to their culture, which is very conservative about their females and sexual relationships. They proposed her in the form of causing a Pakistani girl to be highly attracted to me, with determined will to pursue and gain my affection. I remember from 15 years old in high school, during my lonely years, she was in my classes and would treat me like a celebrity; I was always hearing about how she talked to her friends that she was highly attracted to me. Of course, being in my lonely state, and in general I have always been an accepting person toward anyone who wanted to be my friend, and also I found it natural to gently and politely reject girls who desired me but that I did not return the desire. And so, as the years progressed and this girl was in all my classes, I slowly became friends with her; and my casual friendships with other children overlapped with her and by the time I was 17 years old, we were highly intertwined; yet I had not even a slight attraction to her. I highly doubt this girl had any type of conscious involvement in the experiment upon me, though I recognize it is possible; and I also recognize that she could have been the pawn of a Pakistani

based psychology manipulation experiment. I am also conscious of the possibility that these competing powers of western and Middle east Islamic worlds are aware of a type of training that goes on within the common people, and that this girl may have been used as means of some kind of psychological terrorist attack upon me, but in general that people in the midst of trainings and experiments are sought out by enemy powers in an attempt to disrupt those experiments and that training; especially among rival powers as conflicted as the Christianized west and Islamized middle east. As I'll later describe, this Pakistani girl in the end would break my tender young heart in the cruelest way imaginable; which leads me to consider that she was used for this purpose. But putting my deeper instinctual thoughts into the mix, I sense that this means of attacks was foreseen by my western controllers, and that her psychological attack on me was known and they let it proceed as a purposeful part of my own training. Let me clear that my suspicions of my manipulation being training is based on the obvious observation that the common people are sorted among their various talents for different positions to be filled within their strategies for constructing the various outputs desired from the common people for the elite. Thus, it is my suspicion that this Pakistani girl was allowed to proceed with her Islam centered attack upon the western world, whose purpose was to irrecoverably hurt those who the west were preparing for crucial positions in their common folk structure. And like a pattern in their method for experimenting upon me, or training me, it appears the desire of the western elites was to build me up in order to cut me down, in order that I either perish quickly so they can move on to another potential, or else that I become extremely strong in having recovered from so great a fall. Thus with this in mind, I perceive now that they allowed this Pakistani girl, most likely unwittingly mind controlled into doing her deed, over the course of about 7 years proceeded to build a trust, friendship, and later on a love relationship with me. By this time I had transitioned from my highest youthful desire for a group of friends to a desire for the love of a single woman, who would be my friend and lover and fulfill all my needs. As it were, like a weakness I was searching for a savior in a woman. And undoubtedly my controllers saw this new grand desire of mine and constructed their next blow upon my psychology around it. As I will later describe in more detail, all men are highly sensitive to the woman they love being with other men sexually. At 18 years old this long friendship with the Pakistani girl fell into a sexual attraction as the unrelenting determination of her to

break my natural attraction to white women was slowly and methodically attacked via constant admonishments by her that I am some sort of racist only attracted to whites. Combined with a highly sexualized and promiscuous personality, along with my extreme loneliness, I at first began with her a sexual relationship as between friends, which later developed predictably into feelings of love. Her family was of the kind, especially her father, the typical Pakistani strictness which did not allow her any freedom, and as such she lived a life of fear from her father and constant sneaking around to spend time with males, which focused on me. Thus I had no contact with her parents, and our relationship was a secret from them. I'll be clear from the start that this sexual relationship never resulted in pregnancy. In fact, how she pulled me in from the start was with oral sex activity; because even at that time I was intent on remaining a virgin until marriage, at least as regarding traditional sexual intercourse. There is not much more to say that isn't the usual in a relationship, other than that it continued and she became my best friend in world where I had very few close friends, if any, other than the few I attained out of desperation. In hindsight now I can see myself being progressed over the edge of an emotional cliff. By the time I was 21 years old our relationship had continued for so long, and so exclusively, I was as in love with her as any young man could be. All my security rested upon her, and also with her sexual exclusivity to me. As funny as it seems to me now as an older man experienced with women, I trusted her with all my heart and with the same loyalty as I romanticized about friendship. I truly did not suspect a thing, even when small evidenced appear here and there, I was highly devoted to trust and I trusted with every fiber of my being. When the time was finally ripe, I found out all at once, all in one night, walking in on her in a sex orgy with multiple men; then the next day being informed by various people of our interconnected friends that she lived a life of extreme promiscuity and was in fact a regular prostitute selling her body for money. What can I say? My whole world collapsed under me. To this day, 15 years later, I still do not feel completely recovered. I developed many psychological ticks that I won't describe in detail here, which still stay with me to this day. It is an understatement that I was convulsing in emotional pain every day afterward. Within a month she had moved on into a relationship with a Pakistani man which she had already had in sexual progress long beforehand. In hindsight, it seems to me like a time bomb was set in my deepest heart the progress of 7 years, waiting until the moment when I was most

vulnerable, and without mercy I was destroyed as much as anyone can be emotionally. You see why I view this as potentially an action amidst war game of psychological terrorism between competing powers that I found myself unknowingly in the middle of. What benefits can be gained from it, I'm not certain of; maybe a type of emotional strength after recovery; perhaps a wiser perspective to guard my heart in the future; or perhaps a destruction of a weakness that results from basing your emotional security upon another person. I'll admit, I have some kind of pride in this event now, looking back on it, that I survived and that I'm some kind of tough veteran now; I'm not sure how to describe it. Yet, it seems to have satisfied my controllers desires that I now have a deep connection with the Pakistani people directly. My communication with her persisted for a couple years after this until eventually my severe anger and obsession with her began to put at risk all the secrets she kept from her father, at which time we never spoke to or saw each other again. It is my suspicion that my controllers desired me to have experience with a Pakistani girl in order to use as an angle for propaganda purposes if ever I proceeded to the final steps of their desires for me, and for all their targets of the common folk, to serve as means for propaganda cycles in anticipation of conflicts with Pakistan in the future. But they were not done with me and Pakistan yet; as I only dealt with the one half of the representation of Pakistan, the eastern Indian half.

The other half of the Pakistan coin was that of the western Persian types; and thus no surprise that in the year that followed this heartbreak event, I found myself in a relationship with a western Pakistani girl. In trying to replace my former love, I immediately fell passionately in love with this girl; and the relationship proceeded sexually with her in a similar way of oral sex; and again pregnancy was never an occurrence. Within a few months the relationship with this new Pakistani was interrupted as I found myself on a sudden 3 month adventure in the country of Israel, via an unplanned sudden desire of mine to depart the United States for fear of again being placed in a psychiatric hospital, which had occurred three times already by the time this point in my life. I found myself travelling alone in Israel, coming upon what seemed to me at the time to be random friendships with Israelis and Palestinians, which variously took me into their circles, and I was even driven around the country to various places. You may understand better now why I look upon my life with the greatest suspicion of being

manipulated and experimented upon; with my best hope that I was being trained for a greater purpose; involuntarily, yet also voluntarily. Because these ideas I have now of understanding the extent of my manipulation did not suddenly dawn upon me; but rather the ideas built up slowly, one idea at a time. And as a tool of thought, I would often talk to myself, and often would speak to the people which I wondered who might be spying on my and manipulating me. At first it started out as a game, and as I had fun with it I would throw myself into my imagination, and would have extended conversations with the people who were possibly real, spying on me. And so I say this training was all involuntarily, yet I would constantly speak allowed to give feedback and instruct my controllers on how to best train me. Yet, for me it was a simple game of imagination, which would later hinge on a way I would brainstorm about a book I planned to write about a character who was trained in this way. Yet, looking back on it now, it is my guess to how much my instructions and commands were considered by my controllers. Like the captain of a ship, I methodically for extended periods would explain my psychology, from an observer's perspective I was just talking to myself. Yet from hindsight it makes more sense that I perhaps made things worse for myself as my imagination ran its course, and I began to command my controllers to have absolutely no mercy upon me, in my imagination of the character I was creating for my book, that the cruelest forms of training were needed in order to strengthen my character for a grand mission in the future, which humility causes me to not describe here, but can easily be deduced by intelligent readers. And with each cruel and meticulous humiliation of every weak point in my character, the idea was that with enough time I would have an extremely strong personality. I can't emphasize enough the variety of successes and falls I experienced over the next ten years as this imagination game progressed. I would command my controllers to rip out my very soul psychologically if it was required to further my progress and strengthen my mind. Whether they were listening or not, it seems like they were. I developed a system of codes to communicate with what I called "secret agents" which surrounded me, and undoubtedly there are swarms of secret agents interacting with the common people in addition to exterior remote methods of control. Yet, in my head it was all in reference to creating this universe plot line for the adventure book I was writing; comparable to something along the lines of Lord of the Rings; it was a distraction from my loneliness at any rate. I designed various hand signals for coded

communication, a phonetic writing system alphabet, an entire world of "secret agent games" I would play with my controllers, many times for the sake of comedy and a habitual process of messing with the minds of my unseen observations by faking outwardly my thoughts and psychology to deceive them and then various and suddenly switch things up. I eventually would go on solo adventure through Europe, beginning in Ireland and ending up in Germany. My time with the Persian Pakistani girl would be cut short upon my return from Israel, and I would never speak to or see her ever again; and similarly she broke my heart in that I intended to remain in Israel away from the clutches of the USA psychiatric system; yet oddly, she beckoned me back to the United States to be with her, but then suddenly sent me an email while I was on the plane ride back explaining that our relationship is over and she never wanted to see me again. Writhing in emotional pain was a constant for me at this time. I honestly do not know how I ever recovered from it, and maybe I have not; or perhaps man is designed not to be alone but the need for a woman will always remain constant until that woman is found.

Moving quickly, after this return from Israel and a further heartbreak, I had sunk into a loneliness similar to what I experienced at 15 years old. For about 3 years, I did not feel the touch, emotional or physical of a woman; nor even the friendship of a man. Yet, I found solace on the internet; in particular with video sharing platforms; and also on message boards known as chans. I began to publish artistic videos which exposed me to many people, both anonymously on the message boards and via video communication on the video sharing platforms. The video sharing platforms familiarized me with a microcosm of being a celebrity; undoubtedly another layer of my training; whilst the message boards exposed me to a torrent of intellectual ideas. Indeed I had the entirety of my being exposed and open for manipulation, both bad and good. Who knows what number of the personalities I came across were just further, even direct, manipulation by the controllers. The chan message boards served as like a university training in my opinion, and I learned much of my intellectual skills that I have today from relentless conversation, debate, and arguments with people with whom I presented my ideas, and they give their response back. It certainly helped speed up the process of undoing my leftist indoctrination in the public school, which the powers of the left have almost complete control of if it wasn't purposely organized like this to make it just seem like it.

Being alienated and isolated in my off-internet life, it allowed me the time to focus in to these internet pursuits and friendships I was developing. In combination with my isolation and severe emotional trauma, I also took it upon myself to renounce a need for any friendship in an immature adolescent way of trying to "harden" myself. I pushed aside the few minor friendships I had remaining with people whom I bonded with out of desperation rather than true connection, and I even pushed away all my family: my older brother and parents. I barricaded the walls of my life, determined to let nobody in. And thus, I put myself in a perfect position for the controller to further their work on me from every imaginable way possible to manipulate someone like me who communicates with every random stranger that contacted him as I displayed my art, and put all my deepest thoughts and ideas into the computer. At the time, I worked a small hourly wage job that provided the most meager existence to rent a spare room from someone, in an area of the USA where rental costs are among the highest in the country. My art at this time reflected the deep conflicts and trauma in my life. Some of it I am not proud of; yet I forgive myself now, in knowing that if you put garbage in, then garbage is surely to come out; and I'll count it to my credit that I came up with a great deal of positive content in my public internet platform art, which brought me together with many different types of people from all over the world. It was not a super stardom, but it was definitely more than just a small insignificant handful. Definitely enough to give me a taste of fame, but not enough to push me over the edge into actual celebrity. Many creators and artists of different types experienced this same kind of taste of fame, at time before censorship of big tech companies clamped down for a more corporate style; according to their methodology of buying the market with free service and no-censorship; then once all other competitors have disappeared to change it up and implement censorship and corporate profit priorities.

I look back at the message board culture fondest of all. Because it was here that I feel I truly received an efficient and practical education without all the barriers and red tape that exist in official school. I fit in well on the political debate boards; jumping in and offering my opinions; getting shut down and schooled to humiliation very often in the beginning, but learning more and more every time as I slowly perfected my ideology; and every time I presented my new and improved ideas, the great wealth of intellectuals on these boards would find the

weak points and send me back to the drawing board. It would be a couple years before this would stop happening to me, and it would be me who was constantly finding weaknesses in other's arguments. A few times I would have major shifts of political thought; especially on things like the Jewish Question, which I'll talk more about later; and also on various aspects of religion. Before long I would settle upon an ideology of a revised history of National Socialism, with a hero of mine being found in Adolf Hitler, in part because of my principally German ancestry, and especially my patrilineal ancestry going back to the same South German state on the European mainland as Adolf Hitler. I admired Hitler at first because of the unrelenting ridicule on a daily basis his memory receives in every corner of the public sphere; and I related that to my own feelings of rejection by society; and considered it among the most manly and masculine qualities of a person to stand strong and confident in the face of social rejection, holding tightly to your carefully reasoned beliefs, and being a strong pillar of rejection social pressure to let go of plainly obvious truths. It caused me to develop an association of the phrase "Heil Hitler" as a celebratory affirmation of perseverance in the face of peer pressure and rejection; to have the strength to stand alone against even the entire world telling you that you are wrong and stupid, yet to not be overcome by it and in fact quite unaffected; Heil Hitler. The disgust trained into the common people against the phrase "heil Hitler" also causes the speaker to receive and withstand a similar when saying it, and thus the phrase from every perspective becomes like display of manly strength of perseverance against peer pressure, self-confidence, inner stone like strength against social rejection, and a hyper masculine display as compared against submissive femininity. It is known in many experiments that weak individuals when faced with a team of role playing actors doing a particular irrational thing, that most people will fall in line and repeat it once they see everyone else doing it, assuming something must be wrong with themselves for why they can't understand what is going on; and this becomes the predominate behavior of almost everyone especially as the complexity of the issue increases, such as in the study of the lies about National Socialism and World War 2; no matter how much logic sense and simple reason I can expose a person to; still in their hearts they can never change their opinion until first they see other doing so ahead of them to give them the confidence.

By the time I was 25 years old, I was years into a deep study of history, devouring every book I could get my hands on; crafting complex theories of historical analysis and presenting it to my message boards. It is with pride that I can say I was able to receive reasonable criticism of my ideas and would very often concede defeat. Finding that delicate balance between attempting to reject peer pressure but also to concede to a more powerful intellectual who shuts down your idea, this is often difficult for people conquer; they either go too far one way or the other; they either blindly stick to their original idea no matter what evidence against it because they are determined to reject peer pressure and thus put an end to any possibility of future learning, or they go too far the other way and constantly get led in circles by peer pressure. It takes a certain amount of mental toughness to admit you're wrong without being hurt by it. Like a kind of macho intellectualism, where nothing can hurt you because you coldly analyze all reasoning and come to the truth without any emotion attached, like a machine; it matters not if you are right or wrong, or your opponent is right or wrong; the macho intellectual such an intellectual brute, he cares not to win an argument but only improve his intellectual power.

It was also around this time that I naively through myself into the circus of public government meetings; thinking it was anything other than a complete circus carefully constructed to act as a pressure valve for public discontent; to act as the appearance of government consideration for the public. I got involved in a few political campaigns; especially on the local level, I now understand these political campaigns as similar in nature to little side shows within a greater carnival; to entertain and pacify those small groups of people, which all together form a frantic and nervous attempt by the controller to keep their rowdy classroom in order; faking a smile behind which is a nervousness; like trying to entertain a toddler to keep it from crying in a dangerous situation which requires silence. I can remember talking to these small time politicians and getting into serious considerations of policy, looking back now I recognize that uncomfortable smile as they play the part of pretending what I say matters, when really everything has already been decided by inner party circles and thus debating is pointless and really they have no actual power but are only the assigned baby sitters for the specific region of which they are elected. I would also attend the various public meetings of every single local government meeting and committee I could find. I even made my way to the state house of my particular

state, and made various interactions at the state legislature and committees. I was on a mission to change the world, to fight back against the cruel world which was so obviously twisted; I felt it was possible explain common sense to people, before I eventually realized the weakness of the majority of people to follow peer pressure rather than reason; before I realize just how different I was to everyone else. My greatest mission at that time, was to pursue with all vengeance against the psychiatric system, and to righteously bring to justice my cruel tortures. How naive I was at the time to not realize I was attempting to push back the waters of the ocean. This phase of my life lasted a few years before it slowly trickled off after I realized the only effect all my energy was having was to draw the attention of every single public official in and around my county, and probably also a reasonable number of state officials. I even made it a point to attend various political party meetings; and also to publicly spectate high level court proceedings in a failed attempt to teach myself how to be a lawyer. I remember once I caught the attention of a powerful county prosecutor who noticed me browsing all the publicly accessible aspects of the court system, and he must have decided I was of some type of menace other than a naive youth, and he brought me into his prosecutors office and gave me the look and arrogant tone which will stay with me all the days of my life, of someone overcome with power and the comforts of life, full of hate, full of malice, full of every lever of power at his disposal to make my life a legal living hell, full of the power at a whim to hit me on some rule technicality at the court house which would allow him to put me in jail if he wanted; and he informed me in the coldest most heartless voice I'll ever hear: "I know your name. Address. Phone number. License plate. I know exactly where you've been and what you've been doing. I'm watching you very closely," and more rhetoric I can't recall exactly to explain that he did not like me, and taunted me to show him any contentious disrespectful tone at him with the threat of throwing the book at me. Looking back at the moment now, I realize I had placed myself in the lion's mouth. I remember responding equally as cold and threateningly, but calculated, something along the lines of telling him to not abuse his power. He probably did succeed in his mission, because after that I discontinued my study of the county court house. But I will never forget the evil look in his eyes, up close, and I have seen similar airs of arrogance in almost every court prosecutor I've ever dealt with; to the point where I have come very suspicious about the people in that particular position of

society, due to being some focus connecting point of various different systems of control all hinging around the prosecutor; like a loose end of my studies which I've not had time to finish investigating but have been sufficiently agitated by it to know there is some serious system wide explanation for why court prosecutors are like this. I hope one day to tower over that man and menace him with the same raw threatening power; yet I could never bring myself to be so despicable as to frighten average people with power, even in the case of revenge I will not bring myself down to their level. This is what it means to be an adult amongst intellectual children.

Going on. After the disaster of my relationships with the eastern and western Pakistani girls, it would be three years of solitude amongst those learning experiences I just described before I would happen upon a woman again who could penetrate my rough exterior designed to chase away any relationship by quickly revealing the most normie offensive aspect of my personality; I had not a care to be abused by normies any longer and it was seen as better to scare them away sooner rather than later. However, by the third year of this lifestyle, it was beginning to wear on me, and the reserves of energy I had left to maintain isolation during those years was beginning to collapse in the face of the human need for human interaction in the flesh. As it happened, one of those contacts I made by publicizing my video art, happened to be a young girl who enjoyed the rebellious aspect of my personality, and was not intellectual enough to understand any of my political ramblings as anything more than incomprehensible chatter or mumbling. Comically, in a world of normies who hear non-normie ideas like nails on a chalk board, the only normie that could tolerate me was one who was intellectually deaf. It probably also helped that her first language was Russian, so that she could not keep up with most of my quick high vocabulary English.

No surprise, follow the pattern of western white racial politics. The conflict between Slavic Eastern whites in Russia and Western Whites has been a source of inner conflict, which is always externally inflamed by those of our enemies who do not wish the white race to unite. But those external factors focused in on the most efficient means of dividing us by focusing in on a division that was already present there; and as I described before even racial Slavs and Eastern whites have remained relative separate over the centuries, with intermixing happening much less often than north and southern whites; and is the most

principal division among us. Some of my readers may see little relevance of viewing the white race as political whole; but try to apply the same observations as you would to another race, for example Asians, or black, or Arabs. You can plainly see how those races tend to form bonds with each other as members of a similar looking race that faces similar circumstances and have similar cultures; and thus it is a simple thing to acknowledge that members of a similar race will statistically form political alliances naturally; and for this reason you might wonder if other peoples might have a motive to sew conflict between the white races, with the conflict between Russia and the western powers as the modern focus of that divisive strategy. And thus I will say that there is an importance of the controllers of the white common people to expose them manipulate their thinking regarding Russia and Slavs more generally.

And thus, in hindsight, I see it as no surprise that I next ended up in the arms of a Russian woman. Think about the levels of control going on in my life at this point. My mind and developing thoughts were fully accessible not just by elite surveillance spying, but also being so attached to the internet they could introduce to me any number of different personalities and ideas without much more effort than sending an e-mail. Thus I have my suspicions about this Russian woman who entered my life at that time. A time when for the last 3 years I had been stewing in my isolation; as emotionally toughened against loneliness as I thought I was, every man has their breaking point before the devolve into ever increasing insanity; such is the biological need for social stimulation, and even more so for a woman due to the instinct to breed. I was at the complete mercy of whichever woman I came across next whom I was reasonably attracted to. And as I said, her intellectual activity was completely absent, so much so that to this day I am most suspicious of her, of all the relationships in my life, as being one of the most likely to be a consciously participating actress in these games upon my psychology. Necessarily, I suppose, a personality of near zero intellectual interest would make it much easier to navigate an intellectual personality with whom a woman is trying make a connection. Deep intellectual conversation brings to the surface many possibilities for intellectual conflict. Thus the Russian woman established herself in my life, and the pattern continue again as it always did with every woman in my life, complete and utter heart break, and this time around its cruelty increased ten-fold and was in all ways more terrible and more painful for except only the fact

that the first time a tender male youth's heart break is always a unique experience with its own type of emotional that can't ever be repeated in the same way. And yet with this Russian woman it was also different in that the heartbreaks would continue constantly over and over; building me up, then cutting me down, but after having already been drained of all my energy to tolerate isolation without the presence of a woman, perhaps a personal weakness of mine I might admit; and thus even down to present day, she has been the only woman to ever any interest to me to any successful conclusion. As a rule, the elite manipulators of my life make their manipulation goals for me difficult to decipher, and I am not sure to what end they are using her for in my life; and as I have become more and more aware of the likely possibilities of manipulation being focused on me, it seems to have taken a more complex turn necessarily for that reason to keep me in the dark. Even the words I'm writing now are undoubtedly being monitored and the variables to different emotion equations of my psychology are being adjusted; yet what can I do but to patiently endure; and hope to eventually overcome these external interferences in me life; and that is part of the reason for my writing this book that I hope to one day escape the clutches of cruel manipulation of my life and perhaps even one day finds the individuals responsible for this face to face and put an end to their meddling; and as according to my non-violent nature my desire to sever their connection to my life and place them like the immature children they are to the side with severe admonition like a parent. It is my nature to overcome my enemies but not to become like them or exact revenge, but rather to take the higher road and establish myself as the adult in the room, forgiving the sins of the children and less intelligent because they just don't know any better; and perhaps more importantly to end the cycle of back and forth revenge for revenge so that my suffering might serve a greater purpose than just the initiation of another cycle of revenge lust upon me. Returning to the Russian woman and her current presence in my life; unlike other women who came and went relatively quickly, this Russian woman has remained constantly incoming and outgoing presence in my life up until present day; over ten years. That means for almost 15 years, I have not experienced any female interest in myself besides her. And what other choice did I have but to return to her, however abusive, again and again, or else face cold emotional and sexual desolation. It appears in every way to me like calculated coercion with some end goal I am not certain what experiment or training they are currently running on me in regard to her. I

will describe little more of the specific details of my relationship with her, because of the fact that it is still an ongoing process and not necessary for the purposes of this book. She was not just American Russian, but born in Russia, which makes the likelihood of her being some kind of pawn even more likely. What I will say of my time with her, is constant emotional abuse. Cruel and terribly emotional torture. Some may call it pathetic that I even still maintain any interaction with her, and you may be right, but I'll defend myself in saying that I had this choice of pathetic enslavement to her, or else face 15 years alone. Perhaps my intellectual ways are the real reason why I cannot cause a success with any other woman to come upon; but whenever I do I hope to escape from her abuse. And this system of female abuse upon males is a currently an epidemic in the common folk manipulation systems; I will describe more about this later. But I feel quite sure the majority of men readers here in western culture are actively experiencing severe abuse at the hands of a female. This is not to offend any females who experience abuse at the hands of males, which occurs also, but I am just pointing out in general that it is currently happening in greater numbers an abuse from male to female. I despise every minute of it, and I am not ashamed to describe it you as a current struggle I am experiencing. Yet make no mistake, I feel compassion for all common folk who themselves are being manipulated with robotic accuracy, and I do not blame her nor any of the people in my life who have abused or hurt me. It is a problem with the system, not the individuals themselves.

Let me attempt to return to what I was originally trying to describe before getting sidetracked with my general life story; that of my first hospitalization in appears to me to be one of the most evil institutions in mankind. To be simple, I will not deny that I was in a state of confusion when this occurred to me. Yet, that path of life is exactly that of proceeding from confusion unto greater and greater wisdom. Thus you ask, what type of confusion was it in my which led them to justify imprisoning me, force feeding me complex unnatural drugs, and forced verbal repetitions of their truth under the thread of keeping me imprisoned and drugged forever? I'll tell you. Let's just say I was in the midst of a major transition in the natural progression of my spirituality and personal religion. I'll spare you the details of my exact thoughts and instead focus on how I appeared outwardly. I'll even preface the episode with a strange happening on that morning. Real time internet communications delivered to me from anonymous sources, and then the television

appearing to communicate directly enough. Granted it may have been an illusion during my confused state, but also acknowledge that it could have been purposefully directed unexplainable manipulation of my technology devices for the reason of priming me for a forced state of confusion; or as the psychiatric system would call it a psychosis. Still, let's not focus on my confusion but instead consider my outward actions which alone in a world of supposed freedom of religion and freedom of thought, should be the only thing taken into consideration when deciding to imprison, drug, and psychologically torture a person. According to my spiritual development at that time, I picked up a bible and a toy wooden sword that mysteriously appeared in my house the night before; yet more evidence of external manipulation. I then took these two items and went for a walk; and then walked to main street and sat in the waiting room of a random doctor's office I happened upon. I said exactly nothing as the clerk approached me and asked if I had an appointment. I simply smiled. The police were called, and still this whole time I continued to say nothing. They escorted me to a back room of the building and proceeded to arrogantly mock me for being strange, whilst I refused to say even a word. Still having said nothing, and ambulance was called and I was escorted into it. I had no idea what was coming. Still, what crime had I committed? Nobody even asked me to leave, if the worst of my crime could be considered as trespassing. Having no idea what cruelty was in store for me, else fear may have caused me to flee, and so I walked into the ambulance. They then attempted to strap me down in a stretcher, at which point I refused, still completely silent up to this point. They then asked me "Would you please let us strap you into the bed?" Naively, I said my first words that day, "Because you asked me nicely, I'll let you."

They then brought me to some hospital environment or psychological evaluation center. Having no idea that I was effectively being detained, I followed where I was led, and they brought me into a hospital room and instructed me to wait. At this point, I became bored with them and politely declined and began to walk out. At this point they stopped me and informed me that I was not allowed to leave. Then, with no other choice and not a violent bone in my body I accepted what was happening and began to wait in this hospital room alone for hours. I recall there being two elderly patients in the rooms to my right and left screaming variously, and I was able to venture slightly out of my room to observe them in full sick bed with tubes and IVs hooked into them. They then proceeded to attempt

to get me to sign something; at which point I created one of the worst crimes in the psychiatric system, I signed the document Jesus Christ. It's not important my exact thoughts or how exactly I was interpreting the trinity philosophy of Christianity; what's important is I was silent besides these actions. They then attempted to get a blood sample and I refused. I was 19 years old at the time, an adult under the law. They proceeded to keep me locked in this room until the evening, maybe 12 hours. My identification documents being on my person, they knew my identity and contacted my family. My parents came, and as the common folk they were, did not know what to do or understand what was happening other than it being obvious I was confused... or was I? I remember at some point beginning to talk, being peppered with questions undoubtedly in attempt to reveal further my state of confusion. Late that evening, perhaps close to midnight, I found myself strapped to another hospital bed in an ambulance and driven to a psychiatric hospital where they immediately placed me in a dreadful place called "The Quiet Room", which is just a nicer way to say solitary confinement. Then a so-called doctor in a white coat came into the room after many hours, and they offered me some pills; I refused. Then they informed me that if I did not take the pills then I would be injected with their liquid form. I complied and the three week process of my realizing that they required verbal acknowledgement of their beliefs that I was mentally ill. They do not tell you this outright because they will never admit the sum total of what they do there with honesty, and so it did not dawn on me exactly my predicament until a so-called doctor psychiatrist informed me plainly, "If you don't admit you're sick, then you're never getting out of here." At some point I learned to play their game and spoke as they required. Such a minor thing it seems, yet I sincerely believe there is spiritual damage done to a person when they lie; and they in fact forced me to lie. Many people in this situation are much less compliant than I am, or pride causes them to persist in claiming their innocence. Yet I, for better or for worse, complied and thus I was able to make it out of that prison after 3 weeks. It's a wonder to me how they also justify forcing their prisoner patients there to wear the most humiliating hospital gowns, adding insult to injury and causing a patient to lose the dignity of people clothed in dignified clothing; and thus to very much look the part of the mentally ill individual they were determined to label me. Of course also consider the cocktail of strange psychiatric chemicals designed to tremendous effect on the brain; in particular a type of drug they call an anti-

psychotic; which I would later learn had the effect on me of causing severe crippling depression with the excuse of counter acting what they called peacefully content form of confusion as a manic episode. If I was not mentally ill when I first entered that place, then I most assuredly was when I came out as a result of these forced chemicals. I remember my sense of peace and contentment, which I held onto even up to the point of being placed in that solitary confinement room. I am proud I reached a place in my spirituality of true peace and happiness no matter what my situation, even whilst it could invariably be described as a confusion, or was it? Still, once their medication began to take effect, the effect of dismantling peace and contentment and causing severe soul crippling depression. I remember the depression being so severe I broke down crying; and whilst imprisoned and forced to go to bed and shower and attend these humiliating group therapy session which in reality where simply the beginning of tallying verbal compliance; so that once you reached a certain number of days of verbal compliance this is when they would release you. If not for the forced medication then I might not label it so cruel a torture and maybe even consider it somewhat excusable as a punishment for the only possible crime that could be considered for having trespassed in a doctor's waiting room; yet still I contend that I was never asked to leave, which I'm sure I would have; but even so, what is the punishment for trespassing in common law? Surely not what I received. I understood the devastating depression caused by the medication when a year or so later, after having been off that medication, I took a tenth of those which they had me on in the hospital, which immediately caused a crippling depression that had me crying for hours before it wore off. I hope that accurately describes the type of depression they medicated me with when I first entered that hospital. What a crime. What an evil. In my opinion, all those who work for and support that system are of the most extreme type of criminals, with their only excuse being that they are naively unaware of the evil they are participating in. Yet, I will contend that even those who naively commit atrocities, especially the leading psychiatrists of those facilities, and lesser so the nurses; are no less criminals than religious zealots of the past who would kidnap and torture individuals thinking they were doing so for the greater good as how they understood their religion. Because after all, what is psychiatry other than just another set of beliefs that could be called a religion? And what else did they besides kidnap and torture me, and innocent man who committed no crime. Afterward I collected the police report of the incident,

and due to the fact that I was completely silent at the start, all they wrote down was that I was "acting bizarre." I tell you now that this was my grand crime! That I acted bizarre in their opinion. Tell me now, who acted more bizarre, me silently in a doctor's waiting room or a group of police that mocked and ridiculed a person they never met before or ever hear spoke a word, and then turned me over to a psychiatric system of psychiatric religious zealots that enforced their religious beliefs to be spoken out of my mouth under the threat of continued torturous depression pills and a threat of eternal imprisonment. I ask you my reader, who was acting bizarre in this whole episode? Surely I was the sanest person amongst all the characters of this nightmare. I declare to you my reader, that all those involved in the psychiatric system are criminals of the highest order. And if any of them are reading this, then I tell you that I accuse you before the world and with every fiber of my being I will bring the tremendous scale of justice down upon you! Not just for myself but on behalf of all the innocent people whom you have tortured and led to a life of severe debilitating psychological injuries. Let me also be clear that I never spoke a word about suicide during this whole ordeal. Suicidal thoughts are responsible for a large part of their prisoners in those torture chamber hospitals, and many may argue that this is one acceptable excuse for imprisoning and drugging people; but I was not one of those case; and at the very least it is a large minority in those torture hospitals who like me expressed no suicidal thoughts and were imprisoned innocently for some excuse equivalent to "acting bizarre". If acting bizarre is a crime worthy of imprisonment and forced drugging, then all those working in the psychiatric system are certainly worthy of that punishment! They are the most disgusting aspect of humanity I have ever come across. Truly these people are the criminally insane!

What more can I say about what happened to me after this ordeal, then I was rudely awakened to the lack of religious freedom and freedom of thought in our society today? This was the beginning of making my stand against a world of evil as I now saw it clearly. And what's more about the terrible medications they force upon their prisoners, is that they cause a chemical dependence in the mind which results in withdraw symptoms if ever the individual were to take themselves off that medication. Just like any drug, withdraw symptoms come in the form of the opposite effect which they induce. As with cocaine causing a pleasure euphoria, and so the withdrawal symptom is a severe

depression. In the same way these psychiatric medications designed to cause the opposite of a manic state, thus their withdrawal symptom is the causing of a manic state. And I contend the some of those involved in this massacre of religious liberty are aware of this that those medications cause those prisoner patients to often enter a revolving door of going off their medication and which afterward withdrawal causes their minds to malfunction which lands them back again into the clutches of these evil people. It certainly keeps these criminal so-called doctors employed.

And so, I also made this same mistake; which I recall withdraw symptoms of this type causing me to reach various states of mind that left me vulnerable. Though I contend my mind was strong, and again each time I was imprisoned after this first time, it was the same pattern of me committing no crime whatsoever; even less so actually, because it was never a crime that got me in trouble but simply any interaction with police I would later have that they interpreted as "bizarre" would result in a psychiatric evaluation be called in, and whereas before my first hospitalization I might be able to talk my way out of it rather than silently waiting like a lamb to the slaughter like I did that first time; but not so these next hospitalizations, because it was on record that I was in a hospital before, and as per their procedure, it matters not what you say at a psychiatric evaluation; if you were hospitalized before then they automatically hospitalize you again. It took me a third imprisonment and torture chamber experience within 3 years of the first, before I learned of the wisdom to go off psychiatric medication very gradually in order to minimize the withdrawal symptoms. It would be 7 years, totally off medication before I would find myself imprisoned and tortured in another one of these hospitals for a 4th time. Mind you, that each time I was placed in one of these hospitals, the mental torture and anguish seemed to double. What a most obvious group of degenerate criminals.

I'll continue to contend, that I was indeed confused at various times which made me vulnerable to these psychiatric kidnappers; yet, is it a crime to be confused? Either way, I continued like we all do to improve our wisdom and learn from mistakes and slowly become less and less confused as I learned to understand my life and the world in which I lived. As I described before, my use of cannabis I do believe was a factor that weakened me and added to my confusion; it took me until 34 years old before

I found the wisdom that this cannabis they put before the common people is not so natural and "from the earth" as cannabis supporters would have you believe, but the current form of cannabis has been selectively bred and genetically modified to be some type of Frankenstein of its original natural form. I also notice a trend in the white race, that cannabis has a more confusion effect on our psychology more so than the other races. From this perspective at 34 years old that I finally removed it from my life, having experimented with it for some 14 years. Whilst I do not want to make it easy for a reader to calculate my exact birth date, I only say that it has be multiple years now since my abandonment of cannabis such that I do feel much more so stronger mentally and have not found myself close to being ensnared by the psychiatric system of evil; yet I am all too aware of its presence in our society, and I know that any wrong move or disrespect toward a police officer can easily escalate to the calling in of a psychiatric evaluation whence I would be carried off to my torturers once again. Thus I'll contend the with suggestion that cannabis weakened my psychology, not by denying the fact but rather that my weakened psychology did manifest itself in any outward way to cause me to commit any crime other than to offend the normie instincts of some police officers. I am an innocent man who has been imprisoned and tortured on 8 separate occasions by guilty men. This is the truth I declare you my reader. Judge for yourself!

And thus ends the basic outline of my life up to present day.