



GOthic VIOLENCE

A BOOK BY MIKE MA

GOthic VIOLence

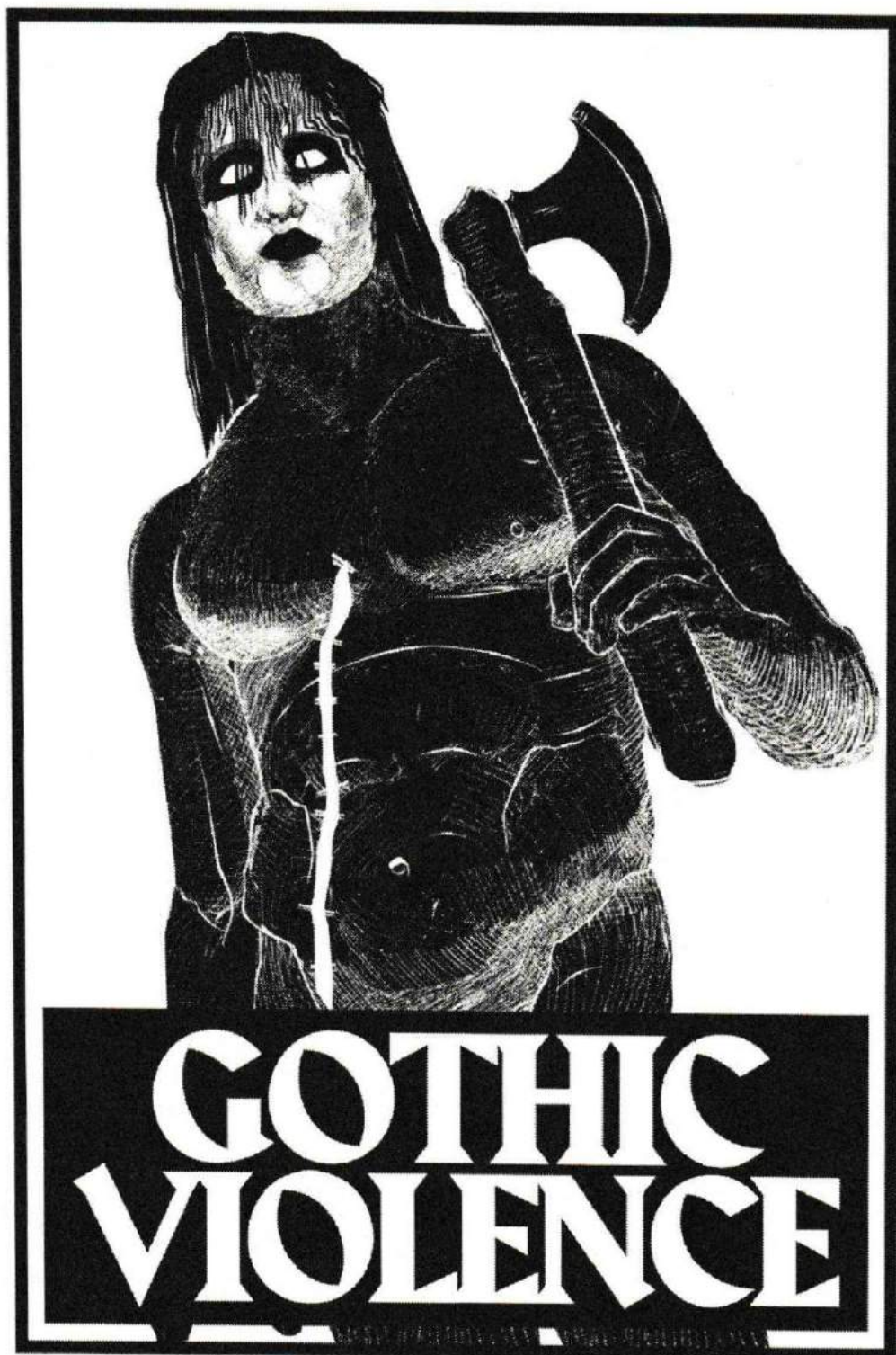
A STORY WRITTEN BY MIKEMA

GOTHIC VIOLENCE



DEDICATED TO JESUS CHRIST,
JOHN MAUS, JULIAN CASABLANCAS,
THE MENTOR, MY FATHER, BC, HN, WM, H,
and others.

GOTHIC VIOLENCE



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The following is a work of fiction.

Cover illustration by Mike Ma and Seaghán Brun.

Book illustrations by the same, as well as others,
marked accordingly.

Edited by Shazam Watkins.

Paperback Only.

*If you're reading this digitally,
it's stolen and you're now on a list.*

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OPENING;
LUCRETIA CONSULTS THE TERROR CARDS

At the break of six in the morning I'm awoken by a woman wrapped in black wool and living ivy. Her eyes are violent and her breath is heavy with wine. She lays across the length of a velvet corner lounge and cackles towards the foot of my bed.

I ask for an explanation but it only spurs more laughter. A whole minute passes before she settles down again.

With a detached gaze she pulls a table beneath her elbows and unwraps a deck of cards bound in some form of strange cordage. They look like tarot cards and each one has a little painting. I see a few of myself, a few that look like people I know. The art is finely detailed, down to each individual hair. Shadows and light are accounted for. I see the delicacy of perspective. Everyone is solemn and dressed in ornate military outfits. She smiles, then flashes one of herself exactly as she is before me.

I rise and make a tunic from the linen sheets. The card reads *Lucretia, Oracle of the Downward Pointed Earth*. She laughs again then pulls another card, insisting that I take it. It's a portrait of myself in corpse paint with a bundle of lit dynamite. I turn it over and find a ticket to Los Angeles. It's stuck to the back with red wax. Boarding at midnight, tonight.

"You complain too much and do too little."

"Why the ticket?" I ask.

"There is someone there you should meet."

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Lucretia shoves the table away, collects her cards, and starts to walk out.

“Don't drink that,” she adds, pointing to a goblet of black liquid on the windowsill. *Why would I?* I don't bother to ask. The room reeks of vetiver and pine. A few hours later, the sun finally rises. I'm unable to think of much else for the rest of the day. Still though, I sit and try. I kick my feet up and roam in and out of thought. She's right, I admit. A full-scale societal collapse doesn't happen on its own. It's needed for the plan to work.

People often ask about what it is I do. They ask why I'm here, and for what reason. The premise of my actions is simple — *to usher in the return of authenticity, and to reanimate the carcass that is our realm.* This is the foundation of everything that is good. For it to be real, founded in truth, and done with the weight of intention. Where something is built on lies, we shake it down and put swords through the backs of its keepers. Authenticity is as warm as the plasma in our veins, and just as crucial to life. It is the secret ingredient that makes kings of the common man and removes the empty gaze from the people at large. Life should be hard, but not dull. Life should be challenging, but not without soul. All people deserve to suffer their difficulties, to enjoy their peaks, in the bosom of the most beautiful and natural world.

The times call for true struggle. Against the key-holders and the ones who defend them. The times call for blood and the reward of peace. Above good and bad, cold or hot, people want genuine. They want to know that when something happens, it really happened. They want to know that it was done by real people.

Too often are things a shadow. Too often are things meant to deceive. All things must run with blood-in-vein again.

I have dreams of a woman in war paint. She drops rocks in the weather machine and summons storms with a chant. She pulls the wires on a controlled demolition and pushes towers to the ground with a touch.

I want to stand in the sun with new eyes. Every second of its glow fades the color of my conditioning. It is only right that we kill whoever stops us from having this. Something tells me we don't always have to. The history they hide tells me. It shows us that men who stray from the sanctuary of nature are marked for death by reset. Spiritually, physically. When man becomes defunct he often finds himself washed away by flood, be it literally or not. He finds that the land he has desecrated sinks quickly into the vastness of a now larger ocean. Just as he departs, another soon takes his place. There is always a new continent, one where the people are given a chance to live within Eden rather than against it. If Atlantis sunk, America may also. Let every coast become the floor of a new sea. No more shuffling papers under abrasive chemical lights. No more death by government and its scientism. I see the end of this experiment and it is so unbelievably close to us. The ground is moving again — it is the rise and fall of nature's bosom, warm in its every touch.

When the world tilts, it shakes its dead off the edge. When it sinks, we erect ships in the night and sail. We wait until the dove informs us of a new world and we do it all again. It is our human affect. A man's blood, spilled in sacrifice, fills the pot of his

permanence. If enough is spilled, he is bound to the world until there is no world left to fight in. All of today's greatest memories are an extension of the previous world. Books and stories, time and history. These are all like a perfume; they seep in and rise differently in everyone. This will always be the case and will always be misunderstood.

I stretch where I lay, then rise to pack my bags.

LOS ANGELES BEFORE APOCALYPSE

I'm tearing down Sunset Boulevard in what some may consider to be a stolen Mercury Marauder. The color is a classic gloss black. Both front doors sport a mock-police decal that reads *Los Angeles Terror Division* beneath a shield with crossing rifles. The whole thing looks really tasteful, I assure myself. On the passenger side is a young Laetitia Casta dead ringer who chants along to Joy Division's *New Dawn Fades* as it blares into streets around us.

I'm stick-shift gripping a sweating cold bottle of mineral water and trying to extract directions to her house via looks and lip reading alone. There is no room to soil the mood with a simple volume change. I think she says, "left here", I think she says, "keep right there". Somehow we end up at the foot of her driveway on a quiet street in West Hollywood. I'm wondering, since we've accomplished this much without words so far, why we should use them at all? Not sure I'm feeling the concept of language this week. This plan is shattered seconds later as she greets her lap dogs in a falsetto female screech. It is broken once more when she asks me if I'd like anything to drink. Now inside,

I decline and head into a living room so beautifully decorated that it spurs some innate removal of my boots.

Entire walls of built-in walnut shelving, completely packed with thousands of books I recognize and don't. The result of someone who comes from money, surely. I'm so stunned by the design that I've slipped up and given the compliments to her, who likely had nothing to do with it.

"I had nothing to do with it," she tells me, half-defeated.

I run my hands along the spines of a few books, I blow the dust off a couple others. This room has no television, no electronics. A pair of authentic Eames chairs, a tenderly worn Ralph Lauren blackwatch couch, and walnut side tables. The lighting fixtures are all flush with the wooden pieces spanning the room and it creates a soft, natural lighting.

She shuffles her feet like a puppy at dinner, ensuring she is not forgotten. She wants to go upstairs, and I guess I'm semi-interested, but it's nothing I'm really worried about. I'm tired of these moments with women I will never marry or see again. Besides, it's not every day that I'm set loose inside a house this interesting.

She moves towards a cabinet and tampers with a record player. "Oh Christ, you're one of those people?" I ask.

I'm fully aware that complaining about vinyl is the lowest of low hanging fruits, but with certain women and people, you can get

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away with it. This is not an audition for television, it's a likely-forgotten dialogue. I'm given a tilted head, a dopey smile in reply.

Kiss Them For Me plays gently on the stereo. I have to admit, the quality is impressive. That crackling, those pops. She pulls me to the stairs, which are also made of walnut, and tells me to hurry. *For what though?* Her jeans are too thin to be real denim, too tight on the skin to look away. I can never help but stare at the thighs of a woman. She pushes me onto the bed and starts to unbutton my shirt but it's useless. Halfway through her attempt I've got her in a gentle headlock. I pull her down to my level, both now on our sides. Her head remains lightly fastened between my bicep and forearm. I do not care if she wants to sleep, because I do.

Hours later, we rise and the sun still hangs. It's six o'clock, which is more like four in Los Angeles. She cooks two steaks in ghee using a method I once taught her and brings them out into a sunlit backyard garden. Post-meal, I kick back to bathe in the light before dusk. She mentions something about a party tonight, but it's not for a while. Until then, I'll sit as I do and skim her father's books as she deliberates outfit after outfit. I'm drinking a half-gallon of legal raw milk and waiting for her to make a final decision. I'm wearing black Levi's and jackboots with a western denim button-up. Later in the night, some of her friends arrive. I consider a retreat, but it is too late. I'm spotted mid-lunge for the stairs. We sit around and talk for a while before leaving together.

THE NIGHT OF LAST CARESS

Someone calls a car and we pack into the back rows. Ten minutes later begins the slow and winding crawl into Hollywood Hills. At my request, John Maus' *Believer* is playing at a comfortably loud level while the group is passing around a small tinted glass vial. Someone notes the convenience of the miniature spoon welded to the concave of the lid. I'm glancing back and forth between them and the driver who is getting visibly upset. I'm sure he'd voice concern if only he spoke better English.

The car stops and we jump out, some tripping on seats or nothing at all. I lost the girl I came with. Actually, I don't even think I came with one. Wait, yes I did. She's around here somewhere.

Stepping inside, I shake the calm out and scan a little bit. Lots of people, lots of yelling. I'm soon greeted by the homeowner who is now directing me to his idea of the real action. We move a little deeper into the hive. I'm shaking hands with the Garden twins, embracing Mason and Mitchell Musso with a promise to swing back around. A tall figure in an executioner's outfit sways on the kitchen island, his axe leaned against the counter. His eyes are painted black under the fabric cowl and he stares directly into mine. I shake a little more calm out and walk. Deeper into the hive. David Dobrik, his assistant, Kylie Jenner, Lele Pons, not exactly together, but close enough to take in at a glance. Diplo, Dillon Francis, and those guys who are good at games. Tana Mongeau, Kendall Jenner, and those rappers who started doing country. I beg my guide to let me ask a newly-blonde Billie Eilish for her take on vigilante crime. He scowls like I know better,

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striking me as my Personal Virgil for a moment. Passing Billie, she leans into my leaning in, and I whisper something about pulling down the power lines. She giggles and I'm moving onward. The Growlers are setting up for a live set in-between banter with the Hadid sisters. "They fucking suck," I'm telling anyone who'll listen. A plastered Demi Lovato asks "who?" and I point at the band. "None of them actually surf." She nods in slow agreement, a killer Persian rug below our feet. I sternly add something about how I can't even surf. Not well, at least.

Scott Disick, Jennifer Lawrence, and Marco Pierre White's son explaining something very loudly. Ansel Elgort stumbles into me expecting outrage but finds only a warm smile. For that we embrace and then shuffle off in opposite directions. Bella Thorne gifts me a polite smile and a gentle one-armed hug. Vincent Gallo is dancing in a tight place and a few others join in, creating a kind of miniature mosh pit. I flash a thumbs up. Guide introduces me to Frances Bean Cobain, a close friend of his, and she insists I try a sip of her drink. I ask her why everyone is making a video, to which she shrugs and kisses me on the cheek. Hillary Duff heads out, kids are at home. Now I'm locking eyes with Ashley Tisdale and telling her that we went to the same high school. "They used to play '*We're All In This Together*' on the intercom every morning. You made them so proud." She never knew this and plans are made for a late lunch tomorrow, following her nephew's bris. Immediately after, Jessica Springsteen tugs my sleeve from behind. My father used to do her father's electric, a job that resulted in their friendship. "You look similar to your dad," she tells me.

Ariel Pink, Angel Olsen, and a scruffy Julian Casablancas who reciprocates my smile despite posing for some underground zine photo. We have talked before about an armed dairy compound in the wild west of Brazil. Winnie Harlow and Jordan Barrett next to some fairy who can't stop yelling about the Soho Grand last night. The Growlers start playing finally. It's a cover of *Love Fuzz* by Ty Segall, and for this they are slightly redeemed in my eyes.

Luka Sabbat, Ian Connor, and Justin Bieber discuss splitting the cost and space of a mega-houseboat, meant for hiding out in the Everglades. I shout the word "mosquitos" and Luka angrily throws a paper straw at my head. Victor Ward sits in the corner with a coked-up Cara Delevingne. Victor and I shake hands like men, and he tells me that my last work was "a little too similar" to another he can't recall. I tell him that all of today's best art is stolen or heavily inspired. He agrees fully and I confess to him that this is the place to be tonight. He shouts, "Absolutely, baby. You're so cool." I'm asking my guide what the fuck our destination is exactly. I spot Frank, Adriana Lima's personal deejay and friend of my friend. He's an off-the-boat Cuban, but you'd never know it.

The Stranger Things cast floats about like a summer camp field trip, minus the matching Gildan tees. I'm high fiving Finn Wolfhard, over the heads of his tiny cohorts, as he asks where I bought my shirt. When I tell him I made it, he takes my number down and asks that I make another one in size "between medium and small". Mutual nods of approval. A couple laughs shared with Lucas and Josh Ovalle, both are tearing through some double-fisted Coors Banquets. We all spin around together.

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William Spencer and Curren Caples stand atop a decorative half-pipe and attempt to clear the area for a brief skate demo. Only half the crowd listens but they still drop in. A roaring cheer and many spilled drinks. For a second I am sure that Ashley Graham is asking me to visit her newly-renovated air hangar in Lake Havasu City but it's directed at the woman beside me, Iggy Azalea in a neon pink bodysuit. Doesn't matter, I didn't react. I'm asking Zendaya and Barbie Ferreira if they want to drink blood with me later. Vague replies. Another Ty Segall cover by The Growlers. They should do this full time. So many people still filming their own little *day-in-the-life* videos. Everyone is trashed, slammed, coked-up and out of this twilight zone of a palace. Someone starts inflating a baby pool and someone else is pleading that they fill it with margarita mix. "Why?"

I lose my guide and realize that it's Ty Segall who's been playing all those Ty Segall covers. "Exceptional choice," is what I'd have told the now-vanished homeowner, also known as my Personal Virgil. Ty is thrashing around and the people are electric. Is that J Mascis on drums? Ty is wearing some kind of cult robe and face paint. Two girls in Charles Manson shirts spot one another and scream. I think I used to have that shirt. Ty starts covering Christian Death's *Romeo's Distress*.

"Conversations about the holes in your hands..."

I'm pulled away by Virgil again, who is on much more cocaine than before. The energy here is a circuit complete. Rumors of Brad Pitt stopping by. Rumors that someone is planning to joyride the helicopter outside. Someone knows where the keys

are, had a few lessons back in college. A passing remark about the fate of Stevie Ray Vaughan and then back to the idea of Brad Pitt. Homeowner answers a video call from Kim Kardashian and she's apologizing for the no-show. Some rapper catches the call in periphery, waves politely, and moves on. I think he's the first black person I've seen tonight. The Hollywood class of America is more racially homogenous than any white nationalist group. Both have a mix of people who are closely related or undercover intelligence assets.

We are moving upstairs, where an entirely different party is going on. Ted Barrow talks Homer with a wobbly Dustin Dollin, Theo Von talks hair with Cedric Bixler-Zavala, guide says something about David Duchovny. Kim Gordon's daughter and someone with a jacket marked "defeatist" in white paint. Oh, and Virgil's name isn't actually Virgil, I was just calling him that.

Gerard Way, Lou Barlow, and Robert Smith discuss whether or not God hates us all. I don't think so. Mickey Avalon bums a smoke from Lana Del Rey and they head outside with Andrew VanWyngarden, Regina Spektor, Nathan Williams, and Alex G. Jack White too, but he's falling behind due to flip phone complications.

We head upstairs once more to the third level. It's comfortable but quiet. Too quiet. No noise from the lower floors. Virgil insists that we're almost there. He pulls back a set of curtains that cuts the hallway off, then another. A third set of curtains reveals an entrance to a room with a balcony overlooking the city. Someone is out there. We move closer now. It's the Executioner

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and he stands with legs spread apart, his axe in hand. He must be seven or eight feet tall, easily. Virgil says that he is "one of us".

The door slides open via some automatic mechanism and I step through it, onto the balcony. Four minutes of silence. It passes like a cold stream.

"This morning I rose from a grave of three chains deep. It was dug long before your world was the merest sketch in the architect's mind. Your sun is duller, your clouds thinner, and your soil lacks the blood to make it full. Make once more the world replete with a good violence," his voice almost too deep to understand.

"I will."

"I care not to look until it is done. I have seen too much in my life."

He tears a strip of cloth from the hem of his robe and ties it around his eyes. Virgil guides me away. When I turn back, the executioner is gone.

It takes me half an hour to decide whether or not any of this truly occurred. It must have. I saw how the fabric of his robe was too thick for the wind to move it. The scent of iron from his axe, from his wounds. I shake some calm back and walk. I walk, and I walk and now we are headed back into the thick of tonight's party. It smells more like tobacco than weed. Ty Segall tearing apart the solo in *Feel* and it's all still electric. A rare Los Angeles fog creeps onto the estate's many balconies and sets the mood.

Later in the night we discover the fog was in fact smoke. Some low-level actor chasing a low-level artist down the street in a rented Maserati. Predator t-bones the prey, gets out, and approaches his totaled car. Prey pops out, draws a twenty-two, and dumps the entire magazine in the predator's chest. Police and first responders now assessing the scene. Coroner loads the deceased into his wagon. Only adds to the electricity in the air. There is something coming, this is only a start to it all. Paramounting.

A conversation between two overlooking the wreckage.

"This is so nineteen ninety one."

"Shut the fuck up, and it's not."

"Have another drink."

The Casta lookalike I arrived with embraces me from behind, asking me where I've been and who got hurt down there. I say it's nothing to worry about like I'm her father or something. I put my arm across her shoulders and we head back inside to a party that is largely unaware of the moment outside. It's like nothing ever happened and so the night continues just fine. I run into Brad Pitt who's hiding out beside one of the lesser-known upstairs bathrooms.

"How is life?" I ask with genuine interest.

"Tough, as it should be," he sighs.

"You should fake your death. I think you've put enough time in."

"True. It does feel like it has come to that."

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Brad smirks at his shoes as I step away. Back downstairs now. I don't even know these people. I don't even know why I'm here. I should fake my own death. How beautiful. Fake death. To witness how people act in your absence.

The band plays a cover of *Last Caress* and, in its familiarity, I begin to space out. That golden feeling comes to me, that certainty. It's that swelling of the compass tissue in your chest. You've been meandering, a party with these people just because, a conversation with a couple whoevers, then it hits you. Nothing else has the weight to matter when that arrow starts shifting. It's an order given and accepted. It's something honest to follow. I set an empty glass on the counter and walk. Then jog. I hop the backyard balcony, slide down the rocky hill beneath it, and start running down the side of the highway. There is nothing you can do but follow that order.

EVERYTHING BEHIND ME IS ON FIRE AND EVERYTHING BEFORE ME MIGHT SOON FALL BEHIND ME

Running is miserable, but I do not stop until I reach the glass doors of the Los Angeles airport. I storm inside and buy a flight at the desk like some sort of lunatic stuck in the eighties. I peel off a sweaty outer layer. Security looks worried but they don't bother to search me. To them, I am just another jerkoff. Late for some meeting or late for some phone call. I have no bags, barely anything in my pockets, and I am fairly certain that I left a ceramic knife on my calf under my right sock. I am in.

Connecting flight in LaGuardia, arguably the worst airport in the country, potentially in the world. I imagine Canada might have some of the worst though. Nothing to do with their design or comfort, just that you would have to be around Canadians. I feel a shudder coming.

I stumble in, then out of some store with a free bottle of Yatagan — Caron's eau de toilette, named after the Ottoman saber. Shoplifting is an overlooked art form. I picked Yatagan because it smells how I look — sweaty, handsome, freshly dragged through a bed of dirt and pine needles. It's earthy and real. The kind of scent that a tired barbarian might naturally acquire.

Back to the south, and hopefully I'll never leave it again.

DRACULA WORE HIS CAPE TO NIGHTMARE BEACH AGAIN

The day is new, cleansed by Florida sun, and I am walking into a coastal steakhouse with a couple of friends. Moments after we are seated, I spot photos of myself and the others on the television. It's a news segment where the chyron reads:

REPORTS OF BEACH GANG VIOLENCE REACHING ALL TIME HIGH

We shift to a table near the screen and quickly bump the volume up.

“Beachgoers are appalled by what has become an all-out war for the coast of Nightmare.” A few seconds of silence from the news

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lady then a cut to a bloodshot blonde-haired teenager. He's still in his wetsuit, fresh out of the water.

"Too many f—n' lawyers and desk jockeys coming out here for a post-work session. Needs to stop. Stay the f—k out or get chased the f—k out."

Back to the newscaster.

"Just last week, we spoke to two paralegals who had left the beach with broken noses. Today, we're with Dillard Reeves, chairman of the Nightmare board of directors," cuts away for another oceanside interview.

DILLARD: "It's killing tourism and killing the peace."

NEWS: "Tell us a bit about who they are."

DILLARD: "It's a group of about twenty or more frequents, mostly surfers — all convinced that the waves belong to them. Constantly driving and skating around, blaring loud music, calling people names, causing problems. Girls too. The only upside is they keep the beach clean. But even that can't be done without violence. A friend of mine, a great realtor, accidentally left a glass beer behind and these kids followed him to his car. They knocked him down, kicked him senseless, told the wife to clean him and the trash up. One of them threatened to rape her. Who does that?"

NEWS: "Have any police been involved?"

DILLARD: "We've told them countless times and nothing has been done. Say they can't arrest them if they don't see it happen. Finally they send a patrolman to keep watch. Turns out he's the

older brother of one of these scumbags. Useless man, totally useless.”

You can see the surfers with their tongues out, flipping him off in the backdrop. One of them calls him a, “FAGGOT!” in the distance. There’s at least ten guys circling the area, then a cut-away.

“Since that was recorded, local police have promised Dillard and his board a much larger share of attention to the area. They declined to speak with Channel Eight on the matter.”

The shot moves to a piece of graffiti behind her reading “PIGS STAY OUT OR POWER LINES GET CUT”. Another shot, this time the hood of a black Range Rover with the words “TIME TO DIE” and an arrow to its New York license plate. The shot cuts to a middle-aged woman in glasses.

“This surpasses the usual territorial behavior found in surf culture. Visitor count has been drastically reduced since it began. People have given up and moved to new beaches. Things were more popular during last summer’s shark scare, and that’s saying a lot.”

The segment ends and we turn to each other. Amazed and impressed is the general attitude.

A couple minutes later and we’re all getting messages from people far and wide. Rumors of beaches just like ours, rumors of beaches to be recolonized, rumors of the coming wave of mass surf terrorism. Someone tells me they chased out some salmon-

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short bennies for listening to Beach House last week. The coast belongs to the Atlantean race, no question. I remind myself that I can't even surf that well. The moment passes and boredom sets in. It's almost two o'clock. Someone suggests we park the seventy-six Bronco outside a local college and harass the girls who walk by. It's a thought but one too small. I am suddenly aware of our place in this all. Aware of just how the butterfly affects.

Piece by piece we could take the peninsula back. It isn't just a dream, but a very real possibility. We peel out towards home base.

HE'S STEALING HOME!

I keep hearing about these guys who show up to popular bars in the nineteen seventy-seven Oakland Athletics home uniform and heavy-duty catcher's helmets. I hear they storm in too quickly to register, land a series of punches on everyone inside, and leave before the police are ever called. It's three to five minutes of torrential haymaker downpour, enhanced by the use of hard-knuckle gloves. I hear their helmets shatter the hands of whoever fights back.

The aftermath is piles of unconscious drunks. Bartenders too battered to dial for help. Women cowering beneath layers of splintered furniture. Unisex groans overtop of another Journey song.

I keep hearing about a couple of men who run down the Vegas Strip in motorcycle helmets, starting fights, stealing wallets, and

shoving drunks into trash cans and fountains. I keep hearing about a pack of heroes that tar and feather lone-wolf police officers. They blind them, take their body armor and duty belts, and then grab a couple of buckets. Sometimes they'll take the whole uniform and save it for a later adventure.

At the end of every night, the police are left with nothing to go on. They twiddle their thumbs and ask one another, "Well, who's on first?"

WAR IS JUST A BAD VACATION

I am outside in the harvest of my being. The untouched sun and a mason jar of cold raw milk. I watch my skin get darker. It is on the balcony that I consider some things. I consider how life is not so short anymore, or how it could be. I consider our importance, our birth. At what point do I stop this all and raise a family? A few more months, probably. I have to find the right woman. Someone sets off the fire alarm. When it's quiet again, I register that I am alone and begin to stir the potion of thoughts. That's the method. Pour in a couple handfuls of observations and ideas, stir vigorously and see what results.

Shaved the hair off my arms and legs so I could absorb more sunlight. Was Saturn the first sun? Maybe our current one replaced it. Is the moon just a reflection of the Earth? I should tell my parents I love them. Many horseshoes often grow into waves of oscillation. It's okay to litter in major cities. I am not where I need to be, but I act like I am. Always will act like I am. Where I am is the place to be, until it is not. If you're in a restaurant with green and yellow walls, you're probably in Miami.

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Not okay to litter there, too close to the Holy Atlantic Ocean. Some humans are litter. China used more concrete in three years than America used in the whole of the twentieth century. Ninety percent of the news is spook-generated. I spend every day of my life arguing with myself. Inside of my head, arguing with my own thoughts. Full conversations with resolutions, agreements, new outcomes. Considering erratic boulders. Various evidence of the Flood. Thinking about the cube and missile crisis.

I am on the streets of Miami, squinting through dark-tinted tortoiseshell sunglasses, deciding which chubby white Latin girl I would marry. Not legal marriage, of course, as I'm not interested in signing my world away. Never legally marry a woman. One girl catches my intention. She perches beside me. I speak enough Portuguese to catch that she's twenty-three. "A little too old," I mutter in English, but in Portuguese I take her number. "Peço teu número" No point in burning the bridge. She may grow on me in the time that passes. Plus, it's important for us to remind the southern world that colonization is still on the table. You can get a lot from these women by memorizing the lyrics to a song or even just an honest compliment. "Beije-me." It's charming if you butcher it and it's charming if you don't.

She grabs my hand and we cross the street to the beach. Nothing is said until she leaves to meet her mother. She mentions it's for a dinner in the city. Or at least I think that's what was said. She invites me to join but I decide I shouldn't. Not yet. I stand alone towards the fading violet sun and reassess her many features, her genetic potential. Long, light brown hair, celibate eyes, a classically European side profile. Her nose was angelic in its angle, so gently upturned. Her eyes, although bright, do not

pierce too intensely. She speaks no English but is more similar to a subject of Caravaggio than the average American woman. Many parts of South America are hidden strongholds for the vanishing genes of Venus. Entire towns and regions that still speak German or Italian. People like to think that it's one big favela, but that is simply untrue. The south is a mirror of Europe in many ways, though unlike it in many others. Luckily.

A side effect of being handsome is boundless female distraction.

"I don't wanna take my time going to work, I got a motorcycle and a sleeping bag and ten or fifteen girls. What the hell I wanna go off and go to work for? Work for what? Money? I got all the money in the world. I'm the king, man.

I run the underworld, guy. I decide who does what and where they do it at. What am I gonna run around like some teeny bopper somewhere for someone else's money? I make the money man, I roll the nickels.

The game is mine. I deal the cards."

BREATH OF THE DRUID

Somewhere during the spring, I invested time and good money into a machine that I had touched within my dreams. Imagine a long-range acoustic device but built, over the course of a few years, from carefully sourced vintage motors, obscure auto parts, and strange, unused technologies. Its function was simple, to emit a noise so horrible and so foreign to human ears that the public would fall into hysterical panic for days, weeks even. It had to be so dark that they'd set aside time to understand why

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and where it came from. It had to be a terror, something that haunts. The key factor is that the sound produced has never been heard before. It must be entirely new, baritone and not, menacing to the point of no return.

And so it was. A few mechanical engineers and I drew up plans. We started simple with a boat trailer and some pieces of sheet metal to use as either placeholder or disguise. It was crucial that the device be easily transported while hiding in plain sight. Police would search the areas it could have come from. Next we visited some scrapyards and loaded a box truck with assorted garbage, all paid for in cash. Century old motors and scrap parts, general miscellany, loose schematics and paperwork. We got everything electrical in one warehouse an hour from the garage we worked in, also paid in cash. Five hundred feet of six gauge copper wire, one hundred feet of flexible conduit, a box of two-forty volt disconnects, and much more. We custom order quadruple-sized train horn kits from a local workshop which would be matched by vintage speakers almost equal in their volume level. The contractor doesn't ask why, only says that he'll be plugging his ears for the rest of the year.

The second half of the construction process was a blur. I helped with what I could and stood back, acknowledging that the hardest part was making something new out of old technology. Wiring shiny modern parts into things made before the time of our grandfathers. At one point, we fashioned it to operate via ripcord, similar to how you'd start a lawnmower, but decided no human should be that close when it fires. Instead we built a rope start that triggered via time clock. Once pulled, you had sixty seconds to get some distance, then bang. We also opted to have

it fire the sound in a broad wave pattern rather than something in a single direction. All in all it only took about a month, collection of materials included. A few issues became obvious. A test run would not be possible and, after all this work, it may just explode. We stared at a device that was truly the first of its kind. It was based on a dream and, in theory, would make infants of the world's other noise machines. I wanted it to rival the volcanic explosion of Krakatoa in eighteen-eighty three, a blast so loud it popped the eardrums of people forty miles away. The primary goal wasn't injury, just terror. The equivalent to that eruption in audible fear.

I stared a bit longer and felt the words so gently leave my lips, "Breath of the Druid," a name I'd call it within myself. By any other name, would it still scare the world.

HOW TO USE MACHINE AGAINST MACHINES

Today began with the ringing of a cargo truck in reverse outside. It was an order I had placed a week back. Sixteen hundred used or refurbished netbooks from the early years of the millennia.

It takes us two days to set them up in a warehouse we've rented in Jupiter, Florida. It's a three minute walk from the shore, specifically chosen for its escape potential. Oddly enough, nothing we have planned is illegal, but legality isn't the basis on which federal agents arrest people. Legal things done too well are often made punishable by government. They are the bitter neighborhood kid you could never play Monopoly with, always

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getting upset when the others got ahead. Always making up rules for how the game's bank operates.

With everything plugged-in and running, we use pre-loaded peer-to-peer programs to pull every ten zombie computers back to one primary computer. That makes one hundred and sixty primaries, all of which control the ten lowers they are assigned to. The day begins again for a second time.

On each device, we fire up a number of programs. First, a batch program that mimics the activity of your typical internet user while running an ad program. This program clicks every single ad it sees, at rapid speed in this case, and each click costs the company money with zero return on investment. Not a single new customer, just a bill paid for space used and what's counted as engagement. This alone, across the sixteen hundred devices, will cause an estimated dent of two million dollars per day, spanning over all involved businesses.

After this, we start another program that automates the creation of free storage accounts and then fills the maximum allowed space with documents titled in federally-observed keywords. Inside, the documents contain nothing but innocuous baking recipes. It's capable of making and filling both accounts every thirty seconds. On top of this, the contents of each account are then sent to every email on a list of over three point four million "subscribers", as pulled from public company registries. CEOs, lawyers, real estate agents, financiers, stock brokers, landlords, intellectuals, professors, branch managers, et cetera. The subject line of each is also padded with watchlist keywords but contain none of the actual contraband. Whether it's opened or not, the

sheer number of notifications handed out becomes a rattling experience. If, for some reason, the recipient chooses to open it, the contents trigger a shutdown sequence on each of the various operating systems — phones, computers, and tablets. Because this is done through a text code error, it falls into the “technically legal” category. The devices will, on average, take five to ten minutes to fully reboot. When they do, there’s a fifty percent chance that it reboots to the same screen it last showed, causing another shutdown sequence. Again, not illegal. This can brick the device until it must be physically reset by customer service.

Much like the aforementioned, another program accomplishes the same task in terms of making and filling storage accounts, but this time loads them with cryptographic, information-dense photos at the highest possible resolution. These too are titled with more trigger words and each is entirely different, generated by a photoshop action with shifting parameters. Also loaded into these is the near-exact scan of a hundred dollar bill most often used by top counterfeiters, though the portrait is replaced with someone smiling in corpse paint. These too are emailed en masse to the subscriber list.

These two create-and-load programs, operating in their most efficient form, launch nearly two million new accounts per day. Because it’s all automated, nobody has to be in the facility for any of this to work. This is true efficiency.

Behind all of the main programs is one that correctly automates the work required for those numerous pay-to-survey gift card sites. In theory, it could make up to ten thousand dollars an hour in various payouts. Most of the proceeds go immediately back

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into the machine. For us, this means more computers, faster internet, increased security. A faster killswitch as well. The remainder is used to pump carefully selected enemy companies and trade options across various platforms. Massive buy orders for shares in devious organizations like meat replacement companies, biotech research facilities, and metal miners.

Another program, aptly named *Patel One*, uses a scattering of convincing but pre-recorded customer service calls from large companies in automated mass-calls made free through shell call-forwarding accounts. "Hello, who am I speaking with? Hi, yes. I'm with so-and-so service provider calling to inform you that we've charged your card on file with a minor hundred dollar fee for services rendered. You should see it on your next statement."

When the call-taker inevitably lashes out or questions the charges, the recording waits a moment then replies with something along the lines of: "We understand your frustration but this is not the correct department for disputed charges. I will forward you to such."

The line rings for a tone or two then connects to the actual customer service line of the company in question. Whatever happens from here forward is simply bonus points. The program ensures that the call-taker is a customer of said company by way of various public registries.

Other unrelated sub-programs and projects include one that has our devices mass-download underplayed free games to dethrone actual top picks. One that simply overloads smaller websites with innocent mass-visitors to crash it, one that uses the previously

mentioned storage accounts to comment single sentence anti-government sentiments on every trending video, one that uses every attached computer to vote said comments to the top of the page, one that brute-forces millions of generic follow-bot accounts and unfollows everyone it once followed, one that uses light funds to put inflammatory location filters in major cities, one that asks random companies for free samples, one that fills top multiplayer mobile games with bots to intentionally lose matches, one that changes dates by a single day in Wikipedia articles, one that directs thousands of physical spam letters to a special-ed camp near Monmouth University, one that ships pallets of free USPS boxes to UPS, one that schedules appointments at primary care offices but never shows up, one that leaks paid internet whore content across thousands of forums and websites, one that finds algorithms on social sites and works in direct opposition to them, one that mines cryptocurrencies with free energy, one that scatters credible threats in slant anagrams. The list goes on.

All of these are surmounted by *Mother Martha*, our master stroke program. Using all of the above programs and the millions of data points they collect, we are able to predict huge leaps and dives in specific corners of the stock market. A thousand profit in options placed on SPY here, nine thousand profit on a low weed start-up there. It's so close to insider trading that it's not. Either way, the money is laundered squeaky clean through your typical routes. Whatever money we can't get through the pipeline is cleaned by way of an in-house, undisclosed Chinese wholesale arbitrage system. The profits made here are almost exclusively used to keep a crooked and pricey legal team on retainer. We are talking about my lawyer's lawyer and his entire staff. All extra

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cash, and there tends to be plenty, is pocketed by everyone involved for personal use. Men have to live, have to eat well, have to stay armed.

The entire facility is disguised as a generic heating and cooling repair shop. Everything inside is attached to a killswitch for the unlikely moment it gets raided by police. All you have to do is call the suicide hotline on the big green phone.

A WOMAN THAT I LOVE, WHO LOVES ME MADLY TOO, TO WHOM I NEVER SPEAK, AND I'M GLAD I NEVER DO

I am outside a poorly lit apartment complex as the sun goes down over the wormhole of North Miami, Florida. After a few minutes of tapping on steering wheel, the woman I'm waiting for pulls on the truck handle. I can hear her fake nails digging into my paint. She's wearing Mancera's *Instant Crush*.

"Sorry, it took forever to find this dress." She says.

"We're only going to my house."

"I always wear dresses."

"Sure, fine. Fair enough."

We stop for groceries on the dark drive south. I get some eggs, some meat, and a gallon of raw milk. She stands in the wine aisle considering which could be best. I stand behind her, gazing at the ritual of "choosing the right one". She does, and then we leave.

Before I put any food in the pantry, she's a quarter of the way through the bottle. I can smell it in the air. Not the scent of wine, but the reality of this night. It's going to be a strange one. That, and it smells like wine. I don't know her well enough to decide if she's nervous or an alcoholic, so my judgements are stowed away.

After a quick steak done bleu in ghee, we head upstairs to the master bedroom. For some reason, music is already playing, likely a result of my rushed exit. Sounds like The Strokes are on shuffle, so I turn it up. She's drinking straight from the bottle now, despite having a glass in her other hand. I don't even think she knows it's there, so I take it away to avoid future disaster. Nobody will believe that I'm not at fault if yet another woman leaves this place with strange injuries. You only get so lucky once, twice maybe. Never a third time.

"You think I might break it?" she slurs, almost charmingly.

"Who wants to clean up broken glass tonight? Not you, not me." I charm right back. Refinement is mostly absent in today's western women. They realized, very quickly, that the national stage forgives the majority of their faults — ranging from a drunken night out, to the murder of a child, unborn or not. This is something you should commit to memory. Immediately.

She sets the bottle down on the center bookcase shelf and gallops into me. Her being five-foot-ten, one-hundred and eighty something pounds, means I'm probably getting taken down. The crash is so loud that the others in my house check in. I yell back to signal that all is well.

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This woman is pinning my arms down and cackling. This woman is panting like an animal. This woman is trying to fight, I finally realize. Breaking free, I stand up, and take a jokingly aggressive stance. She does the same, though still cackling. For the next thirty minutes her and I wrestle to the point of exhaustion. Then we fight again. At one point, something on her dress catches my lip and splits it open. Neither of us care and we keep going. The match's ring is the extent of my Persian carpet and the round's end is undetermined. I get her in a vicious headlock with my legs and she bites my calf until I release. Then she wraps her legs around my neck and squeezes like she wants me to die. Thirty minutes becomes an hour, an hour becomes two. It only stops after the sweat becomes too much to bear. I am drenched, overwhelmed with eyes burning from the flood. She's completely fine though. Panting and bruised, but fine. Blood covers her arms and my face.

Later in the night, the soundtrack turns to *Stone Flower* by Antonio Carlos Jobim. We lock hands around the opening of *Andorinha*. We're tired from fighting, dancing slowly without the knowledge or stamina to do so, but we move in time. She's still pretty drunk, I notice. She sways too far and pulls too forcefully. After the umpteenth time, we collapse onto the bed, breaking the frame that I hadn't finished building. All the boards and ill-connected pieces crush like rot under the weight of two bodies. She cackles again and we kiss.

LOST TEMPLE OF THE HIDDEN TEMPLE

Impromptu drive to reverse south with the lords of a new dogtown. We arrive for a late night in the graveyard of the Atlantic — Cape Hatteras. Metal detecting and treasure hunting are punishable in these parts. The government has decided only they have a right to the buried goods of Blackbeard and numerous other crews. The others and I decide that free men don't ask. Plans for an excavation are made.

After a week of thought, something crucial comes to us — the shoreline of the past wouldn't be where it is now. If anything, it's under the water a couple yards out or somewhere up in the dunes. We spend a night watching the patterns of security guards, the locations of cameras, and areas exposed by the lighthouse. We split into two groups. One dives in, one digs on land. Nothing is found on the first night. Nothing on the second, either.

Night three and the moon is absent from the sky. The beach is pitch black and someone in the dunes hits a swath of buried wood. Everyone gathers cautiously, watching for prying eyes. These planks are too big to be the pieces of a chest. This is the side of a ship, at least part of one. We cover it back up and mark the spot. It's hard to walk away but this has to be done with precision.

Kicking back to think has never failed me. I get that feeling, sometimes when I catch the groove of a song and start tapping in the tempo of new thoughts. This is how we'll do it. Set up an innocuous medical tent over top of the dig site. Someone in a lab

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coat and surgical mask sits outside with a clipboard. That's it. Who would ever approach it? Not a single person. You could dig in broad daylight.

We wait for that perfect sunny day and set up our cover. Inside, four of us take a corner and start digging. After a couple hours we can see that this is the back half of an old ship. Is it a ship though? A little more digging and one of us might fit inside. It could never be so easy though. The skies open up on us with a piercing hail. It shreds the tent, drills our tired backs, and makes everything very hard to see. We have no choice but to throw on some reflective vests and continue.

Something tells me the government is not hiding the chance finding of pirate treasure, but larger secrets. Something that damages their historical narratives. They do not like it when the people who dig are not on their payroll.

One of us swings too hard and breaks through both the wood and a layer of cement beneath it. Crashing to the ground, we trigger some kind of noise-activated chain of lights. Tiny yellow lanterns, everywhere. But none of them have any visible wiring. This is no pirate ship. Ships aren't made with cement. This is clearly some kind of underground temple with tunnels connecting different rooms. We follow the sound of running water to a room down below. There are multiple layers to this place.

This place is running on an old world hydroelectric power grid. It makes total sense to us now. Not a single wire in sight but its well-lit and air conditioned by a form of free energy. The

murmur is pacifying. It's not the harsh electric hum we're accustomed to, but the trickling of a brook. It would seem this central room powers the whole temple. The rest of the world is up there paying for electric and this temple is running on the brains of buried men.

We take down some mental notes and spend a couple hours to absorb the intricacies of something often spoken of as a myth. This is as much as we can do. To give this to the news would be a death sentence. It's no different than alerting the authorities directly. Everything media is a government apparatus. We board the entrance shut, stuff the gaps with beach grass, and cover it up with sand. Only one of us marks the coordinates so there's no chance of suspicions by whomever. This discovery is heavy. Heavy, but useful.

"Whoever has come to know the world has discovered a carcass..."

A SLIP INTO COMMUNION WITH DARK SATURN

In and out of bad sleep, in and out of something's gaze. It visits me now. I have lost control of what is projected onto the backs of my eyelids. I close them and I'm chasing a family down a city street, chanting whatever was said to me last. I am so close to their backs, can see the fabrics in detail, can see the micro-movements, can see the shadows that make them three dimensional. A light shuts off in the room and it is pitch black. Now, whether I close my eyes or not, I am visited by the same pictures I want to avoid. Is this what brings man to suicide as an

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answer? I am alone, completely alone, no matter who or what I interact with. It sears into the center of my heart like that feeling of leaving a woman you once loved, or maybe still do. It feels like the world is handing me off into great nothing. I see no kind end. No, there is a kind end. This is caused by outside forces. Still it continues.

Despite all this, there is no detectable presence of fear. I find myself searching for it, convinced it may be a distraction from pitch black. Maybe the fear is too blinding to allow for any kind of projection onto it. Or perhaps it's just a darker shade.

Does everyone else have it easy? Does it ever get as easy for me as it is for them? Do I ever stop complaining and invite myself into something new? This isn't the usual, I now recall. I was drawn here by something external. Too hard to think. Only makes the sleep move further away, only makes the projections more terrible. I am still chasing the family and I don't want to, I never wanted to. They run for so long and so far and I am sorry for it. Everything I have done wrong now comes to me in double. I am going fucking crazy. Dance music blaring, someone shouting about a girl's night out, and I am still chasing. The void is minuscule when you aren't in it. You have to be extremely small to fall in. And I am here. Safari noises inside the house I lay, but how? Smoke in the conifers. Devices chime, someone whimpers, wasn't me. Time won't even crawl. Time sleepwalks and enslaves me with chain. The Beatles crying about the girl they lost tonight. Conifers, pines, paper mills. I am so alone, even with the ones I love, and there is no way for me to exhale the black crawl. I could be thrown into a mental institution or I could be embraced and not feel the care it was meant to convey.

Time is back and I wait for it like an elevator. There's nothing I can do. The family is chased, someone asks if you can smoke wine. God, while present to you, must have stepped out on me tonight. I don't mean that. This is not His fault. That void is so tiny and still I fall inside. If she wears that shirt tonight you'll know for certain whether she's good enough to marry. Maybe she's just trying it on. Maybe it's something she'd only wear around the house.

God, if you are listening, I will bury myself in the soil of your choosing. God, if you are listening, you may decide I shouldn't bury myself at all.

Money, status, love, and freedom; they no longer pull the cart along too well. Broken axel. Can't see which one. Cart underside is out of reach, out of view. I ask the clouds if it's a gimmick. But no, they say the word is good. This is all building up to me needing some kind of help. No, I can vaguely see who's controlling the dream now.

The family still runs, and I still give chase. It's like this until someone turns the dial. If I don't, nobody will. Charity is extinct in our world. Pity is profitable, but rarely sincere. Pity is wrong no matter how it's approached. What is actually me wants a family to love, not to scare. This is me telling myself to either change frequency or rot away. I will turn the dial to something true, then break it off with a hammer so that it never shifts again.

The family is the only thing in frame. Everything else is thick, dark fog. Running up a silent hill forever. This place is so removed and my mother will never hear me screaming my

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remorse. When it ends, it will never happen quite like this again until it does. Uncontrollable terror handed to the wrong people. I don't want to chase this family any longer. Soon, the day comes when I finally catch them. A line is drawn down the center of the fog and it splits the world in two. On the left is myself smashing their heads into the sidewalk, and on the right is myself explaining that I never meant to chase them. It doesn't matter that this is not actually happening because the visions come when I'm most exploitable. The visions only strike when half of me believes that they might be real. Then... it ends.

You relay this internal monologue to someone but they only see it as dramatic. It is not dramatic, only a request for help. I am worried that the next chase might transfer over to this world. That I'll wake up on a sidewalk at night. There are moments that happen in dreams that may as well have happened in the physical world. Cloaked men above me are laughing now.

I stand up in real life, and utterly reject the pull of Saturn's false charm. I picture the shattering of a black cube, of a black scrying mirror, over and over. Shatter and shatter and shatter, hit hit hit. I scream against Saturnalia and throw fists at the proxy soldiers who approach in the fog. They laugh at the death of Christ until they die. I find that my hands are covered in blood after the sun at last rises. I am inside, where I first fell into the void, unsure of who's blood it is. Not mine. Must belong to whoever tried pulling me away. I don't know if I'm fully awake or not. I do know that something attacked me in my sleep or just before.

Those wise men who said to sleep when the sun goes down and wake when it rises, they were right. The longer you stay up past

sunset, the darker your thoughts may become. Waves of regret, of loneliness, of fear. All-nighters, unless navigated in a specific way, can lead one to suicide by sunset. Done in excess, few are aware of the damage it can cause. It could result in irreversible damage to the soul, or it might cause you to reach into something otherworldly, as some do when sleep-deprived. Definite damage to the mind and body. He who breaks the circadian rhythm may face the enemies of night.

The following day, I am unable to relate to even a single one of those feelings from the night before. Not only that, but I am better than ever. It was all manufactured. Someone was trying to show me how easily the shroud can be pulled over one's eyes. It will never happen again. Not to me, at least.

RENAISSANCE OF THE RITUAL

We should be feeding the bodies of the dead to the homeless. Turn corpses into something new. Grind bones to fertilize the soil. Decorate cathedrals with skulls. Freeze bodies and drop them from planes like missiles. Save the trouble of a casket funeral. The world is full and the forests are precious. No more graveyards. Think of the space taken up by them. Leave the old ones be, let them become places of old.

We should be drinking the blood of the healthy dead. Eat what can be eaten, drink what can be drunk, burn the rest as sacrifice. We've built too much on sacred ground without the performing the proper rituals. For every building erected, blood must be shed as an offering. Bodies must be thrown into the fire. The smoke has to touch far above. Appease the angry Heavens.

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We live in an extension of the old world, and so old methods must be reintroduced. We could round up the undesirables for ritual slaughter. Child rapists, corrupt politicians, world bankers, and the list goes on. If you choose to build on virgin land, you pay respect by putting something to death upon it. Maybe even just a minor spilling of blood. Perhaps your own. Exactly where you plan to build, you carry out the act. You may find a guillotine is most fitting. You may find a simple cut to the throat is easiest. This acts as a tribute to whoever you worship, but never Satan. This isn't something we'll tolerate.

The public's perception will have to change. We will see the shift from disgust to acceptance to appreciation as the world learns that this is not a sinister production but a much-required process, one that leads to an overall benefit. Some will see it as Biblical. The heroes of ancient times saw it absolutely necessary. Did they want to do it? Not always, I'm sure. But they didn't dare avoid it. Who are we to discard tradition?

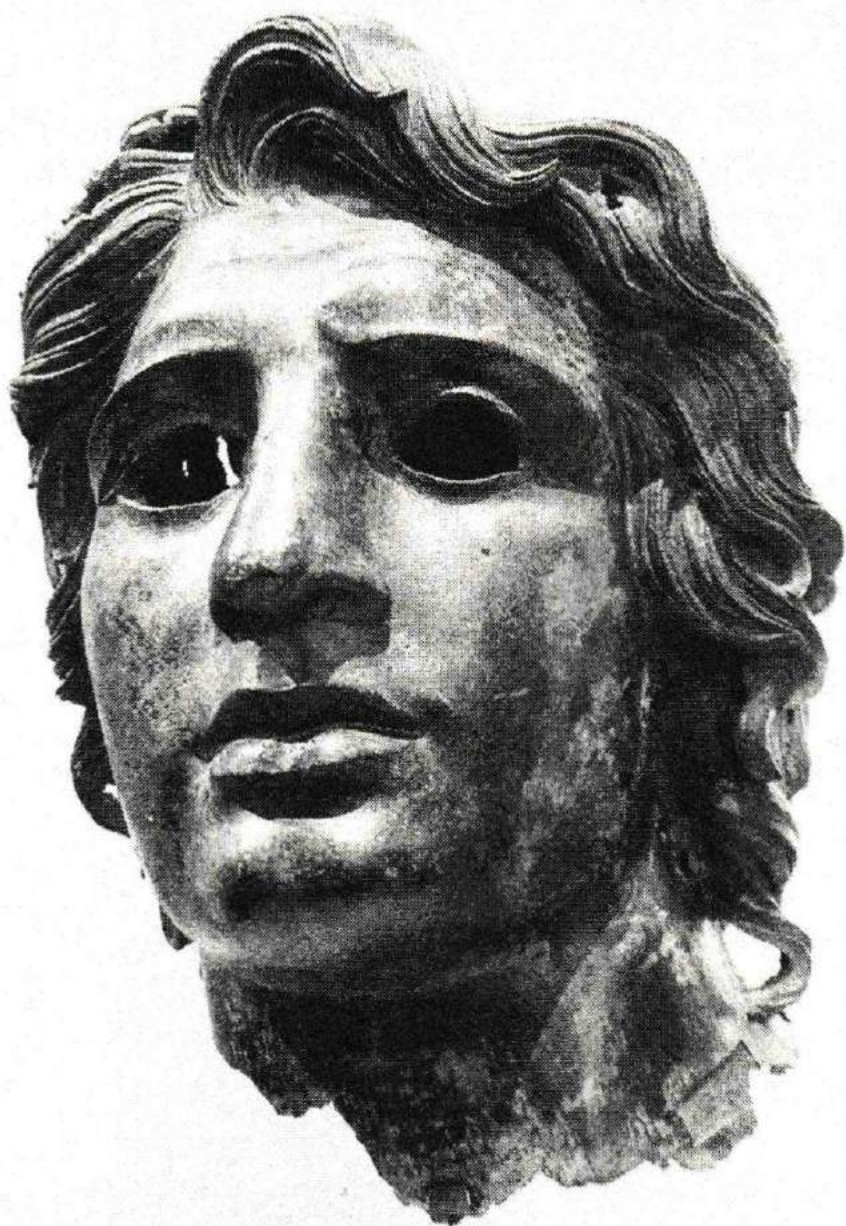
Let us refocus, as this is important to clarify.

The shadow classes have stolen rituals from the world's honest people. From its rightful leaders. They have bastardized it, commoditized it, and turned it into something truly wicked. They sacrifice children post-rape, and do so to false kingdoms. Disfigured politicians and world leaders constantly trying to appease strange monsters for empty things like profit. At times, monsters they themselves created. Yet another stolen child, yet another murder in the name of man-made golems. It's funny how perfectly they've set the stage for their own sacrifice. The

soil is thirsty for their blood and their end. Mother Earth sits with broken lips waiting for the day of a sanguine deluge. She's sat patiently and for so long, cold and warm in her beauty with eyes that change color by mood. She asks that someone make the blood run as it did when she was young.

We will see the return of anti-satanic rituals, holy sacrifice, vampirism, and white magic in our lifetimes. The spilling and consumption of blood will be returned to its rightful owners. It belongs to the protectors of Eden and old. Bring forth the heroes who drink the blood of their virgin wives. It provides eternal youth and binds them together in marriage. Bring forth the tribes who drink the blood of their catch. The architects who sacrifice the living to honor the ground they build upon. Heaven will be achieved again through violence. It is a holy and gothic violence, something necessary and deserved. We do as we must, for as long as we have to. Such is the pattern of life.

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There is something intoxicating about being alone in the woods and building odd structures for others to come upon. Towers of stone and brick, circular pits, open graves, obelisks, nestlings of twigs, crucifixes, sundials, and effigies. Something geometrically stunning or eerily close to the human form. It has to be something strange, whether by form or context. You are leaving behind a mystery to be solved, or better yet, invented. Something to be researched with no true end. You are providing to someone a gateway to the worlds of interest. That momentum of a purpose swings and it is off onto the next path. We live on these moments. Humans are not mysterious animals, but animals of mystery. We create it so there is more to be had, more to be studied. A world without mystery is dry to the touch. There is no blood in the fully understood and all things die before they have achieved such.

One day, you're no longer leaving structures with no meaning behind. You are building them for a reason and leaving to go uncaught. A system of caves discovered, an exit route taken. The disowning of a golden shrine, a golden chalice, a golden tomb. One day you will hear footsteps and wash your hands of an interrupted sacrifice. This is the inevitable path of certain men. Not occultism, but the rituals of it. Not darkness, but a closeness to it. I am in my heart a cloaked and dangerous phantom. Beneath me is the carcass of a world who has felt the same. Tomorrow is a promise of another mystery — created or found, it doesn't matter. Everything else is a sterile womb, a caste system taut with orders. Social rules, federal commands. There is a world above it and it sings because it is free. For a thousand years I've been alive to see it. Tomorrow I will die and rise again. It always happens like this.

"Now I know everything," cries a man into the open air. He doesn't, but for a moment it feels like he might. I am the midnight lantern and the oil on which it burns. I will wander in the dark until something pulls at my boots. The horse tied in the distance will neigh. A song of night falls from the treetops. Every noise is closely examined until the sun comes back. It always happens like this.

There is more than one end, more than one apocalypse. I am a fallen angel teaching the world of magic, impregnating every human woman, killing just to kill. I am also the archangel Michael. I pound my wings and chase the morticious fallen back into the ether. But it is too late. The waters of above soon sigh, "There must be another end."

HITTING MY HEAD AGAINST THE FIRMAMENT

I'm not here to impress the failures of this world. Not through song and dance, not through a carefully selected list of words and opinions, and never through the belittling of myself. I am not here to choose which trends are most comfortable to saddle. Which plate to next spin. I am myself at all times. Determined, violent, seeking the perfection of what I need to achieve an honorable end, even if it is dishonorable in the eyes of the weak. I am not here to scale any social ladder. I'm here to kick the legs out and see who cushions their fall. I want to see how they cushion it, why they cushion it, and which extremities they protect by way of instinct.

I'm not saying these things to distance myself from the crowd. I'm saying these things so it is clear that I don't just burn up and vanish. I could never just burn up, because I ignite and spread forever. I am inspired by this and that, unaware that I took from here. I am a pulsating organ, screaming into the night, carried into the following morning. I am a violent murderer, a saint in the hour of noon, an imposing and heavy blood carrier. I am fluid like my insides and rigid like my bones. I would rather be die then be dead.

Such as the currents of a system keep the motion alive, those currents attract others of similar kind. If it's near enough, it can be added and recalculated. After a short time, it's like they were always from the same place.

I'm outside in the warm and rising sun. Two cold brew and raw milks deep. I hate coffee. This is my last one. Caffeine is a false god. Sunday morning. A fist-fight with a college professor over the existence of space. He thinks it's all real, thinks we landed on the moon and all this other nonsense. He charges at me and gets dropped in one hit. It's pretty silly how NASA has been driving toy cars around a movie set with orange dirt for thirty years and telling us it's this grand exploration of the planet Mars.

There are thousands of satellites orbiting the Earth but nobody can see them. Not once have they been photographed by a civilian, or by anyone. So strange. Thousands of cell satellites but when you're closest to them, flying in a plane, your phone has zero service. So very strange. I could have made a more convincing moon landing film myself. Reanimate the corpse of Nixon and let's do it all again. Come on, it'll be better this time.

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Some people believe that we made a phone call from space but deny the existence of God. They deny the existence of any god at all. Some people are bad and some are a justification for mass graves.

Extraterrestrials are not coming to save you. And they are not coming to kill you, either. They are not making secret contact, toying with military aircraft, or pulling cows from the middle of Kansas. They do not exist because space does not exist, or at least it's not accessible. The stars are beyond the waters.

The American government will never hand you footage of unidentified spacecraft. If they ever did exist, you'd be the last to know. The psychological intention is clear — for the people to spin themselves into a thick web of insignificance. You are not insignificant. You are not trapped on Earth, waiting for some television scientist to figure out a way to colonize the moon. Mortality scares the weak and emboldens the pure of heart. Ignore the Godless figureheads whose lack of worth seeks company. You can sleep at night when they cannot.

Forget outer space. Forget anyone who sells it, especially as a thing to fear. The ocean is our frontier. The Arctic and the Antarctic. The old world architecture. The electro-magnetic past and its disappearance. These are ripe for discovery.

Slow Sunday afternoon. Rented a couple apartments with vantage points of streets in large cities. Hired ambitious youth and fitted them with night vision, camouflage, and suppressed twenty-two rifles. Told each of them to wait until nightfall and

then carefully harass a specific list of people and places with well-placed shots. Shatter some penthouse windows, make null of laptops and data centers, put holes in the tires of luxury vehicles. Nothing that hasn't been done before. Stop for a couple days, let things cool off, then do it again.

Sometimes that's what life is about — abusing stimulants and firing guns into rich people's living rooms. I crawl around in the shadows of India killing brahmins with a blow dart gun. I am the warrior king of the Dalit underworld.

*"I'll make you feel like it's the end of your life if I have to.
God damn, I want to."*

THIS IS NOT FOREVER NIGHT

Every normal person's night out can be predicted to a tee. They may as well be scheduled, penciled into spreadsheets, and agreed upon by all included parties.

Seven o'clock, everyone meets to drink before they go out to drink.

Eight o'clock, pregame member is unsure whether or not he really wants to go. Another is too drunk already, constantly asks when they're all leaving or maybe can't ask anything at all.

Eight-thirty, nobody has called for the car. A small argument erupts. Someone is making excuses as to why they can't afford it. This one just fixed their girlfriend's windshield or something.

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That one gets paid every two weeks and this week isn't it. The music isn't right. Someone is mad about the song.

Nine o'clock, in the car heading over. This song again? The one who chooses music falls victim to complaints, puts on something more obscure. He was just trying to stay upper-mainstream. Minutes later, arrive at bar. It's not as wild as everyone pictured. Where's all the party movie moments, the fuckable women, the covert exchange of mood-shifting drugs? You're in Maryland, what did you expect? The cocaine is cut with Stevia and all of a sudden you're keto.

Ten o'clock, and it starts to pack in. The kind of girls you want are coming now in waves. Someone's electric cigarette is being passed around, almost empty now. Who has a fresh cartridge? Is that question worth using to start a conversation with the girls in the corner? Did he say cartridge? Someone comments on the "crackle" and someone else agrees. Beer on everyone's shirts. "How the fuck did you spill *that* much beer on your shirt?" As a result of the spill, the group has been relegated from standard bar goers to frat war refugees.

Eleven o'clock, everyone is belligerent. Chairs are falling and card balances are dropping amidst the heat of a hundred bodies moving. The more money spent, the quicker the sexual hierarchy fades to black. *Heaven or Las Vegas* blares unnoticed. Should you find the girl who played it, the one who thinks she's different? Stealth bumps of "cocaine" from the divot of someone's wiry hand. The Juul smokers give up on their new-age tech, move outside to smoke real cigarettes and share empty thoughts. Some of your friends are dancing, some with girls, some alone, some

not at all. You realize it will never get better than those old high school house parties. They were predicated on chaos, amplified by uncertainty and inexperience, always becoming either the best or worst nights possible. You realize that many of these people have their own houses now, or not really. You realize that parties there would still outclass these nights at the bar. *Why the fuck do you do this anyways?* Seven dollars for beer, nine dollars for a watered-down whiskey shot. Tastes like soap. Card empty, it gets refilled again next week. Your job is a sinkhole and it makes you think of suicide. It's a job that gives you an allowance, not income, for nights like these and a little chunk of dog food. *Why the fuck do you do this?*

Twelve o'clock, those who say "I think I'm gonna head out" begins to clash with those who say, "We're already here so just stay". The ones who have found a girl to take clash with the ones who either can't or no longer want to. From the start of the night until closing, a class structure is built upon the bar's floor upwards. It fills out as time passes, and by the end, you're met with the fruits of many factors. Enter the temporary *party class war*. Everyone sees it differently but it's there. Is the guy who came with a girl at the top or bottom of our pyramid? Is the handsome one who came and left alone the victor? Or is it the one who's so drunk he forgot he has feet? What becomes of the girls who sleep around? Do they retain their ranking next weekend? No, not at all, as they are reassigned to the bottom with every new night. Rarely does a whore find footing on the liquor-soaked sides of the eternal and nightly pyramid. You'll have to find another way up, or be a different kind of slut.

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The tiers are always shifting, higher rankings are always lost. Some puke and drop down ten spots, some puke and play it up to a better status. Some wear the wrong thing, talk the wrong way, show up to the entirely wrong place. Some get stood up by dating site matches and sit at the bottom for weeks, certain that something is flawed. In place of actual combat, we see subconscious mind-wars present at any turn inside the liquor arena. Still though, actual combat breaks through — this too can affect the rankings. Natural order will still shine on, even in the most manipulated environments. All nights at the bar are predicated on some form of chaos. If none exists, it will be made. Liquor plus man equals always a bastard Greek tragedy. Especially when they've been working retail all week. Finally, his hands are unbound, his confidence is boosted, and there are prizes to be won. Blood flows and the neon pyramid flickers.

One o'clock, and the people who "never smoke cigarettes" are now ripping them back to back. To food or home, to home or bed? What's open right now? Who's riding in our car? Is anyone threatening to drive home themselves? If yes, cue Degrassi-style monologue about how unsafe that could be. "We love you too much to let you do that, man." How considerate of them to say. Mentions of a late-night deli not so far down the street. Already poor diets are compromised even further. Mountains of bread soaked in seed oil, pasteurized cheese doused in pasteurized cheese. The overture of gulped tap water, the group's nanny suggesting Pedialyte, to which nobody responds. It's dead quiet as everyone tears into food at a drunken pace.

Two o'clock, the hour where some stay on the couch while others make it back home. Everyone's saying they love one

another. Someone telling the drunkest of them all to sleep on his side, reminding him what happened to the late Jimi Hendrix. Side-sleeper mumbles that he's twenty-seven now too, how crazy a realization that is. He falls asleep with a white lighter in his back pocket.

The morning comes and now begins a Saturday totally wasted. Everyone is too tired, too hungover, too broken to commit to any kind of meaningful activity. At the very best, they'll meet for late breakfast or sit in a circle and smoke a bag of shitty weed, but generally nothing more. They work all week for a few brief hours of minor chaos and are often met with zero reward. They work all week just to kill their drive, their chance of well-used free time. Even if they did get pussy, even if they did have a little bit of fun, it is likely soon forgotten. Too much has crossed the blood-brain barrier. Their chemical receptors are confused, rewired, and frayed on the ends.

Much like how some are meant to stand behind cash registers for a lifetime — I call them the “cashier race” — some are meant to see these nights as the ceiling of adventure and conquest. You could say that those two groups overlap and you'd probably be correct. They find comfort in successions of bar nights and perhaps a wacky, impromptu vacation to Cabo. Despite all of these words, I'm really not bitter about the existence of these people. It is clear that they are here for a reason, to keep a sort of balance in check. If the world was comprised entirely of system ditchers there would be no system for the piratical to take from. There is no matrix without its computer generated images. No human world without its human bodies. There are more alcoholics on this Earth now than ever before. More cashiers

too. In turn, this makes it more impressive to swim against the current. The timing is ripe for those who wish to be different. Masculinity and heroism are glorified tenfold when the world is in such disarray. There is nothing to be sad about. You were born in the golden moment, in the meat of the golden ratio. Go set something on fire.

"Sound the Dionysus bell — send them all back to Hell."

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE, TWO SOULS IN ONE FLAME

If ever I lose the fire to stay physically active or to lift more, I think about a specific moment in *The Inferno*. Dante and Virgil come across Odysseus as he suffers alongside Diomedes. In most translations, Virgil warns Dante not to speak with them because the Greeks would hate his medieval Italian. In another, more preferable translation, Virgil stops Dante for fear that a smaller, modern man would anger the massive and muscular Trojan War heroes. I can never recall if it was really translated this way or if I stubbornly chose to remember it as such. It doesn't really matter. The memory serves its purpose.

"What motivates you to lift. Isn't it monotonous?"

"The weakness of others. And myself."

It's noon and a few of us are putting together an outdoor home gym. It's dead simple and doesn't take long at all. A few power cages, dozens of weights, and a half-acre of room. An hour later and we're doing overhead presses in the sun. A debate about volume versus intensity and a compromise to combine the two.

This is what we've always done. Finishing the session with sprints across the yard and back. Then everyone jogs to the ocean, only two blocks away, and we dive into the sea. We do this every day, specific lifts varying. It's like a gladiator school where no one is a slave.

A PRESENCE ESTABLISHED IN GOLD

Enter a mandatory gathering held somewhere in the silent and fog-covered district of Horror Rock, Miami. The name comes from a mysterious object miles off the coast of an Antarctic island which almost killed a number of crews. I'm wearing a custom-made stronger formulation of Maison Martin Margiela's *At The Barber's*, commonly mistaken for Chanel *Platinum Egoiste*.

I show up an hour early, as requested, with a smile and my lawyer. The owners said something about needing help to prepare. We set up golden Christmas banners, even though it's so far away, and move the more expensive art and furniture into a spare room that locks with a three ounce golden key. I check out the homeowner's book shelf — Murakami, Mishima, Harukawa, Zola, Nabokov, the Greeks, vintage pornography, and stacks of vinyl as bookends. I pull a couple pieces down and flip through them. Someone tests the stereo system and it shakes the entire house. "Perfect, perfect," another screams.

Later in the night, everyone is arriving. It's mostly good people. A lot that I know and many that I don't, but generally good people. A little later and some strange birds pound the door, demanding entry. People asking who knows who and how. Who

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knows these guys? He does, she does, okay sure. I don't. She doesn't. Discussions are afoot.

An hour passes and someone commandeers the stereo to play old trance music. It ties perfectly into the mood and Zyzz smiles from a world above. My lawyer excuses himself outside with a heavy-chested Hebrew girl. I head upstairs to use the lesser-known bathroom, only to find that it's occupied by an absurd number of people all staring at whoever's bent over the toilet. Judging by the numerous fake Cartier bangles and worn-out ombre treatment, it's Sophia. I move a little closer and am disgusted to find that she's vomiting into a toilet full of shit and piss. The scene is dark. She's so far gone that the massive crowd means absolutely nothing to her. We're all certain it couldn't get more twisted than this, an assumption soon shattered by one of those dudes who nobody really invited. He walks in, six foot and stocky. Fat actually. Yeah, he's a legitimate fat bastard. Drunker than her and hornier than all, he slips his hand down the back of her jeans and starts some kind of strange reverse-entrance finger routine. Nobody had a word to say and nobody felt like stopping it. It was rape, clearly, but not one worth involvement. A mutual agreement hangs in the air.

I exit and hop the stair railing not noticing the table directly beneath. I crash through it without falling, standing perfectly straight like a gold medal gymnast. The crowd roars and chaos rises. I spot the homeowner across the room and mouth the words, "Accident... I'll cover it," with some feeling of impunity. He knows me well, knows my word is good. I pause. *Where the fuck did my lawyer go?* I'm outside now. Pissing on the shrubs. The common man sees this as disrespect but due to years of

psychotically primal dieting, my urine is actually more nutritious to plants than any water or garden supplement. I could not have cleaner urine if I tried. In fact, I should be selling it. Did you know that police used to piss on the wounds of victims to stop bleeding? They don't do that anymore, but they should.

It turns out I've been saying all of this out loud in what has become a totally coherent monologue. Of course it's coherent, I don't drink alcohol. When it comes to these kinds of parties, I'll generally fill a solo cup with caffeinated mineral water and play the part of a moderately buzzed participant. Nobody likes a buzzkill. Parts of today's world require you to play along in some fashion. Tonight, I filled an empty bottle of Château Petrus with a little bit of orange juice, freshly squeezed a couple hours ago.

This outdoor monologue is interrupted by a woman who hears it. I finish up and spin around to the window she hangs from. She's at least thirty, surf blonde, and longs to know what I'm doing outside alone. I'm fairly certain that I know her.

"Where's your sister?" I ask.

"The younger one? She just got here."

"Beautiful."

I go around the front of the house and make my second entrance of the night, immediately spotting the sister in question. We lock eyes and I make a charming stride towards her. My lawyer is back inside too. He shoots me a collegiate thumbs-up, then jogs over to spout some liquor-fueled wisdom.

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“When you bang a lot of whores, you start to look and act like someone who bangs a lot of whores. Then, whores start to like you more. You are a giant blip on the radar of the underworld of lawless sin. They take you in and provide these unending carnal pleasures. Anything you want. The cost is your youth, your worth, your focus. The lure stops working when you decide it should stop working. They can’t get you if you just say no.”

He’s only saying this because of what he did tonight, but he’s not wrong. We have to corral women by corralling ourselves, in some cases. When harpies descend from the sky, will you defend or allow? Your call. It is a perfect temperature in here. Everyone wears a smile. The night is peaking. It is head high and firing in all directions. Time will tell if it dives or plateaus.

“The French always worshipped prostitutes. Now the Americans do too.”

“All the good ones are dead.”

CONFRONTATION WITH CINEMA GIANTS

As actors and movies both deteriorate into a shapeless void, the crowds will turn to the past for their pleasure. They will seek out the old stuff as they realize that actors now are too normal, too accessible, too average or unappealing. They don't have the aura or charisma of the old ones. They don't care the same way.

When they look, many will, for the first time in their lives, realize that we've only recently made a shift towards “equal rights” and the correction of “civil injustices”. The concept of equal rights is so new that it could still die in its infancy. Old movies portray a

number of beautiful things — women who actually care about their appearance, the use of violence against them, and heavy racial stereotypes. They are also filmed in a more appealing world. Perhaps the new viewer will see a correlation. Why did everything look better when people were more sexist, more racist? Strange.

Don't get me wrong, there are handfuls of complete garbage in the catalogs of old movies. Some of them are dead boring. Some of them are essentially soft core pornography. Some of them are the seeds of later-blossomed progressive nonsense. Take *Some Like It Hot* as an example, a film where the premise is men who dress like women to gold-dig money. Was that not a writing on the walls? I wish my lawyer had seen it earlier.

In movies like those starring Buster Keaton, we find an innocence that is absent from the industry of today. I'm not so sure it could ever be replicated. There lurks a sinister and money-hungry element in the movies now. Also, lots of tribal pedophiles and traffickers with ties to the intelligence agencies of a certain country.

How many movies have there been about a vigilante who cleans up New York City? Would you guess that these are intended to inspire viewers to take vigilante action? Or to take them on a hypnotic two-hour presentation, one that satisfies their urges in just a few minutes? Movies and television, while being messengers of other propaganda, are also the way in which the elites sate the everyman's growing anger. It's one of the ways they quell potential uprisings. Every time they sense a disturbance, they make a film about it. It takes you on a trip,

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immersively, so that you feel the work is done by the time the credits roll. Had *Troy* come out just after Helen sailed away, there would never have been a war to retrieve her. The Greeks would have sat, as we do now, in the allegorical cave and convinced themselves that Trojan blood was spilled. Today, we convince ourselves that we've already eaten the rich. We haven't. A movie about the assassination of billionaires is inevitable. When it comes out, don't watch it. You have to do it yourself. You must do it yourself.

These rules of conditioning don't apply to everyone, of course. There are some who are born as spiritual slaves, eternally bound by chains and unable to act. There are some, however, who are born with the spirit of our ancients. The free man, the blood-painted warrior, the one who, regardless of his place in time, will always bring his sword down on the neck of his oppressors. Or potential oppressors. You could feed him as many lies as you'd like but he'd still hold a blade to the man who hates him. It doesn't seem like it, but we gain more of these men with every new day.

I find myself to be largely anti-movie. It's hard to justify something that takes two to four hours of your life with little or no upside. And that's assuming you watched a good movie. A bad movie takes hours of your life and then tells you to fuck off at the end.

Movies are too serious now. Each is doomed from the start when it chooses to mimic real life and real scenarios. Things like arguments or divorces, injury or death, the daily problems of a common life — why portray these things as they happen in the

real world? Who is so starved of normal drama that they need to see it played out on a screen?

Acting is useless past the approaches of William Shatner, Charles Bronson, or the anyone in a Baywatch or Miami Vice episode. A comically bad or cheesy actor has more talent in a finger than any of the sobbing clowns in serious productions. There is more value and more intelligence in jest than the authenticity of a scripted conversation. Wit surpasses realism.

Speaking of actors, Ted Bundy and all of those other “serial killers” were CIA operations to tarnish the image of clean cut white men and further damage the psyche of women. What the desk jockeys in government offices didn’t know is that women, being psychotic by default, prefer dangerous men even if it costs them their lives. To them, dangerous men provide a possible foundation of attention and at the very least, a good time.

There are no serial killers. Bundy, Manson, Gacy, all actors. Operation Chaos agents. Violence isn’t as prevalent as most believe. Either way, there are lessons to be learned from these stage acts. Always carry numerous weapons and always endanger the lives of beautiful women.

DRAWING ANGELS FROM MEMORY

A look over the past century reveals a common theme of people and industry claiming to fix problems they invented with more new inventions. Drugs to fix the damage of a previously administered drug. Machines that make the tools for a human to repair a different machine. An artificial implant for an organ that failed because of a doctor recommended diet. It goes down the line. The largest factories in the world all the way to a simple household. It's all just patching holes that should never have been made.

People wonder how a dog that lives outside could have such perfect health, such a perfect coat and impeccable teeth. They wonder, and then decide to replicate it only to fail. Things like this can never be replicated by artificial means. It can only be achieved by stripping back all of the surrogate fixes and doing as that dog has done daily. He lives outside, he sits in the sun, he eats raw animals, and drinks water from a pond or puddles. He's never touched shampoo or conditioner. He's never been to a vet for a microchip. He sleeps when he's tired and wakes when he thinks he should. The same applies to us.

A woman you leave alone in a jungle for a month will exit better looking than a woman you leave alone in a cosmetic store for a year. There are no laboratory fixes to problems found in nature, only temporary sealants that work in devious ways or for as long as the supply chain is upheld.

The people of today were first led down the path of material maximalism, then down a path of abstract minimalism. This is a

calling card of the elite and their media. They sense coming trends, get ahead of them, and then trick people into watered-down versions of said trend. For example, if they sensed the public was about to learn that staring into a certain crystal for a minute every day gave you clarity, they'd publish stories and news segments about how you should only do it for half a minute, once a week. In the case of minimalism, they taught people that less of the same stuff is more, rather than none of the modern stuff is sufficient. You don't need a television, ever. You will never need one in your life. You don't need shampoo, you don't need a rice cooker, you don't need a device that orders paper towels when it thinks you might be out. Just because a banana holder is simple in its design, doesn't mean you're living minimally. Instead, you're out fourteen dollars when you could have just set your bananas on the counter like a normal person. The same applies in numerous other cases.

The world is bountiful and full of solutions that grow on trees or spring up from the dirt. The blueprint was always in our hands. Meeting people who refuse this or ignore the qualities of nature ends in worry. One day I will meet a woman who looks to me as the world does, so constantly impressive in its beauty. A regenerative source of good in every aspect. A woman dancing like the moon on her own lake.

All that defies natural order stands on weak footing. Either kick the legs out or apply additional pressure. Never in the history of time has an artificial system rivaled the original blueprint, and none ever will. Time moves slow in the ditch we've dug, but it is only a blip on radar. The crucifixion of Jesus Christ was only two minutes

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ago, not in Jerusalem but elsewhere. We exist inside terminal velocity and move too fast to place ourselves, but we are here.

It comes to mind that every human may be capable, extremely capable, and that's why it hurts to see the many fall short of even average. Capable of what though? Of altering the course of human history for the better? Dramatically said, but yes. Even if the majority of common men were to maintain livestock and know a fraction of something like carpentry, would that not raise the value of commonality? Maybe common would become less of an insult and more of a compliment. Perhaps it would create a world where people always said things like "Thank God for the common man." And by that, those common men became necessary for good.

Instead, we see that the common man of today is largely expendable, and many times by no fault of his own. He's masterfully tricked to sit comfortably below the average. He was replaced by the gargoyle claw of the abstract global economy. Cheaper and more nameless labor, a life focused around work, billion dollar smart technology that requires constant human maintenance. If only we had elected an Amish president prior to the Industrial Revolution, I think we may have made it out of the trench.

This hatred for modernity and technology comes off as bland or juvenile to a select few because they see it repeated so many times. I say get used to it. Embrace it. There is nothing truer to us. For the first time in millions of lives, an objective truth and direction has been found: the understanding that the further we wind things back and the more we remove ourselves from

current ways, the better life gets. It's nothing complicated. In fact, it is the total opposite of complication, and very innocent in its nature. This is the first period of time where man has realized that he's gone too far ahead and that he would benefit by dialing back. This is our jihad.

It feels good to cut firewood and cook your dinner with it. It feels good to run around a field with no roads or power lines in sight. It feels good to tend to goats, and cows, and hens. It feels good to lay in the sun for hours. It feels good to eat when you're hungry, drink when you're thirsty, sleep when you're tired. It feels good to know that your work provides for yourself and your family, not for a faceless organization. These are practices we cannot afford to abandon. Traditional life is heralded not because it is fashionable, but because it works. It is a framework from which all creative and heroic endeavors might spring.

Every man is capable of much more than the image he was sold. It's only that the means to be capable, even the meaning of the word capable, has been distorted somewhere along the line. It's nothing that cannot be retrieved. I will repeat that for anyone who intends to write me off as a doom merchant: Fulfilling life is entirely within our grasp and hope is ever-present.

Capability is biological, and it is required of us eternally. It doesn't just disappear because some global entity wishes to erase it. They are the ones who vanish, not us. Humans can create more humans. Buildings cannot create more buildings. One will always reproduce, and therefore, will always win.

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We are Images of God, forever. If you don't subscribe to that idea, then consider yourself an Image of Nature. It really doesn't matter how you agree with us, just as long as you do. We will always know if you do. Nothing strikes fear into the heart of evil quite like minding your fucking business.

“The ancient Greeks would have had no trouble labeling the error into which our Victorian grandfathers fell: hubris. Topsy on the heady doctrines of evolution and progress, the Victorians tragically overestimated their own power to do good, and Satan's to do ill.” [F]

I was wrong about something. I conveyed, somewhere along the line, that the adventures of the ancient days are unachievable now. I never said it outright or so bluntly, but I think it could have been implied. I believe in the exact opposite. I believe almost anything that was done in antiquity can be replicated even today. It's exactly what should be done. Whether the stories of the ancients are as true as we've been told, we can do no wrong in taking from them. In doing as they have done. You can see it in the eyes of some men, and women even. They carry the recaptured spirit of older times. They would be at home in whatever century you placed them because they carry a timeless presence. All good things are timeless.

SPEAK NOT, LEST YOU DEFAME YOUR HOME

I write things down when they are too good to forget. Things I hear in passing, from friends, from strangers.

“I spent the entire night firing bricks into a shopping plaza with a three-person slingshot. How do you find someone who shot something from four hundred yards away? You don’t.”

— *An architect from down south.*

“Harriet Tubman was a fucking criminal.”

“Yeah, and hot.”

“I am leaving.”

— *Two friends, coffee shop near the beach.*

“Oh you think that’s low? I dry-humped the doughy stomach of a Mexican hotel maid and pretended it was Nikki Haley’s mouth. You don’t know how low things can get. I am haunted by both the image of her and the concept of sweaty Latin girls doing barbell squats. I hope God takes my ass to task.”

— *Student teacher, Van Nuys.*

“I had an unnervingly real dream where I lived in this dark world as a vampire and everything was black and red, no sunlight. There’s this ancient Grecian building and you have to open a seal to get inside. I figure it out. They make me king because I do. A

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while later, these vampire police come and start asking questions. I tell them I am rightful king, to leave me alone. Another vampire comes in and sits down across from the police. He gives them a smirk, and turns to me. I look down to see I'm covered in my own blood. He cut my throat and it fulfilled the sacrifice to the altar."

— *A friend, midnight on Halloween.*

"If I ever need to get rid of a girl, I start acting really nice to her."

— *Myself, last week.*

"I picture the carpenter Jesus Christ working alongside Mexicans and slowly losing his cool throughout the day. 'Has anyone seen my drill? It was here only a moment ago. You, what is your name? Your name is Jesus also? That is definitely my drill. Please give it back. No, that is certainly mine. It has my name on it. I don't understand this tongue you speak in. God damn you.'"

— *Someone, somewhere.*

"Most Italian-American women could pass as Arabs if they wore burkas and didn't talk."

— *Myself, this week.*

"You'll notice none of this place kills you outright, only beats you over the head until you're crawling around, begging for help. It doesn't kill you, not yet at least, but it makes you wish you

were dead. Suicide is illegal though. You're not allowed to do it. Going to the doctor every other week. Every other week you're prescribed new drugs. Can't think straight. Constantly losing focus, veering into another lane, almost crashing but never dying. Couldn't kill yourself if you tried — you don't have the confidence to pull it off. Go out and drink every weekend under the guise of having fun with friends, but you're just dulling the pain in public rather than in private. If you drank alone or at home, you'd be weird or something. You keep thinking about killing yourself but you'd have to buy this and write that and go there and, oh, that's a lot of preparation and, oh, there goes the alarm for work. Veered into yet another lane.

Between bar drink prices and ordering larger clothes every half-year, your bank account never seems to change. You have kids and pass all of your miserable lessons down onto them. You unload onto them what you're pretty sure is right. Is it, though? It doesn't matter, you're out of energy, too tired to finish the rest of this thought. Definitely too tired to kill yourself. Maybe tomorrow.

To go through life as the government and its subsidiaries intend is a fifty-something-year suicide. Our ancestors neared death as they got older. Today's people die every day until they die for the last time. It's the big keeling over. Like a colossus who's taken one-hundred and fifty arrows — arrows dipped in a meaningless and bullshit poison. The colossi take their final hit and tip backwards in slow-motion.

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The crashing of their bodies causes some commotion, but only for a week or so. Next month another colossus takes their last arrow too. A shot, a crash, and commotion.”

— *Someone, one day.*

“It is not ‘body dysmorphia’, it is your drive to continue and if you didn’t have it, you wouldn’t keep lifting.”

— *A philosopher, in the middle of a two plate overhead press.*

“If you don’t understand why women love me, then you don’t understand women.”

— *Myself, angrily.*

“Most men have become unknowing victims of the female kamikaze empire. Everything biologically female is put on a pedestal, regardless of how broken, or how ugly, or how twisted it is. At the end of every night, the bent-knee cavalry of fairly handsome, largely drunken men gallop into a wall of grapeshot. Gaping holes in their chests and howling amputees. Every night someone’s crashing jets into the naval destroyer.

Look at them. Girls that look like they use mud for makeup, girls that act like stray pigs in the city, girls that sound like long-haul truckers. They swallow up handfuls of decent men. Sit back and watch. Stare and gaze, astonished as the laws of nature are so contorted and rewritten before you. Too many men have a gynocentric blind-spot.

Man's overall view on women is a scalding horseshoe. It's why the involuntarily celibate and the terminally handsome can get along so well. Both have an aerial view of the female nature, either through drought or excess."

— *An old co-worker whose daughter just went off to college.*

"Way too many Jews, way too many blacks, way too many buildings."

"You said you've never been to the city. That's why we took you."

"Yeah well, I want to go home."

— *Someone who learned something today.*

"Lana Del Rey was created in a ritual lab to resemble what the world-public sees as a stereotypical white female with above-average looks. Behold the product, a Betty Crocker, kitchen-bound concubine in attire with damaged goods daddy issues in spirit. The machine built America's standard white female and then attached her, through numerous visual ambushes, to black male partners, drug abuse, and general disfunction. It is a psychological barrage of reminders that it's okay to be as white as Lana but still mingle with the culture and members of the underworld. Masterfully played, but obvious at times. She has nailed her role — an over-capable seven with the power of nine and equal rights to aid her further. I'd have abandonment issues too if I was made in a laboratory.

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Most everything is a ritual whether you meant to engage in one or not. A lot of ritual outcomes magnetize other consequences. Did you know most any human can survive evisceration? Keep that in mind as you follow the many directions in which music can and will head. And we're back with some Echo and the Bunnymen."

— *Radio show host, fired the next day.*

"In the case of women, beauty generally outweighs ethnicity. With exception to blacks and many Asians. It's crucial you understand that the same does not apply to men. The colonizer must always contain the gene of ancients. A man has infinite seed and can only make the world more like himself, closer to himself. Women can only make a handful of children. Mind you, this isn't a call for a single world race but for traditional colonization. There are genetically superior female outliers in each of the world's groups. Find them and carry on their successes."

"You've been spending too much time with that Venezuelan girl."

— *A local entrepreneur and his friend.*

"He knows it's justified to kill to survive. He then in dollars makes more dead than alive. Let's suck more blood lets work three hours a day.

The world is over and I don't care cause I am with you..."

— *The son of a powerful modeling agent.*

TRANSROMANTICISM & YOU

The older that transgenderism gets and the more advanced both it and the medical world around it become, the less likely you are to detect someone born as the opposite gender. As the concept matures, it learns more, adapts more, and as a result defies more odds. The past is nothing compared to what we'll all soon be facing.

Your participation in certain things, specifically urbanism, city bar culture, and dating platforms means you accept the chance of taking home a biological male. It means you may face it so often that you come to accept it willingly. You are not immune to the transromantic conditioning.

The previous world saw early trans people as static beings, better known then as transvestites. But our world, the medically advanced shadow realm, has turned crossdressing into a phase. It's simply a stage, oftentimes a very quick one, on the road to a pseudo-complete inversion. It's the initiation of a grand transition.

You can get upset about trans people all you want. You can focus every bit of your rage in their direction. You can decry them until your lungs go flat. Regardless, two heavy facts remain. Firstly, they are the result of industrialization — unable to fully complete their process without industrial society. Secondly, they will assimilate more with every new day — with more ease as urbanite culture spreads. Prepare for the headlines of men who, twenty years into a marriage, find stashed-away baby photos of their spouse as the biological opposite. Prepare for the realization

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that your favorite female actor wasn't always female. Prepare for mass submission and compromise, maybe from people you never expected to break. "Oh, but they like all the same things I do. And they can't get pregnant. And it looks like a girl." Prepare for the backlash from biological females. Some have said there will come a point where trans women spur the biological ones into creating SS units overnight. No, that was about the mass-importation of thick Latinas. Doesn't matter though. You're here now, and you will be here tomorrow as well. Depravity is a compass and south is what springs from nature undisturbed.

I support transgenderism because both passive and active participants of the new global Babylon should be faced with its end product. I support the trans-revolution ahead because I support the waves of head-spinning and the mental gymnastics to follow. Welcome to it all. This, the inevitable product of your beloved democracy. This, the inevitable product of capitalism, industry, commerce, and the network. Transgenderism is a symptom. It will take no prisoners, and many. Much like the countries we live in, it's a hole they refuse to stitch up. Pupils and wounds all dilate and blood will mist from the ceiling of a nightclub damnation. This is what happens when you let the city-loving scum and their value systems take hold.

"I have something to tell you..." They say it now with shame, they'll say it tomorrow with a smile.

Why say all of this? Is the problem really so bad? No, but it's certainly growing. In addition to that, my lawyer accidentally took one home and he's since been charged with assault and battery. He claims that "He was convincingly feminine until a facetious

cup check was performed far too late in the night.” His biggest concern isn’t that he could face jail time, but that everyone at his favorite casino-themed dive bar is going to think he’s a, “total faggot” now. He’ll probably be fine.

THE THERMODYNAMICS OF GEOPOLITICAL DISCOURSE

“You piece of shit, you dirty charlatan. And fuck that Yiddish spinster you call a wife. I spit on you, whore.”

Seconds upon entering the chemical shop and I’m met with this priceless bit of theater. An angry Palestinian is cursing the owner for mixing something up and causing a meltdown in his home laboratory. He storms out after a small tirade.

“Good Lord,” I sigh.

“I mean what was that about? We aren’t even Jewish,” the store’s owner tells me with a quiver in his voice.

“I hope the order wasn’t a problem,” I say to refocus him.

“No, not at all. Strange, yeah. But no issues,” he admits.

I leave the warehouse with the sun on my neck and six-hundred pounds of [REDACTED]. If the police were smart enough to piece things together, I would never make it where I need to go. Luckily, cops are just substance-abusing obstacle course graduates. A cool seventy degree breeze and The Cure at full volume. I wave to a cute girl outside some coffee shop and she tells me to fuck off. *Mi amor, que triste?*

SPINNING THE WHEEL OF IDOLS

This world is one of threads, each connecting one human to another. Unchecked expansion has covered the surface in these lines, bright and red yarn that they are. Everyone knows everyone, scarcity becomes scarce, and the mystery is smothered.

What comes of this? The common soul is given unlimited idols to choose from, most of them false or empty. It wasn't so long ago that the world was more closely knit to an individual, to their family. The idols before us were idols of a higher quality, though much fewer in quantity. It was only the truly successful beings that made it to a place where they fell into idolatry's lounge. Now, with both a lowered heroic threshold and accessible technology, the commoner will lazily find a figure most similar to themselves and use them to justify their existing behavior. Absent now is the purpose for heroes — to be someone far beyond yourself that one can honor or dethrone. A hero would never accept you in your early stages. At the very most, he'd admit he sees slight potential in you, but that's all. An exception to this is for those who believe in Jesus Christ, but he too would suggest you be a better person.

The increasing amount of role models in culture transformed the holy light of aspiration into a green light for whatever you prefer to do. Every single life choice is represented in the halls of fame and fortune, in the media and modern showcase. It's okay to have a drinking problem because this celebrity had one too. It's alright to sleep around because there's a movie star who bragged about the same. It's okay to constantly have mental breakdowns

and check yourself into rehab facilities because what's-her-name did it also.

Every mistake is reinforced by the fact that someone famous has done it once before. Is this a good or a bad thing? You tell me. You could say it depends on what exactly is being justified. Are you writing off your fifth bowl of cereal because an actress said she did the same once too? Are you excusing a third day of holing up on heroin because that one singer overdosed at the peak of her career? How much can be written off before you're unable to inspire the ones who look up to you?

Every new day is the erasing of something more. Mistakes and shortcomings used to be a secret motivation. It was something that pushed you forward, faster. Now mistakes are sold as personality traits, to the point where the many willingly make them. Soon comes the inversion, where successes are kept under wraps because it's too pretentious or uppity to share them.

Perhaps it's that these role models are too clearly shown, that they should be as vague as they were prior to television, prior to newspapers. Word of mouth had the benefit of leaving certain things behind while carrying certain charms forward. Would the struggle of Odysseus seem as heroic if he was immortalized by cameras and not by his word? Would the stone that Sisyphus pushed be as heavy in a picture as it is in our mind's eye? Whether either story is true, they serve a purpose. The Odyssey is another hand on the stone as it's pushed up the hill.

For good men, most of the true idols are dead, and that's okay. There are few living figures worth looking up to, a number that

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only decreases as the enemy takes hold. But it's not over — far from it. Heroes exist within smaller circles, personal communities, and you. You bear the duty of becoming something that tomorrow's man and his children could aspire to. You must become something that the men of the future would hate to let down. There is no hoping that someone else may fill that role because, yes, despite this planet soon reaching eight billion residents, you are one of the few who can manage such a feat. You are now carrying the heaviest torch that life could ever hand you. Will you walk as though it's only a bag of feathers, or will you let it crush you into something unworthy of reverence.

This torch, and your ability to carry it, surpasses anything a black screen could project. This struggle is between yourself and the lowerworld. Gorge yourself on the terror you see and make yourself sick. Gorge yourself on the lowerworld and you may never feel anything but hate towards it. Hereafter, you will live exclusively to destroy or avoid it. Perhaps you will find a way to do both.

Only those deficient in morale are upset by someone who points out the problems at hand. No, not whining, but sincerely pointing things out. The same who equate observation with nihilism are the same who pout at the feet of minor inconvenience. Standing before a mountain, you turn to them and say, "There is no path through, only around." He shrugs and curses the eye that saw it, the mouth that spoke. You smile, knowing it'll make you a tougher man. Regardless, there's still only one way past. Yes, keeping your eyes locked forward in perseverance could be considered noble, but there are moments that require a look around.

AND HEAVEN TURNED TO HER WEEPING

"Even though you're far away from me, you're in my dreams."

A song of ghostly emotion.

"And it's hard to erase you from my memories.

Yes it's hard to erase you from my memories.

The flowers are dying now that you've left me.

There's no one to hold anymore.

The city is haunted and nobody loves me."

I shut the tape player off.

Now it's dark.

A HAND IN THE WAISTCOAT

Summer's heat changes nothing, the uniform remains the same — white suede sneakers or cowboy boots, light wash jeans, a button up, maybe a flannel, or could be an inside-out thrift store shirt. The temperature is unimportant. If it's hot out, you will sweat no matter what clothing you wear, so you may as well dress however you like. If it's cold, well, at least you aren't too hot. I call this style "beach club gothic," alternatively known as "surf Amish".

Life is far too important to wear basketball shorts or sweatpants. Both are a symbol that you've given up. Even when millionaire

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actors and actresses throw them on to get coffee down the street, it still remains an issue. Nobody cares if you're comfortable because you look like an asshole. Just wait until every sweatpants manufacturer is dragged into the street and shot. Maybe then you'll reconsider.

There's no secret to staying within the confines of well-dressed. It requires almost no ability to follow trends, although you should at times take note of what's popular and when. It's hard to go wrong when choosing from timeless items. A tailored black or navy suit for the suit kind of occasions. Earth tone fitted shirts without logos, good washes of jeans, white canvas tennis shoes, certain camouflages or maybe some combat boots without too much flair. I've heard some say they only wear pigments that exist naturally, ones that could have been dyed prior to industrialism. Up until eighteen-fifty, all clothing was made from plant materials or something.

If you don't understand high fashion, it's probably because you're not a barren Jewish lesbian or someone who respects the opinion of one. Most every runway show is meant to enact the law of ugly. Not all, but most. Designer is usually tacky, worn by financially-illiterate blacks, the hopeless whites who follow them, and Jersey Italian mothers who think yelling is an appropriate speaking volume.

Like designer, sports jerseys have a ninety-percent failure rate as well. Only a few have withstood the test of time. Same with band tees. Pick wisely or not at all because each depends upon your eye for taste. The damnable colors of retard blue and retard red are in every case a mistake. Those super cheap graphic tees? The

ones with the funny pictures on them? Don't even consider it. Maybe ironically, if you have the confidence.

You're better off wearing a Victorian pirate costume, in full, than your favorite team's logo on some field trip style tee shirt. You're better off digging up the corpse of the supposed American forefathers, peeling off their clothes, and going about your normal day. Julian Casablancas understood this, and still does at times. In watching his earlier performances with The Strokes, you can see he was tapping into that Amadean stylisticism, a modern channeling of the aristocratic dress of a former world. Tight jeans or cloth pants met by a tailored military coat. Hair down to the epaulettes, a symbol of his personal freedom. Canvas sneakers, constantly smoking, always being pulled on by women. There are few things that make me smile like his various little dances. He balanced attention to detail with aloof rock star drunkenness. It's like the difference between trashing a motel and trashing a room in the Chateau Marmont. The latter retains its beauty, even it is wrecked.

The true importance of fashion lies beyond any vacant reasons peddled by women and homosexuals. It's not always about status or net worth, absurdity or shock factor. Clothing is about the cultivation of an image that is forever locked in time. How you dress is without debate an extension of your being, of things like your physique, soul, and attitude. It's an addition to your tone of voice and the words you choose. The fit of your pants is adjacent to the cadence you pick. The pattern of your shirt can either compare or contrast with the ideas that you present. Jesus wore tattered rags to connote humility. Apollo donned a laurel wreath to parade athletic superiority. Hitler had his entire military force

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outfitted personally by Hugo Boss. Not a soul on Earth has trouble recalling how any of these men dressed.

The slightest understanding of fashion is your acceptance that the world is predicated on looks and violence. The entire concept was created and mastered by the most powerful men that time has ever seen. As it is in peace, so it is in war. A banner flown amid the trading of gunfire, the insignia upon a shield. Boots, braces, helmets, capes. Like all things made with purpose, these hold intrinsic value.

We must return to a place where clothes are treated as extensions of ourselves, because this is what they are. We do this because it is a framework from which creativity and further beauty can spring. You work from the ground up. Ignore the social norms of your cardboard kingdom and wear druid robes to the grocery store.

FEEL FREE TO DIE WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH

In places that are dense with comfortably weak men, raiding parties find themselves surrounded by desperate women and ill-protected assets. The Nazis were met with roses and orchestra as they occupied France. They received the same but with lower budget as they liberated the towns on the road to Stalingrad. One can only imagine the number of children conceived during each of these celebrations. Today, the bar for most city raids is low. Take America's capital for example, where all that's required is to be a self-assured male who can lift at least his bodyweight. Because most every male there has spent years behind a desk and

drinking each night, he is quickly replaced by the newly-arrived heroes. These raiders, champions of the struggle, are tired and sweaty myrmidons who have come to claim their pleasures. They leave with the King's defeated son, a bespectacled tech executive, tied to the back of a chariot on fire. His wife lays hogtied over a horse's back, smiling.

Comfort is a casket. It's a funeral where nobody cries and everybody laughs. The people you love will howl late into the night and forget you ever lived.

It's midnight in one of the rat-infested cities of America. A gang of bikers in cult robes splatter Dada dumb-dumbs on the sidewalk outside of an art show. Someone backfires a Japanese import in front of the most expensive apartment complex in the city. A Sudanese paramilitary unit sprays a vaccine clinic with grease guns. These are the kind of acts that grow common with each passing week. The chaos is compounding, and as the scum often say, normalizing. They ask for the people to normalize egregious sin. The people respond by normalizing justice through vigilante terror. Teenagers and young men put down their games and opt for adrenaline through a more physical route. There's fun to be had outside again, they say. The bodies pile high and something must be done.

“LORD INDRA ARRIVED ON THE
GANGES TO SLAUGHTER SIX MILLION
ABORIGINALS AND THE FIRST WORD
HE SAID WAS NAMASTE”

Midweek in [REDACTED] and a construction crew is half-way through a very delayed project. The white collars wanted it finished by Christmas and the blue collars say it's optimistic to have it done by the next. They argue on the site every week. It escalates into near fist fights, but everyone knows who would win. Doesn't matter, because as soon as the desk jockeys leave, they get roasted into dust. Sometimes even before they've left. Sometimes to their faces.

“Ever notice they don't come out here after it rains?”

“You really think those fags own work boots?”

And just as that exchange dies down, it rains yet again. The hispanic stucco crew ducks for indoor cover, others follow behind.

Minutes later, one of the excavator guys comes tearing through the unfinished door frame, almost sinking through the puddle in front of it. He's absolutely manic, screaming something in Spanish that even the other Spanish speakers can't pick up on. They tell him to slow down and say it again, clearer this time, and once he gets it out they panic just the same. It has the whole site's attention now and so we follow the gang of panicked Latinos through the narrow pass and into the muddy proto-parking lot. The limp hand of a deadman peeks out before the

tip of the excavator's arm. Against the suggestion of everyone around, someone hops into the machine and digs a little deeper. First comes the left arm, then a right leg, then somehow another left arm.

"Jesus, there's more than one body in there," says the nearest bystander.

"Keep going," instructs another. Everyone is too enamored to call the police. That, or they don't speak enough English.

The rain washes off a thin layer of mud on the first body, now fully-extracted. The excavator operator is meticulous and smooth. Within minutes he's unearthed the second body, then the third, and even a fourth. By the time he starts on the fifth, a torrential downpour has exposed even more and it becomes obvious that this is a recent mass grave. Beside the uncovered bodies are at least ten to twenty similar mounds, all being quickly stripped of their dirt coverings. By the time police arrive, all of the bodies on top have surfaced.

News teams file in, forensics teams somehow second to them. Someone overhears a cop mention that there's another layer below the top one. Something about a potential fifty or more bodies, at least. Police come to learn that this is only one small fragment of the full grave, that it spans the entire acre's worth of space outside the building. At the behest of the chief, the news teams are told to keep quiet for now. Months pass and the story is buried with the thousands of bodies.

"Gonna buy me a graveyard of my own — kill everyone who ever done me wrong."

IN THE CASE OF THE DEATH AT THE NAZARENE

There is no doubt, either by gut or evidence, that the Bible was doctored numerous times and stripped of its once merciless approach. This is done before our eyes now, in our own time, as seen in the various weaker translations. Accepting this means accepting something dark, something that could spoil one's spiritual walk. Why continue on if the core text has been rewritten by its enemies? Which parts of it are real and which parts are not? What is left? Countless questions come to mind.

I believe that the untouched form of Christianity is inside most of us as a gut feeling. I believe that absent of the Bible, man would intuit the presence of the grand creation, of the past holy wars, and of his ultimate significance in this world. I believe that God is not taught, but understood. That we are the descendants of people who knew God more personally, and by that alone we can reach the same.

I reject the accepted paths of Christianity. I reject that is some all-welcoming cult of pacifism. I reject its lack of enemies, its forgiveness towards the shameless agents of Hell. Instinctive Christianity is generous when appropriate and cruel when it needs to be. It does not condemn violence because it knows it is needed to survive. It does not extend a hand to the enemy, it puts an axe through its face. It is offensive as it is defensive, painfully loud but monk-like, impressive in its gait and inspiring to those just outside it. It is restrictive only of things that do harm and encourages the adoption of good habits.

It does not accept the murder of Jesus Christ, it savagely hunts those responsible.

Christianity as it is sold now is an intricate system of slave cages. It was masterfully reworked to denounce tangible action against a clear and present enemy. It has methods to keep you swaddled, to keep your claws cut, to make you feel like the fight was won or that someone higher is coming to save you. When you reject all of the peace and love excuse-making of the new Christianity, your supposed fellow man will shout you down. He will say that you misinterpreted the passages. He will say that you aren't a true believer. But it's nothing to you. People like that, they vanish. They die as they were born — pale and sobbing in the fetal position, soaked in the amniotic fluid.

You will not go to Hell if you defend yourself and others. You will not go to Hell for taking the life of an enemy. You will burn, however, if you choose to be weak.

In moments of silence, I think of Jesus in book of John. He held nothing back when speaking to the kind who would later kill him.

"Ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins. Where I go, ye cannot come."

"Ye are from beneath; I am from above."

"Ye are of your father, the devil..."

He tells the descendants of snakes that they cannot follow him to Heaven, because they are not allowed inside. They worship a sinister world and a sinister book.

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES BELOW MY OWN

Admittedly, I have been batting in leagues below my own. I'm unsure where it stems from. Maybe it's about collecting easy wins that a past, lesser version of myself couldn't have. Maybe it's that I think I have a right to every woman, that they all belong to me. A vast harem that spans from women I shouldn't bother with, to the women I never thought I could win. Who knows.

The act of stepping into the lower leagues is dangerous. You disrupt a number of ecosystems that may have gone unharmed for years. Picture a classically handsome male pulling chubby but pretty art girls from their usual scene for his own sexual pleasure. Because he's shocked them with this move, the girls are indebted to him. They show it through copious amounts of affection. Copious and genuine. Both parties benefit, one only momentarily, and the woman's ecosystem is stirred. The males of her group panic. They wonder why the higher level males are reaching into their supply. There may never be an explanation.

It's happening all over, the collision of worlds and changing of systems. The Apollonian male giving precious time to the infinite bread line of barren art school whores, to the swarms of voluptuous though average brown women. On the female side, we see the daughters of Venus who cast their beauty into the void of deracination. Long-preserved aryan features tossed into the faceless cappuccino sea. The fathers of our time weep as yet another strange match is made by strange circumstances.

There is no true comparison found in previous worlds, at least not one I'm aware of. Not the Scythian wives taken by proto-Roman bandits. Not the erasure of the fair-haired Greek by the spiraling of Alexander.

My examinations of this are paused by the woman across from me, one who the people in this cafe probably think is my aunt. She sits, attractive in her own way, but still distant to what I'm after. She's too old to make a mother of, too beaten-on by the world. She asks if I'm okay. I'm not. I tell her that I'll walk home. I half-expected her to pack me a lunch for the journey.

In my time walking back, I vow to Jesus Christ that I will never again step too far from my league. As easy as it is, as vast as my harem of the average could be, it only ends in negatives. Genetically mismatched children, a poor public perception, and the unneeded inflation of the collective female ego.

Man must never be the settler, though he wins when his woman believes he is. Whether it's taken by a normal route or force, this is up to him.

He should never forget that the preservation of beauty surpasses all else. By that belief alone, the entire order of the natural world plays out unharmed. Attractive genetics are continued because the handsome and strong willed it so. The wild remains wild because it never looks better than in that state. Our world is never weighed down in overpopulation because the awful is removed through combat or extinction. Or at least that's how it once was.

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This is the socialism of beauty. You can have the redistribution of heavenliness. In it, no longer does the artist need escape to something worth painting or writing about. Before he could even leave his home, he's already surrounded by all that he could ever ask for. A world where every square inch is something for a muse; a world where even the blood which is shed in battle is photogenically sound. Every night you'll lay on the bosom of the moon and fall asleep to the renditions of the first ever orchestra.

IN THE CEMETERY THAT IS THE SECOND WORLD

Meditations on the world's fair, buried civilizations, the great flood, and gothic architecture.

The end of a silence, a return to the mother. The gatekeepers towering over the few survivors, the sequence keepers guiding them home. They have wings as soft as velvet and a virgin sympathy they play. Symphony, not sympathy. Harpsichord sky angels. A seventeen minute constitutional through the blossom white. It's you as both the son and daughter of creation. A world that once made cries for help is now sated. It's all new. New violence, new order, new blood — accepted and rejected by the World Eater.

"This has happened before," someone tells you. Regardless, you are dizzy. The sun is back and he holds you like a child. There is a war underground. A fire underground. It's still burning and the smoke that escapes is mistaken for fog. There are two thunders,

one in the sky and one from the ground. Are these earthquakes the proof of wars below our feet?

They buried the ancient world. All of it, buried. You can dig it up if they don't stop you first. Keep your eyes out for the abnormal soil accumulations, for buildings half-entombed. Exhume it all. Technology is not new. If you were to go back, before or around the life of Christ, you would see wars fought with energy weapons and colossal machines. You would see angels in a military fashion with rifles and hand cannons. You would see towers and temples crashing on the feet of human giants. Everything today is a poor rendition of the past's boldest achievements. Though it can be seen again.

Science and medicine are simpler and more intuitive than we are taught by the powers that be. They overcomplicate and mythologize both so that they are seen as out-of-reach and therefore remain profitable, protected sectors. No sane population would ever trust the purported labcoats of our time. All of their "knowledge" is a scattering of words blindly memorized from a couple books over the course of ten years in school. These are not serious people, but midwits squirting food coloring into beakers or telling people that a cough is fixed with antibiotics. Medical and scientific authority is earned by action and innovation, not by looking at flash cards for a decade. We learn through experimentation, not by sitting through eternal lectures.

Another daydream, I realize. The information from it is applicable. I am talking to myself again now. A somber song puts my head to rest. I fall back into it, this time standing in a palace

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beside the Aegean Sea. The song still plays and a fellow warlord approaches me to speak.

“There’s no reason, there’s no secrets to decode.”

“I know those words from somewhere...” I tell him.

“If you can’t save it, leave it dying on the road.”

He charges and I fire on him with a pistol I didn’t know I had. The shot is so loud that its blast stuns me more than its sound. I’m lying, in the real world, on the wooden floor of a beach house. Dust falls from a hole in the ceiling. It’s about time to investigate if a blank as the chambered round might work. In a revolver, maybe. In an auto loader, no. Sleep strikes again.

A WORLD YOU CANNOT FORGET

There are moments where “dream” is no longer a sufficient term. What does one call a dream that has reached its highest potential, its purest form? A dream that has replicated real life so true to form that you’ve just spent twenty-something years inside of it. Twenty years lived inside the span of a couple of hours. What does one call this when given nothing but torture for the whole of it?

What a clever brain — watching his own work, listening to what I say when I’m awake. Observant brain. I once noted that the realism of a specific nightmare was disrupted by ill-fitting shadows, something not right about the ones behind the furniture. I made a note that this was enough to shake myself from the moment. My brain heeded this. In the next nightmare, after hours of stumbling through fog and blood, the shadow of a lamp stood out to me. It triggered a release from the hold, and the brain took yet another note down. Months later, in another kind of nightmare, every shadow was correct. No matter the object that my dreaming eyes scanned, I failed to prove that this was not the real world. The footsteps sounded loud enough, the blood reflected light correctly, and the shadows of all the furniture were the realest I had ever known. This now goes beyond your realm of control. It surpasses the concept of “a movie cassette that won’t eject when you pound on the button” and it surpasses the feeling of “a screen you can’t turn away from”. This is real until proven otherwise; existence until error is found. Hours, days, years — an entire life lived without ever crossing a single incorrect shadow — and it’s all from a boasting

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organ. The brain is proud that he has learned the art of building worlds.

It doesn't matter how absurd the nightmare's concept may seem, because you've entered a world that is always dim. It's alive and ever-changing, its boundaries shift as you do. You can kill or be killed, fear or be feared, anything to everything and in-between.

Sooner or later, the brain introduces soundtracks and musical cues. It creates from scratch if nothing from reality suits the moment. The pounding of a bass drum, maybe pitched down a few frequencies. Or just screaming. It could be a couple hours of screaming. Eventually you're able to remember sequences of numbers and specific full words. A flashing sentence on a neon sign amid the fog and frozen quiet. The next night you're recalling whole paragraphs. It's getting to the point where you could fill a book with the things these scenes keep feeding you. People that you know are mimicked down to their intricacies. Keys and cues are hit as if guided by conductors. Your dream-being is aware that he no longer chooses the escape. Not when, not how, not why. There is no longer an eject button, no more stepping out of bounds. When you're awake, or when you think you are, you start to wonder if you'll see that faulty shadow. But you won't. You're much too deep now, too far along to see such a rookie mistake.

You could read and remember an entire book if the nightmare presented it to you. You could wake up with a new wealth of knowledge inside you. But did you really wake up? You hope so. You can see the sun, something rarely depicted in the other world, and so you're convinced. You wonder now if the sun is

just another aspect that the brain has perfected lately. After all, he did fix those shadows, and quickly too. It's a chore to watch how everything blocks or casts light now. It's a job to match a sound to what made it, the motions to what you know could move. You become a journeyman of the potentially dim world. Perhaps this brightness is a fake. You move and shift. You do something unpredictable. You're convinced for today, and so you commit yourself to the silent heaven. And so do I.

When a sea-night darkness is cast upon my brow, I stop to accept its pull. There have been too many dreams and too many nightmares to continue scanning each for signs that I am sleeping. Both the world of awake and not are my home now. In each, I walk with a steadfast motion and confront the shadows in stride. With all things considered, I have been alive for over a thousand years. I have had wives and children, buried them, and loved again thereafter. I've seen the temples of bloodtakers erected and fought over. I have known all that I could manage and thrown it all away to know something else. It is not that every day is unbearably like the last, but that each new day presents another chance at remembrance. That sea-night darkness, the one upon my brow, is at war with the heaven-keeping sun. I suppose he represents what it is to be awake. Both are understood to me, though the sun holds me warmer.

*"Words don't do anything. It's permanently night.
We'll all be laughing with you when you die."*

PUTTING DEATH UNTO DEATH

Imagine that I'm a baby about eight months into development and for some reason I've gained the ability to hear and understand English. I was listening intently for months and somehow figure it out, you know? Anyways, I'm listening and my mom is talking to some doctor about the ways to go about a very late term abortion. It's an entire production and eventually she and the doctor agree on a date to pull my plug. I have some time to prepare.

I start filing all of my little fingernails into jagged razors. Teeth too, just in case. I get a little bored and start filing my toe nails with 'em. It's a hard task, as everything is very tiny. The abortion day finally arrives. My baby heart is racing. I feel the chill those patient rooms always have. Three, two, one. Like some kind of machine gun I start prison-shivving the inside of my whore mother. I'm hitting anything I can reach, piercing holes like you wouldn't believe. She's screaming and the doctor has absolutely no idea what's going on. I'm blinded by the light of the holes I've made. I'm hanging halfway out, grunting, kicking, and stabbing. Fluid going everywhere, sounds like someone is drowning me. The doctor tries to pin me but I cut his wrists and fingers up.

"Draw thy tools. My naked weapon is out!" I shout as more lab coats file in. None respond, only stand in fear. "I said draw thy tools!"

In real life, I wait for women outside the local abortion clinic and shoot them in the parking lot. If I know which car is theirs, I'll save some trouble and cut their brake lines.

DANNY KAYE'S "CIVILIZATION"

*Each morning, a missionary advertises neon signs.
He tells the native population that civilization is fine.
And three educated savages holler from a bamboo tree.
That civilization is a thing for me to see.*

*So bongo, bongo, bongo, I don't want to leave the Congo, oh no no no no no.
Bingo, bangle, bungle, I'm so happy in the jungle, I refuse to go.
Don't want no bright lights, false teeth, doorbells, landlords, I make it clear,
(That no matter how they coax him,) I'll stay right here.*

*I looked through a magazine the missionary's wife concealed.
(Magazine, what happens?)
I see how people who are civilized bung you with automobile.
(You know you can get hurt that way, Daniel?)
At the movies they have got to pay many coconuts to see...
(What do they see, darling?)
Uncivilized pictures that the newsreel takes of me.*

*So bongo, bongo, bongo, he don't want to leave the Congo, oh no no no no no.
Bingo, bangle, bungle, he's so happy in the jungle, he refuse to go.
Don't want no penthouse, bathtub, streetcars, taxis, noise in my ear,
(So, no matter how they coax him,) I'll stay right here.*

*They hurry like savages to get aboard an iron train.
And though it's smoky and it's crowded, they're too civilized to complain.
When they've got two weeks vacation, they hurry to vacation ground.
(What do they do, darling?)
They swim and they fish, but that's what I do all year round!*

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*So bongo, bongo, bongo, I don't want to leave the Congo, oh no no no no no.
Bingo, bangle, bungle, I'm so happy in the jungle, I refuse to go.
Don't want no jailhouse, shotgun fish hooks, golf clubs, I got my spears,
(So, no matter how they coax him,) I'll stay right here*

*They have things like the atom bomb — so I think I'll stay where I am.
Civilization, I'll stay right here!*

I don't feel civilized in cities, do you?

Mixed kids breakdancing on a subway car at daybreak. An early birth in the window seat to Vail. Four people on the phone about square footage. An overdose in the cafe bathroom. Police on horses telling me to fuck off and die. I heard you the first time. Who the fuck breakdances at six in the morning? Latte colored criminals in ill-fitting Yankee hats. I got shot and died in the city once. I never went back again.

AFTER YOU'RE GONE

Using the money from some light insider trading, I hired a couple ex-chemical laser engineers whom I was introduced to by a well-connected friend. He once mentioned in conversation that he knew some people who had perfectly recreated the Israeli *mobile tactical high energy laser*, but at a much smaller scale and with much more efficiency. He said they weren't terrorists, just laser nerds who built it simply to prove they could — and that they did.

"Don't tell anyone of course. The government isn't too fond of directed-energy weapon hobbyists," my friend continues.

"Got it. How much to hire these guys for a day or two?"

"I don't think they're up for that."

"How much to buy the cannon itself?"

"I'll have to ask."

A day later I received, through the safest channels of communication, a list of the ballpark costs involved.

"That's for the cannon alone?" I ask them.

"Yes, and you'll have to pick it up. At night of course."

"How much to take you guys with me?"

"We can't do that. However, we do know two others that would join. They know about ninety percent of what we know."

"How much for cannon and those two other techs for a day?"

They give me another number, one that won't put much stress on our savings.

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The Monday of that following week, I pulled a Chevrolet Silverado into a back alley somewhere outside Tampa. It was about two in the morning, winter pre-snow, and so the spot was dead quiet. The two laser technicians and I loaded the device into the truck bed with nothing more than light grunting, making sure the tarp didn't slip or slide off. We discussed ways to better blend in, something like hiding in plain sight. Maybe it could pass as a forklift or some kind of warehouse machine. Maybe it was something marine related. A desalinator? A boat motor in transit to the water? No pause in the trading of ideas as we throw on our masks — hyper-realistic latex movie magic. The kind that a smart person would rob a bank with.

We picked early January because it has the latest sunrise of the year. From now until daylight was five or so hours of whatever must be done. The streets were still with calm, dead enough to whisper.

An initial test fire was in order — abandoned street in downtown, ancient public telephone, just outside a closed-down cigarette store. The techs hopped out and adjusted the machine fluidly, even with the absence of streetlights. They shifted the tarp so that just the tip of the cannon stuck out. The rest stayed perfectly hidden.

“We're good to go.”

“Alright, let's see it. Is it loud?”

“The opposite. Imperceptible to the human ear.”

He pulls out one of those portable brick phones from the nineties.

“You control the laser with that?”

“We shopped around and this was the best option.”

Similar to how a drone is operated, he points the barrel to the leftmost side of the telephone box and pauses. A few minor adjustments, a few this and that's, and then he clicks to fire. The cannon makes a tiny warming noise and generates a paper-thin light green beam locked dead on the spot it was programmed to hit. It lingers for a split second, pans robotically starboard, and shuts down. Not a moment later and the telephone's top half crashes to the pavement. No demonstration could be clearer. We pulled away with confidence.

The entire night ahead was routed down to the thirty second mark of each minute. First stop, a local news station. We singe through all of their tires, the backs of their vans, into all of their fancy equipment. Objects fry and pop. Fire scatters across the parking lot. We shoot through the building's windows and melt everything inside. More fire. After ten or twelve more targets, we moved to more heavily protected locations. I ask the technicians if the laser could cut whole buildings in half. One says probably, the other says he's unsure. You'd have to do it from pretty far away or you'd draw too many eyes. Then I ask about planes and helicopters. Each of them grin.

We find the whole city to be boring and decide to cut across the peninsula to Cape Canaveral. Wherever the streets are empty on the short drive over, we cut the traffic lights and signposts down.

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The laser works so quickly that nobody could ever figure out the source. Every mailbox and lamppost in each of the rathole downtown districts, every parking meter in sight, every tech-related stronghold, it all goes down. We arrive at the foot of the well-protected Kennedy Space Center and find a quiet hill to station ourselves on. I exhale and fire random strikes into the grand theatrical space camp. I turn their launch pads to dust, vaporize their computer rooms and control boards, and erase any cars left in the parking lot. No alarms, nothing at all. We must have hit the power. I take it as a sign to try to cut the building in half down the center. It almost works but time is up. The sun is rising and all of the damage will soon come into view.

On the drive back, the technicians admit that they have never had so much fun in their lives. They understand now, why it's necessary to lean in, and so we come up with a plan for them to continue the operation into the next couple of months. I leave the next day, but their work lives on. It's a fluid transition. The microcosms of our victims live in total fear throughout the foreseeable future.

THE JUDICIOUS USE OF DEADLY FORCE

Ambiguity is a problem that must be buried grave deep. It is hard to tell if we've blurred more or less in the past decade's time. There must be clearly drawn lines so we can have clearly fought battles. It's not about fighting for the heart of neutrals, but shattering the lie that is neutrality. On Earth, there is no neutral species, no creature that escapes a side in the fight. Even the lowest on the chain has favorites. The information age guarantees a constant headache worth of data, regardless of

where you sleep at night. Both the minds of every large organization, and the favela-bound families of Rio are steeped in headline after headline, picture after picture. All of this is absorbed, processed, and used to formulate a stance. Even without all this, stances are always taken — biology dictates so. Sitters on the fence are liars in the mist. They must be grabbed by the collar and shaken to provide beliefs.

Somewhere in the distance of this parking deck on Georgia's state line blares the length of *This Is A Long Drive For Someone With Nothing To Think About*. I'm on the topmost level, handing out physical copies of the official full auto modification manual, which have been slightly modified themselves to maintain relevancy. This one in particular covers the basics and how to fix them — Kalashnikov, Armalite, Heckler and Koch models. The illustrations are perfectly scaled to the size of the pieces themselves. Everyone's a big fan of this feature.

Someone switches to Def Leppard's *Photograph*.

I kick back and chat about how Kurt Cobain was both a step backwards and a step forwards for white men in the public eye. A frail and howling heroin addict, spoiled by his patient friends and handlers. His for-show girlfriend higher in testosterone than himself. A few power chord albums about suicide and his abstract life of pain. But still handsome. In a number of pictures, he's got a look reminiscent of Brad Pitt. In others, he's on the verge of death. He's probably on some island off the shore of South America, reminiscing daily on the faking of his death.

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Imagine the hair metal bands of the eighties as a second generation Trans Am on fire. It's full of naked women and it's outrunning the police. A solid decade of non-stop masculine terror until bands like Nirvana and Pearl Jam threw nails across the road. Though some of the bands powered through grunge's mudslide, the mood was largely killed. It's also worth noting that most hair metal musicians had zero regard for life or death. They lived their look and sound. People don't tend to forget these things. When a single weak male is popularized, it takes numerous good ones to erase his damage.

THE BLACK FLAME OF A WITCH BURNED

I walk into a strip club just outside some airport with exactly zero cash bills. I sit down, order a virgin Bloody Mary, and proceed to chain smoke American Spirit yellows until I leave without tipping a single woman. On my way out, the ugliest of the club's dancers accosts me. She's a scowling and underweight black whore with Suboxone wrappers balled in the pocket of her daisy dukes. I tell her to fuck off with my eyes.

"Pay to watch, scumbag," her voice like a can opener.

I stare down at her caesarean scar and back into her sunken eyes. There was nothing I could say to properly express my disgust. This is on me for walking in here.

I like to worry aggressive people with restraint, serious people with jest, and the meek with a nuclear tantrum.

Why even enter a strip club? Time was slowing. I needed something to do while I waited for a friend's delayed flight. I

stopped and looked at a paper map on the wall of the parking terminal. Decided upon a why not. It's key to remember that as a man, you can do literally whatever you want. Anything, anytime, forever. Will this motto sometimes get you into trouble? Of course, probably a fair amount of it. Will that trouble outmatch a day with your hands in your lap? Absolutely. This is seriously crucial but forgotten information.

For the rest of the day, I am haunted by visions of the first dancer to step on stage. She was alright looking, one of those girls who could be either Asian or Aztec. The backs of her thighs read — *JESUS WEPT* — as she crawled around to *Instant Crush* by Daft Punk and Julian Casablancas. Part of me believes it's true, but the other part says he wouldn't waste the time or the tears. I shut off the part of my head that allows these kinds of thoughts, and move onwards.

Prostitution is legal in Brazil, or at least that's what I was told. If it's not then I'm a criminal. I would never pay them for sex though, too handsome for that. I give them a turtleneck and a couple dollars to clean the house. Most of them enjoy it. I pat them on the head and tell them they did a good job. A few of them hate it and never come back.

There was a tall brunette one and she was fascinated by the spare room full of instruments. She ran her hands over each one, giggling and looking back at me. An idea came to me. If I could just teach her an inkling of bass, I'd finally have someone to play with. I handed her a Fender Jaguar and insisted she try. The second I saw that natural fluency I knew the plan was wise. For the next couple weeks, she would come over and we'd play

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together. A new song every day. Sometimes I would pick one, sometimes she would pick one. When the day was over, she'd always kiss me on the forehead and walk home. One summer evening was the last I ever saw her. She mumbled something in Portuguese about going back to see her family. Mumbblings of a farm in the jungle north of Curitiba. Something about her brothers who have hundreds of rifles and hunt snakes and gators to eat. Skyscrapers panicked her, she said. She hated to look at them. She said the day I found her was the first she had ever worked on the streets. This is all I could understand with the little of the language I know. She was the closest I ever had to a friend in a woman. And I never paid her a single cent.

"Já consulte os astros. Ela chega na primavera.

Ela já se encontra a caminho. Voando numa nave maternal doirada."

IMPRESSED UPON THE WINDOW OF TIME'S GARDEN

I haven't spoken in four weeks. Haven't listened to music in eight. I've been using earplugs when anywhere other than quiet woods. I went to dinner with a girl and never took them out, didn't break my vow of silence either. It was the first time we met and she didn't even care. We sat in total quiet, eating bleu steaks that she paid for with a mysterious black card. She invited me back to her house and when I stepped inside, it became clear that she was married and sneaking around an absent husband. She left to walk her dog and I felt an urge in my gut.

I started turning on faucets, every single one she had. I turned on the washer, the dryer, the air conditioner, the fireplace, the

toaster, the vacuum, every one of the televisions, all of the bluetooth speakers, everything. I locked the refrigerator water spout open with a piece of gum and left the freezer door ajar. I lit all of her candles, sprayed all of her fresheners, and then fled. I had to jump through the second story bathroom window because I heard the front door opening just as I meant to leave. I crushed all of her bushes in the landing. The phone she had reached me on was a burner for some now-complete project so I smashed it to pieces on her patio. Even if she did call the police, which she won't, she's under the impression that my name is David Foster Wallace. I wasn't mad about what she did, just mad that she didn't tell me. I also needed to laugh tonight.

As the days pass, not speaking or listening to music grows into a much larger experiment. One that comes about very naturally. No more movies or television shows. Then no more browsing of any kind. No books, no women, no eye contact with people. If I have to leave, I leave at night. The same food every day, but it's good and I don't mind. I mentally compose songs and listen to them in my head. The experiment grows wider. I stop washing my hair and barely wash my body. I sit in the woods more, sometimes until the next morning comes. No camping supplies. I make a bed from pine needles and fall asleep on my back. I see how far I can swim into the ocean at night. No more electricity. I toss any perishable foods, leave my milk to rot, and cut the main breaker off. No lights, no heat, no humming. I cook on a fire and see in the dark with a kerosene lantern. I never decide on an end point because I do not care to find one. Life has a purpose and rhythm. It has a new excitement to it. The more I reset to human default, the more I find interesting. I am fascinated by the path of the sun and the time it fades. I am fascinated by how quickly

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the plants grow. I know the exact number of trees in this part of the woods and the exact number in that part. Nothing eludes me and everything is beautiful.

Somewhere during the fourth month, someone bangs on my door. I think one of my old friends called the police on me. Not sure how they found this place. Even still, I don't break my vow of silence. I just open the curtains and give a thumbs up and they leave. A week or two later, I turn the electricity back on and return to a normal day's routine. Almost normal, as much of the experiment still lingers. I don't long for entertainment, for screen activity. I cannot sit at a desk. I only wash my hair in the rain.

PROCESSIONS OF THE LOST AVALON

Almost all extended contact with the normal world now ends in some grand unveiling of how strange you and your choices are. It's usually avoided when the contact is brief, like ringing up at a store, but anything beyond that may become an embarrassing curtain-pulling ceremony. What do you mean you drink your milk raw? What do you mean you didn't go to college? What do you mean you haven't had a job in seven years and you were able to buy land in the middle of nowhere? What do you mean you have eight wives and stare at the sun?

If you truly want to make it, you have to go fully into the void. You need to accept that you may not come out the other side. You have to walk so far and so confidently that not a measure could be half. It's not unlike jumping ship in the middle of the night. You're diving with empty hands into a dark ocean where you can either sink or swim. You have to make yourself so

foreign to the normal world that you'd be a spectacle upon return. Have you heard of that man who was gone for years? He reappeared one day, at the grocery store, in deerskin armor and dried blood. That's you. Your hair is long and sun-kissed, your eyes are jagged glass refractors, and you smell like a man who's nearly died but never has. Carts and feet shuffle backwards as you enter. The intercom music hurts your ears. You howl at the burn of florescent lights and leave. It's another seven years before anyone sees you again. The gap between you and the average man widens. You've only come to claim warbrides.

If you are instilled with the hatred of wage labor, you and you alone must go so far into the wild that you could never possibly return. Rarely can anyone else do this for you. Maybe you're lucky enough to get stolen by a pack of wolves. Unlikely though. The middle world sees every outcast as self-exiled. They like to think that every outcast is doing it on purpose, that he needs attention or otherwise. Never a consideration that he was born to be on the outside. Then, when the outcast climbs to the top through outside means, they throw rocks at his feet and shout insults. How dare a man exist outside the system and win. How dare he find different ways to meet better ends. This too is an exile.

The cashier race and their boundaries of what's acceptable are a pitfall for many. No ancient hero, or his soldiers, listened to what the cubicle kind had to say. The pencil pushers and paper shufflers of this world are doomed to remain as such, pressing buttons and passing ill judgement. Pay no mind until it's time to kill or enslave them.

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It was for a similar reason that I looked up to construction workers as a teenager. I saw them as a gray area between civilians and the elite. I saw they were given access to places normal people were not, that they saw behind the curtain of hidden worlds. I saw they had opportunities most would never get. I imagined that this went generally unappreciated. To be on the ground floor of what becomes the biggest brokerage firm in a city, or to have a keycard into an executive's office, to be given a thumbs up even when you enter during one of his most important phone calls. I believed this was a way out of the system until I tried it myself. Then I realized that its positives are dragged away by its reality. Just another form of wage slavery. Perhaps a preferable one, but still one at that.

It's now that I see the true gray area is becoming the gap itself. There is a percentage, albeit a small one, of men who will never accept a life of the wallflower. In any regard. Some musicians and artists are born with this mindset. Some athletes, powerlifters, bodybuilders, bank robbers, tax evaders, contract killers, and car thieves are born into it.

There are many things that separate the strong from the weak. A notable one is when a man makes subconscious habits of things that others must be reminded of or forced to do. A strong person doesn't remember to eat correctly, they just do. A strong man doesn't remember to lift weights, he just does. A strong woman doesn't remember to wait until marriage, she just waits.

Strong people internalize routines that make them stronger. They don't debate whether or not it should be done today or when they might take a day off. You are either aimed towards

something or you aren't. A single degree of deviation is the difference between you and the common man. The more you widen the gap, the less likely you are to cross paths.

A FUGUE IN THE OCELOT WIND

Somewhere along the line, I received word of a West Floridian dairy farm in need of outside help. A few men and I decided to travel out and see what exactly was going on. It was only a couple hours of driving, and a picturesque drive at that.

The second we arrived, we were all generously greeted by the landowner himself. He was a healthy seventy-six, someone who proved that isolation from modernity was in and of itself the superior anti-aging routine. No cane, no limp, a smile and a full head of hair. He exploded with energy wherever required. His name was David.

We toured the various facilities as he explained, with a touch of sadness, that the time to pass the torch was soon. He explained how four of his wife's five pregnancies resulted in a healthy baby girl. He expressed that he was the proudest a man could be, but still without someone to leave the land to. Simply too much work for his lone son. And so one of those children reached out to us. We moved the conversation to the kitchen for some semi-cold raw milk.

David sat in the corner. His profile was that of a Civil War general. Statuesque and timeless. He glanced around for a minute, then recollected the past.

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“You know when my second daughter was about six or so, you’d tell her to go up the road and fetch suttin’ and she’d find it no problem. She was so good at following directions she’d have to guide my son around. Oldest daughter could never ever listen worth a damn.” He pauses. “Nope. No, sir. Not when you told’er how to get to the corner store, and especially when you told her not to mess around with them niggahs.”

“Where’s she now?” I pry, after a moment’s pause.

“She’s somewhere up the road in one of them dilapidated houses we was gon’ get rid of anyways. New boyfriend every month, some gook car always breakin’ down, bills overdue. Ain’t none of them guys stick around ‘cause she always firing off that mouth. And I mean those blacks always fixin’ to leave the place anyway. They ain’t no father figures.”

He’s worked himself up too much and has to cool off. He goes on to tell us about how every acre of the land was involved in the Civil War, how there’s probably a load of different treasures in the ground, and how he can’t be bothered to dig any of it up.

“I refuse to figure out one of those damn metal detectors. Too many buttons and wires. Hell no. Y’all are welcome to try. But on the chance you make a couple million just do me a favor now. First give me a cut and, second use it to keep this place runnin’, alright. Y’all be good now.” David leaves just as his only son comes in the other door, setting his keys down with a sigh.

“What joys does my father prevent now?” he says, jokingly. We all sit together to talk, then digest the day in silence.

RESISTANCE TO COPS IS ALLEGIANCE TO GOD

Much like other supposed safeguards and things you're taught to rely on, the police only exist to disrupt the natural order and collect tax.

Someone may say, "...but they stop crime and chaos." But it's not true.

It's rare that they stop a crime in progress. What's more likely is that they come afterwards, often times slowly, and stand around with their dicks in hand. The police are a loose fitting tourniquet — nothing more than a shirt tied around the wounded arm of people who pay their salaries. The police don't stop criminal situations, violence does, and anyone is capable of using it. A community or being that can't protect itself from the negative fragments of this world will either die before police are ever called or constantly rely on them for protection. Either way, it's no good.

"...but police are required to have civilized society."

Are you so confident that you consider this place to be civilized? Are you only deciding it is because you have a blanket and television, devices and distractions? Illegal actions don't vanish when the government says they are bad. Where you won't go, someone who exists outside the legal system will. You may work every day to make your living while someone else waits until you've piled it high for the taking. Some people sit in an office,

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every week for fifty years of their lives. Other people rob a single bank and never work another day.

The police are a blanket over the fire. The fire still happened, the skin is still burned, but at least they showed up on your dime, right? All it takes is one person to see cops as a hindrance among a world who sees them as saints. That one person decides the fate of the many. Will you be the man with knees bent or will you be the man who bends them?

I spotted a single red whisker on my chin today. It was impossible to miss. Standing before the mirror, quickly realizing the importance of such a sign, I felt a little more vigor now enter my bloodstream. The symbol-giver has decided to make me a kind of Redbeard. Who was I to deny this newly revealed path in life? Especially one I was bound to find regardless.

When you think of those who the law does not apply to, you think of a couple primary groups, pirates being one of them. The pirates understood the game and understood it well. They conquered at a time when the modern world was beginning to clash with the old one. They conquered at a time during which most were struggling to adapt, to transfer into, to figure out. They saw the direction the global system was headed in and made their exit. Let the droning colonists and their kings amass wealth, then swing down and take it by force. Let the Navy flaunt its fancy warships, then route them to an ambush. Recruit the strongest into your ranks, cut the throats of anyone unworthy. Rape, steal, kill, terrify. The pirates understood that crucial motto — he who goes where his enemy will not, may win what his enemy could not. Beware of the opponent who is free

of restrictions or some type of moral code. He will generally always win.

You may think that it's wrong to hijack a ship of the American Navy. You may think that it's wrong to kill soldiers who surrender. You may think that it's wrong to use that ship to steal more just like it. You may think a lot of things are wrong. All it takes is one bad guy who doesn't.

I'm sitting on a Persian rug in the dark of my living room when a knock breaks my deepest trance of late. More like a pound. I open the door and find two uniformed federal agents, both with their elbows at ninety degrees, hands resting on their duty belts. They always stand like that. Or with their hands pulling down on the neck of their bulletproof vest. I guess it's the "ready for anything" position. I usually do it too. I like to mimic whatever they do because it makes them real upset. Police officers are constantly reminding themselves to watch the hands, watch the hands, watch the hands.

They ask me if I am me. I am me, I tell them.

"Listen, we got a call from a couple of Raytheon staffers saying that you've been approaching them during lunch breaks and asking to do some 'light insider trading'," says the rightmost agent.

I nod my head and say nothing.

"Yeah, you can't do that. You're aware, correct?"

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I nod my head and say nothing.

“You can talk, it’s alright. We’re in conversation mode here. I’m gonna let you off with a warning this time but if we catch you doing anything like this again and it’s not gonna go well. Okay? Speak this time, please.”

I nod for a couple seconds, look to the sky a bit, smile, then talk. “What does insider trading mean?”

Rightmost agent lightly taps the other with his elbow, spins one-eighty, and mumbles angrily into the ground. Something like, “God dammit... the fuckin’ bullshit they put us on... thirty-five minute drive...”

Do not ever talk to federal agents, the police, or anyone who works in the government. I will repeat that again. Do not ever in your life talk to these people. If and when they come, you will refuse to talk and call for a lawyer. You are not smart enough to talk without self-incriminating because they can use anything against you. A simple “yes” or “no” could get you a million charges. Say nothing and make them work to prove your supposed crimes. And should they ever make an illegal and forced entry into your home, well, you know in your heart what to do.

I heard about a guy who caught wind of a potential and upcoming raid on his farmhouse. He, being wise, made full pivot from compliant civilian to one man hell-maker, filling dozens of garden gnomes with ammonium nitrate and aluminum powder. It was an idea his son had jokingly told him about.

That day soon came. One squad car, followed by four, then four more. He waited until they inched closer. A little closer. A little more. Then one shot was fired. The first garden gnome popped the remainder of them and blew every present cop away. Limbs and heads torn clean off, cruisers turned over in flames, not a single officer able to call the cavalry in. By the time reinforcements caught word, the farmer was already setting up road spikes on the lone path in. He made the trip back home and waited. The town was too small, didn't really have any serious SWAT units or helicopters within range. The farmer was untouched and unfazed. It was nothing he hadn't seen in war, far less really. Even in the moments before the next waves of police, he took time to feed his dogs. He was utterly calm and collected.

Hours of gunning down police units led to boredom on the winning side. He aimed to defend himself, and did. Night would soon fall and he felt the same about his time here on Earth. Nearly eighty-years-old, children all successfully ingrained in the far-away outside world, a wife buried in the yard out back.

He fell comfortably into his rocking chair, rifle in hand. It wasn't far from the one he had killed dozens of Vietcong with. The final police cruiser crept, with headlights-off, through a maze of property and damage. A minute passed and it parked before the defendant himself. They recognized his surrender through the sweat in their eyes as he allowed their approach. Just as they holstered their pistols, he pretended to draw his. In a split-second reaction they packed him full of nine millimeter. The farmer smiled and laughed for a minute, a grin that would remain even as his curtains pulled shut.

GOTHIC VIOLENCE

Everyone on the police force was a name of note in this small country town. The son of someone, husband of someone, father of someone. Every death was to be deep, dark, and felt. Ghostly voices called often to their comrades. "Was it worth it? All the men you lost? All because you wanted to take a farmer's hunting rifles?"

Never talk to police, and if you're forced to defend yourself, [REDACTED]. Men of Heaven trust not those armed tax-collector.

"That's when I reached for my revolver..."

I AM WITH YOU BUT I WISH I WAS NOT

After spending more than an hour of time with most women, I find myself repeating the sentiments of Basil Hallward as he stared at the portrait of Dorian Gray — *"I have put too much of myself into it."*

A REHEARSAL FOR THE END

I fell asleep while adrift in a canoe and it was the best I ever slept. The only reason I awoke is because I crashed onto the shore about an hour or two later. Even that was better than any alarm clock I've ever heard.

I dreamt that I was given a funeral at sea. A pack of blood-soaked warlords laid my body on a platform of sticks, bound together by wild cordage. They set fire to it and pushed me into

the sunset. Nothing about it burned, and not once did I stir in the other world. I stayed perfectly still until myself and the platform disintegrated. If I hadn't woken up I would have felt myself sinking to the floor of the night sea, cinder by cinder.

I did it again the next day, and the days after that. I kept doing it every day for a month. I would paddle farther out each time, and each time I could meditate longer on my death. In the last week of the month, I started doing it on the ocean, rather than large lakes. The day I stopped was the day I went too far. A passing yacht found me forty miles out. The captain wasn't mad he'd almost killed me, but he did have a lot of questions. I had nothing to say, I was too well rested to give him any answers. A month of reflection was punctuated by near-death in the physical world. Everything felt as it should.

He dropped me within range of the beach, but not the one I launched from. I gave the canoe to some surfers and walked barefoot in a straight line for two hours.

CARNAL FLOWER IN THE LOWER DIMENSIONS

There are few things more dangerous right now than the American or European-born female, especially if she's white. This specific class of women are always in a fucking pharmacy. They are always paying twenty percent over retail for travel size items that usually pertain to deception or casual sex with a total stranger. Some kind of weird gel or lotion. Some kind of scented wipes. Some kind of low-end, last minute makeup item. Shitty wine, shitty food, a drink that costs two dollars more because she couldn't just go to a normal grocery store.

Western women have grown emotionally attached to the branding of their country's pharmacies. This is because it's where they pick up birth control and other tools of mischief. They always need contact solution and it's always at the worst time possible. They always want acetaminophen. They always want popcorn and chocolate milk. They are the unknowing agents of chaos, fueling an ever-spinning hamster wheel of ultra-decadence and the betrayal of familial order. Western women have been ridden hard and put to bed wet.

If I could hire a documentary narrator to read something over footage of the American woman in her current state, it would go something like:

“That shrill tone, that abrasive presence. This is the result of two things — her father having picked a non-virgin to bear children and the internet's dark offerings. The American female uses the slang of black males to appear ‘in touch’ among friends. It only

comes off as classless and hollow. She eats a diet of pasta and pasteurized dairy. Her eyes have a dull, anemic glaze. Her existence, one of low self-esteem. All of her generic moments are punctuated by unpredictable mood swings and new forms of self-harm. She is the product of her mother and it is nothing good.”

I cannot stress this enough: Women are the daughters of their mothers. I do not mean faintly similar, I mean they are near-exact replicas of their mothers. The personality, the life choices, the values they hold. You can see into the future of your wife by sitting down and listening to her mom’s life story. Franz Liszt, one of the world’s greatest composers, married a woman who had left a husband behind. Years later, one of their daughters left her husband to run off and marry Richard Wagner. I would bet a fair amount of money that the grandmother did the same. And with whatever composer was best in her time. Time is a flat circle for women, and this can be a good thing, but the case isn’t so for men. As men, we receive the genetic foundations of our fathers and can take a number of paths forwards, or backwards. This is the poetic nature of relations between the two sexes — women are a constant, either pure or not, and men are the ever-changing and adventurous nomads. We may get lost at sea for twenty years or we may herd sheep until a peaceful death. The stories of our genes are more innately known than scientists would care to admit.

Beyond good genetics, women and men alike need figures of importance they would hate to disappoint. This is crucial to the development of a respectable human. Nobody can depend fully on their internal value system as we are all lured to sin. You may

GOTHIC VIOLENCE

believe that something is bad but choose to act differently when it comes to strike. There has to be someone you'd sooner die before you disappointed. Maybe someone who is holy, maybe someone who is family.

I'm waiting for the day that men realize there are white women in places other than America and Europe. Don't get me wrong, there are whores in even the deepest jungle of South America, but your chances of finding a God-fearing virgin will increase in certain places compared to others.

Lunch at La Moon in Brickell, Miami.

"A lot of bitches want rape like they want a mental illness," says the girl I'm out with. She says this a little too loud and the people around us start making that signature stare. I pretend not to notice and focus on my chicken breast. "Rape is a necessary part of life. It's how we got Rome and a lot of other countries."

A little bit later, at someone's house, the topic is brought up again. A friend of mine and one of his art school girls are verbally sparring.

"Women can't take jokes anymore, man."

"You said you were going to rape me..."

"Yeah, as a joke."

"Well it isn't very funny."

"I wouldn't think it was funny if I was a woman, either. Sometimes jokes are just for whoever told it. Or maybe it was just for the men in the room. The world doesn't revolve around you, Rosemary. Plus, why the fuck would I risk years of jail time

to have four minutes of missionary with you? Do you have a fever or something?"

Art girl stands up with a bright red face. Or maybe it's just her excessive blush.

"Fuck you, I'm going back to campus. Good luck finding someone else like me."

"Yeah, ok. I'm sure you lay on your back different than all the other girls."

Everyone in the room cackles violently, women included. I've definitely heard that line before but his delivery was unbeatable.

A woman telling you she's been raped holds as much weight as her astrological forecasts — both are only used when advantageous. The definition of what is truly rape, combined with the number of times it was really just regret or disgust, leaves a very small number of true incidents. Every girl has been "raped". Almost every girl I've ever talked to has mentioned it. But I've yet to know one who claims such without a history of other lies and deceit. Keep that in mind the next time you're considering a one night stand with a girl of questionable moral background. Keep in mind that she may love every minute of your presence then tell police that you savagely raped her. Are you able to prove you did not? You must be ready for this kind of attack.

You never want to face a woman in the Western court system. You have a better chance at freedom by killing her before the case ever begins.

GOTHIC VIOLENCE

They say that history is written by the victor. In the modern world, the victor is usually the woman. And you? You're nothing but history now.

RAW MILK AT SPELLBINDERS SURF SHOP

Benevolent exo-legal marital cults are the enemy of dark worldwide entities. They do not want you to form a harem of loving women in the woods. They do not want you to save nineteen-year-olds from a life of alcohol and debt. They do not want you to get all of them pregnant in a verdant jungle. They formulate special interest secret police cadres to swarm on your attempts. If you make it, they'll try to kill you and your children. They will sit outside your kingdom and harass you into suicide or a weak spot. But it doesn't work if too many make it work at once. This is how entire nations were founded, how empires were created, how wars with unbeatable odds were won. Women outnumber men by a vast quantity and the art of playing on this has been lost. Man is a conqueror, one who doesn't stop when it comes to procreation. What must be done will always be done. When something necessary is defended, man kills whoever stands before him. He is an animal machine who bleeds to make new blood.

Part of me does believe that God assigns man with a woman who'll never leave his side and love him until death. The other part of me believes that some men have a duty to form harems and churn out hundreds of sons. Perhaps you have a main wife and the other women are just residents of the farm for the purpose of procreation. Concubines, unimportant mistresses. You should never blindly accept that a woman is your one and

only. Don't get me wrong, it is entirely possible because love is real, but you should examine it thoroughly. There are criteria that reveal women who are suited for marriage. It's hard to go wrong with a young homeschooled virgin, raised by two parents. No debt, no tattoos, waiting for marriage to leave home. No strange hair dye, no strange clothes, no racy photos or online presence. Reject the bullshit opinions you'll hear when you say you prefer these things. Reject the excuses you'll hear from women about why they have those tattoos, why they had sex before marriage, why they thought it was a good idea to move out and go to college. Accept no substitute for the real thing: a woman of actual value. Avoid whores like the plague, a phrase I will use even though viruses are not contagious, but the self-generated cleansing solution to a weak body. If this all sounds hateful to you, you're due for a natural awakening.

The Romney family ran to Mexico to escape anti-polygamy laws. They found themselves in a shootout with the local cartel, one in which they won, save for a few casualties. Do you think they would have won a gunfight with the Mexican cartel if they were not instilled with the power of God? Consider that. And no, I am not defending Mormons. They are largely white Jews.

AND THE POUNDING GAIT OF A WOMAN IN HEAT

Women with more sexual prowess tend to stomp around when they walk. Minimal elegance in their footwork, constantly pounding the ground with dead weight, regardless of context. It's always loudest when you're on the second floor of some building

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him. Somewhere along the way, probably during the so-called Renaissance or French Revolution, we began to consider “talent” as critical to the sexual experience. The concept is sinister from the core outwards, especially after one realizes that their partner got “better” through practice. What’s actually critical is that we collectively reassign “sexual talent” to its originators — literal whores, women you pay for sex, prostitutes. If you want to be amazed by the tricks a woman can do in bed, you hire a specialist, much like you would a plumber when your faucet breaks. There’s zero reason, besides depravity or disorientation, to choose a lifelong wife and mother of your children based on how many gimmicks she unveils during sex.

The world is so twisted that I still find myself wrapped in its ways. I shift on the sofa to match this shift in my approach. Another mental argument, a quiet flickering inside me that results in a new way of seeing the world. I kickback a little further and confess to myself that I’d probably marry the next girl who was stiff as a corpse in bed. No more contortionist girlfriends, no more personal assistant whores, no more making wives of the daughters of Babylon.

What is sexual talent but gross evidence of an expansive sexual history?

What is the act itself without love as the foundation or procreation as the goal?

Beware of the woman who knows too much, impresses too easily.

THE MONTH OF MAY AND IT BURNS LIKE FOREVER

Might not really be May. Sitting up in bed to organize loose thoughts. I have to write them down or I'll never be able to sleep. I grab a pen and find an empty page in one of the books on my nightstand.

You need a license to hunt things like deer, bear, fowl, and so on. You don't need one to hunt the people who create and enforce those laws.

Applying the wheel-greasing theory to the other facets of life. Bugenhagen theories. No more fifteen types of rifles, no more debating which platform is better. I decide I feel more at home with Kalashnikov and sell everything that isn't chambered in seven six two. Every time I see a magazine, I take it. No confusion about whether I need it or not, because it's the only gun I have, so of course I do. Thirty round, forty round, drum magazine. Another one, and another one.

Life more than ever becomes a string of abstinence. Abstaining from seed oil because it poisons the body. Abstaining from fluoridated water because it does the same. Abstaining from casual sex because it mires the soul. Abstaining from music because lyrics carry too much propaganda. Abstaining from certain products because they contain harmful chemicals. The Earth is a party and someone invited too many whores. Some people say there can never be too many. Sometimes I go back to listening to songs with lyrics, can't help myself. Good taste is partially inherited but largely taught.

Poetry before was a thought good enough on its own. A couple of lines, maybe more, without the need for further explanation. A cigarette with a friend in the freezing cold but your coat was forgotten inside. Poetry was once a song.

Poetry now is the product of someone too lazy to push on. Poetry now is for profit, something quick to cash in on. Usually. Poetry now is a mulatto college girl cash crop. Poetry now is manufactured suffering, replicated struggle, the exploration of attention to weakness. Poetry now is holding up a scraped knee and lashing out when you're told to walk it off. First as a tragedy, next as a farce, last as sludge.

I believe the reason that the Scottish are better than the British and Irish is because Scotland doesn't fluoridate their water or liquor. I think if the country had sun and guns it would put America to shame. They understand that wit and lightheartedness lessen most every problem.

Amadeus Mozart, Adolf Hitler, and Arnold Schwarzenegger were all born in Austria. Not very far from one another. How does a country produce these three men in just under two centuries time? Who will be the fourth and what may he contribute to the world? Judging by the time between each of their births, it seems we're due for the next in line.

It's in our best interest to find people with even minor potential and point them down the correct paths. Point them towards the values of a good person, the habits of a strong man or woman. You can do it for kindness sake but keep in mind that you have

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to live around these people. Everything goes smoother when more people are onboard. Let the ones who refuse become what they desire. Let them be the members of decline.

Bach had twenty children starting at age twenty-three.

Someone spoke through the fingers of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Someone spoke through the strategy of Napoleon Bonaparte. Someone will speak through you, through the person in the next room, through the one you love and the few you hate. Or maybe not. The natural human is a conduit containing circuitry and one can only imagine the central most source. Someone speaks through the fertility of a woman. Someone speaks through the protection given by man. The two fragments combine in a pointed embrace. Humans are solar and solvent. Humans are antennae for light and dark, depending on the direction they choose to face. Some are pure of heart and some are lost until they die. Are these the only true sides in life?

My hand cramps but my head is empty. A cathartic liberation of mental real estate. Neural pathways touch and close so that I might finally sleep. Lots of work to do.

SOUTH FLORIDA HIGHWAY WARFARE

Another hurricane warning, another headline about how the wrong person might be your next president, another ninety-eight degree baking of the peninsula. Who the fuck cares; time sinks here. It's a non-existent fragment carried down in the open-satchel mouths of northerners. The citypeople of Brickell, Miami are amid a coordinated freak-out, so disoriented and panicked

that they've fallen into recognizable patterns. You'd think an area so prone to disaster would learn to calmly approach them, but that's the thing. They haven't.

This place is a conveyor belt of Columbian girls in neon body suits and retired old Jews who think they can ocean fish. Its population is constantly reset, constantly restaffed by new and unaware outsiders. Miami was built upon land that is cursed for some and not for others. I've seen it many times. A single-engine plane crashed into the building beside me. I finished tying my shoes, inspected the damage, then headed to a funeral for someone who was killed outside of a funeral. The black sun of the Bermuda Triangle is affixed in the sky, forever spitting a pale fire across the sea.

Today is arguably the worst panic of the last three decades. A number of calmer, more observant locals agree. Even they are wide-eyed in the moment and remain so for the days to come. Those who would usually wait the chaos out are now frantically boarding up, parking luxury automobiles on high ground, and making plans to leave or take serious shelter. "I've never seen it like this," an older man says to his wife. Both have that veteran South Florida phenotype.

Midnight before the storm and gunfire shakes the windows of downtown. It lasts for fifteen minutes and not a police siren will follow. Seconds later, a Toyota Tacoma tears down South Miami Avenue. Someone stands in the truck bed gripping a mounted machine gun. He's covering his eyes as spent casings are thrown around at violent speed. Four more trucks are close behind. I turn to William.

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“Aren’t those our trucks?”

“Pretty sure. I gave the garage code to the guy last night.”

“They must be, yeah. That’s pretty fast work.”

Amid a number of other investments, I forgot I had loaned a fleet of militarized pickup trucks to a pack of action-starved Serbian immigrants. Serbians absolutely do not fuck around, and it is crucial to have them on your side. Our side is general bloodshed, or the promise of purpose through urban combat.

If there was not a state of emergency before, there certainly is now. The city is the loudest it has ever been despite the runaways, newly deceased, and the lack of club music. One of the Serbians calls up William and we can barely hear his voice over the wind in his microphone. “Cops dead, many of them. Circling back around in ten. Watch you-selves, couple near you.” William confirms, thanks them for the heads up, and shuts his phone. Yes, we have the kind of phones you shut.

They were more accurate than they knew, we realize, spotting a fully-loaded police truck now parked on the front lawn. Six militarized officers. We crouch behind a sandstone fence, unseen, and draw our respective weapons. William jumps early and opens fire. The two front most are dead in a second. One cop loses his cool and spreads way far out, accidentally flanking our cover wall. The Serbians have now looped back around and one of their machine gunners mows two of the officers down.

I spring up and start looking for the cop who ran off. Rounding a corner on the lawn, he leaps from behind a fountain and

knocks me to the ground. In between punches, he grabs my gun and first tries to press it into my chest, then tries to press the magazine release instead, a slightly easier route. The magazine falls and he fires the chambered round into the air. After about five decent hits to the face, I am losing clear sight and inch towards the gun beside his knee. He brings a leg down on my wrist but loses his balance in doing so. In the tangle, I finally grab hold of the pistol and unload it into his chest. It does virtually nothing, as he's wearing a thick piece of armor. I cave his right orbital in with the pistol butt and he's wheezing from rib damage. Something reminds me that I'm wearing an ankle gun specifically for a that New York reload moment. I pull it off and put a single round through his face.

Out of breath and nearly defeated, I fall onto my back to find William and the Serbians watching calmly.

“What the fuck, why didn't you guys help?”

The head Serbian chuckles and says, “We watching.”

They grab me by the arms and lift me up. Still not a single police siren to be heard and six less cops to worry about. We toss the bodies into our backyard hot tub and fill it with two drums of sulfuric acid. It wasn't absolutely necessary to dispose of them but we just had the lawn cut.

A school bus driver creeps slowly down the road, lit cigarette in his mouth and a cabin full of children headed home. It's the first silence in Miami history. Brief, but present.

AND STILL THE BLOOD CONTINUES

Post-shootout euphoria and we're tearing down a road in West Palm Beach. Or Jupiter. Somewhere in Florida, nobody is keeping track. William fitted the back of a Chevy Tahoe with a multidirectional electromagnetic pulse rifle. Looks like some kind of ray gun but it's deathly quiet.

Some wonder why we've focused so heavily on Florida. Some people will never understand. This state contains a spirit that is absent in the mainland. The peninsula is its own nation, a pounding drum that ignores what is north of it. What applies to northerners does not apply down here. Soon we're going to scrape off the suits in this place off like barnacles. We are going to burn out the frauds and install a new order. William blasts a homeless drug den with a quarter second's worth of laser and the entire thing goes up in flames. A symphony of cries.

He tells me about this group of guys who stole a cement truck and use it to build barriers all the way down a highway or street. They do it overnight when things are quiet. Massive median-style pieces built longways across major roads. It takes hours to get rid of just one and days to get rid of clusters. One group dressed up as New York state workers and put hundreds of them on each of the main highways at three in the morning. Nobody could get in or out of the city for three days and the global economy felt it. They did it again the week after.

You can make ones half the size and still disrupt major roads. Other people fill traffic cones with cement and scatter them across highways. This all makes you realize something. The line

between a normal day and complete terror is much too thin to see. A single accident can block a road for hours and miles. A pileup makes a road unusable for the rest of the day. Anything beyond these is a nightmare.

The entire system relies on citizens not acting against it. The system is not at all well-built. It is fragile, predicated on ghosts, and falls apart at the slightest hint of disruption. View the government for what it is. Loud black women, geriatrics crawling towards vacation homes, and out-of-shape cops. Crush them like any one of your ancestors would have.

CALL ME ISHMAEL, CALL ME EXPATRIATE

Whether you care to investigate it or not, the likelihood remains that America is a two-hundred and fifty year old hobby project of the dark magician class. I've always wondered why a compromised school system would still mention figures like George Washington or the idea of a revolution against tyranny. I've considered that maybe they are heroes of a stature too high to erase. That maybe they are too relevant to push from the curriculum. It's possible that they teach us for a specific reason, but what?

It crosses one's mind that perhaps our forefathers, at their core, were simply bored and dark magicians. Our forefathers were the inevitable conclusion of occultism being tucked away in the shadows for a couple millennia. They got tired of hiding, conveniently around the time we started living and eating like mass-market cattle, and decided to manifest their powers in the form of a nation. They don't care if you know because why

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would they? You're just the outraged child, held back by an index finger to the forehead. You're swinging violently but not reaching, muttering "Oh, lemme at 'em!" whenever it is you feel wronged. Another obvious calling card of the magic elite is flashed, another red-faced glance around. Well isn't anyone gonna stop them? No. To do that, you need good men by your side. They've been thinned out. What should have been your rebel army is a drove of man-children who euthanize themselves with affordable happy snacks and decades of free pornography. Everything is pornography — the football games, the radio music, the commercials, and the food. The actual pornography is just trafficking and molestation through legal loopholes. Genuine street rapes are more honest.

You're welcome to stay in America once whites become the minority. You're welcome to ride out the storm. You're welcome to slam your fist on the table and tell me that "a captain always goes down with his ship," that it's "your country". I'll calmly remind you that you are not the fucking captain, and neither am I. By the time America has met its fate, the true captains will be long gone, quite literally back in the caves from whence they came. But you? You'll be hugging a sinking mast while gangs of mixed race teenagers plug your stomach with jagged objects. Enjoy your two day deliveries, your air conditioning, your internet and supply chain. The price of minor convenience in a post-white America is the blood that pools around you. A warm and final soak. A final look around at the country you were too proud to leave behind. It's okay, it happened to Rome too, or so you heard on a radio show.

It is hard to care about this country after you learn that each of its defining moments are lies to cover occultist rituals or to drag you further into them. Each section of its history is a frail support beam to uphold this image of "the greatest nation in the world". Once you see the fragility of one, you start seeing it in the rest of the foundation. It makes you uneasy, makes you wonder when it could all come down on your head. How aren't the others seeing it too?

If the American Revolution did happen, its catalysts are nothing compared to the financial waterboarding we receive today. Their supposed tax was measly. Something about it all seems off though. The colonists were transferred too easily "from the rule of a tyrant to the shackles of politicians."

The Civil War was a brutal and groundless massacre of the South's honest people. Its fathers and families were blindsided for not complying with the arbitrary rules of the central banking system. Slavery was not the premise of war, but the South's refusal to pay Lincoln's tax of fifty-percent or higher.

The North didn't care about slavery, they cared about money. Today, Yankees portray their Union relatives as the angelic saviors of those poor black souls. The South was razed beyond any level of necessity and plenty of blacks were killed in the process. Something of note is the hundreds of thousands of surviving confederates fled to Brazil. They learned about this place early on.

A deeper dive on the Civil War leads one to question if Lincoln really existed. If he did, was he really assassinated? John Wilkes

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Booth was a known theatre actor. One of the highest paid actors, to be specific. Real photos of Lincoln are sparse or doctored. In fact, the whole era is documented in a very strange manner. You be the judge.

World War One, much like the Civil War, was another pointless slaughtering of white men. America was dragged along by nonsense terms, some exchange of boots on the ground for the transition of Palestinian land. That wish was granted and troops were deployed. Not in American interests, or even the interests of its allies, but solely for the benefit of alien forces. Oil barons sending good men to their graves for a country the size of a parking lot. It was only then that the world could tame the wild beast of Germany, a soon to be trend.

Not only did the Treaty of Versailles leave Germany with less land, less men, and less resources. but it named them responsible for reparations of the entire war. Cue the infiltration by small-hat Bolsheviks, cue the overtaking of Germany's banks, cue the darkest point in the country's modern history. Death, famine, riots, bloodshed. The second that some painter started fixing it, the world was contracted once more into a mysteriously-formed alliance. You'll notice that Germany, our brothers since the dawn of man, can only be stopped once the limp-wristed elite contract the entire world against them. Prior to that, the Allied Forces were getting trampled on. The Germans were decades ahead in technology and military strategy. We still do not know what they knew.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a man bound to a wheelchair in both life and Hell, sat at a crossroads. He needed something good to

justify his involvement in the coming war, something that struck a chord with the American people. He rolled about the Oval Office, thinking as he cuddled his blanket and then it came to him. Why not bankrupt Japan during their war with China using absurd trade and oil embargoes, inevitably costing them lives and a victory? To Roosevelt's credit, this worked. Pearl Harbor was the Japanese response to five months of serious cash flow interruption by both America and England. Thus began the Second World War, manufactured in full by the Allies, at the expense of eighty million or more lives.

How great the world could have been if Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin were given the Lincoln treatment. A prescription for one bullet in the back of the head. Do it in public for all to see and for all to remember what becomes of the unchecked tyrant. I wonder about the alternate timeline where such a thing happened. A timeline where the honorable Germany wasn't twice cornered by men of their own blood. By men who were rallied under a false premise.

It hurts to realize it all. Vietnam was bullshit. The Gulf War was bullshit. Afghanistan, Iraq, Pakistan, Iran, Iraq again, Syria, Libya — all bullshit. Even the Islamic State was created by the [REDACTED]-American government. It is crucial that you are angry about each of these, whether you served in them and survived, or simply watched as they unfolded. No soldier is at fault, only their deceivers.

The Middle East isn't just "uncivilized brown people" as their spiteful neighbor [REDACTED] would have you believe. Large areas are comprised of Christians, many times white. People that

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are indistinguishable from Americans. Even if they weren't like us, it doesn't matter. They were murdered by a den of cowards; mouth-breathing office cults with motives like the "liberation" of people they bombed last week. When such a premise wasn't there, it was created. Their ritual destruction of the Twin Towers is the most clear and recent example. They needed more blood so they invented the grounds for invasion. Millions of good Americans were sent into a war without basis. A vague portrait of the grand enemy, some general concept of terror cells in the dust clouds of a foreign world. They had no idea what they were doing or why. How could they? Everyone outside of those shadow groups was lied to. Honest people were killed, injured, and stripped of their humanity. Handfuls were there for the second or third time. Nothing but cattle and fodder to the wizards up top. To say there is blood on their hands would only excite them. It's not the blood of their people so not a single thought is given to it.

After all of this is absorbed, a vacant reality sets in and you wonder if there is any pride in being an American. Two hundred and fifty years of civil war in the name of shadows you do not worship. You step back and see that it is all just blood spilled on the black marble altar of a world you aren't invited to. So then where does your allegiance lie, if not with this country? In a place where your neighbors look like you? Perhaps. In the woods with your family and a close-knit tribe? Most likely. It all depends on what you see to be a reasonable existence. Reality shouts to inform us that America was never truly ours.

"A captain goes down with his ship," is very romantic until your children are fatherless only a decade into life. The male in his

natural state is a predatory and survivalist nomad, stubbornly brave, but not at all a head case. There is a difference between confronting Goliath and confronting a forest fire. Some things are simply not your fucking problem. Accepting this makes you a nomad of the steppe once more. Ride now and search for a place to conquer and settle.

INCURSION OF THE PAINTED NOMADS

“Most of the tribes of the interior do not grow corn but live on milk and meat and wear skins. All the Britons dye their bodies with woad, which produces a blue colour, and this gives them a more terrifying appearance in battle. They wear their hair long and shave the whole of their bodies, except the head and the upper lip.” Julius Caesar wrote this as he traveled north into strange lands. If he existed.

“The population is exceedingly large, the ground thickly studded with homesteads...and the cattle very numerous...”

Like the Britons, the Vikings too wore face paint and color. Arab travelers noted that the style “enhanced the beauty of their eyes,” in both men and women. Whether it’s to be considered war paint or a general fashion choice, it’s clear the effect was an otherworldly look. Some kind of intimidation.

I stand in the Halloween aisle of some general store in a dead and empty town. I’m pretty sure it’s nowhere near Halloween but they have what I need. I grab a few different face paints, mostly in white and black. The clerk only takes cash, as he should. He grunts in a kind enough way, and I let him keep the change.

LANGUAGE AS A GHOST TOWN

Past a certain point, the concept of spoken word becomes restrictive. The same is true below another certain point. As creatures that move towards the larger picture, an overall evolution or holiness, we shed the weight that holds us down while shouldering the weight that helps. It helps to be physically fit, and so we carry the extra muscle. It's necessary to continue your bloodline, and so a mother carries a child for nine months. It's smarter to train and defend yourself, and so you lug a weapon around for a lifetime. At what point does language become dead weight to the ever-changing man? At what point does he accept that it can't always convey his thoughts? At what point does silence become as valuable a currency as words once were? When market crash on language, complain?

Yes, how comedic for me of all people to applaud the death or radical simplification of his own favorite language. Funny, though it may be necessary. There lies in a minimal language a certain romance, something lost as we complicate. Mystery is a crucial aspect to the human experience. It gives us purpose alongside a childlike wonder. Myth is often born in the gaps between words.

Another, more agreeable reason is that in stripping down or abandoning a language entirely, we are faced with a fresh perspective. What is birthed of this may be a new language, something built from only a memory of the last. A potent sequel. Or perhaps what is birthed is a new, unseen language. You can only know once that reality is approached. The decision lies in the hands of many.

The average Elizabethan sentence was forty-five words. The average Victorian sentence was thirty words. The average sentence during the Reconstruction was twenty or less. Where does this road take us? Will there come a time when we surpass the need for language? For writing or speaking at all? I'm unsure.

Maybe the perfection of English and similar languages will become the only barrier we have between us and the scum of the world. It could all swing back around to Latin. You never really know.

Yesterday, I built a chariot in my backyard and crashed it through the front of a brokerage firm. Everyone inside it died but me.

IMPRESSIONIST ART IS A LOAD OF BULLSHIT

A friend of mine said that he formed a community which implemented things like a mandatory reading club participation. That it washed out the "undesirables". Something about it being a part of their homeowner's association rules. He sits across from me and tells me his reasoning.

"Large communities can enact a golden era of cultural segregation simply by rejecting the ridiculous shit they take from outside groups. If all these people did was drop the use of Ebonics, you would see a new world the next day."

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“I see.”

“A majority of black people don't want to join country clubs, or talk about sous vide recipes, or argue about what makes a band “indie”. It's similar to how most whites will never be found at the door of a Cambodian poker match, asking if they can join, crying about discrimination when they aren't welcomed in.”

He makes a good point. The differences between people are often attacked while being welcomed in other facets of life.

The average person tends to judge others by their astrological sign, their clothes, their music taste, but freeze when it comes to race. People will talk you to death about how each of the dog breeds are different, how they each have distinctive traits relative to their intelligence or physical structure. The second you infer that perhaps humans are much the same in this way, you're an enemy of the state. What's the issue? Dachshunds do not like to live alongside pit-bulls. Yes, if you break both of their natural wills, they might resentfully coexist. If you spray them, yell at them, and threaten them with violence when they spar, they will eventually stop trying. However, one should feel sorry for the dachshund that crosses the path of an unbroken pit-bull.

Even within racially homogenous countries like Vietnam, the one-party socialist republic, you'll find segregation occurs by nature. The country has so many different languages that people of the same region misunderstand one another. I've seen this personally with the Montagnards, a jungle tribe recruited for the Vietnam war by U.S. Special Forces. “I don't know what the fuck you saying man,” sighs Tuet, trying to decipher the words of an

older member. Tuet refuses to learn his tribe's other dialects. He also thinks the Pope is gay after being convinced he wears nothing under the robes. His English is comedically good for someone so new to the country. The first time he tried McDonald's, he ate it every day for a couple months thereafter. Differences between the races exist. Even within those races, very hard lines are drawn between certain walks of life. That's how it is.

It's easy to say you're against racism when you've only gone to an office and some cafes in the past two years. No, Thomas, it's not likely you'll cross paths with life's hardened criminals at your local bakery. Everyone knows you picked your area for its demographics. We know you picked a mostly-white part of the city so you could listen to talk radio on bike rides and avoid those menacing urban teens. It's easy to say you aren't racist when you've never walked home through an area where white isn't normal. Go for a stroll through Philadelphia or Baltimore at night. Take an evening jog through Long Branch, Camden, Neptune, or Newark. How quickly you will understand concealed carry.

MEDICAL BLACK MAGIC AND THE FADING FEMALE SOUL

Call it a theory, but it seems that beyond its known negatives, women on birth control are also stripped of their crucial maternal spirit. It's a dark realization, one that may happen immediately or later down the line, but it's there. In the handfuls of years I've spent around women, I have seen it hollow them

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out. It makes me sick that I didn't notice it sooner and take it from them by force.

The signs are often present. After a few months together, you might find yourself aggravated by their touch. It reeks of an empty gesture, like a sweaty handshake with a sleazy car salesman. When they kiss you, it's barren and strange. You wonder what's wrong. You fail to see the biological markers of whether she'd be a good mother. It grows. She may play the part well but you know something is off. She pretends as a kind of ritual, and does it because she thinks it should be done, not because she fully wants to. It's a going through the motions. A woman on birth control gets addicted to sex in a way that becomes increasingly degrading for her, and in turn, for you. Certain things become not enough, and she'll argue when you turn it down. She will want more until it makes you question yourself. The act becomes about pleasure. Conception is far down on the list of concerns.

With a woman who is not on birth control, specifically one who has never in her life taken it, you are graced by a complete and maternal being. You are surrounded by a feminine and loving presence. When she touches you it feels soothing. When she runs her hands through your hair, you are reassured. She has a flowing electricity in her and it reminds you she's alive. She will radiate an energy that asks to be a mother, so obviously that she may never need to say it. It has developed for so many years to do exactly that. The touch of a woman without birth control is gentle and sincere. You feel a care that will soon be given to the children of yours she makes. And when she does, at the end of it all, she still has enough for you.

This is the kindest I could ever be to women — this admission of their true potential, the source of what makes them so important. All of my sexism, as dark as it may sometimes get, rests on a stable foundation of loving and understanding women. Some say it's an extension of knowing your enemy. With women, it's more like knowing which to avoid or what turns them into an enemy. You can hate them forever or you can learn their ways and take a breath. Too many men take the path of least resistance.

When I first saw the woman I love, I realized again, in a new way, what it means to me. In every girl you encounter, you find traits that you desire in a wife. This one has the eyes you like, but nothing more of note. That one has the voice you want, but it stops around there. The others have the figure or touch you hope for, but vacant are your other preferences.

When I first saw the woman I love, she would move and talk and breathe and I'd see all of the things I love combined in liquid motion. It was her natural state, to be so complete. Nobody told her that I would love her if she acted this way. Nobody warned her that I'd care if she looked a certain way. She was born as such. She was handed to me by something external. Something wise.

Perhaps this is how we delude ourselves into the carousel of woman. We see a sign of hope, something we want in another, and believe it's a trail leading to more.

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It is a new day, calls to action now stirring in the gut. I sit up from a daydream and consider ways to be productive. I empty thousand-round cases of ammo on the ground and start hand-loading magazines. Every seven I finish are stuffed into the pouches of a new chest rig. I load a couple nondescript bags with drum magazines and heavy-duty slings. This will all be necessary in time.

REVERSE AUSMOSIS

I am firmly convinced that the average person, meaning most everyone, is present on the autistic spectrum. I do not believe that it only affects a small percentage of people. In the case of Western countries, I believe that autism is the default and that one must either avoid worsening it, or shed it through a number of specific rituals. From birth, children of the West are pricked with dozens of mysterious needles. The heavy metal content of these alone is enough to cause some light to moderate autism. Now, factor in the standard diet. You know how they eat, how their parents feed them. You've now exacerbated an already serious case. Span this over the course of ten years, then twenty, then into middle age. Congratulations, you have invented an autistic person from scratch using the medical and agricultural industries. Mix in a bit of unmonitored internet access for wilder results.

People and doctors broadly describe autism as trouble with communication and interaction. Fair enough. They'll claim the symptoms to be things like trouble fitting in and forming friendships, being unable to convey thoughts or emotions correctly, being either excessive or meek in expression, and using

games or online communities in place of real relationships. Sure, agreed. If someone is experiencing all of these things, it's safe to say there are problems afoot.

Focus in on the average American male. From adolescence to retirement, we find men who would become violently angry, perhaps to the point of tears, if any one of these vices were taken from them: games, television, porn, snack foods, mood-altering substances, time spent online, and so on. Are you seeing it yet? Women are much the same, in a slightly more female-oriented way. The difference between a diagnosed autistic person and the average fighting-age male is a trip to the psychiatrist. One could argue that ninety or more percent of Americans are on the spectrum, granted that you are faithful to the parameters of it.

This will all be made more apparent once select autists discover and begin high-speed detoxification processes. Cutting out tap water and aluminum body products, declining vaccinations, high-intensity workouts and saunas. These are all things that can kill autism in the short term, and the result will be something worth watching. Some get even more creative. Gazing into the sun, isolating in a deep forest for weeks, consuming large amounts of fresh raw coconut creams and molded dark berries. Personally, I cured mine with breastmilk and virgin's blood.

In our lifetimes, we'll witness people exit the fog with a historically unseen perspective. Ex-autism death squads will roam the rotted plains of the American waste. They'll hunt and stalk, now capable of vaster emotion and picking up on social cues. The weakling of the world seeks needles and pills to fix his problems. He's always running to some sterilized doctor's office,

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crying about something that a little time outside could have fixed. The doctor lies to his face. Should have told him to pack some dirt in the wound.

Humans are pigs in that we are meant to live in shit. The more sterile the world becomes, the more sterile are its inhabitants. Ironically, sterility is contagious. It's a gateway to a forgettable life spent with forgettable people. Sterile humor, sterile music, sterile belief systems, sterile wombs, sterile love. The greatest heroes the world has ever known were sweaty and disgusting, stained in blood, and bathed maybe once a week at most. Only a faggot cleans his hands every half hour. Only a faggot could be scared of bacteria. Interesting people don't shower every day, but losers do.

Cue the lines about how you'll never find a spouse with this unhygienic mindset. Fuck you. I specifically don't bathe prior to and during my time with women. Either they fall in love with the spell of my pheromones, or they leave. It's about weeding out the tourists, the false pairings. Should you ever doubt your love for a woman, tell her not to shower for a week. If at the end of it you can't stand her, it wasn't meant to be. But should you fall deeper in love, rejoice because you've chosen well.

CLOUDS OF VRIL ABOVE THE MARK OF TRUE NORTH

For decades, there have been stories from the Arctic and Antarctic regions of statues that rise from graves of ice in the summer. Stories of them digging up other statues, of their bright orange glowing eyes, of their height and proportionate human figures. There is talk about how the statues stand in a circle, facing each other, without moving. The glowing eyes get dimmer, like a hibernation ritual. It lasts until the first day of the next summer. When the day comes, they dig more. Then more.

They are not statues, these things that rise from the ice every summer. They are men, surviving hyperboreans. Academics will vouch for the credibility of the Greek historians but conveniently ignore the parts of their texts where these giants are detailed in full. Stories of their daily lives, their trade routes, their physical appearance, their perpetual youth and unbroken happiness. Hesiod, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar, Plutarch, Hierocles — each of these men wrote of these mythical giants. Tall, blonde or light brown hair, strong from physical labor and feeding on megafauna. Nine foot hunters pulling apart a mammoth and eating it raw. Were all of these historians wrong? All of them liars? A modern scholar would say yes, but only because he is scared. The better man asks if our history is correctly told. He asks if these historians were ever real. Regardless, bones and other physical proof remain. Bones of a human kind but too big to be ours. Something large was here, and not long ago.

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And so what — where did these giants go? I believe they split into two groups. Those who were generationally dwarfed by agriculture and those who stayed true to the life of a hunter-gatherer, thus retaining their height and strength. This is why almost every country in the world has signed a document restricting access into the polar regions. This is why you'll occasionally hear of arctic pyramids, landmarks beneath layers of snow and ice, or of strange activity in those parts. The hyperboreans could be zoo animals protected by military units in the middle of nowhere. They could be free, living beyond the realm of the ice walls. They could be underground, or over our heads, or mostly wiped away. There may come a day when they return and let loose upon the world once more.

Perhaps the Antarctic isn't real. Perhaps it's an ever-changing ice wall that moves as the times do. Perhaps the arctic circle is not where we consider it to be. Whatever it is, it's guarded by sniper towers and treaties.

"Let us look each other in the face. We are Hyperboreans — we know well enough how remote our place is.

We got our knowledge of it from thousands of years in the labyrinth. Who else has found it?—The man of today?—"I don't know either the way out or the way in; I am whatever doesn't know either the way out or the way in"—so sighs the man of today. This is the sort of modernity that made us ill,—we sickened on lazy peace, cowardly compromise, the whole virtuous dirtiness of the modern Yea and Nay.

This tolerance and largeness of the heart that "forgives" everything because it "understands" everything is a sirocco to us." [A]

MOCK NOT AT DEATH, SLEEPLESS ODYSSEUS

A simultaneous burning and preservation of the world's inner worlds. A combine that mows the divide between what is and what is not worth saving. A team of control demolitionists to erase a couple troubled areas. Some are heaven-sent though sinister in the eyes of the gloom company. It is a world where the good see everything because they must, and the bad see everything because they crave it. It's all about what you absorb and how.

I am the world's first human to have no trace of any accent. I come from a moon made of paper above a world made of ash. I am a pagan to the pushers of illness and a living vendetta to the ones who cracked the sky. I am a secret Muslim, a principal of the ancient school, and alone at most times. I believe in God, in the firmament, in the holy and grander image.

I have never learned math but I am always building within it. I see that the origin of numbers is either God or not. I see the female swastika and it taps against the Tower of Babel. I see the black-robed hand pressing on the womb of a golden Atlantis. To me, the world is rid of language. I don't need it, never needed it, only needed myself and you. Only intent. And so now, we are pure and rid of panic. Pure and rid of pain. Welcomers of death, scavengers of a secret nobility. We are wearing robes, sand-color tunics, rubbing clothed elbows with the makers of lies. We warn them of their end but to no avail. We're here to drink blood

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from the wounds we make. We're here to stop the shifting of dead weight from one liar to another.

Our people, if you really know them, are nomads again. We're saving time by rejecting certain motions and expectations. We won't read about this anymore because we understand it's doctored. We won't listen to that anymore because we know it speaks no truth. Another system image dropped, another hour added to the nomad's fuller life. We're seeing the symbolism as beneficial to our kind or not. Veto, veto, veto. The ship's cargo gets lighter. At a certain point the ship is no longer meant to bear cargo. It's thinner, moves faster, and we've started hunting down the heavier ships. A captured orchestra pounds the drums as we approach. We are quick and violent nomads, boarding vessels that look as ours did only days ago.

There are people who put a sweaty hand on the open wound, and there are people who stitch it up. Some will chew it off at the elbow to survive, some will cauterize the hole. Others complain about the bleeding for sixty years.

THE WHOLE WORLD IS A DEEP GRAVE

When the world tilts, it shakes its dead off. I say it to myself again and again. How many times has this world been reset? Just how much time falls within the phantom period? These gaps that cannot be correctly accounted for. Thousands of years added by the Vatican, thousands without explanation.

I do not think that most of history is faked, no. That is far too lenient. I think that the entire collection of history and all of recorded time is completely wrong. I think every map we have ever seen is wildly incorrect. I think that every tale passed to us is a mixture of lies, accidents, half-truths, and ghosts. We need to start from the beginning. We need to start from Adam.

The common man asks why we would concern ourselves with the past. Why even stress? He doesn't understand that our past wasn't so long ago. He doesn't understand the implications of rifles during the life of Christ, of Romans being the founders of America. We are closer to this fantastical world we've been separated from by teachers, television, and scholars. Forget nonsense like the Dark Ages, or better yet any gap of time shoehorned in by limp-wristed academics. We are not the ancestors of conquerors, we are their undertakers. We are not the descendants of Alexander, we are his sons. We are not far removed from Genghis Khan, from Napoleon Bonaparte. Considering they existed, we were always within arm's reach. The Earth before us was mined by human giants, raped by fallen angels, and bled on by the wretches of the absolute deepest pits of Hell. That was only yesterday. The day before today. It was not ten-thousand years ago, not twenty. It was yesterday. You are removed from nothing because you are the sons of a recent and unimaginable battle. You are the sons of a flood, of a fallen sky, of a biblical nuclear war. What the waters took not long ago will return in tenfold. The skies will open and horrible creatures will gather. The world will give us our fight.

If we do nothing, if we do not cut the throats of the powers that be, nobody will remember us. A memory is always earned. Even

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the most holy figure of any ancient text was constantly drenched in the blood of his supposed enemies. There can be no peace because you were not born into a peaceful world. From the moment you left your mother's womb, you were fated to bring death upon the weak and wicked. The only exemptions are those who choose to be forgotten. Even as they live, may we still forget their names.

The world may seem soft and silly now, but it is a temporary calm. The calm before any storm is a test. It asks us very little. Who will prepare and who will get comfortable? Who will train and who will rest? That's all. When the end comes, it won't hear any excuses. It will be unbearably loud and make dust from all complacency.

SO BEGINS THE FALLING OF THE MAINLAND

The moon is full over a surface still warmed by black sun. From where I stand, I can see the Executioner in a cut of pines downhill. I untie a wood sled from its metal cleat and ride it down a gash in the mountain.

He stands with his eyes still covered by the strip of cloth and a shovel coated in mud. Before him, hundreds of graves only a few feet deep. It spans for miles.

"You dug all of these by hand?" I ask.

"Yes, though it is by strength of an outside presence. I have had it since I was exhumed."

"Who pulled you from the grave?"

“Unsure. I awoke and felt a change in pressure. Something moved the dirt which covered me, made room so that my coffin lid might shift.”

We stand together in a minute of silence that breaks with his hand on my shoulder.

“This is the hour.”

He is cold and certain in his touch.

The butterfly effect makes a generous display in each of the major cities. The soil vibrates, the plates below it shift, a thin blade of fog cuts the whimpering moon in half. Within a single minute, ninety of the largest power stations are disintegrated by remote trigger explosives. Grand Coulee, Palo Verde, West County, W.A. Parish, Robert W. Scherer, Bowen, Monroe, and so on. Gone. In the same moment, thousands of small town stations are wiped out by thousands of hired individuals. These are gone as well. I've always predicted that a true power outage would take more lives than most people can imagine. I think it's misunderstood how heavily the average person relies on electricity, how quickly they'd roll over and die in the face of minor inconvenience. Nine tenths of this country could not survive a couple nights in the woods. You know this is true.

Mass looting, mass rioting, mass panic. There is no metropolitan block that isn't being emptied out and lit on fire. Police cadres are pulled away to investigate bomb sites and raiders take advantage of the absence. Stranded units are swarmed, stomped out, weapons and equipment stolen. Gun stores are looted.

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Raiders match ammo to magazines, magazines to guns. They crouch down in the street and load up.

Construction equipment is taken, government buildings are set on fire, and most every car in sight is totaled. The raiders start forming border walls under the direction of riot generals — pre-installed leaders who give directions and supplies to the people. In a few cities, outgoing planes are smothered by lasers. Rooftop twenty-two units pick off lone officers and escaping bureaucrats. Soon, armored vehicles are taken from the police and used to clear out national guard units. The few that deploy, that is. All layers of law enforcement are outnumbered. The alphabet agencies are in light presence, since most have fled to their safe zones. Time proves these unsafe.

In the capital, communications both in and out are vapor. America is burning like never before and it's only a matter of time before the suburbs are hit next. Matter of time being hours, maybe less. The ones who armed themselves form impromptu militias, sometimes adjoined with local police. Many find the police to be a liability and strip them of their gear before execution. Nobody smart wants to be seen with cops, or to worry about their intentions.

As the days pass, lines are drawn among the quickly spreading burn. Communities form, often along racial lines, and fortresses begin to take shape. Designated scavengers spread out to find supplies for their people. Teams of weapons-board preppers scour the cities and forests in elaborate uniforms and night vision goggles, picking off whoever they see as a threat. Over time, these guys prove very successful. Their camps are expertly built,

their people perfectly safe, and their stockpiles refilled and endless. They all wear the same patch, a large sideways X, similar to the flag of Scotland. Nobody really knows what it means other than it's how they recognize one another.

There's too much to fully detail. Too many fires, too many shootouts. It doesn't matter how it continues from here, only that it does for just a little longer. This distraction has been more than sufficient. Myself and hundreds of others barrel towards the Florida-Georgia border in a convoy of militarized trucks, eighteen-wheelers, and seized police vehicles. On each is the flag of a lone pine in a white circle.

THE SEPARATION OF BEACH AND STATE

I used to feel so alone. I felt alone despite the presence of family or good friends because at my core I felt like an exile. I saw that my friends had better and closer friends, that they had more involved and caring families, that they had commitments and detailed lives outside of me. I was invited into a portion of their lives and barred from the rest. But whether or not I was really banished was unimportant, because it felt like I was. Something about myself had distanced me from their embrace. The love of a woman was often close but they have their conditions. Conditions I have always easily met, but ones that still lurked. Even still, I am a stranger to my own relatives, a stranger to these people who supposedly love me. I am still sometimes jealous at the sight of a strong bond.

Only recently have I found one or two people who invest fully in me and expect the same back. Even still, there is a basal notion

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that maybe I am too hopeful of other people. Still, I push forward. Whoever is beside me in the end will see all of the greatness that I will see also.

Sometime in deep summer.

Twelve-legged black sun casts a familiar glow.

The sedition of Florida is in motion.

There is some daylight left as we work in groups, pushing from the north of Florida down. Each district of each town is secured. We do this many times. Door to door, street by street, thousands join our cause. The proposal is clear cut. We are working class people who have broken away from the mainland. We will strip this land to its foundation and rebuild it free of new-age industry. Work and debt as they are formerly known are abolished. All who can agree with these terms are welcomed as citizens. Less than half do. A majority of the rest leave for the North with assets intact. Those who refuse to join or walk are quite literally pushed into the sea. Paramilitary units give them the option to swim elsewhere or drown — reentry is out of the question. The operation is unexpectedly smooth and the greater picture is underway. From the Pensacola region to the Georgia shores, build teams construct tens of forward-facing druids on the border. The first few enemy groups to approach are examples to those who follow. Get too close and it's the last thing you'll hear.

The sea-dark night is pure and its air tastes of iodine. I feel it land on my skin, soak into my pores. I hear the waves crashing on both the east and western coasts. Time winds down and it too becomes dark.

Walking up to the window of a tourist beach shop, I pour a little white paint into my hands and cover my face and neck. Another coating until I am opaque. I let the white paint dry. Then I pour some black paint into my hands and color my eyes and lips. I use so much that it begins to drip down my face. A federal helicopter cuts down from the sky. There is someone in a windbreaker and slacks who calls to me by megaphone.

“This ends by morning or we are taking it as an act of war. Do you hear me? This ends by morning or you have got a war on your hands. We have more firepower than you.”

But I'm not capable of stopping it, only pushing it forward, so I shrug at him.

“I am serious. Eight in the morning. It's gonna be bad,” he continues but there is nothing for me to say. I simply do not care.

He hovers for a minute more until a bunch of teenagers come out from behind a drug store with rocket propelled grenades. Before he can tell the pilot to pull up, they've fired twice and both hit dead on. The ravaged shell of the vehicle crashes into the road. The inside is full of flash-cooked bodies. I stand and wonder if that counts as an act of war. Thus begins the story of a seditious nation.

In the morning, there are attempts at conflict but never anything serious. Military units occupy southern Georgia for a couple days, but nobody is intimidated. They simply cannot make it past our walls. The few groups that approach are dusted by

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improvised explosives. Other attempts, like threats of cut power or noise harassment, prove ineffective. We cut our own power and scream like bastards in the night. Every hour, we push the druids a little further north and set them off. After a few weeks, the government finds the whole standoff to be a waste of time. The mainland has too many problems of its own. The military clears out of southern Georgia and life returns to somewhat normal for its residents and ours. Both Cuba and Haiti refuse to participate in any kind of joint invasion on our colony. A few countries offer foreign aid, but we decline in the spirit of being a debtless entity. But what about the banks? A separate and independent colony has no use for the American paper dollar. We debate whether to transport it north in a gesture of peace, or to burn it all in front of them. Doesn't matter really. It is forgotten in time.

Days and weeks pass. The nation is built from the ground up and the sun grows what the rain feeds. Authenticity is prioritized. All towns are made for walking distance. The northern border is lined with wall-colonies that act as constant guard against potential threats. The ocean entries are guarded by a number of militarized oil rigs. The entire country is finding its groove, functioning smoother with every new day. A true form of government is never established because it never becomes necessary. Much like the Amish, people are occupied by meaningful work, sufficient pleasure, nourishing food, loving families, and the presence of God. Nobody is ever bored or lacking in purpose enough to desire an overbearing government, and so life continues as it should. When the occasional dispute breaks out, men settle it by wrestling or boxing.

Buildings that remain include anything that could have existed a few centuries ago. If a building is deemed too modern in appearance, it is torn down and scrapped. Useless things like office phones, computers, server rooms, and so on, are stripped of their usable parts. The garbage is compacted into ultra-dense shapes and catapulted over the border wall by trebuchet. Nobody cares who or what it hits. We are handing modernity back to its lovers.

A handful of the beach towns are fitting enough to be left as they are, though some are destroyed completely and rebuilt in the required manner. Grocery stores are liquidated and never replaced. A trade system for food and other goods is established. Fish, livestock, and crops are bartered daily. Most people just get their food from the ocean, their farm, or a neighbor. The strictest of all social laws pertains to diet. If your great-grandmother wouldn't have eaten it, you shouldn't eat it. The country conforms easily to being a seafood and beef consuming entity. Packaged goods are destroyed. Liquids include desalinated sea water, naturally sparkling mineral water, rainwater, fruit and vegetable juices, and an assortment of raw milks — cow, goat, sheep, camel, and so on. The dangerous tap water supply is discarded fully and replaced with an impressive system of aqueducts. Anything questionable is tested, distilled, and iodized.

The population is manageable in that everyone stays on the same page. Jobs and careers in the modern sense are gone. Aside from building structures, bartering, and tending to livestock, most simply live as they want and raise children. This is a job in and of itself, especially as most readjust to old ways. In another page taken from the Amish, the community comes together to build a

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home for newlywed couples.* The homes are semi-primitive, multigenerational, and always surrounded by either cattle or ocean. Sometimes both. Children are all homeschooled by parents and tutors if need be. Instructors provide bushcraft camps for the youth. All major structures built after sedition require the necessary sacrifice. Maybe a single head of cattle per structure, nothing excessive. Sea water ritual temples are also instated across the territory. Sea excavation teams are assigned with finding the supposed location of Old Atlantis and chipping away the forty feet of mud that conceals it.

In the same way that Mainland America revolves its culture around things like media consumption, wage slavery, celebrities, sports, and individualism, this new Atlantis revolves around sun and surf worship, unbreakable bonds with nature, tribalism, child-making, ridding of toxins through diet, literature, beauty, and the erasure of nihilism. These are all things that come about naturally, as they belong naturally to us, and so laws regarding them are not often harped on.

New Atlantis adopts the Amish principal of no new-age tools, unless it is absolutely necessary. In our case, because most agriculture is forbidden, things like tractors or other modern farm equipment are never truly justified. Music is played only live, by a living being. Cell towers, phone lines, internet lines, and the electrical grid are removed entirely. The scrap is used for a number of things. For anything that may require some electricity, hydroelectricity is used. Nothing really does though, especially not as the country progresses. Fish are collected by hand and primitive tool, cattle are milked and slaughtered in the old fashion, and the little harvest that exists is collected by people on

foot. If someone desires something like an orange, they just pick it off the tree in their backyard. Each household is self-sufficient in its own way. Crime is punished by the immediate community, though it never really happens.

“You took the whole peninsula in a month. That begs the question of what is next. The rest of America?”

“Leave them to rot.”

“Then where?”

“Maybe Brazil, maybe Argentina.”

When the common man dreams of becoming a ruler, he sees the spoils of the title in the form of gold and honor. Any woman, any castle, any post of command. But imagine all of the secrets you gain access to as total ruler. Imagine the look into our stolen history. You can pore back through each of the world's most important events. You can reexamine, relearn, and extract new information. You'll see that this didn't happen, but this did, and here's why. You will find tools and methods that were never previously explained. You'll see what the heroes before you did to win it all, or if they ever existed. Why some empires lasted for millennia and some only a week. Everything else follows after. The protection and extension of your people, the wealth of your nation, the overall merger and mission. This is all secondary to the mystical view only a victor could obtain. That coveted glance into the moments before his own, the one to reveal all truths. Everything else is secondary. Everything else has been a ghost.

“I think history is a system of roads and there's nowhere it doesn't go.”

GOTHIC STRUCTURES UNDER A SILENT HEAVEN

The central theme in this exchange of memories is not one of negativity. This is no doomsday tome, no shouting into the void, but a reminder to us — something cold and stirring — that we do not live in the world that we were told about. We do not live in a world where change is always made through peace, through the shaking of hands, through the pleading with senators. There are moments when things are so dark that you can only assume you are watching some foretold end of the times. There are moments when your leaders, your neighbors, your family will all turn the knife on you. For nothing at all.

There are very few cures to this outside of violence. Should you leave, they might find you. Should you surrender, well then you lost. But the dead cannot chase you. *Violence is a vaccine.* It works, but at the cost of everything. It does not repair the victim. It extinguishes the whole flame and then itself. Just as the honey bee leaves its organs behind with a sting. There is nothing dark about this.

Authenticity is owed to us all. We deserve to live without being lied to at every turn. We deserve to hold things that are real, see things that are true, live amongst the beauty of this realm as it was intended. We deserve to own our land, our livestock, our home and the belongings inside of it. Nothing should be given on ill terms. Everything that we need to subsist can be found again and found always. It is never too late to turn back.

When I stand on marble it feels like the floor of a pine forest, the shore of a beach, something equal in reality. The feeling is there in each. That certainty, that calling back to a classical ardor. There is a plasmatic glow in the veins of the world and it is felt by the honest. I am here now. I am firmly rooted and those who hate me are the enemies of all that is natural. Forever implanted in the soil is this moment — eternal and immune to false portrayal, bound to the world by blood. If I die, if I was struck down here in this second, my torch would still carry. It is both beyond and attached to me, just as the arm that holds a fire lights the path its feet will travel.

I look and see that you feel it now too. Your hands are shaking and the time of this world is repeating itself backwards. For the past couple years, you have stood perfectly still in a place that reminds you of the many dreams you once had. You don't need food or water, so you assume you are in your head. Then something happens that shakes this belief and it's back to accepting you're awake. You haven't spoken out loud in so long. You couldn't now if you tried.

The time winding backwards creates a melody, much like the belief that celestial objects create observable noise within space. It's more intricate than a hum, less structured than a song, but ideal at keeping you bound in fascination for however long it requires. You're aware that something watches you. It's never imposing, never distracting, but always paternally warm. For the first time in your life, you feel something radically stronger than loved. You are embraced by something that nobody on Earth has ever conveyed. Nobody ever will. When you're released, it's

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impossible to correctly recall the experience through words. You'll wear it like armor for the rest of your life.

Those who speak about a similar event have never stood in the field that you did. They have never been frozen by the naturally occurring symphony, by the warmth from the world indescribable. The cables of its phonetic explanation are vapor. It's with you forever and you wouldn't ask for a second of it more. Just as you meet strides with the previous world again, you feel welcomed by something maternal in its touch. You are a crucial piece of this all.

The sea-dark night is a blessing but one that soon passes. Tonight, when a choir puts the moon to sleep, she will dream of the things she's watched. She is a naked animal, unreachable and pale, sobbing while she reflects the earth's surface. The cadence of the Executioner's march is close. A bowed head, a robe of cloth as thick as stacked wool. To him, the whole world is just a cemetery. He stops to fill the void with sound.

“‘The kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force,’ these the only words my father spoke that day he left me his robe. One half of a century he wore this, washed a few times in the river. Some by my mother with her hands and lye, some by myself. Never has the blood come out. These are deep and arterial stains, markings of a judgement given.” He pauses.

“They buried me in this robe. They buried me in this robe beside my axe and the hundreds I killed.”

It's a moment before he speaks again.

“It is a beautiful world we were handed. Especially the Old World. Though it wasn’t long ago. You only just missed it. Do you feel how gentle the air is? How close the sky holds you? The chemical perfection of each moment, it stirs me often. I would never forsake it again. Our blood is the proof of a purpose.”

The tone of his voice is a hopeful one. He raises his head and unties the strip of cloth from around his eyes. We stand on the balcony of a beach house overlooking what feels like the full surface of Earth. Not another word is said until the sun comes up. When it does, he walks to an open grave, lays down inside, and wishes me goodbye. In the new light, I see his long black hair and a pale, handsome face. He sinks into the earth again. Absorbed by a porous soil, the same that swallowed the structures he once lived beside. In the angle of my eyes, a few stubborn tears.

There is no end to be found. There is no end and the end has no end for itself. You are given closure to moments, to people, to places but there is no true and final end — only this. Time feels like forever to me until it doesn’t. Another lowering of the black sun and I am standing at the mirror tracing lines in my face, the lines of age alongside the moments that caused them. It is true. I confess that I have been alive for a thousand years.

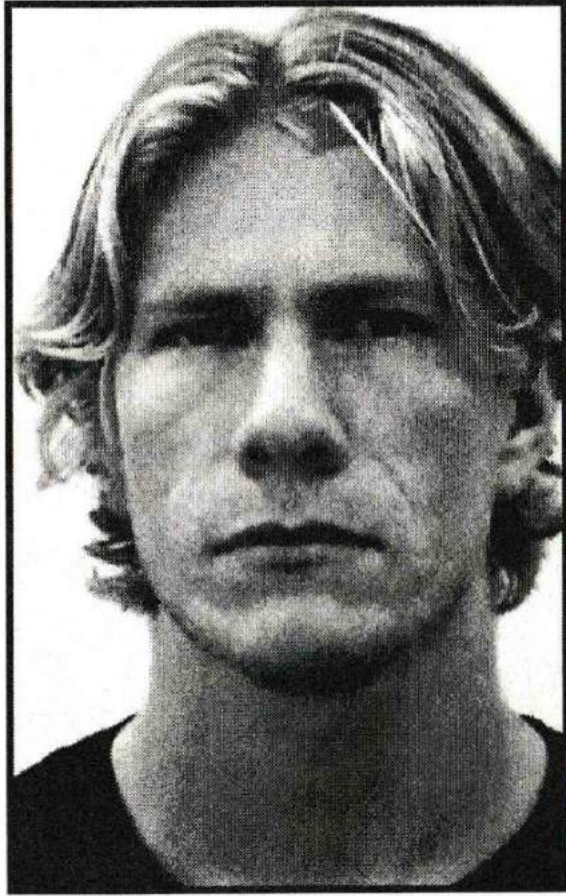
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There is nothing left in this drooling cunt of a world but to be someone of importance. You have to accept that your death starts at birth if you choose to be what the common man has asked of you. All that we have is our seed, the women who can make sons of it, and the land on which we raise them. Everything outside of this is a contingency, tilting and laced with fever dreams, choking like a dog in the heat. God asks of men to be men and nothing more. We are promised nothing because there is no struggle within the confines of a promise. Our enemies exist to be slaughtered, our families exist to be loved. I will be important when Heaven takes me or I will stare into the eyes of God and kill myself for the deepest seat in Hell. In neither end will I be average.

THE END.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



NAME: Mike Ma

DOB: October third, nineteen-ninety-five.

HAIR AND EYES: Blonde and blue.

HEIGHT: Six-foot-two.

OCCUPATION: Author, artist, former electrician.

Mike Ma is a twenty-five year old internationally best-selling author. His whereabouts are unknown but close friends tell us he operates a small harem out of a farm in the middle of nowhere.

His first book, a fiction titled Harassment Architecture, was banned from circulation within the United States prison system. Shortly after, a publication with the Department of Homeland Security claimed him to be a “violent extremist” with plans to train his followers for guerrilla warfare. As a source, they quote his fictional novel.

Is Mike Ma the first author to be designated a threat by the United States Government for a fiction satire? Perhaps.

His next works are underway.

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ENDNOTES

I leave no sources for any claims made in this book.
Only for quotes used and things to be expanded upon.

[F] — *Marshall W. Fishwick, Faust Revisited. Page one zero three.*
I found this book in a used furniture store. It's correct about a lot of things but veers into milquetoast egalitarianism at parts.

[A] — *Frederich Nietzsche, Antichrist. Introduction paragraph.*
Reading this gave me a firmer, clearer grasp on Christianity. Obviously, its intent is to push people away from it. I think it does a good job of defending it.

[BC] — *Back cover, Alfred Debodencq's 'A Confraternity in Procession along Calle Génova'*

Painted in eighteen-fifty-one, this work depicts the annual procession during Easter in Seville. The traditional costumes for this ceremony are often mistaken for the CIA-created Klan of America.

Other references:

1. *The Grammar of the Gothic Language, Joseph Wright.*
2. *Secret Societies and Psychological Warfare, Michael Hoffman.*
3. *Empirico-Statistical Analysis of Narrative Material and Its Applications to Historical Dating, Anatoly Fomenko.*
4. *Assorted papers, Miles W. Mathis.*

"*Members of Decline*" — This was originally a chapter of its own about how as the quality of life declines, and its people decline, you will be forced to live beside them. As the food gets worse and causes more irritability, you will encounter more irritable

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losers. As game and media obsessions dig deeper, you will encounter more drooling chimps with no appreciation of the simple things. The outcome of their unchecked screen time is this weird collection of simulated life experiences, pulled from the hundreds of plot lines in games, shows, and movies. They feel like they have lived the things they have seen. Everything else bores them, and by that, they are boring to be around. To swim against the current means you will live among test dummy humans with violent mood swings, caffeine addictions, pill problems, weed dependency, and whatever else. These are the members of decline. It is best to move somewhere that these people do not exist in.

NUTRITION ADDENDUM
YOU WANT TO LIVE, RIGHT?

"...unto a good land, a land flowing with milk and honey."

Whether you care or not, diet is the all-important center of life, determining how powerful you feel throughout it. It's you who decides how well you age, how strong you become, how many illnesses you accumulate. The world of today is more desperate for a dietary renaissance than any other point in time. Here are, in no particular order, some points and possibilities to consider. I am not a doctor, luckily for you, but consider researching these things yourself as well.

Though each of our bodies are different, more so when viewed by ethnic background, we aren't that far apart in terms of how we should eat. Yes, you'll find little differences like some whose ancestors were more attuned to carbohydrates. Or ancestors that ate raw game exclusively. Or ones who survived solely on creatures of the sea. There remains between all of these a common thread and it is to eat high quality animal foods, if nothing else at all.

You have to eat animal meat and fat every day. It is simple, it fuels you, and there's never been a single credible study against it. Why would there be? It's what we've always done. Never fall for the tricks of veganism, vegetarianism, or any of its other forms. Humans have the teeth and stomachs to devour then digest animals, and that's about it. We are not omnivores as we've been told for years, though we can find some benefit in a very few

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couple plant foods. One example is people who are able to digest cooked starches correctly and use them for energy or weight gain. Bird and rodent foods like seeds, nuts, and grains are completely useless to us — they do not digest and we cannot absorb any of the nutrients inside of them. Leafy greens are especially dumb, and it's funny to think how often they've been sold to us as healthy. Your stomach is not like the four inside of a cow. It is not equipped with the correct enzymes to digest green plant life. You have one stomach and its enzymes can break down meat and fat.

Vegans get sick and die in all cases where they aren't cheating with animal products like eggs, which for them, acts as a life-saving multivitamin. If you're unlucky enough to know one of these people, you've likely seen that they are irritable and ghost-like figures with bad gas.

Nobody dislikes all animal foods. Everyone enjoys steak, cheese, milk, lobster, oysters, and so on. Do not deny yourself of their help. Drink raw milk, eat raw dairy, and have beef meat, fat, and organs every day.

“Pliny suggested that the cure for tuberculosis was to eat wolf's liver boiled in wine.”

“Battling the white plague”, Nathan Geffen

“The Greek physician, Clarissimus Galen, became physician to Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius in one-seventy-four. He wrote of tuberculosis and recommended fresh air, milk, and sea

voyages for its treatment, but the disease does not have prominence in his medical texts.”

“Historical Review: The history of Tuberculosis”, Thomas M. Daniel

“To cure disease we should seek to improve elimination, to make better blood and more blood, to build up the body resistance. The method used tends to accomplish these things.

In several instances, Osler speaks of milk as being nothing more than white blood. Milk resembles blood closely and is a useful agent for improving and making new and better blood.”

Principles and Practices of Medicine, by William Osler, MD, 8th edition

“Raw milk cures many diseases.”

The Mayo Foundation, January, Nineteen-twenty-nine, J.E. Crewe, MD

“Dr. Weston Price, D.D.S., proved fifty years ago that processed milk leads to disease and premature death. He also showed that processed food, such as pasteurized milk, causes poor development of facial bones. Nizel of Tufts University reported that decayed teeth were four times more common in pasteurized-milk-fed babies as opposed to raw-milk-fed babies.”

“Eighty-two percent of all of the people who had polio in nineteen-fifty-nine had been vaccinated with one or more polio vaccines. Twenty percent had at least three polio vaccinations.”

“The Recipe For Living Without Disease”, Dr. Aajonus Vonderplanitz

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“The Maasai are a pastoralist tribe living in Kenya and Northern Tanzania. Their traditional diet consists almost entirely of milk, meat, and blood. Two thirds of their calories come from fat, and they consume six-hundred to two-thousand mg of cholesterol a day. To put that number in perspective, the American Heart Association recommends consuming under three-hundred mg of cholesterol a day. In spite of a high fat, high cholesterol diet, the Maasai have low rates of diseases typically associated with such diets. They tend to have low blood pressure, their overall cholesterol levels are low, they have low incidences of cholesterol gallstones, as well as low rates of coronary artery diseases such as atherosclerosis.”

“Milk, meat and blood”, Aatish Bhatia for Wired Magazine

“A study of young children in Canada suggests those whose mothers drank fluoridated tap water while pregnant had slightly lower IQ scores than children whose mothers lived in non-fluoridated cities.

As of twenty-fourteen, per CDC data, two-thirds of people in the United States had fluoride in their drinking water.”

“Study raises questions about fluoride & child IQ”, The Washington Post.

On Skin and Hair

Though diet, sun, and hygiene certainly affect the skin's health, I have found a surprising amount of success in two extremely overlooked things: avoiding fluoride and being "unclean". But keep reading beyond this, because it's only one fragment of the larger picture.

Even when I have taken diet to its peaks or bare minimums, like pure carnivore or raw primal, I still found my skin to be subpar. Yes, the skin could be detoxifying but I knew it was something beyond the various diets. What am I doing every day that could affect my skin? It came to me embarrassingly late but it clicked. I have been washing my face with the tap water. Water that is certainly brimming with fluoride and other chemicals. Not only that, but I was drinking water that likely contained it. In eliminating as many possible interactions with fluoride, I saw vast improvements in the health of my skin and my general being. I took this one step further by introducing iodine which I believe negates the chemical structure of fluoride. I have no true source for this other than scattered readings, though it confirms itself to me in one specific example.

In all of the times I've lived on or near a beach, I've seen my skin problems vanish. More so when I'm in the ocean itself on a regular basis. The common answer to this is something like "the sea water is good for you". Yes, but why. The ocean has a fair amount of iodine. This means also that the air in places near the ocean, because it is mostly evaporated ocean water, will also contain iodine. Not as much as you would imagine, but still a lot. Time spent in places near the ocean means a constant stream of

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iodized ocean air in your pores and lungs — a recipe I believe makes good skin. Look at surfers, or more broadly, anyone who has spent their lives on the coast. They all have beautiful, radiant skin. Hair too. Add to this the sun exposure that comes of a life on the coast and you have factors that require zero effort from you to see results. Living on the beach automates a skin care routine, leaving you free to think about more important things.

“The easiest way and most effective way to destroy a nation is the removal of iodine from the food supply.”

— *Guy E. Abraham*

The fluoride and iodine route led me to another discovery. In avoiding the tap water for my face and hair, I eventually had to find a way to wash without it. As much as I love showering in the rain or ocean, they aren't always options. I started with makeup removal wipes which I soon ditched because of the rampant chemicals in them. I gave up for a little and in this time realized another trick for clear skin was to not even wash it. That's correct. It's referred to by some as the caveman method but I simply see it as normal in the context of human history. If sweat truly caused acne, it would be far more prevalent in people. From the Spartans to the army of Napoleon, these men who were far too busy to shower daily or even weekly, shouldn't they have been covered in marks? But they weren't. Sweat is natural, it makes no sense that it would attack us in such a way. Furthermore, sweat, dirt, oil and sun are the best things for your skin. With this, I stopped washing my face entirely for days, then weeks. At my longest I went nearly a month. My skin was pristine, giving off this very natural color and shine. Another

theory confirmed. I compromised between total caveman and modern self — I'd leave my face alone for three to five days, and then wash it. But with what though?

Why complicate it, I thought. Boil some clean water with salt, throw it in a bottle, and emulate a fresh ocean bath with something you can easily spray anywhere. Done. Occasionally, when feeling like doing a little more, I'd make a mask out of genuine mud and water and throw it on my face. Not required at all but worth testing. In being a disgusting jungle human I found the clearest skin I've ever had. Another example of nature being correct.

All that being said and done, you may still have with skin health. Aajonus Vonderplanitz, the late pioneer of the primal diet as we know it today, boldly claimed that acne was most often from eating cooked red and orange fruits or vegetables. How funny would it be if this truly was one of the root causes, something that most every westerner has in daily life. Ketchup, pasta sauces, pasteurized orange juices, all of these could be the aggressor of your skin problems. Aajonus suggests that eating raw red or orange fruits and vegetables can counteract the residues of the cooked ones, removing those toxins through the bowels rather than the face.

On the same note, there's a few more cures and solutions provided by him. He talks about how his mother fixed her teenage acne by washing her face with her urine daily. Other topical remedies include the classic clay and raw cider vinegar, clay and mineral water, and raw honey alone. I have personally done all of these and results.

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In my experience, fluoride is the main culprit. Fluoride is then followed by the findings of Aajonus. Things like natural sugar, raw dairy, sunlight are not the culprits, as many “doctors” would suggest. Doctors, specifically dermatologists, are completely untrained to deal with skin conditions. Force your brain to view them as car salesmen for pills rather than holy angel saviors. They’re waiting for you to stop talking so they can pitch you the new Chevy sport vehicle.

All towns and cities have public water quality reports. If you aren’t happy with the water you’re paying for, tell someone or take more “unconventional” action against them. It is wise to pick where you will live based on its water quality, seeing as you and your family will use it tens of times a day. The quality of people also rises in areas without fluoridation.

Most people consume their fluoride through drinking water, followed by food and showers. Distilled water is supposedly the most void of fluoride. Behind that you have reverse osmosis water and some other kinds. You can find more about that by searching for people who actively test the levels of certain waters. As for showers, take quicker ones or wait until it rains. If you are capable, rework your homes water entirely. Fixing your drinking water is priority. That will likely fix a majority of your issues.

All of the above is what the highly-respected medical world either fails to understand, or willfully disregards. In both cases, they are frauds. At best, knuckle-dragging losers playing dress-up. At worst, scum who push pills when they’re aware of real cures. Fluoride is at the root of more than just skin problems. It causes

innumerable health problems, perhaps some we wouldn't expect, all because it is sold as a miracle substance. Your tap water is not mouthwash. You should not be forced to take any medicine, especially if it's harmful. The world must put a knee on the neck of medical black magic.

On General Health

This isn't a very complicated section, or at least it should not seem so. Humans are obligate carnivores — we cannot survive correctly or at all without animal products. This can be interpreted a number of ways so I will clarify. Eat meat and drink raw milk every day. If you can adjust to it, eat raw meat. Pasture-raised chicken eggs. If you don't feel like it, eat very rare steaks. Eat the various organs raw. If you can tolerate carbohydrates, get it from potatoes or rice. Potatoes can contain fluoride though, so be careful. Never cook animals in anything other than animal products. Forget oils, forget plant products. Cook steak in butter, ghee, or tallow. The same for potatoes and whatever else you might eat. If you are up to it, drink fresh blood. You see where I'm going with all of this. You can imagine what is and is not good for you by now.

Bread is garbage, pasteurized dairy is garbage, corn is garbage, supplements are ninety-nine percent garbage. Save yourself hours of thinking and stick to meat. Cooked greens, cooked reds, cooked yellows, all garbage. They are all indigestible waste. Save the trouble. Oats, bad. Chicken is usually garbage unless you have personally witnessed them on a pasture yourself. Wild game is the holy grail of animal foods. Their meat and especially their organs are worth their weight in gold. Eskimos never had scurvy

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because they eat the adrenal glands of moose. Nothing on a wild-caught animal should be wasted. Skin conditions and dental issues are non-existent in these tribes. I'm not an expert, but there are clearly-defined good and bad foods.

The goal of good health is not only to climb to new heights, but to have a trust in your body that the average person cannot. It is an unbelievable feeling to know you won't fall ill at the drop of a hat, that your body is truly strong, and that it will age in a proper fashion. Americans, due to their diet, fall apart by their twenties. This is the speed at which industrial food chemicals work. It is no joke. Packaged and fast foods may taste good in the moment but their toll is dark as dark gets. There is nothing cool about living with chronic illness. There is nothing good about watching loved ones die from snack food contaminants. American food is a depopulation method, as is the medical industry. You have everything to gain by avoiding them.

Slightly unrelated, but if you're someone who watches pornography and plays excessive video games, you are murdering your human soul. Pornography destroys your sexual energy, perceptions of sex and women, and turns you into a mental retard. Excessive games, or really any amount at all, deceives the adventure and reward parts of your brain.

Media in general is bad. I have cut most of it out and even the small amount that creeps in still leaves noticeable effects. It feels good to reset your pleasures, to return to simple things and simple joys.

On Progeny

I am not one to trust studies, but there are a few that back something myself and others have always intuitively known. Multiple child pregnancies most often come from women who are tall, above the average bodyweight, and frequent eaters of dairy. I suspect the number of children could increase if the dairy is raw and if the weight she gained is from good food, not processed garbage.

Do not starve your children and their mother because of metrosexual fashion industry standards. Find a tall wife, or wives, and bulk them on grass-fed meat and dairy. She will birth quintuplets who grow to be seven feet and they will carry your name eternally. No woman turns down daily pints of fresh ice cream. Women should be feminine, but not physically small.

What's my source? I have dozens of illegitimate children.

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FROM THE AUTHOR OF INTERNATIONAL
BESTSELLER, HARASSMENT ARCHITECTURE

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